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**WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH,**  
**AND**  
**I. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON.**  

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**1821.**



# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XLIII.

OCTOBER 1820.

VOL. VIII.

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## EDINBURGH

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AND T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND, LONDON;

*To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.*

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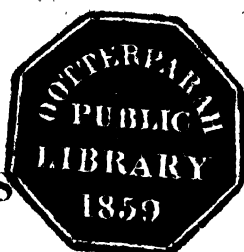
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The Reader will correct with his Pen the three following ERRATA :

Page 75, first column, line 29, delete " not."

Page 82, first column, line 26, for "*steam*" read " stream."

Page 83, second column, line 30, after "*foretold*," add " in the *Nautical Almanack*."



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VOL. VIII.

## SHUFFLEBOTHAM'S DREAM.

HONOUR'D MR NORTH,  
You need not shrug your shoulders at the commencement of this epistle. I know well enough how great a *borne*, as your modern young gentlemen elegantly term it, it is, in general, to tell one's dreams. "Babbling dreams," Shakspeare calls them; and, to be sure, for the most part, they have all the disadvantage of fiction, joined to the triteness of common-place reality. But this that I am going to give you is, as far as I can see, as agreeable as any realities I have to send you at present from Gowks-Hall, excepting, peradventure, the smoked fitch which accompanies this, and which Dinah says, she hopes is quite equal to that you liked so well when you did us the honour to stop a day or two last back-end. However, I must not wander from my subject, considering that I am now only relating a dream, and not dreaming one. Well, I had got comfortably settled the other night, in the old stuffed arm-chair by the fire, after having, at last, sent off to bed your friend Roger, who had been deafening us all the evening with practising "Tantivy," "Up in the morning early," and "the Lass of Livingstone," upon the old French hunting-horn that hangs in the hall; and sister Dinah had left me to enjoy my pipe, cow-milk cheese, and jug of mulled October, (old John has made a capital brewage of it this year, Mr North, you'll be glad to hear), together with a volume of Anderson's Poets, when, somehow or other, I dropped asleep.

VOL. VIII.

Then followed the oddest vision that ever I knew or heard of, all as regular as clock-work, as one may say.

Methought I found myself, all at once, in a long room, with a gallery, like a concert-room, and that, in the gallery, was an audience, as for a concert. I thought, however, that I was in the body of the room, and not in the gallery, and there came in to me a whole company of people, with musical instruments in their hands, whom I knew at once, I cannot tell how, to be poets. To be sure, some of them had an out-of-the-world look enough—but there's no accounting for these things in dreams. There they all stood at their music-stands, as natural as the life, just as fiddlers do; and, as I remembered, they first all played together the sweetest and wildest harmony I ever heard: indeed, it seemed quite supernatural, and put me into a sort of amaze, and made me gasp for breath, with a feeling such as one recollects to have had, when a boy, in a swing whilst on the return. After that they chimed in, one by one, to play *solos*, I think, the musicians call them; and some, whose turns were far off, I thought, stood about and came near me, and appeared very affable and familiar. The oddest thing was, that I always knew perfectly who played, though how I came by the knowledge I cannot tell.

The first that played was a pale noble-looking man, whom I knew at first sight to be *Lord*—, and he gave us a solo on the serpent, such as

A

are used in military bands. One would think this was a strange instrument to play solos upon—but such playing you never heard; he seemed to have such command over it, that he could make it almost as soft and mellow as a flute; and the depth and beautiful inflections of his lower tones were miraculous. I sometimes could not help feeling a mistiness about the eyes, and a heavy palpitation of the heart. Perhaps the ewe-milk cheese and mulled October might have something to do with this—but there's no accounting for any thing in dreams. After him a well-dressed gentleman, who was no other than Mr C—mp—ll, gave us a sonata on the violin, which he played very scientifically, though, to my mind, he seemed very timorous, and played a weak bow. However, he got plenty of applause, both from his companions and the spectators in the gallery.

He had hardly finished, when up stalked a grave, plain-looking man, with a sort of absent air, and his hair combed smoothly over his forehead, something like a methodist preacher. He would have neither music-book nor music-stand, nor did I see any instrument he had—when, to my astonishment, I overheard somebody whisper, “W—dsw—th's going to give us a grand concerto on the Jews'-harp he bought last week of a philosophical Jew pedlar from Kirby Steven.” And so he did; and, what is more, the concerto was well worth the hearing. You would not believe, Mr North, what tones he brought out of his gewgaw, as we call it in this country-side. The man at Liverpool was nothing to him. He got thunders of applause, though I could see some laughed, and some few sneered, and some wicked wag had the impudence to call out, “well done, *smouch*!” I rather suspected that this came from some of the poets about me, for I saw L—d B—n and little M—re laughing, behind, as if they would split. However, it evidently vexed Mr W—dsw—th badly, for he turned away in a pet, and walked into a corner,—which occasioned a sort of pause. In the corner where he went stood a very antique looking, magnificent organ, to which he sat down; and, on looking more intently, I discovered the name of Milton in gilt letters on the front, from which I inferred that it had formerly belonged to him. Mr

W—dsw—th, to shew, I suppose, that he could play if he chose, struck a bar or two in such grand Miltonic style, as immediately silenced the laughers.

Order, however, was not long kept, for little M—re's jokes were not to be suppressed, even during Mr S—th—y's grand *Maestoso* flourish on the trumpet. The trumpet was an old one, having been used ever since Queen Elizabeth's time in the coronation of our sovereigns; and, from an unfortunate bruise or two, had begun, as Mr M—re observed, “to sound a little flat.” Perhaps even Mr S—th—y's powers had not quite done justice to it; for, though a promising musician, he had taken up this instrument rather late in life; nor had his former practice been such as to afford him much facility in the attainment of execution upon it. This, at least, was little M—re's account, repeated, with divers significant shrugs and half nods, to a listening circle. He concluded by saying, “he would have advised the L—te to have kept to that ancient scripture instrument, the sackbut.” Mr S—th—y however concluded, in the midst of great plaudits, and after he had finished, the amusement ran still higher. What could equal my astonishment, when I beheld Mr C—le—dge, after an eloquent disquisition on the powers of “this novel, but admirable and simple instrument,” sit down to play a *Phantasia*, with a skewer upon a gridiron, which he called “the dulcimer of nature.” Who would have dreamed of producing music from such a thing? Yet C—le—dge did so. The applause was ‘immense—L—d B—n clapped immoderately; and even Mr J—fl—y, who was in the front of the gallery, loudly called, “encore,” in his odd tone, between jest and earnest. But this extraordinary exhibition was not the only display of Mr C—le—dge's singular genius. He favoured us with a specimen of his manner of playing the Eolian harp, which he did by breathing into it. Nay, for the gratification of the company, he thus played himself to sleep, and produced a most capital bass accompaniment by snoring. When he awaked, which he did in about ten minutes, he proceeded to maintain that “a hair and cinder” was one of the finest instruments that human wit ever invented;

and to prove this, played a rhapsody upon it with no small effect. After the applause had subsided, he informed us however, in a rather transcendental tone, that the cinder came from a subterraneous fire in Abyssinia, and the hair from the tail of a black horse with green eyes, of a mysterious breed, preserved by a certain German baron, a friend of his, and a descendant of Dr Faustus, on his domain in the Harz mountains; a piece of information which seemed to excite as much merriment as wonder in some of his hearers.

After Mr C—le—dge, Mr M—re was universally called upon, who, as soon as he had recovered from his laughing, played us an exquisite old Irish air on the flute, with a pathos that brought the tears into my old eyes. He then attempted a grand Turkish march, with the aid of Turkish bells, which he jingled as an accompaniment; this, however, by no means accorded well with the genius of his instrument. So, suddenly laying down his flute, he seized a dancing master's kit, which had belonged to the famous Bath Guide, Anstey, on which he rattled off a humorous divertimento with infinite spirit. Elated with the success of this piece of gayety, he produced a mail-coach horn, and proceeded to amuse the audience with a burlesque of Mr S—th—y's grand trumpet flourish, in which he at last got so personal as to raise a terrible tumult in the gallery. Some groaned, some applauded, some hissed, some catcalled, and some roared "go on." Mr J—ff—y, who took his part, had like to have got to loggerheads with our friend Mr Bl—k—d, who was sitting next him. There was no saying how matters might have ended, had not Ensign Odoherly, who had chosen to pack himself in a snug corner of the gallery, luckily hit upon the expedient of volunteering "the Humours of Glen" through a pocket comb, in a most stentorian voice, accompanied by himself, with a pewter pot and two tobacco-pipes, by way of kettle-drum, which at length drowned the clamour. But when the ensign proceeded with a thumb in each side of his mouth, and a finger on each nostril, in order to produce the swells and falls like a pedal, to whistle a Polonaise, (which he called "his Pulley-nose,") with original variations—good

humour was completely restored. L—d St—gf—d finally mollified every body, by breathing some Portuguese airs, with much sweetness, through a third flute. I observed by the way, that his L—dsh—p played with a "mouth-piece"—which, somebody told me, he had found amongst the remains of Camoëns, when in those parts. In emulation, I presume, of L—ds Bi—n and St—gf—d, L—d T—w next essayed; but whether some mischievous wag had greased his fiddlestick, or how it happened I cannot tell, but he produced only some uncouth noises, that hardly amounted to tones; so that the ensign, who now took Mr M—re's place as joker, recommended him to the barrel organ on the stairhead. P—cy B—she Sh—ll—y succeeded better in out B—ning B—n; for, with a trombone, he horrified us with some of the most terrific passages I ever heard. They became, at last, perfectly disagreeable.

The next performer, to my great delight, was Sir W—r S—t. He blew a clarinet; and whether the mood was "Marcia," "Pieramente," or "Pastorale," this fine bold natural player made all ring again. He concluded with a most spirited reveille on the patent bugle. I could not help remarking the strong hankering that Sir W—r seemed to have after a pair of huge old bagpipes, which had last belonged to Allan Ramsay, but which now lay dusty and neglected. Many a joke was launched at this unfortunate instrument. M—re called it, silyly, "a green bag—and of the worst sort;" and C—le—dge, a "doodle sack," which he said was "the German name, and, like all other German names, highly expressive." Sir W—r stood stoutly up for them; and proved, by some Roman sculptures, the venerable date and good estimation of the instrument. In fine, after regretting the absence of A—l—n C—gh—m, who, he said, would play them better than any man in Scotland, he called upon Mr H—g, the Etrick Shepherd, to rub up his old craft, and give them a *lilt*; which he did in a style that set little M—re a dancing, and drew a flood of tears down C—le—dge's cheeks. After Mr H—g had laid down the bagpipes, he pulled out a pandean pipe, and played some strains of extraordinary power and execution, as wild and resonant as



if they had been echoed by a hundred hills. They were only exceeded in fancy by Mr W——n, who, on the hautboy, breathed a lay so soft and imaginative, that I never heard the like. It was the very moonlight of sound. He suddenly passed into a tone of terror, sometimes amounting almost to a scream, mingled with snatches of plaintive lamentation. It reminded me forcibly of the massacre of Glencoe. I took the liberty of asking Mr W——n if he played it? He said he did not. On which I begged to recommend to him Frazer's Highland tunes, amongst which that extraordinary air is to be found, and made bold to assure him, that his hautboy would make more of it than all the other instruments put together; —at which he smiled, and shook his head.

We were interrupted by a wonderfully striking, expressive, and even sweet ditty, which, on turning round, I found to proceed from an elderly clerical-looking personage, who was playing on the hurdy-gurdy. When I saw it was Mr C——bbe, I was not surprised at the pleasure which even this monotonous, not to say vulgar, instrument afforded me. But what cannot genius do? It is reported Mr C——bbe has some thoughts of training a band of marrowbones and cleavers, and every body says it would be the finest thing that has been heard for a long time. Mr W——n informed me, that the reverend gentleman sung a ballad to admiration, the which he has been known to accompany with his thumb on the great kitchen table, very successfully, by way of bass. Just as the word ballad was mentioned, a dispute fell out with Mr C——bbe, Mr S——th-y, Mr C——le-dge, and Mr W——dsw——th, whether "the Cobbler of Bucklersbury," "the Bloody Gardiner," "Giles Scroggins' Ghost," or "the Babes of the Wood," was the most sublime piece. I thought Mr C——bbe seemed to have the advantage.

Whilst this argument was going on, happening to turn my eyes towards the side of the room, I saw an old musical instrument or two, which I went and examined. There was a violoncello which, Mr W——n informed me, had once been Dryden's, and which, he said, they were very shy of touching now-a-days. It was a strong formid-

able-looking instrument. Next to it was a gigantic double bass, with a bow like that of Ulysses, which, it seems, used to be played upon by Dr Young. Beside it stood an antiquated harp of great dimensions, on which was carved, EDMUND SPENSER; but the greatest curiosity of all, in my mind, was a unique, ebony, old English flute, as big as a blunderbuss, and not very unlike one. It was the flute of Chaucer, and as, Mr W——n said, it had not been touched in the memory of man, the precise gamut was probably lost. I was contemplating this venerable old relic with profound attention, when I got a terrible start with the most hideous noise I ever heard in my life. This, upon examination, I found to come from Mr F——tzg——d, who insisted upon treating the company with "God save the King" upon a Chinese gong. The din was so great that I can't say I made much tune out. It was no small relief to hear Mr Cr——k——r play "Lord Wellington," with some variations for the fife. He also gave us the "Death of Nelson" very finely. Mr R——g——rs then warbled a beautiful little "dolce" on the double flageolet; and Mr Sp——nc——r, a madrigal on the French flageolet. Mr M——tg——m——y played the "German Hymn" on a celestina, and Mr Fr——re a most ingenious capriccio on the triangle.

These having ended, my attention was attracted by a rather conceited London-looking gentleman, who was strutting, with some execution and a good deal of affectation, on an old-fashioned spinnet, or rather virginal; when he turned round I discovered him to be Mr L——gh H——nt, who, when the company congratulated him, informed us that his spinnet was of the true Italian make, and had probably belonged to Tasso. He had himself, however, been obliged to refit and add a good many strings. Upon some one doubting this pedigree, and saying that, after all, the extent of what was known with any certainty about the matter was, that the spinnet had been found in an old house in little Britain, in the occupation of Mr Peter Prig, late eminent pawnbroker, deceased, to whose father it was pawned by an Italian toymen, I thought Mr H——nt seemed more piqued than the occasion seemed to require. However, he soon recovered himself, and taking L——d

B—n aside, with a jaunty and familiar air, held him by the button, and whispered in his ear for some minutes, during which I overheard the words, "mere malice" and "political rancour," repeated once or twice. Mr H—nt then introduced a young gentleman without a neckcloth, of the name of K—ts, who played a sort of Sapphic ode, in the metre dicolos petrastrophos, upon a lyre, which he said was exactly modelled after that given by ancient sculptors to Apollo. Nor was I displeased with the music, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the instrument. Indeed Mr K—ts hardly had fair-play. The lyre being of his own manufacture, and not put together in the most workmanlike manner, a string or two got loose during the performance, which marred the effect sadly. After him Mr B—rr—y (C—rnw—ll favoured us with a serenade on the Spanish guitar, and sung a madrigal of Shakspeare, set by the celebrated old composer, Bird, accompanying himself, and giving this ancient harmony great effect.

Our applauses were suddenly interrupted by a most extraordinary phenomenon. This was a young gentleman of the name of Sm—th, who professed to play after the manner of the famous Signior What-d'ye-call-em, upon ten instruments at once; which he did, to the admiration of all present. I never heard such thunders of applause and laughter; and when, like a full band all playing in concert—"sackbuts and psalteries,"—he struck up, and introduced, as finale, the grotesque old ballad-tune of "Jingling Geordie," I thought the house would have come down. What pleased me as much as any thing, was to see the most popular poets of the

time, who were thus a sort of undone, enjoy the joke, and clap, and vociferate, as zealously as any of us.

This it would seem was the concluding performance, and I was still laughing and clapping my hands in ecstasy, when I found a circle round me, politely begging me to favour them with a stave or two. I was unluckily in high glee; and, oh! Mr North, how I longed for my Northumberland small-pipes, with ebony and silver drones, and ivory chanter! I felt as if I could have given them "Over the Border," or "the Peacock follows the Hen," with all the fire of Jamie Allan, or Fitzmaurice himself. As I had owned myself a musician, however, they insisted upon my playing something, and forced an instrument into my hands—but whether it was flute, clarionet, pipe, or whistle, I am sure I cannot tell. One imagines, in a dream, that one can do every thing—so I put it to my mouth, and produced some notes of what Pope says is "harmony not understood,"—that is to say, discord.

Maugre the contortions of the countenances around me, I was still persevering, and getting from bad to worse, when suddenly a voice with a strong Scotch accent, and a tone of most irresistible humour, exclaimed, "Lord save our lugs—what a guse's thrapple." The whole assemblage burst out a-laughing at this jactulation of the shepherd, and I awoke in a cold sweat, with my tobacco-pipe in both hands, like a flute, and the candle just expiring in the socket, at a quarter to one in the morning. I am, &c. &c. &c.

JOSIAH SHUFFLEBOTHAM.  
*Gowks-hall, Northumberland, Sept.*  
*20th, A. D. 1820.*

---

VAGARIE TRANSPORTHIANÆ.

✱

*Kelso, September 29th.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You may remember, that the last time we had the pleasure of spending an evening together, part of our conversation was concerning some of the most remarkable topographical localities of Scotland—of scenes rendered interesting by natural beauty, or celebrated for being the haunts of historical or legendary recollections. You spoke with delight of the splendid achievements of the pencil, which the exertions of a body of admirable artists were massing together in that beautiful work, "The Provincial Antiquities," and wished that a series of illustrative sonnets might yet be added by some of our patriotic bards to the topographical illustrations; to which, from the alliance of the

sister arts, you thought they would form a fine addition. For my own part, my good friend, I shall not even throw out, whether I approve of your plan or not; I shall only say, that it is far from my intention, the ever presuming to take upon my shoulders any such elaborate task. The difficulty of managing such a subject is obvious enough; yet I could adduce an instance where the thing has been achieved with the most complete success, in the Sonnets of Wordsworth, published in your own work, on Westall's pictures of the Yorkshire caves.

You may also remember my telling you, that in rambling over our fine country, where one is constantly bursting into romantic landscapes, or "stumbling into recollections," I had occasionally indulged myself by throwing my feelings or reflections into "fourteen lines of sensibility." Half a dozen of these sonnets I have sent you, "would they were worthier"—but you will excuse their faults. If your good nature should tempt you to think them "beautiful exceedingly," I strongly advise you to attempt the converse of your plan, and set some of your friends, the artists, to illustrate them for you; so that next time I have the pleasure of paying my devoirs to you personally, I may have the agreeable surprise, in entering your parlour, of beholding over the mantle-piece a splendid picture of an old soldier firing a mortar at Queen Mary on Loch Leven, in juxta position to the genius of poetry, with a good whip, lashing six Celtic barbarians, with axes on their shoulders, from cutting wood on the Trosachs.

I remain, dear Christopher, your friend and servant to command,

*To Christopher North, Esq.*

## I.

### TWILIGHT ON LOCH KATRINT.

"Wandering about in forests old,  
When the last purple colour is wakening faint."

BARRY CORNWALL.

Blue is the bosom of the sunless lake,  
O'er which the laden pinnace gently glides;  
The living waters sparkle round its sides,  
As if instinct with spirit, and awake;  
In crimson light the peak of Benvenue  
Is mantled o'er; the wooded Trosachs frown,  
And throw, with cumbrous gloom, their shadows down,  
Like giants girt with sackcloth: softly blue,  
A beauteous canopy of sky impends;  
While, 'mid the temple of the glowing west,  
Piercing the cloudless element, ascends  
Benlomond's conic spire and lordly crest,  
And nought disturbs the breathless silence, save  
The night breeze murmuring thro' the goblin cave.

## II. "

"Not a mountain rears its head unsung."

ADDISON.

Oh! who would think, in cheerless solitude,  
Who o'er these twilight waters glided slow,  
That genius, with a time-surviving glow,  
These wild lone scenes so proudly hath embued!  
Or that from "hum of men" so far remote,  
Where blue waves gleam, and mountains darken round,  
And trees with broad boughs shed a gloom profound,

A poet here should from his tractless thought  
 Elysian prospects conjure up, and sing  
 Of bright achievements in the olden days,  
 When chieftain valour sued for Beauty's praise,  
 And magic virtues charmed St Fillan's spring ;  
 Until in worlds, where Chilian mountains raise  
 Their cloud-capt heads, admiring souls should wing  
 Hither their flight to wilds, whereon I gaze.

1815.

No one can feel sufficient indignation at the outrage against nature, which has recently been committed in the sale and destruction of the wood on the Trosachs. For a few paltry pounds, one of Scotland's classic scenes, and one of her most romantic, has been defaced. Public subscription would have given ten times as much to have saved it.

## III.

## LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

Un arbre, le dernier adieu de la végétation, est devant sa porte ; et c'est à l'ombre de son pale feuillage que les voyageurs ont coutume d'attendre.

CORINNE.

A LIGHT breeze curls the Leven's silver tide,  
 Spread like a sheet around yon rocky isle,  
 Whereon, in ruined hoariness, a pile  
 Uprears its massy walls in castled pride ;  
 The sunbeams, shooting o'er a morning cloud,  
 Fall on it, and display the shrivelled trees  
 Blasted and tall, their thin leaves in the breeze  
 Fluttering, like plumes above a funeral shroud :  
 The blue-winged sea-gull, with a wailing shriek,  
 Sails round it ; and, on high, the sable rook  
 Perches in peace—no more 'tis doomed to brook  
 Man's domination—but, with aspect meek,  
 Crumbles to ruin, year, and month, and week,  
 Voiceless, and with a melancholy look !  
*July 1815.*

## IV.

## COMPOSED AFTER READING THE ABBOT.

He lukit again, and the scene was new.

KILMENY.

A SPIRIT hath been here—the dry bones live—  
 A magic halo round these towers is spread ;  
 Each tree uprears a green and branching head ;  
 And bells to the evening wind their curfew give—  
 Lovely, in Recollection's gifted eye,  
 Sits Mary—while, around, her faithful train,  
 To cheer her prisoned solitude, in vain  
 Many an artifice unwearied try.  
 'Tis night—the postern gates are locked, and lo !  
 A crowded small boat stretches for the shore—  
 The warder, turning to the flood below,  
 Listens, and starts to hear the plashing oar—  
 The gun rebounds—and by its flash is seen,  
 Upon the midnight lake, the escaping Queen !  
*September 1820.*

## V.

## ICOLMKILL.

"The hoary druid saw thee rise,  
And planting there his guardian spell,  
Sung forth the dreadful pomp to swell  
Of human sacrifice."

ROGERS.

How beautiful, beneath the morning sky,  
The level sea outstretches like a lake,  
Serene, when not a zephyr is awake  
To curl the gilded pendant gliding by:--  
Within a bowshot druid Icolmkill  
Presents its time-worn ruins, hoar and grey,  
A monument of Eld remaining still,  
Lonely, when all its brethren are away.  
Dumb things may be our teachers; is it strange  
That aught of death is perishing! Come forth,  
Like rainbows show diversity of change,  
And fade away—Aurora of the north!  
Where altars rose, and choral virgins sung,  
And victims bled, the sea-bird rears her young!

## VI.

## SCENE ON THE GRAMPIANS.

Nè greggi nè armenti  
Guida bifolco mai, guida pastore.

AMID this vast, tremendous solitude,  
Where nought is heard except the wild wind's sigh,  
Or savage raven's deep and hollow cry,  
With awful thought the spirit is embued!—  
Around—around, for many a weary mile,  
The Alpine masses stretch; the heavy cloud  
Cleaves round their brows, concealing with its shroud  
Black, barren rocks, unthawed by summer's smile.  
Nought but the desert mountains and lone sky  
Are here;—birds sing not, and the wandering bee  
Searches for flowers in vain; nor shrub, nor tree,  
Nor human habitation greets the eye  
Of heart-struck pilgrim; while around him lie  
Silence and desolation, what is he!

## THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;

*Or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

## RESPONSIVE NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have been delighted to understand that the amiable community of Port Glasgow have been highly gratified with the notice taken of their beautiful steeple, in our number for July, by Miss Rachel Pringle. The epithet, "insignificant," which the young lady applied to their town, was certainly not so conciliating as it might have been; but when it is considered that it was in her power to have employed one much more contemptuous, the inhabitants of the Port, with that candour, liberality, and intelligence, for which they are so justly celebrated, are very thankful for her delicacy, in consideration of the

attention paid to their steeple. Few edifices, indeed, have so well merited the affectionate regard of their respective communities as this much-belovèd structure—a structure of which it may be truly said, that both art and nature have combined to render it perfect, the genius of an earthquake having been expressly called into action to give it an agreeable and gracious inclination towards its daily admirers in the shops and streets below—at least, we have not heard that the earthquake was ordained for any other purpose. By this “touch beyond the reach of art,” this *coup-de-grace*, the steeple of Port Glasgow now vies with the famous Campanella or hanging tower of Pisa, the rocking steeple of Bristol, or the tumbledown tower of an ancient castle in Wales, of which we do not at this moment recollect the name, but when our friend Dr Peter Morris of Abercystwith returns to Edinburgh, we shall make particular inquiries on the subject.\*

But it is neither on account of its beauty, nor its stature, nor its knowing and leaning condescension towards the people, that this edifice deserves the attention of the world in general, and the admiration of the classical scholar in particular. The inhabitants of Port Glasgow have, in fact, towards their steeple, with a taste peculiar to themselves, surpassed the ancient Athenian Greeks. Among that people, it was an occasional custom to erect monuments in commemoration of festivals and theatrical entertainments, as witness the choragic monument of Lysicrates, &c. But it was reserved for this more refined community to patronise theatrical entertainments expressly performed in honour of their steeple;—and Mr Thornback† has preserved in his valuable travels by the steam-boat, an account of the bill that was issued on that occasion, and which had the effect of drawing one of the most numerous assemblages of rank, beauty, and fashion, ever known at the theatre, to the great relief of the starving children of Thespis, who had previously tried, in vain, all the ordinary artifices to attract an audience.

But it is not for mortals to enjoy unalloyed felicity. We have received a letter from Mr Thomas Barker, of Kilbarnock, better known among his friends by the jocosè appellation of Drowthy Tammy, complaining, that in our annotation on the Pringle papers, we had made insinuations detrimental to the godly character of that orthodox town, and accusing us of winking and nodding, in a profane and profligate manner, at the well-sung “*simper James*” of Robin Burns the poet, than which no imputation can be more unjust or unfounded.

This, however, is nothing to the frantic anonymous charge that has been brought against us by a certain person in the townhead of Irvine, calling in question not only the authenticity of the Pringle letters, but even the existence of our correspondent, Mr M'Gruel, of Kilwinning.

To doubt the veracity of papers is no new species of scepticism, but to deny the being of a medical man, who has been at the expense of having a handsome gilded pestle and mortar placed over his door, and large beautiful bottles filled with water, of all the primary and primitive colours, displayed in his window, is, we do think, a flagrant example of the infidel tendencies of the present age. But we shall take no further notice at present of this person. By adverting to his place of residence, we have apprised him that he is known. Let him therefore take heed.

A far different correspondent we have found in the worthy Mr James Thegite of Greenock;—that excellent character begs us to state, that the schism in the Tontine has been most happily adjusted, all the gentlemen of respectable political principles having abandoned the old rooms to the radicals, and left them in the avoided possession of the stools and chairs. It was proposed, as a just compliment to one eminent magistrate, to have his statue erected in bronze, in the assembly rooms, but the committee, on considering the proposition, dissuaded the subscribers, with the same reason that induced her late Majesty to decline the present of an elephant, namely, “He is too

\* Cærrphilly. DR MORRIS.

† Our erudite friend, Mr Brydson, is not of opinion that this Mr Thornback is in any way related to the celebrated Mr Blethering Scat, who paid his addresses to Miss Maggy Lauder.

big, he will cosh too moosh money." It gave us also great pleasure to understand, from the same intelligent source, that nothing in our Magazine occasioned the late fracas among the doctors of the Infirmary, and that there is no truth in the story of a certain M.D. having, in that affair, received a dangerous contusion in a particular part that shall be namless. The details, however, will probably, being a Greenock business, come before the courts.

We have, however, been surprised that no notice has yet been taken of the Pringle papers by any of our Glasgow correspondents, but the recent arrival of so many vessels from the West Indies, with turtle and limes, partly accounts for this. It is, however, pleasing to find, from so many different quarters, that a zealous public spirit is abroad, and it cannot be doubted, that the disposition which makes so many individuals observant of our attention to their respective communities, may be ascribed to the influence of the same spirit which, in other places, dictates to the friends of religious and political reformation. The love and affection, for example, which the respectable community of Port Glasgow bear to their steeple, are, in other towns, emulated by an ecclesiastical attachment to some new dissenting sect. The contest for the stools and chairs between the old and the new Whigs of the Greenock coffee-room, is finely illustrative of the Parliamentary contention for places; the remonstrance of Drowthy Tainmy, of Kilmarnock, may be classed with those addresses and petitions in which it is deemed expedient to assume the existence of grievances, in order to give point and effect to the argument employed, while our anonymous friend in the townhead of Irvine, is an individual of that numerous class of authors, who, in reviews and newspapers—the Edinburgh Review, for example—fearlessly, from behind their cloak of darkness, deny and controvert facts and truths. And may we not liken the loyal and indifferant punch-drinkers of Glasgow to those warm and wealthy citizens who selfishly eat, drink, and make merry, without respect or regard to the interests of their country? But it is full time that we should attend to our own immediate task. Our worthy and facetious friend, *Pacificus* of Port Glasgow, may rest assured, that it is not our intention to permit any thing derogatory to "the Bell" to sully our pages. We had heard of its painting and roasting, but doubted the fact till he confirmed it.

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THE PRINGLE CORRESPONDENCE.

No. V.

ONE evening as Mr Snodgrass was taking a solitary walk towards Irvine, for the purpose of calling on Miss Mally Glencairn, to inquire what had been her latest accounts from their mutual friends in London, and to read to her a letter, which he had received two days before, from Mr Andrew Pringle, he met, near Eglintoun Gates, that pious woman Mrs Glibbans, coming to Garnock, brimful of some most extraordinary intelligence. The air was raw and humid, and the ways were deep and foul; she was, however, protected without, and tempered within, against the dangers of both. Over her venerable satin mantle, lined with cat-skin, she wore a scarlet duffle bath-cloak, with which she was wont to attend the tent-sermons of the Kilwinning and Dreg-horn preachings, in cold and inclement weather. Her black silk petticoat was pinned up, that it might not receive injury from the nimble paddling of her short steps in the mire; and she carried her best shoes and stockings in a handkerchief, to be changed at the manse, and had fortified her feet for the road, in coarse worsted hose, and thick plain-soled leather shoes.

Mr Snodgrass proposed to turn back with her, but she would not permit him—"No, Sir," said she, "what I am about you cannot meddle in. You are here but a stranger—come to-day and gane to-morrow—and it does not pertain to you to sift into the doings that have been done before your time.—O dear; but this is a sad thing—nothing like it since he silencing of M'Auly of Greenock—What will the worthy Doctor say when he hears tell o't. Had it a'n out with that neighering body, James Daff, I would na hac caret a snuff of tobacco, but wi' Mr Craig, a man so gifted wi' the power of the Spirit,

as I hae often had a delightful experience.—Ay, Ay. Mr Snodgrass, tak heed lest ye fall, we maun all lay it to heart, but I hope the trooper is still within the jurisdiction of church censures.—She should na be spairt. Na doubt, the fault lies with her, and it is that I am going to search, yea, as with a lighted candle.”

Mr Snodgrass expressed his inability to understand to what Mrs Glibbans alluded, and a very long and interesting disclosure took place, the substance of which may be gathered from the following letter; the immediate and instigating cause of the lady's journey to Garnock being the alarming intelligence which she had that day received of Mr Craig's servant—damsel Betty, having, by the style and title of Mrs Craig, sent for Nanse Swaddle, the midwife, to come to her in her own case—which seemed to Mrs Glibbans nothing short of a miracle, Betty having, the very Sunday before, helped the kettle when she drank tea with Mr Craig, and sat at the room-door, on a buffet-stool brought from the kitchen, while he performed family worship, to the great solace and edification of his visitor.

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#### LETTER XXI.

*The Rev. Dr Pringle, D. D. to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster, Garnock.*

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 21th, which has given me a great surprise to hear, that Mr Craig was married as far back as Christmas to his own servant lass Betty, and me to know nothing of it, nor you neither, until it was time to be speaking to the midwife. To be sure, Mr Craig, who is an elder and a very rigid man, in his animadversions on the immoralities that came before the session, must have had his own good reasons for keeping his marriage so long a secret. Tell him, however, from me, that I wish both him and Mrs Craig much joy and felicity, but he should be milder for the future on the thoughtlessness of youth and headstrong passions. Not that I insinuate, that there has been any occasion in the conduct of such a godly man to cause a suspicion, but its wonderful how he was married in December, and I cannot say that I am altogether so proud to hear it as I am at all times of the well doing of my people. Really the way that Mr Daff has comported himself in this matter, is greatly to his credit, and I doubt if the thing had happened with him, that Mr Craig would have sifted with a sharp eye how he came to be married in December, and without bridal and banquet. For my part, I could not have thought it of Mr Craig, but its done now, and the less we say about it the better, so I think with Mr Daff, that it must be looked over, but when I return, I will speak both to the husband and wife, and

not without letting them have an inkling of what I think about their being married in December, which was a great shame, even if there was no sin in it; but I will say no more; for truly, Mr Micklewham, the longer we live in this world, and the farther we go, and the better we know ourselves, the less reason have we to think slightly of our neighbours; but the more to convince our hearts and understandings, that we are all prone to evil and desperately wicked. For where does hypocrisy not abound, and I have had my own experience here, that what a man is to the world and to his own heart is a very different thing.

In my last letter, I gave you a pleasing notification of the growth, as I thought, of spirituality in this Babylon of deceitfulness, thinking that you and my people would be gladdened with the tidings of the repute and estimation in which your minister was held, and I have dealt largely in the way of public charity. But I doubt that I have been governed by a spirit of ostentation, and not with that lowly-mindedness without which all almsgiving is but a serving of the altars of Belzebub, for the chastening hand has been laid upon me, but with the kindness and pity which a tender father hath for his dear children.

I was requested by those who come so cordially to me with their subscription papers for schools and suffering worth, to preach a sermon to get a



collection. I have no occasion to tell you, that when I exert myself what effect I can produce—and I never made so great an exertion before, which in itself was a proof, that it was with the two bladders, pomp and vanity, that I had committed myself to swim on the uncertain waters of London, for surely my best exertions were due to my people. But when the Sabbath came upon which I was to hold forth, how were my hopes withered and my expectations frustrated—O, Mr Micklewham, what an inattentive congregation was yonder—many slumbered and slept, and I sowed the words of truth and holiness in vain upon their barren and stoney hearts. There is no true grace among some that I shall not name, for I saw them whispering and smiling like the scorners, and altogether heedless unto the precious things of my discourse, which could not have been the case had they been sincere in their professions, for I never preached more to my own satisfaction on any occasion whatsoever—and when I return to my own parish you shall hear what I said, as I will preach the same sermon over again, for I am not going now to print it, as I did once think of doing, and to have dedicated it to Mr W—

We are going about in an easy way, seeing what is to be seen in the shape of curiosities. but the whole town is in a state of ferment with the election of members to Parliament. I have been to see't both in the Guildhall and at Covent-garden, and its a frightful thing to see how the radicals roar like bulls of Bashan, and put down the speakers in behalf of the government. I hope no harm will come of you, but I must say, that I prefer our own quiet canny Scotch way at Irvine. Well do I remember, for it happened

in the year I was licensed, that the town-council, the Lord Eglinton that was shot being then provost, took in the late Thomas Bowet to be a counsellor, and Thomas, not being versed in election matters, yet minding to please his lordship, for like the rest of the council he had always a proper veneration for those in power, he, as I was saying, consulted Joseph Boyd the weaver, who was then Dean of Guild, as to the way of voting, whereupon Joseph, who was a discreet man, said to him, "Ye'll just say as I say, and I'll say what Baillie Shaw says, for he will do what my Lord bids him," which was as peaceful a way of sending up a member to Parliament as could well be devised.

But you know that politicks are far from my hand, they belong to the temporalities of the community; and the ministers of peace and good will to man should neither make nor meddle with them. I wish, however, that these tumultuous elections were well over, for they have had an effect on the per cents, where our bit legacy is funded, and it would terrify you to hear what we have thereby already lost. We have not, however, lost so much but that I can spare a little to the poor among my people, so you will, in the dry weather, after the seed-time, hire two-three thackers to mend the thack on the roofs of such of the cotters' houses as stand in need of mending, and banker M—y will pay the expense; and I beg you to go to him on receipt hereof, for he has a line for yourself, which you will be sure to accept as a testimony from me for the great trouble that my absence from the parish has given to you among my people, and I am, dear Sir, your friend and pastor,

Z. PRINGLE.

As Mrs Glibbans would not permit Mr Snodgrass to return with her to the manse, he pursued his journey alone to the Kirkgate of Irvine, where he found Miss Mally Gleneairn on the eve of sitting down to her solitary tea. On seeing his visitor enter, after the first compliments on the state of health and weather were over, she expressed her hopes, that he had not drank tea, and on receiving a negative, which she did not quite expect, as she thought he had been perhaps invited by some of her neighbours, she put in an additional spoonful on his account; and brought from her corner cupboard with the glass door, an ancient French pickle-bottle, in which she had preserved, since the great tea-drinking formerly mentioned, the remainder of the two ounces of carvey (the best Mrs Nanse) bought for that memorable occasion. A short conversation then took place relative to the Pringles, and while the tea was masking, for Miss Mally said that it took a long time to draw, she read to him the following letter:

## LETTER XXII.

*Mrs Pringle to Miss Mally Glencairn.*

DEAR MISS MALLY,—Trully, it may be said, that the crown of England is upon the downfall, and surely we are all seething in the pot of revolution, for the scum is mounting uppermost. Last week, no farther gone than on Monday, we came to our new house her in Baker Street, but its nather to be bakit nor brewt what I hav sin syne suffert. You no my way, and that I like a been house, but no wastric, and so I needna tell yoo, that we hav had good diners; to be surt, there was not a meerakle left to fill five baskets every day, but an abundance, with a proper kitchen of of breed, to fill the bellies of four dumesticks. Howsomever, lo and behold, what was clecking doon stairs. On Saturday morning as we were sitting at our breakfast, the doctor reading the newspapers, who shoud com intil the room but Andrew's grum, follo't by the rest, to give us warning that they were all going to quat our sairvice, becas they were starvit. I thoct that I would hav fentit could deed, but the doctor, who is a considerat man, inquirt what made them starve, and then their was such an approbrious cry about cold meet and bare bones, and no heer. It was an evendoun resurrection—a rebellion war than the forty five. In short, Miss Mally, to make a leettle of a lang tail, they woud have a hot joint day and day aboot, and a tree of yill to stand on the gauntrees for their draw and drink, with a cock and a pail; and we were obligated to evacuate to their terms, and to let them go to their wark with flying colors, so you see how dangerous it is to live among this puple, and their noshans of liberty.

You will see by the newspapers that ther's a lection going on for parliament. It maks ay corruption to rise to hear of such doings, and if I was a government as I'm but a woman, I woud put them doon with the strong hand, just to be revenged on the proud stonaks of these het and fou English.

We have gotten our money in the presents put into our own name, but I have had no peese since, for they have fallen in price three eight parts, which is very near a half, and if the go at this rate, wher will all our legacy soon be? I have no goo of the presents; so we are on the look out for a landed estate, being a shure thing.

Captain Saber is still sneking after Rachel, and if she were awee pertited in her accomplishments, its no saying what might happen, for he's a fine lad, but she's o'er young to be the heed of a family. Howsomever, the Lord's will maun be done, and if there is to be a match, she'll no have to fight for gentility with a straitent circumstance.

As for Andrew, I wish he was weel settit, and we have our hopes that he's beginning to draw up with Miss Argent, who will have, no doobt, a great fortune, and is a treasure of a creeture in herself, being just as simple as a lamb; but, to be sure, she has had every advantage of edication, being brought up in a most fashionable boarding-school.

I hope you have got the box I sent by the smak, and that you like the patron of the goon—So no more at present, but remains, dear Miss Mally, your sinsaire friend,

JANET PRINGLE.

"The box," said Miss Mally, "that Mrs Pringle speaks about, came last night. It contains a very handsome present to me and to Miss Bell Todd. The gift to me is from Mrs P. herself, and Miss Bell's from Rachel; but that uttercap, Becky Glibbans, is flying through the town like a spunky, mis-likening the one and miscaing the other: every body, however, kens, that it's onely spite that gars her speak. It's a great pity that she cou'd na be brought to a sense of religion like her mother, who, in her younger days, they say, was na to seek at a clashing.

Mr Snodgrass expressed his surprise at this account of the faults of that exemplary lady's youth; but he thought of her holy anxiety to silt into the circumstances of Betty, the elder's servant, becoming in one day Mrs Craig, and

the same afternoon sending for the midwife, and he prudently made no other comment; for the characters of all preachers were in her hands, and he had the good fortune to stand high in her favour, as a young man of great promise. In order, therefore, to avoid any discussion respecting moral merits, he read the following letter from Andrew Pringle.

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LETTER XXIII.

*Andrew Pringle Esq. to the Rev. Charles Snodgrass.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—London undoubtedly affords the best and the worst specimens of the British character; but there is a certain townish something about the inhabitants in general, of which I find it extremely difficult to convey any idea. Compared with the English of the country, there is apparently very little difference between them; but still there is a difference, and of no small importance in a moral point of view. The country peculiarity is like the bloom of the plumb, or the down of the peach, which the fingers of infancy cannot touch without injuring; but this felt but not describable quality of the town character, is as the varnish which brings out more vividly the colours of a picture, and which may be freely and even rudely handled. The women, for example, although as chaste in principle as those of any other community, possess none of that innocent untempted simplicity, which is more than half the grace of virtue; many of them, and even young ones too, “in the first freshness of their virgin beauty,” speak of the conduct and vocation of “the erring sisters of the sex,” in a manner that often amazes me, and has, in more than one instance, excited unpleasant feelings towards the fair satirists. This moral taint, for I can consider it as nothing less, I have heard defended, but only by men who are supposed to have had a large experience of the world, and who, perhaps, on that account, are not the best judges of female delicacy. “Every woman,” as Pope says, may be “at heart a rake;” but it is for the interests of the domestic affections, which are the very elements of virtue, to cherish the notion, that women, as they are physically more delicate than men, are also so morally.

But the absence of delicacy, the bloom of virtue, is not peculiar to the females, it is characteristic of all the varieties of the metropolitan mind. The artifices of the medical quacks are

things of universal ridicule; but the sin, though in a less gross form, pervades the whole of that sinister system by which much of the superiority of this vast metropolis is supported. The state of the periodical press, that great organ of political instruction—the unruly tongue of liberty, strikingly confirms the justice of this misanthropic remark.

F——— had the kindness, by way of a treat to me, to collect, the other day, at dinner, some of the most eminent editors of the London journals. I found them men of talent, certainly, and much more men of the world than “the cloistered student from his palming lamp;” but I was astonished to find it considered, tacitly, as a sort of maxim among them, that an intermediate party was not bound by any obligation of honour to withhold, farther than his own discretion suggested, any information of which he was the accidental depository, whatever the consequences might be to his informant, or to those affected by the communication. In a word, they seemed all to care less about what might be true than what would produce effect, and that effect for their own particular advantage. It is impossible to deny, that if interest is made the criterion by which the confidences of social intercourse are to be respected, the persons who admit this doctrine will have but little respect for the use of names, or deem it any reprehensible delinquency to suppress truth, or to blazon falsehood. In a word, man in London is not quite so good a creature as he is out of it. The rivalry of interests is here too intense; it impairs the affections, and occasions speculations both in morals and in politics, which, I much suspect, it would puzzle a casuist to prove blameless. Can any thing, for example, be more offensive to the calm spectator, than the elections which are now going on? Is it possible that this country, so much smaller in geographical extent than France,

and so inferior in natural resources, restricted too by those ties and obligations which were thrown off as fetters by that country during the late war, could have attained, in despite of her, such a lofty pre-eminence—become the foremost of all the world—had it not been governed in a manner congenial to the spirit of the people, and with great practical wisdom. It is absurd to assert, that there are no corruptions in the various modifications by which the affairs of the British empire are administered; but it would be difficult to show, that, in the present state of morals and interests among mankind, corruption is not a necessary evil. I do not mean necessary, as evolved from those morals and interests, but necessary to the management of political trusts. I am afraid, however, to insist on this, as the natural integrity of your own heart, and the dignity of your vocation, will alike induce you to condemn it as Machiavellian. It is, however, an observation forced on me by what I have seen here.

It would be invidious, perhaps, to criticise the different candidates for the representation of London and Westminster very severely. I think it must be granted, that they are as sincere in their professions as their opponents, which at least bleaches away much of that turpitude of which their political conduct is accused by those who are of a different way of thinking. But it is quite evident, at least to me, that no government could exist a week, managed with that subjection to public opinion to which Sir Francis Burdett and Mr Hobhouse apparently submit; and it is no less certain, that no government ought to exist a single day that would act in complete defiance of public opinion.

I was surprised to find Sir Francis Burdett an uncommonly mild and gentlemanly-looking man. I had pictured somehow to my imagination a dark and morose character; but, on the contrary, in his appearance, deportment, and manner of speaking, he is eminently qualified to attract popular applause. His style of speaking is not particularly oratorical, but he has the art of saying bitter things in a sweet way. In his language, however, although pungent and sometimes even eloquent, he is singularly incorrect. He cannot utter a sequence of three sentences without violating com-

mon grammar in the most atrocious way, and his tropes and figures are so distorted, hashed, and broken—such a patch-work of different patterns, that you are bewildered if you attempt to make them out; but the earnestness of his manner, and a certain fitness of character, in his observations a kind of Shaksperian pithiness, redeem all this. Besides, his manifold blunders of syntax do not offend the taste of those audiences where he is heard with the most approbation.

Hobhouse speaks more correctly, but he lacks in the conciliatory advantages of personal appearance; and his physiognomy, though indicating considerable strength of mind, is not so prepossessing. He is evidently a man of more education than his friend, that is, of more reading, perhaps also of more various observation, but he has less genius. His tact is coarser, and though he speaks with more vehemence, he seldom touches the sensibilities of his auditors. He may have observed mankind in general more extensively than Sir Francis, but he is far less acquainted with the feelings and associations of the English mind. There is also a wariness about him, which I do not like so well as the imprudent ingenuousness of the baronet. He seems to me to have a cause in hand—Hobhouse *versus* Existing Circumstances—and that he considers the multitude as the jurors on whose decision his advancement in life depends.—But in this I may be uncharitable. I should, however, think more highly of his sincerity as a patriot, if his stake in the country were greater; and yet I doubt, if his stake were greater, if he is that sort of man who would have cultivated popularity in Westminster. He seems to me to have qualified himself for Parliament as others do for the bar, and that he will probably be considered in the house for some time merely as a political adventurer. But if he has the talent and prudence requisite to ensure distinction in the line of his profession, the mediocrity of his original condition will reflect honour on his success, should he hereafter acquire influence and consideration as a statesman. Of his literary talents I know you do not think very highly, nor am I inclined to rank the powers of his mind much beyond those of any common well-educated English gentleman. But it will soon be ascertained whe-

ther his pretensions to represent Westminster be justified by a sense of conscious superiority, or only prompted by that ambition which overleaps itself.

Pretension; or presumption rather, seems to be an essential ingredient in the qualifications of a parliamentary candidate, and the city candidates afford a striking illustration of this circumstance. It is deplorable to think, that London should be represented by such a man as Alderman Waithman. Of his personal character I have heard nothing objectionable, and in the condition of a common council man, he filled his proper sphere. But that a mere fluency in stringing assertions and truisms together should be deemed sufficient qualifications for a legislator, is an absurdity that sickens common sense. The returning of this weak intoxicated individual to parliament, must have destroyed his character as a patriot among the reflecting portion of his friends. Had he possessed any true public spirit, and not been actuated by vanity in the part he has so long taken in politics, he would not have allowed himself to be so set forward. In the Common Halls of the city he was respectable, sometimes intrepid; but in the House of Commons, he can never be otherwise than impudent.

Of Wood, who was twice Lord Mayor, I know not what to say. There is a queer and wily cast in his

pale countenance, that puzzles me exceedingly. In common parlance I would call him an empty vain creature; but when I look at that indescribable spirit, which indicates a strange and out-of-the-way manner of thinking, I humbly confess that he is no common man. He is evidently a person of no intellectual accomplishments; he has neither the language nor the deportment of a gentleman, in the usual understanding of the term; and yet there is something that I would almost call genius about him. It is not cunning, it is not wisdom, it is far from being prudence, and yet it is something as wary as prudence, as effectual as wisdom, and not less sinister than cunning. I would call it intuitive skill, a sort of instinct, by which he is enabled to attain his ends in defiance of a capacity naturally narrow, a judgment that topples with vanity, and an address at once mean and repulsive. To call him a great man, in any possible approximation of the word, would be ridiculous; that he is a good one, will be denied by those who envy his success, or hate his politics; but nothing, save the blindness of fanaticism, can call in question his possession of a rare and singular species of ability, let it be excited in what cause it may.—But my paper is full, and I have only room to subscribe myself, faithfully, yours,

A. PRINGLE.

"It appears to us," said Mr Snodgrass, as he folded up the letter to return it to his pocket, "that the Londoners, with all their advantages of information, are neither purer nor better than their fellow-subjects in the country."—"As to their betterness," replied Miss Mally, "I have a notion that they are far waur; and I hope you do not think that earthly knowledge of any sort has a tendency to make mankind, or womankind either, any better; for was not Solomon, who had more of it than any other man, a type and testification, that knowledge without grace is but vanity." The young clergyman was somewhat startled at this application of a remark on which he laid no particular stress, and was thankful in his heart that Mrs Glibbans was not present. He was not aware that Miss Mally had an orthodox corn, or bunyan, that could as little bear a touch from the royn-e-slippers of philosophy, as the inflamed goat of polemical controversy, which had gumfisted every mental joint and member of that zealous prop of the Relief Kirk. This was indeed the tender point of Miss Mally's character; for she was left unplucked on the stalk of single blessedness, owing entirely to a conversation on this very subject with the only lover she ever had, Mr Dalgliesh, formerly helper in the neighbouring parish of Dintonknow. He happened incidentally to observe, that education was requisite to promote the interests of religion. But Miss Mally, on that occasion, jocularly maintained, that education had only a tendency to promote the sale of books. This, Mr Dalgliesh thought, was a sneer at himself, he having some time before unfortunately published a short tract, entitled, "The moral union of our temporal and eternal interests considered,

with respect to the establishment of parochial seminaries," and which fell still-born from the press. He therefore retorted with some acrimony, until, from less to more, Miss Mally ordered him to keep his distance; upon which he bounced out of the room, and they were never afterwards on speaking terms. Saving, however, and excepting this particular dogma, Miss Mally was on all other topics as liberal and beneficent as could be expected from a maiden lady, who was obliged to eke out her stunted income with a nimble needle and a close-clipping economy. The conversation with Mr Snodgrass was not, however, lengthened into acrimony; for immediately after the remark which we have noticed, she proposed that they should call on Miss Isabella Todd to see Rachel's letter; indeed this was rendered necessary by the state of the fire, for after boiling the kettle she had allowed it to fall low. It was her nightly practice after tea, to take her evening seam, in a friendly way, to some of her neighbours' houses, by which she saved both coal and candle, while she acquired the news of the day, and was occasionally invited to stay supper.

On their arrival at Mrs Todd's, Miss Isabella understood the purport of their visit, and immediately produced her letter, receiving, at the same time, a perusal of Mr Andrew Pringle's. Mrs Pringle's to Miss Mally she had previously seen.

#### LETTER XXIV.

MY DEAR BILL,—Since my last we have undergone great changes and vicissitudes. Last week we removed to our present house, which is exceedingly handsome and elegantly furnished; and on Saturday there was an insurrection of the servants, on account of my mother not allowing them to have their dinners served up at the usual hour for servants in other genteel houses. We have also had the legacy of the funds transferred to my father,

and only now wait the settling of the final accounts, which will yet take some time. On the day that the transfer took place, my mother made me a present of a twenty pound note, to lay out in any way I thought fit, and in doing so, I could not but think of you; I have, therefore, in a box which she is sending to Miss Mally Glencaine, sent you an evening dress from Mrs Bean's, one of the most fashionable and tasteful dressmakers in town, which I hope you will wear with pleasure for my sake. I have got one exactly like it, so that when you see yourself in the glass, you will behold in what state I appeared at Lady ——'s rout.

Ah! my dear Bell, how much are our expectations disappointed! How often have we, with admiration and longing wonder, read the descriptions in the newspapers of the fashionable parties in this great metropolis, and thought of the Grecian lamps, the ottomans, the promonades, the ornamented floors, the cut glass, the coup d'oeil, and the tout ensemble. Alas!

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as Young, the poet, says, "the things unseen do not deceive us." I have seen more beauty at an Irvine ball, than all the fashionable world could bring to market at my Lady ——'s emporium for young ladies, for indeed I can consider it as nothing else.

I went with the Argents; the hall-door was open, and filled with the servants in their state liveries; but although the door was open, the porter, as each carriage came up, rung a peal upon the knocker, to announce to all the square the successive arrival of the guests. We were shewn up stairs to the drawing-rooms. They were very well, but neither so grand nor so great as I expected. As for the company, it was a suffocating crowd of fat elderly gentlewomen, and misses that stood in need of all the charms of their fortunes. One thing I could notice—for the press was so great, little could be seen—it was, that the old ladies wore rouge. The white satin sleeve of my dress was entirely ruined by coming in contact with a little, round, dumpling duchess's cheek—as vulgar a body as could well be. She seemed to me to have spent all her days behind a counter smirking thankfulness to bawbee customers.

When we had been shewn in the drawing-rooms to the men for some time, we then adjourned to the lower apartments, where the refreshments were set out. This, I suppose, is arranged to afford an opportunity to the beaux to be civil to the belles, and thereby to scrape acquaintance with those

whom they approve, by assisting them to the delicacies. Altogether, it was a very dull well-dressed affair, and yet I ought to have been in good spirits, for Sir Marmaduke Towler, a great Yorkshire baronet, was most particular in his attentions to me—indeed so much so, that I saw it made poor Sabre very uneasy. I do not know why it should, for I have given him no positive encouragement to hope for any thing; not that I have the least idea that the baronet's attentions were more than common-place politeness, but he has since called. I cannot however say, that my vanity is at all flattered by this circumstance. At the same time, there surely could be no harm in Sir Marmaduke making me an offer, for you know I am not bound to

accept it. Besides, my father does not like him, and my mother thinks he's a fortune-hunter; but I cannot conceive how that may be, for, on the contrary, he is said to be rather extravagant.

Before we return to Scotland, it is intended that we shall visit some of the watering places; and perhaps, if Andrew can manage it with my father, we may even take a trip to Paris. The doctor himself is not averse to it, but my mother is afraid that a new war may break out, and that we may be detained prisoners. This fantastical fear, we shall, however, try to overcome. But I am interrupted. Sir Marmaduke is in the drawing-room, and I am summoned.—Yours truly,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

When Mr Snodgrass had read this letter, he paused for a moment, and then said, dryly, in handing it to Miss Isabella: "Miss Pringle is improving in the ways of the world." The evening by this time was far advanced, and the young clergyman was not desirous to renew the conversation; he therefore almost immediately took his leave, and walked sedately towards Garnock, debating with himself as he went along, whether Dr Pringle's family were likely to be benefited by their legacy. But he had scarcely passed the minister's carse, when he met with Mrs Glibbens returning. "Mr Snodgrass! Mr Snodgrass!" cried that ardent matron from her side of the road to the other where he was walking, and he obeyed her call. "You is no sic a black story as I thought; Mrs Craig is to be sure far gane, but they were married in December; and it was only because she was his servan' lass, that the worthy man didna like to own her at first for his wife. It would have been dreadful had the matter been as I jealousy at the first. She gaed to Glasgow to see an auntie that she has there, and he gaed in to fetch her out, and it was then the marriage was made up—which I was glad to hear—for, oh, Mr Snodgrass, it would have been an awfu' judgment had a man like Mr Craig turnt out no better than a Tam Pain or a Major Weir. But a' 's for the best, and Him that has the power of salvation can blot out all our iniquities—so good night—ye'll have a lang walk."

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THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD, &c.\*

OUR readers can scarcely have forgotten a very splendid poem, entitled "*Paris*," which was published about the year 1815, and which attracted, at the time of its publication, no inconsiderable share of the applause to which its merits, both of purpose and execution, entitled it. It was known, we believe, soon after, that Mr Croly was the author of this poem; and the public were at that time prepared to place his name high up a-

mong contemporary poets. But if any one attribute were to be permitted to give name to this age of our literature, perhaps it would be no other than that of FERTILITY. Nothing is more certain, than that an author of this time, if he would keep his ground, must shew his possession of this attribute, and take care, by frequent appeals, to remind all men of his merits and of his claims. The truth is, that Mr Croly's beautiful poem of

\* *The Angel of the World*; an Arabian Tale: Sebastian; a Spanish Tale: with other Poems, By the Rev. George Croly, A.M. London: John Warren. 1820.

"Paris" had been begun to be forgotten; and it was high time that both he and it should be recalled to the public eye by some such fresh and forcible demonstration of existence as may be found abundantly in the volume now before us. We are well aware, that the period of Mr Croly's poetical silence has not been a period of indolence; but this is not the time for expressing all that we feel concerning the services he has been rendering to his country, and the literature of his country too, during the last year. He may rest assured, that the day will come when none of his many merits shall be suffered to sleep in the oblivion of thanklessness. It is with his poetry alone that we are at present concerned.

"The Angel of the World," which stands first in the new volume, is a beautiful paraphrase on one of the most graceful fictions of the Koran. The angels, Haruth and Maruth, had, it seems, spoken uncharitably concerning mankind—and expressed, in the regions above, great contempt for those temptations which are, and have long been found, most efficacious for overthrowing the resolution of terrestrial virtue. That they might have their own fearless purity put to the proof, the two proud Angels were sent down to dwell for a season on the earth, and to mingle with those that it inherit. A woman was sent to tempt them, and they fell. Her charms won them first to drink of the forbidden fruit of the grape; and after that fill, all others were easy. They stained their essence with the corruptions of sense, and betrayed to mortal ears "the words that raise men to Angels."

In order to simplify, and thereby increase the interest of this story, our poet has contented himself with narrating the seduction of one Angel only; but he has wisely adhered, in all other respects, to the original of the legend. With infinite splendour of language, he describes "the Angel of the World" as tabernacled within a lofty tower near the city of Damascus, there listening to the petitions of the Children of Earth. A variety of temptations appear in different human shapes, and are stedfastly resisted. At last comes the moment of peril.

The form arose—the face was in a veil,  
The voice was low, and often check'd with sighs;

The tale it utter'd was a simple tale;  
A vow to close a dying parent's eyes,  
Had brought its weary steps from Tripolis;  
The Arab in the Syrian mountains lay,  
The caravan was made the robber's prize,  
The pilgrim's little wealth was swept away,  
Man's help was vain. The voice here sank  
in soft decay.

"And this is Earth!" the Angel frowning said,

And from the ground he took a matchless gem,

And flung it to the mourner, then outspread  
His mighty pinions in the parting beam;

The pilgrim started at the diamond's gleam,  
Look'd up in pray'r, then, bending near the throne,

Shed the quick tears that from the bosom stream,

And tried to speak, but tears were there alone;

The pitying Angel said, "Be happy and be gone."

The weeper raised the veil; a ruby lip  
First dawn'd: then glow'd the young cheek's  
deeper hue.

Yet delicate as roses when they dip  
Their odorous blossoms in the morning dew.  
Then beam'd the eyes, twin stars of living blue;

Half shaded by the curls of glossy hair,  
That turned to golden as the light wind threw

Their clusters in the western golden glare.  
Yet was her blue eye dim, for tears were standing there.

He look'd upon her, and her hurried gaze  
Was at his look dropp'd instant on the ground;

But o'er her cheek of beauty rush'd a blaze,  
Her bosom heaved above its silken bound,  
As if the soul had felt some sudden wound.  
He looked again; the cheek was deadly pale;  
The bosom sank with one long sigh profound;  
Yet still one lily hand upheld her veil,  
And one still press'd her heart—that sigh  
told all its tale.

She stoop'd and from the thicket pluck'd a flower,

Kiss'd it with eager lip, then with faint hand  
Laid it upon the bright step of the bower;  
Such was the ancient custom of the land.  
Her sighs were richer than the rose they  
fann'd,

The breezes swept it to the Angel's feet;  
Yet even that sweet slight boon, 'twas Heaven's command,

He must not touch, from her though doubly sweet,

No earthly gift must stain that hallow'd judgment-seat.

The flower still lay upon the splendid spot,  
The Pilgrim turn'd away as smote with shame;

Her eye a glance of self-upbraiding shot,  
That pierc'd his bosom like a shaft of flame.  
The humbled one pronounced and bless'd  
his name,



Cross'd her white arms, and slowly bade  
farewell.

A sudden faintness o'er the Angel came ;  
The voice rose sweet and solemn as a spell,  
She bowed her face to Earth, and o'er it  
dropp'd her veil.

Beauty, what art thou, that thy slightest  
gaze

Can make the spirit from its centre roll,  
Its whole long course, a sad and shadowy  
maze ?

Thou midnight or thou noontide of the soul ;  
One glorious vision lighting up the whole  
Of the wide world ; or one deep, wild desire,  
By day and night consuming, sad and sole ;  
Till Hope, Pride, Genius, nay, till Love's  
own fire

Desert the weary heart, a cold and mouldering  
pyre.

Enchanted sleep, yet full of deadly dreams ;  
Companionship divine, stern solitude ;  
Thou serpent, colour'd with the brightest  
gleams

That e'er hid poison, making hearts thy  
food ;

Woe to the heart that lets thee once intrude,  
Victim of visions that life's purpose steal,  
Till the whole struggling nature lies subdued,  
Bleeding with wounds the grave alone must  
heal ;

Bright Spirit was it thine that mortal woe to  
feel ?

The Angel takes up the flower—  
and, in spite of a warning thunder-  
peal, followed by a terrible storm of  
the desert, permits his dangerous vi-  
sitant to remain in his bower. He  
listens to her song, and then comes  
another warning from heaven, at-  
tended with equal success.

The Angel knew the warning of that storm ;  
But saw the shuddering Minstrel's step  
draw near,

And felt the whole deep witchery of her  
form,

Her sigh was music's echo to his ear ;  
He loved—and true love ever banished fear.  
Now night had droop'd on earth her raven  
wing ;

But in the harbour all was splendour clear ;  
And like twin spirits in its charmed ring  
Shone, that sweet child of earth, and that  
star diadem'd King.

Or, whether 'twas the light's unusual glow,  
that some natural change had on her  
come,

Her look, tho' lovely still, was loftier now,  
Her tender cheek was flushed with brighter  
bloom ;

Yet in her azure eye there gathered gloom,  
Like evening's clouds across its own blue  
star,

Then would a sudden flash its depths illumine ;  
And wore she but the wing and gemm'd tiar,  
She seem'd instinct with power to make the  
clouds her car.

She slowly raised her arm, that, bright as  
snow,

Gleam'd like a rising meteor thro' the air,  
Shedding white lustre on her turban'd brow ;  
She gazed on Heaven, as wrapt in solemn  
prayer ;

She still look'd woman, but more proudly  
fair ;

And as she stood and pointed to the sky,  
With that fixed look of loveliness and care,  
The Angel thought, and check'd it with a  
sigh,

He saw some Spirit fallen from immortality.

The silent prayer was done, and now she  
moved

Faint to his footstool, and, upon her knee,  
Besought her lord, if in his Heaven they  
loved,

That, as she never more his face must see,  
She there might pledge her heart's fidelity.  
She turn'd, and pluck'd a cluster from the  
vine.

And o'er a chalice waved it, with a sigh,  
Then, with bow'd forehead, rear'd before the  
shrine

The crystal cup.—The Angel rose in wrath  
—'twas wine !

She stood ; she shrank ; she totter'd. Down  
he sprang,

With one hand clasp'd her waist, with one  
upheld

The vase—his ears with giddy murmurs  
rang ;

His eye upon her dying cheek was spell'd ;  
He glanced upon the brim—its bright  
draught swell'd

Like liquid rose, its odour touch'd his  
brain ;

He knew his ruin, but his soul was quell'd ;  
He shudder'd—gazed upon her cheek again,  
Press'd her pale lip, and to the last that cup  
did drain.

The Enchantress smiled, as still in some  
sweet dream,

Then waken'd in a long, delicious sigh,  
And on the bending Spirit fixed the beam  
Of her deep, dewy, melancholy eye.

The undone Angel gave no more reply  
Than hiding his pale forehead in the hair  
That floated on her neck of ivory,  
And breathless pressing, with her ringlets  
fair,

From his bright eyes the tears of passion  
and despair.

The convulsions on earth, sea, and  
sky, which follow the draining of the  
guilty cup, satisfy the Angel that his  
doom is sealed. The temptress, how-  
ever, faints by his side, and he thinks  
of nothing but her.

The Angel cheer'd her, " No ! let Justice  
wreak

Its wrath upon them both, or him alone."  
A flush of love's pure crimson lit her cheek ;  
She whisper'd, and his stoop'd ear drank the  
tone

With mad delight ; " Oh there is one way,

To save us both. Are there not mighty words  
Graved on the magnet throne where Solomon  
Sits ever guarded by the Genii swords,  
To give thy servant wings like her resplendent  
Lord's ?"

This was the Sin of Sins ! The first, last  
crime,  
In earth and heaven, unnamed, unnameable ;  
This from his gorgeous throne, before all  
time,

Had smitten Eblis, brightest, first that fell ;  
He started back.—" What urged him to  
rebel !

What led that soft seducer to his bow'r !  
Could *she* have laid upon his soul that spell,  
Young, lovely, fond ; yet but an earthly  
flow'r ?"

But for that fatal cup, he had been free that  
hour.

But still its draught was fever in his blood.  
He caught the upward, humble, weeping  
gleam

(Of woman's eye, by passion all subdued ;  
He sigh'd, and at his sigh he saw it beam :  
Oh ! the sweet frenzy of the lover's dream !  
A moment's lingering, and they both must  
die.

The lightning round them shot a broader  
stream ;

He felt her clasp his knees in agony ;  
He spoke the words of might,—the thunder  
gave reply !

Away ! away ! the sky is one black cloud,  
Shooting the lightnings down in spire on  
spire.

Now, round the Mount its canopy is bow'd,  
A vault of stone on columns of red fire.  
The stars like lamps along its roof expire ;  
But thro' its centre bursts an orb of rays ;  
The Angel knew the Avenger in his ire !  
The hill-top smoked beneath the stooping  
blaze,

The culprits dared not there their guilty eye-  
balls raise.

And words were utter'd from that whirling  
sphere,

That mortal sense might never hear and live.  
They pierced like arrows thro' the Angel's  
ear ;

He bow'd his head ; 'twas vain to fly or  
strive.

Down come the final wrath : the thunders  
give

The doubled peal,—the rain in cataracts  
sweep,

Broad fiery bars the sheeted deluge rive ;  
The mountain summits to the valley leap,  
Pavilion, garden, grove, smoke up one  
ruin'd heap.

The storm stands still ! a moment's pause  
of terror !

All dungeon dark !—Again the lightnings  
yawn,

Shewing the Earth as in a quivering mirror.  
The prostrate Angel felt but that the one,

Whose love had lost him Paradise, was gone ;  
He dared not see her corpse !—he closed his  
eyes ;

A voice burst o'er him, solemn as the tone  
Of the last trump,—he glanced upon the  
skies,

He saw what shook his soul with terror,  
shame, surprise.

Th' Enchantress stood before him ; two  
broad plumes

Spread from her shoulders on the burthen'd  
air ;

Her face was glorious still, but love's young  
blossoms

Had vanish'd for the hue of bold despair ;  
A fiery circle crown'd her sable hair ;

And, as she look'd upon her prostrate prize,  
Her eyeballs shor around a meteor glare,  
Her form tower'd up at once to giant size ;  
'Twas EBLIS, king of Hell's relentless  
sovereigncies.

The tempter spoke—" Spirit, thou might'st  
have stood,

But thou hast fall'n a weak and willing slave.  
Now were thy feeble heart our serpents' food,  
Thy bed our burning ocean's sleepless wave,  
But haughty Heaven controuls the power it  
gave.

Yet art thou doom'd to wander from thy  
sphere,

Till the last trumpet reaches to the grave ;  
Till the Sun rolls the grand concluding year ;  
Till Earth is Paradise ; then shall thy crime  
be clear."

Our readers, after perusing these  
specimens, will agree with us in think-  
ing, that Mahomet's beautiful " warn-  
ing against wine" has been treated  
in a style worthy of its beauty. Mr  
(roly, however, may do well to de-  
voted himself henceforth to subjects of  
more directly human interest. It is  
only playing with his strength to la-  
vish so much splendour on a story,  
the chief merit of which, after all he  
has done, must be admitted to lie in  
the first conception.

There is another poem in the vo-  
lume, against the subject of which  
nothing can be said, but we are afraid,  
in its execution, Mr Croly has in-  
dulged himself in very culpable haste  
and negligence—faults, of which com-  
paratively few traces can be discovered  
in " the Angel of the World." This  
is the tale of "*Sebastian*," a fine ro-  
mantic sketch of Spanish adventure,  
breathing, throughout, all the rich  
and passionate spirit of the land where  
its scene is laid. It is a pity that the  
young poet had not bestowed more  
pains on this production, for the story  
is very happy ; and here and there  
there do occur particular passages cla-

borated in a style superior to any thing he has elsewhere exhibited, and scarcely inferior, we must add, to any thing we can remember in the poetry of his most celebrated contemporaries. Nothing, we think, can be more exquisitely written than the apostrophe to the old Moorish palace of the Alhambra, which occurs at page 78, and yet the beauty of the writing is far from being even the chief of its merits.

Palace of beauty ! where the Moorish Lord,  
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,  
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.  
Oh ! to have seen thee in the ancient days,  
When at thy morning gates the coursers  
stood,

The " thousand," milk-white, Yemen's  
fiery blood,  
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the king ;  
And thro' thy portals pour'd the gorgeous  
flood

Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir, hastening,  
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,  
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.  
Lovely thy morn,—thy evening lovelier still,  
When at the waking of the first blue star  
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,  
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,  
Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war ;  
It summon'd all thy beauty from repose,  
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.  
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,  
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase  
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze  
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry.  
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom  
That breathes to African or Indian sky.  
Carnation, tuberosc, thick anemone,  
Pure lily, that its virgin head low waved  
Beneath the fountain drops, yet still would  
come,

Like hearts by love and destiny enslaved,  
That see, and shrink,—and yet *will* seek  
their doom.

Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,  
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,  
Hushing the tumult of the festival,  
When the pale bard his kindling eyeball  
rear'd,

And told of eastern glories, silken hosts,  
Tower'd elephants, and chiefs in topaz  
arm'd ;

Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts  
Of the far western sea, the sons of blood,  
The iron men of tournament and feud,  
That round the bulwarks of their fathers  
swarm'd,

Doomed by the Moslem scymetar to fall ;  
Till the red cross was hurl'd from Salem's  
wall.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly  
sun,

That had no rival, and no second ?—gone !  
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,  
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,  
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,

Gloomy and fathomless ; thy tale is told,  
Where is thy horn of battle ? that but blown  
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne ;  
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall ;  
Brought every charger barded from the stall,  
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore ;  
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour  
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.  
Queen of earth's loveliness, there was a stain  
Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore,  
Thy course was bright, bold, treach'rous,—  
and 'tis o'er.

The spear and diadem are from thee gone ;  
Silence is now sole monarch on thy throne !

Neither do we recollect any one specimen, even of Lord Byron's power of rapid sketching, more admirable than the following one of the assumption of the veil by a daughter of the house of Medina Sidonia.

The porch is fill'd with rich escutcheon'd  
cars,

And glossy jennets, plumed and ribbon-  
rein'd,

Pure Arab blood, their broad fronts bright  
with stars,

Quick-eyed, full-crested, high and purple  
vein'd :

They stand with nostrils wide and chests  
thick panting ;

For all their passage up that causeway  
slanting

Had been a mimic combat, many a spear  
Had cross'd the saddle in that gay career.

The sight within was splendid ; from the  
porch

The aisle's long vista shew'd the lamp, and  
torch,

And silver urn of frankincense and myrrh,  
Filling the air with fragrance and with  
gloom,

And, twined round shrine and time-worn  
sepulchre

In lovely mockery, the rose's bloom ;  
Within the stone what darker mockeries lie

Of man and pomp ! Oh vain mortality.  
All to the chancel gates was pearl, and  
plume,

And ermined cap, and mantle stiff with gold,  
For there the tide of knights and dames had  
roll'd,

And there had stopp'd : beyond was like a  
tomb,

Shut from the daylight, high barr'd, silent,  
cold ;

And in its beings scarcely of man's mould  
Were moving, scatter'd, swift, and sound-  
lessly,

Shadows that rose and perish'd on the eye.  
Music is heard, such sounds as spirits breathe

On their night-watches, if the tale be true,  
Around the loved in life, the loved in death,

Calling them upwards to the concave blue :  
And on the walls, as far as eye can gaze,

Flits through the dusk a torch's wavering  
blaze.

They move, a throng of mitre, cross, and cope,  
In pale and vision'd lustre. Sudden ope  
The chancel gates; the stately abbot comes.  
Down to the ground are stoop'd the knightly plumes,  
And every lady bows her gemmed tiar,  
That shoots down light like an earth-stooping star.

## THE HYMN.

"Open ye gates of peace, receive the bride,  
In beauty come to pledge her virgin vow.  
Oh! not with mortal thoughts those cheeks  
are dyed,

Those downcast eyes not touch'd with mortal woe;

Her's are the thoughts that light the seraph's glow,

When, veiling his bright forehead with his plume,

He lays before the throne his chaplet low.

Daughter of princes, heir of glory, come!

Open ye gates of peace. She triumphs o'er the tomb."

"Come, beautiful, betrothed! The bitter sting

Of hope deferr'd can reach no bosom here.  
Here life is peace, unwreck'd by dreams  
that spring

From the dark bosom's living sepulchre.  
At these high gates die sorrow, sin, and fear.

Woe to the heart where passion pours its tide;  
Soon sinks the flood to leave the desert there;

Here love's pure stream with hues of heaven  
is dyed.

Come, stainless spouse. Ye gates of peace  
receive the bride!"

In the low echoes of the anthem's close  
The murmurs of a distant chorus rose.

A portal open'd, in its shadow stood  
A sable pomp, the hallow'd sisterhood,

They led a white-robed form, young, delicate,

Where life's delicious spring was opening yet:  
Yet was she stately, and, as up the aisle

She moved, her proud, pale lip half wore a smile:

Her eye was firm, yet those who saw it near,  
Saw on its lash the glistening of a tear.

All to Sidonia's passing daughter bow'd,  
And she returned it gravely, like one vow'd

To loftier things. But, once she paused;  
and press'd

With quick, strange force her slight hand  
to her breast,

And her wan cheek was redden'd with a glow  
That spread its crimson to her forehead's snow,

As if the vestal felt the throes that wreak  
Their stings upon young hearts about to break;

She struggled, sigh'd; her look of agony  
Was calm'd, and she was at Sidonia's knee.

Her father's chasing tears upon her fell;  
His gentle heart abhor'd the convent cell;

Even now he bade her pause. She look'd  
to heaven,

One long, wild pressure to his cheek was  
given,

Her pale lip quiver'd, would not say "fare-  
well."

The bell gave one deep toll, it seem'd her  
knell;

She started, strove his strong embrace to  
sever,

Then rush'd within the gate—that shuts  
for ever.

But so much of the merit of Sebastian lies in the story itself, that we shall not diminish the interest with which our readers will read it, by quoting more, or by any attempt at analysis. We have already, we are sure, done enough to call attention to Mr Croly's volume, and that is all the service of which such a volume can ever stand in need. We regard it, indeed, as the earnest of far better things; but even if nothing more were to follow, we feel satisfied that it would entitle its author to a permanent and a lofty place among the poets of his country.

It is very delightful to us, and we are sure it will be so to all men of right feeling, to observe, that *all* the rising poetical genius of England is not infected either with the affectations or the bad principles of those who would fain be considered as having taken the lead in a sort of poetical revolution amongst us. On the contrary, of the four young poets who have made any impression lately on the public mind, there are three to whose writings we can turn with well nigh unmingled satisfaction. MR. MAN, CORNWALL, and CROLY, are all, so far as we can see, possessed of a proper sense of that great responsibility under which every English poet lies, and determined to conduct themselves as becomes their dignity. In all the writings of these men, it is easy to discover faults of youth; but in all of them, the faults are of the right kind—faults, namely, of redundancy, not of poverty—faults of careless execution, not of cold conception. They are all of them imitators of the great poets that have immediately preceded them in the march of our literature—it was impossible, probably, that they should have been otherwise—but none of them are servile in their imitation, and they are all, in the best sense of the word, original poets. They may all, without doubt, become still more

so—and we hope they will. Of the three we know not which is our chief favourite, or even on which of them our greatest expectations depend. Mr Cornwall has many beauties of a more delicate order than either Mr Milman or Mr Croly has ever exemplified, and we rather think he has more of the dramatic tact than either of them is ever likely to attain. Mr Milman, again, has a richer eye, and a more powerful grasp than either of his rivals—he is the likeliest of the three, in our opinion, to produce a great narrative poem, destined to take its place among the *epic poems* of our liter-

ature. Mr Croly, too, has points on which he appears superior to both of these. He comes nearer than either of them to the burning intense rapidity of Lord Byron's outline, and has a march in his versification that is as graceful as energetic. We observe that he has in the press, "Specimens of the living English Poets," on the plan of Mr Campbell's work; and from the power of thought and the accuracy of taste displayed in the present volume, we are inclined to augur very highly of his success in this bold attempt.

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## HUBERT;

*Or, The Veteran of India.*

### PART I.

WHERE Indian village 'mid the grove of palms,  
Her shadowed cots conceals; and devious path  
Now guides the traveller past the peasant's door;  
Where sable child, amid his eager play,  
Disparts from sparkling eye his clustered locks,  
To gaze at man of Europe passing strange;—  
Now winds through garden rich with trees of fruit,  
Where slenderest areca\* waves her silvery stalk  
Amid her brethren palms; or widening leads  
Where eager damsels crowd the morning well,  
Their earliest, coolest, draught unsoiled to draw;  
And Indian beauty shews her sable charms,  
In sylph-like grace, not undelightful seen,  
Or speaks in downcast eyes, as traveller looks,  
Her ebon-mantled blush: There, built apart,  
Where opener site invites the seaward breeze,  
A neater house mid verdant garden stands;  
Whose herbs and flowerets, watered due at eve,  
Defy the sun, and thrive in arid sand.  
There lives a man of Europe; brown with toil,  
And many a fiery climate; hoar with age,  
Yet cheerful, healthy; living now at ease,  
A soldier long; receiving here reward  
Of many a day of toil and scene of blood:  
For years on upland Indian plains has lived,  
With men whose unaccustomed ears would shrink  
To hear an English word: has fought the wars  
Of England, only Englishman, the rest  
A band of sable warriors, trained to know  
The arts of British battle; Veteran now,—

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\* The areca palms, though scarcely thicker than a man's arm, rise to the same height with the tall cocoa nut and date palms around them; and the number of their long slender stems, intermingled with the other trees, adds much to the romantic appearance of the Indian gardens. Not being of sufficient strength to bear a man's weight, (though the wood is slow of growth and extremely hard), their nuts are gathered by the *bandurries*, or climbers, by reaching from the adjacent trees.

In childhood came to Ind: can recollect  
 But few and faint the early scenes of home;  
 Where born, he scarcely knows: a wood, a hill,  
 Perchance a glittering lake, recalls to mind,  
 Or antique spire of grove-embosomed church;  
 On these with fondness dwell his thoughts entranced,  
 As men recall the faintly imaged face  
 Of mother dead in early infancy;  
 Or like the dream mid reaper's hour of rest,  
 Who sinks to sleep beside his gathered sheaves,  
 And wakes, by comrade called to join the toil  
 Of harvest's eager field;—from beauteous dream,  
 To busy work aroused. His Indian cot  
 Is deck'd with pictured scenes of British clime;  
 Perchance some church on verdant hillock placed,  
 With space of sacred ground, where frequent stands  
 The monument of village ancestry;  
 Or, haply, scene of many a childish sport,  
 Some frozen lake by skaters lightly skimmed,  
 Where high cascade from wintry rocks is urged,  
 And forms its spray to thousand glittering shapes  
 Of caves and forests wild; by Indian guest  
 Oft deemed the magic halls to Genii given,  
 Where shadowy trees with jewels sparkling bloom.  
 And oft the Veteran's dreaming fancy seeks,  
 Amid these random scenes, resemblance faint,  
 Of youthful haunts by flickering memory loved  
 In age and foreign land. Of earliest friends  
 That with him left their native English shore,  
 But one, perchance, or two are now alive,  
 And those in other kingdoms; all the rest,  
 Like snowdrop flowers that fade from warmer sun,  
 Have withering died; and yearly crowds of more  
 Have since arrived, and withered too like them—  
 Leaving few relicts; like the aged trees,  
 That, scattered lonely o'er some range of heath,  
 But shew where ancient forest once has been;  
 Or, like the isles that mid some flooded land,  
 Rise, monuments of countries drowned beneath.  
 Sad relicts they! through many a peril come  
 Of battle, siege, and long and deadly march  
 In burning sun, or floods of Indian rain;  
 And often snatched from brink of yawning grave,  
 When sickness raged destroying; grateful some,  
 Expectant still of death; while others live  
 And careless laugh, and think their frames are made  
 Of stuff too hard for Indian clime to wear.  
 Not he of whom I speak; his dangers past  
 Have taught that Heaven has power to try him still;  
 For hard adversity had tamed his youth,  
 And discipline instilled; as cautious hind  
 (When round his infant wheat the wintry frost  
 Has bound protecting soil, and guards its roots)  
 Sends forth his eager flock, the ranker shoots  
 To tame; and sees, when comes the softening spring,  
 Its roots more deeply firm, its verdant blade  
 To stronger height, and richer harvest grown.  
 Thus Heaven had Hubert's young luxuriance tamed  
 By many an ill; and thus had kindly given  
 For suffering youth, a firm and wiser age.  
 Through many a soldier's danger he had passed,  
 Where hard escape had trained his grateful heart

To thoughts submit ; had lived in deathful lanes  
 Where chilly night descends with wings of ice  
 On plains still faint with heat of feverish day ;—  
 Where sluggish morn reclines in agonish pain,  
 Amid her gathered mists, till saddened sun,  
 Seen through the vapoury mass slow rising dim.  
 Bids shivering men rush forth from couches chill,  
 To catch his earliest gleam, whose waxing heat,  
 Soon sickening grows, and scorches all the air.  
 Here fever's serpent fangs had stung the camp,  
 Like fiery snake, winged viewless through the air ;  
 And round him, dropping fast, had comrades fallen.  
 Oft,—very oft,—from march of fainting day,  
 To gladsome rest arrived, one friendly hand  
 With him had reared the tent, had strewed the couch,  
 Had spread their wearied camel's store of food,  
 Then sat to talk of British home beloved,  
 Till eve's repast ; yet, ere the hour had come  
 So near esteemed, the burning shaft of death,  
 That friend had felt,—slow carried forth a corpse  
 Beyond the camp ; whose every nightly site,  
 Might Indian wanderers know by range of graves  
 Amid their desert seen. Such dangers passed,  
 Had taught the Veteran old to own the hand  
 Of God in all, and still entreat his care :  
 And, next to Heaven, with grateful heart he tells  
 Of friends of former days ; among them all  
 Her dearest, whose connubial care had soothed  
 His bitterest ills ; in sickness dressed his couch,  
 Contrived some kindlier drink, some easier food,  
 When loathing heart had long rejected all,  
 And fainted, sick of life ; had watched his bed  
 When death seemed watching near her ; fanned his face  
 With cooling air, and ward off the fly,  
 That, ominous of death, alighting pressed  
 His moveless lips. What though her cheek was dark ?  
 Though Moorish prattle mixed with English word,  
 Spoke quaintly oft ? And though her Indian modes  
 Seemed oft demure and shy ? Was love like her's  
 Deserving less of all an English heart  
 Can grateful give ? Or can her fondling pride  
 In English husband less affection meet  
 From him whom thus she loved ? Beside him now,  
 At sultry noon, she loves at ease to sit,  
 Beneath the cooler shade, and, pleased, beholds  
 Her friends and Indian neighbours crowd to seek  
 His aid or counsel, him advise or help,  
 And sometimes chide—superior still to all,  
 And still beloved—by her beloved the most.  
 Here too, at times, the Veteran's daughter comes  
 The young Phoolraanee,\* bred from earliest youth  
 In modes demure of Indian maid to live,  
 And all retired their haram-vail to wear :  
 Yet had the damsel's heart in childhood learned,  
 (In tales of wonder told by British sire,)  
 Of dames who lived in England's freer world,  
 The friends, not slaves of men ; as hears the nun,  
 With beating breast, some strange and glowing tale

\* Phoolraanee, the Queen of Flowers : it is used by the Hindoos rather as a term of endearment than as a proper name.

Of fields and groves, where maids are free to roam,  
 And swains return their love. Her bounding youth  
 Had thus been taught the Eastern chains to mock,  
 That wrap in ignorance the female heart,  
 And bind its manners cold ; her sparkling eye  
 Told what her breast had from her sire acquired  
 Of British fire, and laughed, with maiden's scorn,  
 At many an Indian lover's proffered suit,  
 Whom, sportive, yet she loved at times to hear,  
 In tongue familiar, speak the words of love,  
 And pour, in mellowest voice, her native songs  
 To British lips denied : but all his arts,  
 Mere flitting pastime, fled her altered mind  
 When tale sincere of British love was told,  
 By him her father loved. Phoolraanee thus,  
 Like playful fawn, had passed her maiden life—  
 A matron now, she brings at eve her son  
 To meet her parents near their cottage tree,  
 And sooth, with filial care, their lonelier day  
 Of setting age. There, too, her father loves  
 To fondle o'er his grandchild, loves to trace  
 The hues of Europe brightening o'er his cheek,  
 And think himself restored again to home  
 In this sweet child of hope ; whilst near his knee  
 The young Phoolraanee sits, and, smiling, asks,  
 If her young Henry's brow be not as fair  
 As was his grandsire's ? thinks her careful eye  
 May keep his youth untinged by Indian sun,  
 And see him bloom as did his sire, when first  
 From England come, the ruddy vision pressed  
 Those pallid shores. For much Phoolraanee's heart  
 Around her Briton clung ; and well she loved,  
 When he, from war's wild roaming toils released,  
 Could wend with her at eve, to sooth with talk  
 Of Britain's distant land her aged sire,  
 And teach his lisping son the words of home.  
 And he too fondly loved ; for here, at last,  
 From roamings wild, o'er many a region far,  
 The wandering youth had found again a home,  
 And hearts to yield him love. His country left,  
 Where step-dame's frown had chilled his father's hearth,  
 And sent, unfledged, the younglings forth to stray,  
 A cheerless path the erring youth had trod,  
 Amid the desert world ; like traveller lone  
 Amid the dreary sands of barren Zaar,  
 Who, fainting, thinks that here his bones shall bleach  
 Before the lonely sun ; when lo ! at morn  
 Some green oasis, 'mid the sea-like waste,  
 Appears to bless despair, whose trees of shade  
 And fields of verdure, more delightful seem  
 To wanderer's feverish heart and eyes inflamed.  
 Thus he once roamed ; and thus, at last, had found  
 Amid the wild a home. Phoolraanee's love  
 Had soothed his wandering heart, and given him here  
 Sweet resting place. Her reverend sire to him  
 Was more than father : skilled to sooth the mind  
 By long unkindness torn, and scarce withheld  
 (To wild defiance urged of men's repulse)  
 In fierce excess forgetfulness to seek—  
 He stood the wayward orphan's generous friend ;  
 And mildly thus his long-neglected youth  
 To inward peace and soft content reclaimed ;



And gratitude and love gave high reward :—  
The Veteran gained a son, the youth a sire,  
And young Phoolranee's love endeared the bond.

At eve before his cot the Veteran sat,  
In cheerful talk with all his gladsome grouse :—  
His wife beloved, his young Phoolranee's child,  
And her, his idol late (who now but gave  
Divided love), beside her husband placed ;  
And there, while beamed affection's tranquil smile  
In every eye, loved each, with grateful heart,  
His train of ills endured, in turn to tell,  
Which thus to wearied minds had brought repose.

And first, to friends around, the veteran loved  
To trace the wide campaign his steps had passed,  
His hardships felt, his train of changes seen ;  
And long, and strange, I wot, the various tale,  
In wonders rife, and versed in names deceased.  
On many a feat of war his youth had gone  
With old commanders, now forgotten all ;  
And many a favouring witness he could cite  
Of young exploits, and arduous duty done,  
From names his younger auditors but know  
In history ; so fleet the passing crowds  
Arrive, perform their parts, return, or die,  
On stage of Indian life. His age prolonged,  
Has seen each circle, man by man, decay,  
And every place by newer men supplied,  
Till all the ranks were new—and new again—  
Like crops of withering leaves successive shed !  
What contrast strange the passing years have brought  
To Hubert's hoary age ! he tells of wars  
With hostile princes, whose successors now  
Are Britain's firmest allies :—vanquished kings  
That private now in peaceful splendour live,  
Forgot as kings—with British merchants long  
Familiar neighbours :—tells of marches far,  
Through foe-man's land, to countries lying now  
Embosomed round by Britain's sole domain ;  
Of castle, gained by long and fierce assault  
From warlike bands of prowling ravagers,  
That now, dismantled, sleeps on rocky hill,  
Unnoted seen from villages secure ;  
While 'mid its ruined walls the scrambling goat  
Seeks, perched on hinder legs, at leisure round  
The tufts of grass from mouldering crevices,  
'Mid breach once moistened red with soldier's blood ;  
And 'neath its arch, whose threatening portals once  
Were wont to pour abroad the greedy hands  
Of swarming robbers, now from upmost stone  
The hiving bees, like bunch of ripening grapes,  
Wave pendulous unharmed, as glides the breeze  
Along that grass-grown porch : around its tank  
Where ready bandits mustered once their steeds,  
To sweep in thunder down the trembling vale,  
The herdsman stalks at noon, and marks the depth  
Where bathes his sluggish buffalo, concealed  
Beneath the level flood, absorbing glad  
The watery coolness through his mammoth bulk.  
A quiet ruin all ; where Hubert once  
Had seen the demon terror hold his den,  
And send his minions forth to work of death.

How changed the better scene !—The troublous wars  
 (That once in chaos wide had strewed the plain  
 With wrecks of kingdoms) now have cleared a place  
 Where British skill has reared, in giant strength,  
 Mid Indian anarchy, the bulwarks high  
 Of civil order. Hubert's youth had passed  
 With those who, mid the fierce turmoil of war,  
 Those bulwarks high (like him who Salem's walls\*  
 Amid her foes erected) watchful built,  
 With girded swords, and warders set to watch  
 Marauding foemen's spear ; and now he saw  
 The splendid structure raised to firmest strength ;—  
 Saw kings, that once in proud defiance fought  
 To baulk the rising power, imploring now  
 Her friendly shield, to check marauding storm  
 By former allies poured, whose plundering sword  
 As yet untamed, its choicest riches seeks  
 In spoils of peaceful vale or labouring town.  
 And oft th' exulting Veteran loved to point  
 Where daily still the choice of India's tribes  
 From all her troubled countries, seek the shade  
 Of British power, industrious there to ply,  
 Unawed by despot greed, their arts of wealth.  
 As flock from beaving waves and seas of foam  
 The frightened ocean-birds, to some vast rock  
 That rises safe amid the wildest storm.

Such theme the Veteran told. Then loved his wife  
 (Goonkulce once, the maid of Indian cot,  
 Now Mary† named) to paint the various scenes  
 Of all her chequered life. How peaceful first,  
 With sire and mother loved, her life had passed  
 In native cot on Agimerian fields ;  
 Where level plains hid gladdened farmers spread  
 Wide inundation feeding all the land,  
 For ricy culture rich ; while safely stored  
 Mid loftiest arms of branchy village tree,  
 † Their gathered corn defies the flooding rain,  
 In yearly wealth :—There o'er the boundless plain  
 The white pagoda meets the onward view,  
 O'er guava groves and fields of marshy rice,  
 Bright glittering seen from all the fruitful plain,  
 Like distant sail on ocean's edge descried.  
 There too, in playful youth she oft had marked,  
 Upraised on tree mid village-garden placed,  
 Blue hills, emerging low, like clouds of eve,  
 Afar beyond the plain ; and oft had shrunk  
 (Rejoicing still in native home secure)  
 As matrons told how mid those mountains far

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\* See the fine description of the re-building of the walls of Jerusalem, in the book of Nehemiah. Never were simplicity of expression, and energy of action, so admirably exemplified. See particularly chapter fourth, from the thirteenth verse to the end.

† The Indians generally assume the name of some saint of the Romish calendar on professing Christianity. The Catholic priests (for that is the sect into which the few converts generally enter) are particularly anxious to enforce this practice, as it not only points out the change of religion, but indicates their part and right in the convert.

‡ The culture of rice, which requires the fields to be laid under water during a part of the year, is pursued to the greatest advantage in very flat countries. Such lands being, at certain seasons, subjected to deep inundations, the peasants frequently secure their hay, &c. amid the branches of trees. The appearance of these stilted ricks, in the absence of all romantic features in the country, give a sort of peculiarity to the landscape which is not unpleasing.

Wild men held savage dens, who (aided oft  
 By power of genii) rushed on fields beneath  
 With wings of fire, and gave in plunder all  
 Their quiet homes to death. Alas! the storm  
 Whose pictures oft, in fancy's wildness dressed,  
 Had pleased with wondrous tale her childish years,  
 In horror real approached. Some rajah's band,  
 Whom hill-closed wilds had fed to savage strength,  
 Burst every bar that wont of yore to stop  
 Their fierce descent, and rushed along the plain  
 To sweep their prey, and spoil with track of fire  
 The peopled country far—whose scattered cots  
 By wreaths of rising smoke might now be marked,  
 Erst hid by groves of fruit. Her hapless sire,  
 With all his infant children, driven from home,  
 Had wandered houseless far; o'er toilsome hills  
 And roaring mountain-streams, to her unknown,  
 And strangest seeming all, their paths were urged;  
 Dark height of rocks and depth of savage vales  
 Had hid their restless flight, when death itself  
 Seemed less terrific far than such escape,  
 When chanced her Hubert—stranger then—to spy  
 (As came his friendlier troop to chase the foe)  
 Amid the rugged hills their tattered booth,  
 With palm-tree's gathered boughs for shelter made,  
 And peeping low from forest's wild recess;  
 While she in terror near the portal sat,  
 Repast to cook of herbs, uncertain culled  
 Amid the wilderness. He came—and smiled,  
 As she, with all her crowd of sisters young,  
 (Who sought from her the care of mother lost)  
 Fled stranger's\* kind approach: but soon her sire  
 From search of fruits returned, his friendship knew,  
 And she, by kindness won, had learned to love  
 The Christian stranger. Thence had peaceful rest  
 Returned to bless her sire; for Hubert's love  
 Had taught his age the sure protection given  
 Beneath the British power, and all her friends  
 Mid scenes of thriving toil had placed secure;  
 While she through years of many a troublous war  
 Had shared his love, and grateful soothed his cares;  
 On battle's eve had washed his bleeding wounds;  
 In lands where strangers die had shewn the herbs  
 To Indian matrons known; on rugged march  
 Had washed his feet, and cooked his eve's repast,  
 And waited duteous near; nor, oft though urged  
 In kindred's home to live, had left his side  
 In toil or fear. His day of honoured rest  
 Had now arrived, and she with him enjoyed  
 Reward and peace. No name of kindred else  
 She sought, and none remained: her aged sire,  
 Content and glad, had long at ease remained  
 Beside his sons, and loved to see their wealth  
 In hoarded savings grow; till came the tale,  
 That peace at last had blessed again his home,  
 And slept its wealthy peasant now secure

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\* The aversion of the Indians to all strangers is well known. The only name by which foreigners (even the British) are known in the inland, is, "Jungulee," equivalent to "wild men," and answering literally to the Dutch *Bosch-men*, and the uncouth Malay *Ourang-outang*.

Beneath the British shield ; then late revived  
 The slumbering hope that there his length of days  
 Yet glad might end : his children, too, rejoiced,  
 Of gathered wealth enjoyment there to find,  
 And o'er those scenes to walk, whose fostered charms  
 In song or tale their sire had loved to paint,  
 To sooth their infant years in stranger's land.

As thus she spoke, seemed saddest thoughts to cloud  
 The youthful Briton's eye : her words had led  
 His wandering mind to England's native shore,  
 Where he must ne'er return ! The love of home  
 Burst o'er his opening heart like pouring flood,  
 And swallowed every thought. The walks endeared  
 Of earliest days, the scenes of youthful love,  
 Like living pictures rose. As mid the wild,  
 Where fainting traveller speeds with Arab guide,  
 And through the sun-beat desert looks in vain  
 For place of sheltering rest, the sudden scenes  
 Of towns and fields in airy vision rise  
 Before his wondering eye ;\* he sees the spires,  
 The river's busy throng, the bustling streets,  
 And gay surrounding walks, of beauteous town,  
 His destined place of rest ; and listening tries  
 To catch the wonted hum that meets the ear,  
 From busy city near. Alas ! the scene,  
 Mere shadowy form, by wandering radiance shown,  
 But cheats with idlest hope his wearied heart,  
 And mid the desert melts again to air !  
 Thus o'er the Briton's heart the thoughts of home  
 In memory's vivid trance came pictured bright,  
 Recalling wild each hope and latent wish,  
 That erst had slept unknown. His wife, his child,  
 So long belov'd, seemed now but chains to bind  
 His eager steps. The wish was all suppressed,  
 But, half unconscious, thus his ardent soul  
 Betrayed to eye of love its working thoughts.

Sweet hopes of native home ! how many a heart  
 That pines in cities vast or climes afar  
 Is soothed by thee ! Amid the various crowds  
 Whom Britain's fame around her Indian marts  
 Continual draws, what heart but fondly looks  
 To some dear home for rest ! The Arab's eye,  
 With love more deep than even his prophet asked,  
 To Mecca daily turns :† the Persian's heart  
 Sends fondest wish with every ship that seeks  
 His lov'd ‡Iran : to wild Tibetan hills,  
 ||Far Erzeroum, and China's guarded coast,  
 Or rich Malaya's isle-bestudded sea,  
 How many an anxious sigh is daily sent,  
 By strangers met on Britain's thronged bazars !  
 Not all the kind protection there bestowed,  
 Can fill the wistful heart that pants for home,  
 And seeks but riches here that home to grace.

\* This phenomenon is well known by the French name of *Mirage*.

† The injunction of Muhummud to his followers, to pray with their faces towards the *Kibb* (direction,—Scotticé, airth) of Mecca, is well known.

‡ Iran, the oriental name of Persia.

|| Erzeroum is the principal town of Armenia. The influence of the Armenian priesthood over their brethren, the rich merchants of that country dispersed over all Asia, has long been the subject of remark.

Such hopes as these the stout Telinga cheer,  
 Amid his days of toil : the sire, the wife,  
 Are all intent to earn ; each eager hand  
 To full employment called, the door is latched,  
 And all the busy family abroad,  
 Save grandam blind, or sire of silvered hair :  
 Even softest damsels ply the willing thrift,  
 Allured by hopes of home ; and eager toil  
 Beneath the mid-day sun in cheerful groupe,  
 While gladdening song recalls the scenes beloved  
 Of native mountains dear, and valleys wild.  
 Such song the traveller stills his pace to hear,  
 But may not gaze—for, like the cuckoo wild,  
 Whose fairy note from prying footstep flies,  
 Their bashful ditty shuns the stranger's gaze,  
 And drops to timid silence. Busier ply  
 The maiden groupe their toil, as traveller charmed,  
 Awaits their syren note, unconscious they  
 Of all the free simplicity of dress  
 That gives their forms unveiled a softer grace  
 In stranger's eye, and bids his fancy dream  
 Of primal times of innocence and love.  
 But near the bashful groupe of damsels young  
 Some aged matron sits, of mien composed,  
 And careful eye, to awe unlicensed gaze—  
 And, haply too, some infant child to guard,  
 Whose new-wed mother plies her custom'd toil  
 Amid companions yet of maiden life ;  
 While oft with fondest care her eye is turned  
 To where her infant sleeps, and lists her ear  
 If chance the sable urchin whimpering wake.  
 But all in careless sleep that infant lies,  
 From slanting poles in airy hammock swung,  
 Secure from speckled snake, and shaded cool  
 By densest leaves of banyan's spreading bough—  
 And thence at times, with head upraised, he peeps  
 To catch his mother's smile ; as high from nest,  
 Amid the rocky steep securely placed,  
 The swallow's youngling eyes its coming dam,  
 And looks with wondering gaze on all the scene  
 Of world as yet untried—where many a wing  
 Thrids swift and strange the airy space below.

Thus thought the youth, but sooth even whilst he thought  
 His purpose all was lost ; amidst the words,  
 Where first his wandering speech had found its theme,  
 His eye had met Phoolranee's gaze of love,  
 That seemed in anxious grief to scan his thoughts,  
 And know his hidden wish for home beloved,  
 Herself but hindrance felt ; and whilst she gazed,  
 Her child, that saw her grief, had left his lap  
 To wipe her starting tear, and kiss her cheek,  
 Inquiring why she wept. The infant's deed  
 Was more than strong reproof ; and love like her's  
 What dream of native land could e'er restore ?  
 He owned her worth, and bade her terrors cease—  
 Her land was now his home. Old Hubert smiled  
 In sympathy with him, and love to her ;  
 Then sought in cheerful tale his son to lead  
 To gladder thoughts ; or kindest sought to tell  
 With what attentive hand his country tries  
 To bless the age of veterans old and worn,

Whose faithful years in her encounters spent,  
 Have all those hopes of blissful home forgone  
 That bid the exile mourn,—whose countries far  
 In youth or childhood left, are now estranged,  
 Nor hold one heart, whose pulse would beat with love,  
 To grant the wanderers home. And oft he sought,  
 As came the punctual day of month elapsed  
 That gives such hoary band the stipend due  
 Of age released from toil, his son to lead,  
 To meet their gathered groupe. \* O'er village plain  
 To neighbouring wood they speed, whose shadowy depth  
 Is scarcely yet by glimmering dawn illumed,  
 There waits the veteran band their destined need  
 By British hand dispensed. At distance seen  
 Romantic seems the view like fairy scene,  
 Where walk the forms of strange Arabian tale,  
 In world for genii framed. Amid the grove,  
 Some lean by shadowy banian's rooted bough,  
 With turbaned listeners drawn attentive round ; †  
 Whilst some by low enchanneled wall recline,  
 That guides the hoarded rill from neighbouring tank  
 The plantains green to feed ; by naked tree,  
 Whose reddening blossoms deck the leafless branch,  
 One waiting groupe is seen ; whilst others walk,  
 In lonely meditation, down the ranks  
 Of tall columnar palms. Like shadows all  
 In silence gliding dim, with languid step  
 Of grave-approaching age, and decked with robe  
 Of patriarchal time, they seem the ghosts  
 Of strange Elysian field, to hero shewn  
 Mid regions wild of death. But nearer come,  
 And mingling thro' the crowd, the pictured scene  
 That pleased the idle eye, is sudden lost  
 In living sympathy : appears around  
 In social groupes, a venerable band  
 Of aged men, in every various garb  
 Of India's hundred tribes, from many a field  
 And many a lengthened war the remnants left ;  
 Like dropping leaves that clothe December's oak,  
 When all the forest round has long been stripped.  
 They meet and talk ; each face recalls to each  
 A thousand gone ; and all the ceaseless hum  
 That floats along the breeze from aged tongues  
 In words of former years, and names of men  
 Long dead. The present world of living things  
 Is there forgot ; while hoary memory tells  
 Her ghostly tale, and all the ancient groupes  
 Commix their stories wild of other years

\* The pensioned veterans assemble monthly, from their different villages, at the nearest British station to receive their allowances. The scene presented on such occasions is extremely interesting ; as well as the exultation with which these Indians are often heard to contrast the punctual regularity of the British payments with the uncertain and scrambling distributions afforded by the native powers to their dependants.

† The water is preserved in wells during the dry season, whence it is drawn by many awkward contrivances for the use of the gardens. The buckets are frequently of earthenware. A number of these are attached to a web of ropes, suspended in the well by passing over a revolving cylinder, by which means they are emptied and filled without assistance from the hand. The water flows from thence into a trough leading to certain small aqueducts, made on walls, which are raised about two feet from the ground ; and which afford a sufficient descent to carry the water a considerable distance over the inequalities of the fields or gardens.

And generations gone. Old Hubert sees  
 In each an ancient friend, and passing reads  
 In every face a history, where else,  
 As strangers see in armies ranged for shew,  
 Were merely pictures dumb. His ready tale  
 Thus bids his son the various soldiers know  
 That pass around. Yon dark Telinga old,  
 Whose ebony cheek is decked with silvery beard,  
 Like glade of snow 'mid hill of wintry pines,  
 Has o'er Malayan seas and Bornean Gulf,  
 Through every lurking bay and islet wild,  
 The pirate chased. There, leaning o'er his staff,  
 He boasts to listening crowds, that now secure,  
 Protected safe by ship where he has fought,  
 The weak Chinese may steer his crowded bark  
 With curious riches fraught, thro' every strait  
 Where savage Buggris haunted once the creeks,  
 And darted plundering forth. Of lighter tints  
 Yon tall Mahratta seems, on upland plains  
 A mountain soldier bred ; his veteran eye,  
 Tho' dimmed by age, yet glows with parting fire,  
 Like beacon shining far amid the gray  
 Approach of cloudy morn ; his ardent youth  
 On Ras-ol-Khyma, den of pirates, saw  
 The British thunder burst. See, both are met,  
 Their tales to interchange of British war  
 On China's Yellow Seas, or Yemen's Red,  
 From orient Timor's far and wildest bound  
 To Afric's haunted shore, where ocean's width  
 Of pirate bands was cleared. See, lonely stalks  
 Yon Rajahpoot, on northern mountains bred,  
 By age not lessening strength released from toil,  
 Whose tribe's whole craft is arms,—whose fathers passed  
 Their unrewarded lives amid the bands  
 Of Indian prince ;—he boasts his better fate,  
 That rose in British camp to rank and wealth,  
 And now in honoured age enjoys the meed  
 To faith and valour due ; his children, called  
 To join the war where late their father fought,  
 Await, like him, the soldier's fair reward,  
 Or wealth, or honoured death (the prospect sole  
 Their tribe requires) nor desperate need to join,  
 As wont their sires of old, the lawless chief,  
 Whose hated bands were led to savage strength  
 For plundering war. One veteran walks apart,  
 Whose cheek in thinner garment careless wrapped,  
 Scarce heeds the chilling morn ; he smiles to mark  
 His shivering comrades muffled close from air,  
 With turbands folded thick, and mantles drawn  
 Around their heads.—Observe his fairer hue,  
 That tells his mountain birth, and youth inured  
 To hills of Rohilcund and Indian snows.  
 Through many a clime his riper years have passed  
 Of insalubrious name ; o'er wilds of Cutch,  
 Where blurgish flows the Kun ; Barodrah, had  
 Amid the full Nerbuddah's aguish plain,  
 The Jangles\* deep of southern Malabar,  
 And arid plains that parch the traveller's life

\* *Wid woodlands*; situations of all others the most unhealthy, often proving fatal to those who go there even on the short excursions of the chase, or of botany.

In Middle Ind. All these his years have seen  
 And traced in all the fierce Pindarrie's\* haunt,  
 Yet triumph still in sinews unsubdued.  
 You man of stooping age, whose shivering limbs  
 Scarce patient seem the chilly morn to bear,  
 Was once a soldier stout : the Ebon staff,  
 Where press his leaning hands, is trophy ta'en  
 From arbor, loved by old Tippoo Sultaun,  
 In triumph half, and half in pity kept.  
 You Moslem old, from earliest childhood bred  
 Amid the British camp, scarce deigns to own  
 A different kindred ; flows the English tongue  
 Like native Hindoostanee o'er his speech ;  
 And oft with pride the hardy veteran tells  
 How side by side he stood with English bands,  
 To meet on isles of France the Frenchman's sword,†  
 And drive him headlong back. That glory shared  
 You dark Hindoo, whose mien, subdued and mild,  
 Seems scarce for soldier meet ; yet firm and brave,  
 By Briton's side he met the shock of fight  
 Like Coral—soft amid its native deeps,  
 Yet charmed to firmest strength in upper air.  
 And see where stalks, with folded arms and slow,  
 You tall Bungalla : trained to all the skill  
 Of British war, he joined the fierce assault  
 That burst Batavia's iron lines, and tamed,  
 'Thro' smoke and blood, Cornelis desperate fort :‡  
 A faithful soldier he ; yet strict to hold  
 Each rite of Brahman faith : with proud contempt  
 The newer sects he views, from Indian faith  
 By stranger's arts allured, as traveller sees  
 The crumbling stones by idle Arabs torn  
 From vast Egyptian pyramid, whose height,  
 Through countless time, yet unimpaired remains.  
 Thus through the various groupe the veteran's tale  
 Discursive roved ; and oft with grateful heart  
 Would bid his son remark, how through the gloom  
 Of feeblest age each soldier smiled content,  
 And rested glad some o'er his staff of Eld,  
 Secure in British faith, where waning years  
 For youthful toil with large rewards are paid.  
 And then would Hubert piteous seek the groupe  
 Of soldier's widows near :—Some wandering lone  
 Amid the distant trees, or leaning sad  
 Beneath the Jaca, laden with giant fruit ;‡  
 With orphans some, a mournful burthen, charged,  
 Their hope at once, and grief ; and childless some,  
 With no consoler near, save soldier old,  
 Their husband's ancient friend, who oft had shared  
 In wounds with him, and pestilence of camps  
 Their nursing care.—Now, silent here and lone,

\* Most readers will know, that *Pindarrie*, is merely the Hindutwee word signifying *Robber*. The habits of the predatory race, to whom this name has been latterly restricted, bear a great resemblance to those of the well known Moss-troopers of border song.

† The bravery and good conduct of the native troops, under their English officers, both at the capture of the Mauritius and of Batavia, will be long remembered. At both these places, particularly the former, they came immediately into contact with European antagonists, and did not one jot disgrace the character of British soldiers.

‡ The *Jaca* is a species of what is called the *Bread Fruit-tree* ; its fruit is considerably larger than an ordinary sized cucumber.



With none to yield them love, and none to seek  
 With fond caress their soft connubial care,  
 They droop forlorn: and yet, whate'er the hand  
 Of power can do, the widow's heart to cheer  
 Is here in kindness tried; no bitter fear  
 Of haggard want shall haunt her feeble Eld,  
 And bid her children weep; her husband's lord  
 Is her protector still, and fills her hand  
 With competence: And here perchance she meets  
 With other widowed dame, whose youthful son  
 Has won her daughter's love, and led her forth  
 To share his fate, and like her mother sooth  
 Amid the toil of camps the soldier's cares.  
 How fair the bonds of love! the mother's too  
 Are thus conjoined, and each, in lonely Eld,  
 Finds pleasures new by kindness interchanged,  
 And hopes commingled fond in grandchild born.

But 'mid the veteran bands, one friendlier voice  
 Meets Hubert's ear, and bids his step return:—  
 The aged Nursoo, long his comrade loved  
 In days of war. For Nursoo's faithful years  
 In British warfare many a clime had seen  
 From green Ceylon to Egypt's northern lands;  
 And many a fight the proud medallions told  
 Had decked his breast. With him the veteran loves  
 Beneath the shadowy grove, where sweet at morn  
 The juicy palm-tree pours her Indian\* wine,  
 To scan the wars and intervals of peace  
 That pleased their youth. Old Nursoo loves to tell  
 Of days of calm amid his native glens,  
 When sent with English arms to guard the vale  
 Where passed his youth, he met her kinsmen old  
 With welcome thronged in every brightening eye;  
 And saw the peasants urge their toil secure,  
 Or yield their thanks for his protection given,  
 Where war late raged, and where his youth had seen,  
 Beneath each fieldward tree the ploughman's arms,  
 Who, trembling, strewed his field with hopeless seed,  
 While lurked the plunderers near. Nor less the heart  
 Of English Hubert loves to trace the time  
 When 'mid those Indian vales his days had passed  
 In sweet respite from war; his sole employ  
 The beaten foe from rocky towers to watch,  
 And guard with Sepoy† band the peaceful vale;  
 While all the love the grateful Indians bore  
 To generous England, centered sole in him.  
 Lone English soldier, 'mid their wondering crowds.  
 Unblessed their rites of village splendor seemed,

\* The *toddy*, or palm-wine, is produced from three species of the palm: the cocoa, the date, and what is called the crab-tree: Those trees from which the juice or wine is drawn, produce no fruit. The juice is received from the stump of the fruit-bearing branches by means of a small earthen pot, into which the end of the branch is fixed; it is removed every morning and evening, but is seldom used by Europeans, except in the morning, the heat of the sun giving it a disagreeable sourness, when it oozes from the tree during the day. Many of the natives, on the contrary, prefer it in its acid state, and prepare from it, by boiling with garlic and spices, a beverage which is perfectly nauseating to European palates, but of which they are very fond. The palm-wine, when kept for a certain time, is also used as vinegar; and when distilled yields an inferior kind of spirituous liquor; when boiled in its fresh state, the residuum is a kind of coarse sugar.

† *Sepoy*, (Sipahi, Spahi) is the Arabic word signifying soldier; it is now generally used to signify an Indian soldier in the British service.

Ere came their English guest the scene to view ;—  
 Each marriage-feast with fondest care was decked,  
 When his expected presence graced the cot,—  
 And every village elder's kind Salam,  
 And smiling peasant's daily gift of fruit,  
 To softest kindness soothed his grateful heart,  
 And wakes remembrance kind. But theme like this  
 Of idling peace, old Nursoo less delights,  
 Than tale of battles gained where Sepoy bands  
 With faithful step unshrinking, urged advance  
 Where'er the boldest British heart could lead,  
 As troop the spites of witched Arabian lamp  
 Where'er the Sovereign Genie calls their aid.  
 Nor less that veteran Nursoo loved to tell  
 Of magic powers, by sprites attendant wrought  
 (I or Indian men beheld) which round her camp  
 Still showered for Britain's troops abundance down,  
 And strewed Bungalow harvests o'er the wild  
 To feed secure her handed armies vast  
 Then launched he forth in grateful word to shew,  
 How mid the crowded camp, where black disease  
 Filled every soul with fear, the British art  
 Spread o'er the soldier's life her wings of health,  
 And tended careful all his tedious ill —  
 What contrast strange to scenes of Indian war !  
 (I or Nursoo's youth had Scindia's campments seen)  
 Where misdirected valour useless raged,  
 And each rebelling soldier blamed his chief,  
 While plague and famine gnawed their armies strength.  
 And oft the aged veteran blessed his gods  
 That, since their hands had formed his fate for war,  
 Their kind decrees had sent him forth to fight  
 Beneath the buckler hung on British arm.  
 Nor undelighted lists the partial ear  
 Of aged Hubert, hearing thus the praise  
 Of native England spoke by Indian tongue  
 For,—distant far from home,—his sleeping wish  
 By no fond hopes ere waked to sick return—  
 His country's fame to him was country now,  
 And those who owned to Britain grateful love,  
 His opening heart as countrymen received  
 And oft with them the patriot veteran loves  
 To sooth the moodier thought that haunt the hours  
 Of aimless age, when turns the languid mind  
 To thoughts of youthful days, and wild regret,  
 With saddening cloud, bedims the cheering gleam  
 That o'er his eve of life all brightening plays.

SHAGRED.

END OF PART FIRST.

## DANIEL O'ROURKE, AN EPIC POEM.

*Letter from CAPTAIN SYMONDS.*

(Private.)

DEAR SIR,

I WERE transmit you the Second Canto of Daniel O'Rourke. You see my friend is not pleased at the incorrectness of your typography in his first Canto. *Entre nous*, he is particularly displeased at your calling him Fogarty. All the blood of his family is up about it. He says you might as well call your publisher Blockwood. So be more careful. Yours &c. R. T. SYMONDS.

H. P. 52d.

P. S.—You ought not to have published my private letter, but if you do so again, you may as well put my name at full length. I hate initials. Your capitals bring up sad recollections of A B C, and other curst school remembrances.

*Letter from MR FOGARTY.*

Blurney, Aug. 31st, 1920.

MR EDITOR,

HAVING had occasion to go to Cork on Wednesday evening last, I was delighted to find, that my attempt of embodying the story of Daniel O'Rourke in ottava rima had met with your approbation. Without looking over the poem, I immediately invited a party of my friends to the Crown Tavern, to enjoy with them a tumbler of punch and a laugh over your inimitable Magazine. I invited my old companions, Jackson the flying quaker, Tommy Holt, George C. Beale, Bob Olden, and one or two other men of literature. After discussing a few oysters, (the first of the season,) some mutton kidneys, a couple of lobsters, and a few pots of porter, we ordered in our jorums of punch, and placed the flying quaker in the chair, to read aloud my epic stanzas. What was my astonishment, when at the very second verse we discovered a most appalling error. How was it possible Mr Editor that you made me rhyme "*crew*" to *Juan*," and that you could alter the succeeding line so much from what I sent you, making nonsense thereof? I cannot divine the reason. My memory being rather faulty, I could not at the moment recollect the words of the original, so it was determined as soon as Tommy had finished the plate of crisped potatoes and butter, that he had ordered for himself to finish his supper with, he should set off to the top of Sunday's well, (about a mile distant,) where I had left the manuscript for the perusal of an old maiden lady, and fetch it to us. To this Tommy objected, but was ultimately overruled, and despatched on his errand. We discussed divers matters, and had a song or two in his absence, (I shall send them to you if you would wish it : they are original.) Master Tommy returned, puffing and blowing with the manuscript in one hand, and the straw hat in the other, and we proceeded. The lines that you have taken the liberty to alter, ran thus :—

"Heavens ! how unlike the riff-raff cockney crew, one  
*Finds* praised in *Scotch* review the blue and yellow."

All exclaimed, this was too bad, that it could be no error of the press—Beale actually gloated with astonishment—Tommy sarcastically supposed that the fault must have been my own, as I write rather a pot-hook hand ; Olden remarked he could throw no light on the mistake, it was beyond his comprehension ; the flying quaker said it was quite unimportant ; at last, it was agreed to go on with the poem. When we came to the twelfth verse it was worse and worse. The poor author is made to commit what, if the article was not an Irish one, would be considered a good blunder ; he says, "darkness reigned here ;" and in the same line that, "the brilliant moon threw lovely lustre o'er the scene"—and all this blundering from carelessness in omitting the word *not*. I could scarcely contain myself at this mistake, and I saw the boys were

laughing in their sleeves at me, but they were silent. We met other errors, such as "arms" for "arm," "pig" for "jug," "ways" for "wags," but we let these pass without much comment. It was resolved however, to state to you our sentiments on the occasion, and I have thus done so. I now pulled from out my pocket the manuscript of the second canto, and read it to the company. They approved of it highly, but begged that I would make an alteration in the two last lines of the second verse. According to the advice of my friends, I have employed Ballydehob, a printer's devil, to copy my manuscript in a fair round hand, so that I hope we will have no more blunders. Our business being now over, we tackled to the punch, and after two or three more songs and a speech from Bob Olden, we adjourned; promising to meet each other when the September Number of the Magazine makes its appearance in Cork, and sit in judgment on the second canto of Daniel. I remain Sir, Your humble Servant,

FOGARTY O'FOGARTY.

P. S.—My Christian name is Fogarty, not Fagarty, as you have facetiously imagined. Have the goodness to pay special attention to the correction of this, as it is by much the most important error you have committed.

DANIEL O'ROURKE,

*An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos.*

BY FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

CANTO II.

THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.

סִנְיָ אֱלֹהִים בֵּין שָׁנִי וּבִשְׁכַּר תָּעִי

Isaiah, LXXVIII. 7.

They also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way.

"Now my own delights I make,  
My *this* at every rill can slake,  
And gladly brandy can partake,  
At thee, sweet Daisy!—WORDSWORTH.

1.

As the sun moves to rest below the wave,  
With streams of dazzling lustre at his feet;  
As sinks to death, the generous and the brave,  
Whose bright career, tho' glorious, was but fleet;  
As when the ship whose sides the billows lave,  
Parts sorrowing friends in hope again to meet,  
So Canto first will disappear from view,  
When merry folks have scanned it thro' and thro'.

2.

But this fair sun, to-morrow's dawn, will rise,  
In splendour rivalling his setting ray,  
The warrior, tho' beneath the turf he lies,  
Will thro' his son, still bear the palm away:  
The ship that now with swelling canvas flies,  
Soon will return to greet its well-known bay,  
Thus Canto second on your view will burst,  
In type more perfect than did Canto first.

3.

We left, if I mistake not, Paddy Blake  
Waiting most anxiously for Mr Dan,  
Whose jolly face, expected long, would make  
The milk-white froth again o'er top the can.

To say the truth, our Paddy could not take  
 His drop alone—but, as the story ran,  
 With jovial friends, he valued not a feather  
 To have a pull, long, strong, and all together.

## 4.

The cuckoo-clock now pointed half-past ten,  
 And sad forebodings darken'd Paddy's brow,  
 His very nose grew pale, and paler, when  
 He pictured to himself some ruffian row,  
 Or white boys close concealed in lonely glen,  
 Fellers alike of Christian and of cow,  
 If Dan, thought he, be met by such as these,  
 No ale to-night he'll taste, nor bread, nor cheese.

## 5.

That times are honestest must be confess'd,  
 For these marauders prowl about no more,  
 The carder, caravat, and shanavest,\*  
 Have lost the knack of bursting in your door.  
 I never could behold (at least with zest)  
 From wretches' backs the bleeding fibres tore;  
 Yet such was long the practice of this school,  
 To card up backs as combers card your wool.

A well-known knock dispell'd his rising fears,  
 And oped the rustic portal—slowly in  
 Dan trots, well laden—as if press'd with years.  
 His breast was in close contact with his chin;  
 His burden in a twinkling disappears,  
 While his whole face is coil'd into a grin.  
 For fear, combined with joy, some writers say,  
 Will often make a face look quite outrée.†

“Why what the deuce! how came you Dan by this:  
 A good full anker”—“Hush!—I'll tell you all,  
 But sharks are out—it will not be amiss  
 To get a drink first,—we will have a haul  
 From out this chap—'tis mild as milkmaid's kiss  
 The sailors tell me—stop you there, I'll call  
 For pipes and mugs, a little cheese to eat,  
 For we'll be merry here at any rate.”

Then Mistress Mulshinane, the DAISY QUEEN,  
 Brought forth a stool to prop the anker on,  
 Placed pipes, tobacco box, and mugs between  
 Our worthy pair—the giant cheese upon  
 The polished table, frequently was seen  
 To bear the knife—while ever and anon,  
 The cups of brandy, unalloyed and pure,  
 Followed each other swift, though very sure.

\* Carder, shanavest, caravat, as well as white-boys, in the last verse, are all names of parties in Ireland. I have not time to write notes to describe what were their principles. Vide *Musgrave* or *Flowden*, or any other of the heavy historians of Ireland. I can only say, that they had, in general, a tendency to Whiggism.

† See Darwin's *Zoonomia*, Lavater's *Physiognomy*, and Bell's *Anatomy of Painting*—mighty pretty books, by the bye.

9

"I just had passed by Darby Murphy's farm,  
On my way here, (quoth Dan) had cross'd the green,  
Whistling right merrily to keep me warm,  
And scarce had got half way down Con's borgen,\*  
When some one from behind me, quite unseen,  
Tapp'd on my shoulder;—Turning in alarm,  
I asked his business,"—"do not be faint-hearted,  
If brave, I'll make your fortune e'er we've parted."

10

"I now had time to look, 'twas an old dog,  
A sailor-chap, who told me, if I'd go  
And help his comrades, I should have more grog  
Than I could drink, or bear away in tow;  
To make my story short, beneath the Hog,†  
The smuggler's liquor I worked hard to stow,  
And when we settled every thing quite handy,  
He gave me this—a guinea—this, the brandy."

11

"Then now let's send this trash of ale away,  
And take to what is purer and much stronger,  
And while that creature there, the moon, will stay,  
We'll stick together aye, or even longer.‡  
For by my faith, my friend, 'tis many a day,  
Since such we've tasted,—Give us now a song, or  
A proper toast,"—"Here goes—I'll give your daughter—  
A flowing cup—Pshaw, never mind the water."

12

Ah! Mr Dan, I'm sure you little know,  
What mischief now you're doing to your stomach,  
How many plagues, how many torments flow,  
From draughts—that seem as mild to you as some hock;  
Believe me, for this joke your blood will flow,  
And you'll toss, turn, and tumble on your hammock,  
Oh! think in time! from this temptation flee!  
And shun pill, bolus, draught, and doctor's fee."

13

Brandy's deceitful liquor, by mine honour,  
It mounts so quickly to the capricious brain,  
And like a young mare, when you first get on her,  
It speeds like lightning till you reel again;  
'Tis true perhaps that, on occasions, one or  
Two jolly bumpers may be safely ta'en,  
Such as when damp or frost has made you shiver;  
But even then 'tis hurtful to the liver."

14

'Tis pity Daniel had not such advice:—  
(Hold—I must not anticipate my story),  
But Cogniac, when smuggled, will entice  
Most sober livers; from the man that's hoary

\* A lane, Hibernice. A rustical sort of wynd.

† A rock so called from its shape, below it are caves, said to be the haunt of mermaids.  
On this point I shall not dwell, but I am pretty positive they are the haunt of smugglers.

‡ Burn's says something to the same effect;

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
She's blinkin' o'er the lift sae hie,  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee.

To the young babe, such poisonous stuff is nice;\*  
 Your soldier sometimes will it help to glory,  
 But oftener to black eyes, and foolish quarrels,  
 And thus is foe to body and to morals.

## 15

But there is liquor too, (sound sense must teach)  
 Fit for all folks—I therefore would not lack  
 Such wine, if I had guests, as would suit each;  
 To lawyers I would give the sharp *Bar-sac*,—  
 To attorneys rich *canary*,—and I'd reach  
 To doctors *vin de Grape*, (they like the smack,)  
 To sailors *Port*,—and Parsons should grow misty  
 On good *Lac Virginis*, or *Lachryma Christi*.

## 16

The kilted Highlander would seek for *Mountain*,—  
 The soldier—*Tent*, and noisy *Muscatel*,—  
 The *fancy*—*Claret*, streaming as from fountain,—  
 And dandies—lots of *Cape* love mighty well;  
 No schoolmaster would find his fair account in  
 Declining *Hoc*—warriors in *sack* excel;  
 Excuse these puns—but if you'd know the truth,  
 I learned them from Jack Curran in my youth.

## 17.

Thus Daniel and his friend sat face to face,  
 And from the anker drew their mellow store;  
 The bumpers quickly one another chase,  
 'Mid merry song, and laugh, and boisterous roar;  
 No wonder that their mirth should thus increase,  
 For Dan ne'er felt such happy hours before;  
 He thought this night the proudest of his life,  
 And dreamt not once of home, or child, or wife.

## 18.

Our worthy Dan at last began to think  
 His head was not so steady as it ought;  
 And now and then his eye-lids gave a blink;  
 The furniture quite civil, too, he thought,  
 For chair and picture bow'd to every wink;  
 And the low candle into two was wrought;  
 But my coy muse won't tell—although I'd thank her,  
 Whether they finished all was in the anker.

## 19. †

\* \* \* \* \*

## 20.

All around Daniel was a boggy waste,  
 No spot for human footstep, save one stone  
 On which our hero found he had been placed,  
 But how he knew not—from his heart a groan,  
 A piteous groan proceeds—"I must have faced  
 The east instead of west"—another moan!  
 "Ohone! ohone! I've surely lost my way,  
 Oh! what will Jude and all the young ones say."

\* The female part of the lower orders of the population of Ireland, do actually hold (like Count Fathom's mother) that it is good to suckle babes with alcohol—vulgarly called whisky.

† In the lost verse, (we have not time at present to explain how it was lost) Daniel appears to have left the Mountain Daisy. EDITOR.

## 21.

Tho' Daniel gaz'd 'till gazing was in vain,  
 He still prolonged his lamentation sad,  
 "Oh! a'nt I to be pitied?—not a grain  
 Of land but this cold stone is to be had,  
 O! Daniel, Daniel, it is now quite plain  
 You drank too much, and stagger'd here, my lad;  
 That MOUNTAIN DAISY, and that Paddy Blake—  
 Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! my heart will surely break!"

## 22.

He look'd again, around him and around,  
 Nothing but bog, like sea of silvery light;  
 Could meet his view. The moon full, bright, and round,  
 Shone the pure mistress of the wild to-night,  
 And all was calm as death;—no living sound  
 Disturbed the deep repose. Poor luckless wight!  
 Save when at distance croaking in the bog  
 Dan heard (like Leslie) some old bluff bull-frog.

## 23.

And now he thought upon the hours he'd spend  
 'Till death would end his sorrows; for no chance  
 Had he of 'scaping, and he could not send  
 For help or succour; there was no advance,  
 Retreat, or hope, for him; no man could bend  
 Hither his way; when as a hasty glance  
 He threw above, he saw a body skim,  
 Dimming the light, between the moon and him.

## 24.

And wondrous was th' eclipse, a murky cloud  
 Blotted the moon's fair visage from the sky,  
 And all in motion seem'd the awful shroud,  
 Towards the sad spot where Dan was forced to lie;  
 And hark! he hears thick pinions rustling loud,  
 And while he gazed with terror-stricken eye,  
 Down swoop'd a bird. "I see, quoth Dan, my dear,  
 That you're an eagle come to see me here."

## 25.

And now the thunder-clapping of his wings  
 Had ceased, the bird had perch'd close by a stream,  
 The glorious bird of Jove! the bog still rings  
 With the loud echo of his mountain scream;  
 His glossy feathers, midnight-dark, he flings  
 In majesty around him; a bright gleam  
 Of moonshine sparkled on his mighty head;  
 He spoke—next month I'll tell you what he said.

## HORE GERMANICÆ.

## No IX.

*Rosamunda—a Tragedy;*

By CHARLES THEODORE KÖRNER.

IN briefly commenting on the translations, with which we present our readers from the *living* poets of Germany, it may no doubt be considered our duty to avoid, as much as possible, any direct panegyric; nor even, were it ever so much in our power, should we wish to deprive our readers of the freest possible choice of what they are to admire or to censure. But there is a wide, and for many reasons justifiable, difference between the feelings which we entertain towards living authors, and that mood of admiring con-



templation and regret with which we pay our respectful homage to the departed spirit of Körner. With regard to living authors, so far as the question relates to themselves, we know not that praise is of much consequence to them. Where the light of true genius burns, it has its own internal or supernatural resources; applause is heard with indifference; and even coldness and neglect, if observed at all, only serve to rouse exertions by which attention may be commanded. Sufficient examples might easily be found to prove this position, if it were worth while at present to look for them—but enough of this. There have been individuals in our own country (H. K. White among the latest), who have been admired and eulogized on account of their untimely fate—though their literary productions were little more than imperfect buds of promise. But Körner, who perished in his twenty-second year, has achieved a variety of works which would have done honour to the most mature and practised genius. In fact, we have had no individual in our country, who, in that respect, can be brought into competition with him. Chatterton, had he survived, might have excelled every author; but he is the only one whom we can venture to bring into the lists—Henry Kirke White, and several others, have been praised, and justly praised; but on our shores the merits of Körner are yet wholly unknown; and it is time, surely, that a few words of eulogium should be devoted to his memory.

Perhaps the most singular circumstance attending the brief life of our author was, that he shrunk from no worldly duty, but was exposed to every distracting influence of outward occupations, while, notwithstanding this, he wrote more than in the same course of years the most retired student could have been expected to accomplish. While yet a mere youth, he was appointed to the office of *Theater Dichter* (literally, Theatre Poet) at Vienna, (a station to which we have nothing equivalent in this country), and here he was as much distinguished by worldly prudence and social virtue as by the superiority of his genius. In short, his character as a man and an author were, to an unexampled degree, blended together—alternately were the

strugglings of his noble spirit turned into the mysterious realms of the “inward life,” and, at other times, these impulses as readily accommodated themselves to outward achievements; or, according to the German expression, which is hardly translatable, “Seine Gedichte wurden Thaten, und seine Thaten Gedichte.” In his situation as theatre poet at Vienna, after having already produced two volumes of excellent comedies, he brought out “Xrine” and “Rosamunda,” both not only distinguished by their poetical beauty, but (especially the former) admirably adapted to the tumultuous spirit of the times. Then, when the genius of his countrymen, aided by the Cossacks, had begun to manifest itself in military ardour against the usurpations of the French, Körner, like Camoens, resolved to shew that he could wield the sword as well as the pen, and took his place therefore as adjutant in a volunteer regiment of horse, which was immediately called into actual service. In this new station it might have been supposed that the habits of authorship would be broken, and in a country less imbued with the spirit of literature than Germany, this might have been the result; but Körner, instead of writing less, seemed now more industrious than ever, though it is true that his compositions were comparatively short and desultory. He now published a volume, entitled the “*Lyre and Sword*,” of which the contents are, to this day, cherished with enthusiasm by his countrymen. Being, at one time, left dangerously (and as it was supposed mortally) wounded, in the recesses of a forest, he wrote in his pocket-book a sonnet, which we shall insert in some future Number of this series, devoted exclusively to the life of Körner. In like manner, after having recovered from this accident, only one hour before the commencement of that battle in which our hero was shot through the body, he wrote the beautiful lines, entitled “*Address to a Sword*,” which we will also, at some time or another, translate, and which he was tranquilly reading to a friend at the moment when they heard the signal for attack. Such events, improbable as they would seem even in a romance, are, in this instance, literally true. Körner fell near Rosenburg, in Mecklenburgh, on the 28th August 1813.

There have been half-witted critics, not few in number, who have imputed to the *German School*, as they sagaciously term it, (as if there were but *one* school in Germany where there are hardly two authors that resemble each other), the invariable attributes of mysticism,—improbability,—fatalism,—demonology,—and a special delight in dwelling on every instance of the most horrible crimes. These enlightened judges, who, like the French poets, having neither spirit nor patience to invent any thing new, desire a basis of *historical truth*, and almost mathematical tenability, for every work, are here met on their own ground by a youth, who, without ever being in England, has chosen a plot purely English, of which several of our own countrymen had attempted, in vain, to improve the capabilities,—and who has, on this, founded a most affecting tragedy, admirably adapted to scenic representation. Here no objections on the score of improbability, demonology, or other extravagance, can be alleged. There are no crimes—no supernatural agencies—in a word, no events that history has not authorised. The supposition of Rosamund's perfect unconsciousness of guilt, and of Richard's visionary and also guiltless passion, are the only additions which are exclusively the work of the poet. There are two other tragedies of Körner—"Xryne," (already mentioned), and the *Robber's Bride*, which are equally free from those attributes vulgarly ascribed to the "*German School*," of which those, who have been accustomed to talk in this country, are deplorably ignorant. How then is it to be wondered at that they do not even suspect the existence of those bright luminaries which are now gradually rising into full splendour in Denmark, and even in Sweden! But to return—The story of Rosamund Clifford is known to every one who has read the history of England. A temptation might offer itself to a bibliographer—to transcribe from old Chronicles, various notices of her life.—Nor are there wanting black-letter poets, (Drayton, for example) who have commemorated her unhappy fate. We proceed, however, to give only a brief and hasty abstract of the plot—and the antiquary must excuse us if we do not even take Hume's history from the shelf, but adhere exclusively to the plan of our author.

Henry the Second of England had married Leonora, the divorced wife of Lewis, King of France, on account of her rich possessions, whose revenues were amply sufficient to enable him to support his then tottering throne and power. This queen had become to him the mother of four sons—and might have continued in good terms with her second husband, (though he had never loved her), had he not, in a distant hunting excursion, met with the beautiful Rosamund Clifford, with whom he fell so desperately in love, that he resolved to stop at no measures to effect the gratification of his passion. For this purpose he appeared before Lord Clifford in the assumed character of a simple knight or baron of competent fortune—won easily the affections of Rosamund, and obtained her father's consent for an immediate marriage, which regularly ensued. Not long after, Lord Clifford discovered the true rank of his supposed son-in-law, and consequently the nullity of the marriage; but having then no alternative, he was obliged to acquiesce in circumstances, and to assist in a plan by which his daughter's peace of mind might be secured. The king, of course, retained his assumed character and title; and after the death (which shortly occurred) of Lord Clifford, made choice of Woodstock castle for the residence of Rosamund, on account of its retired situation, and the beauty of its forest scenery. There, in a park or garden, surrounded by a high wall, lived our heroine, shut out from all commerce with the world, and believing that her husband, Count Plantagenet, was for certain, and only temporary reasons, obliged to keep their marriage concealed. The delusion was the more readily kept up, as, by the prudence of Sir Thomas O'Neale, the castellan—no stranger was ever admitted within the walls of the castle.

The first scene of act first opens in the garden at Woodstock. Prince Richard (afterwards the celebrated hero of the Crusades) has been hunting, with his friend Southwell, in the forest; and with a romantic enthusiast, having heard Rosamund's voice at the window, has rightly conceived the idea that her beauty of person must be as exquisite as the tones of her voice were ravishing.

He is, of course, utterly ignorant of

his father's connexion with the heroine, and far less suspects that she is of matronly estate, and the mother of two children. The prince has, therefore, at the risk of his neck, (and that of his friend,) insisted on getting into the garden, by climbing up into a tree, from the branches of which they drop to the ground, on the other side of the wall, where, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of Southwell, he now watches for a sight of his visionary idol. In the highly poetical speeches of Richard in this dialogue, we gain immediate insight into his romantic character.

Their conversation is interrupted by the sound of approaching steps, on which they retire into the wood, and Sir T. O'Neale appears, instructing, for the first time, his son George in those mysteries respecting Rosamund which we have already recapitulated.

In scene third, George O'Neale is introduced to the heroine; and on being soon afterwards left alone, utters a beautiful soliloquy, (in rhyme,) which we cannot venture, at present, to translate. She is then surprised by the sudden apparition of Richard from the wood, who, when interrogated as to the cause of this intrusion, declares that there is no risk he would not run for such a moment of rapture. He then throws himself at her feet, at once to express his admiration, and to solicit pardon; to all which Rosamund only replies by angry reprimands, cutting sarcasms, and, finally, by disdain and contempt. Richard being left alone with Southwell, then breaks out into violent expressions of surprise and indignation. Her anger he could have borne, but her expressions of contempt irritate him so much, that he declares himself unalterably resolved to brave every obstacle,—to visit this proud beauty again, and to win her for his bride, even if he should perish in the attempt. All this, however, is the youthful extravagance of the moment. His presence is required at court by the queen; and he immediately leaves Woodstock, persuading Southwell to remain there in order to discover, if possible, the true character of the scornful beauty.

In scene seventh we are, for the first time, introduced to Queen Leonora, who, in conversation with her favourite, Armand, becomes fully aware of the king's infidelity, and his fre-

quent visits to Woodstock. In scene eighth we have a spirited and effective dialogue between the king and queen, in which the former reproaches the latter with instigating or abetting the rebellious dispositions of his sons, of whom he believes that John, the youngest prince, alone is faithful to him. The queen, on the other side, reproaches him, by harsh and significant inuendos, with his infidelity, which, by his evasive answers, becomes more manifest—and being left alone, she utters a soliloquy full of bitterness and the thirst of revenge.

The first, second, and third scenes of act second contain the various plottings of the queen and Armand to foster the rising spirit of rebellion against her husband, and to fan it into an immediate flame. For this purpose she holds a long consultation with her sons, Henry and Godfrey—Richard is also present, but on receiving a letter from his friend Southwell, at Woodstock, rushes instantly from the assembly without having agreed to any proposition; but, on the contrary, expressed the most decided indignation against all that he has heard. We have now some very beautiful scenes at Woodstock castle, especially an exquisite soliloquy of Rosamund, but we must pass all these over in silence, and go on to the first appearance of Henry in company with the heroine.

## ACT II.

### SCENE IX.—*Rosamund, Henry.*

*Ros.* My Henry!

*Hen.* Rosamund!

*Ros.* Com'st thou at last?

Three long, long days thou hast again been absent!

Oh! will these restless wanderings never end?

Three long, long days!

*Hen.* Each hour has on my soul  
Pressed with a weight—as of eternity—  
In horrible protraction. Oh could I  
Such woes indeed avert!

*Ros.* Of this no more!

Now art thou here! I hold thee in mine arms!  
Leave, then, thy sufferings to the noisy world!  
Bring them not with thee to these peaceful  
bowers!

*Here,* 'tis the flowers alone that weep, when  
bathed

In morning dew: or if our eyes are moist,  
'Tis but with tears of joy!

*Hen.* Oh may no fate

Malignant cloud this heaven! The world I  
fear not!

There let the stormy waves of life rage on;  
But like a rock I stand, and heed them not!  
Not undefended goes the warrior forth!

His faithful armour covers his bold breast ;  
Yet in the days unguarded, of repose,  
When but thin silk wraps his luxurious frame,  
Then finds the murderous dagger its free way,  
And evil demons, that lay hid, at once  
Break forth and triumph ! *Here, oh here*

alone,  
Let me have peace ; and then let England  
rage,

Let Nature's laws be horribly reversed,  
And every sinful deed come forth in sunlight ;  
*Here* let me but have peace, and then I fear  
not !

*Ros.* Our children, love, have prattled  
much of thee !

I am so glad when thus the little ones  
Lisp, in mine arms, thy name ; and for their  
father

Ask me so fondly, " If he will not come  
Home to them soon, and play with them  
once more ? "

They are indeed dear children ! Richard still,  
Whene'er the door is opened, calls aloud,  
" There comes my father ! He will bring  
for me

A sword at last ! He will not break his pro-  
mise ! "

*Hen.* That boy will be a soldier, and a  
brave one !

I have high hopes of him !

*Ros.* And yet to-day

Thou art not cheerful, Henry ! On thy brow  
Each furrow went to disappear, when thus  
Thy Rosamund embrac'd thee ! but alas !  
'Tis not so now !—What is the cause, dear  
husband ?

*Hen.* Nought of importance. But these  
gloomy times

Will leave no mind at rest.

*Ros.* Nay, there is more

Than this to-day. Oh tell me ! *This* right  
Of a fond wife, if others are denied,  
I may demand of thee. Let me but share  
Thy sorrows and thy toils !—See ! thou art  
drawn

From home, and life around thee rages wildly ;  
Thou stand'st with thy proud heart *alone*,  
to brave

The stormy waves undaunted ; but oh grant  
That I may hold my place in that wild tumult ;  
*There* should I be ; nor idly in repose  
Dally mine hours away, while thus my hus-  
band

With deep deceit and faction wild contends !  
See, yonder oak, that long has brav'd the  
storm,

And heavenward sends its mighty boughs ;  
'tis true,

It trusts in the old strength of its tried roots,  
And still may trust them. Yet behold, the  
green

And slender ivy, with affection's grasp  
Clings round the stem, as if to hold it fast !  
Oh leave then to this ivy, though it were  
All but a dream.—Oh leave the consolation,  
To think that, in the embraces of true love,  
Her oak blooms more securely !—I leave her  
but

" This joy !

*Hen.* Yet if the storm indeed should come,  
And tear at last the faithful roots from earth,  
And break the branches ; or the thunderbolt  
Rend even the stem asunder ?

*Ros.* So let it be !

Then shall the ivy wither and die too !  
For she more firmly than the roots adhere  
To life, twin'd round the tree.

*Hen. (aside.)* Oh ! shall the pride  
Never be mine, unto the world to tell  
How noble is the soul that here hath lov'd me ?

*Ros.* Now for thy secret cause of grief ?

*Hen.* I came

Straightway from court ; *there* I beheld the  
throne

By faction's rage assail'd ; I saw the king  
Misunderstood even by his dearest friends ;  
*For this* I griev'd. What boots it the poor

Henry,

That England styles him her good king ?  
That still

The barons have obeyed him—and that Ire-  
land

Is peacefully subdued ; and even that Eu-  
rope

Acknowledges in him a dauntless warrior !  
Still wretched is the king, condemned to  
bear

The matrimonial chain with one whom he  
Deeply despises—knowing, too, the treason  
Of his unnatural sons, that now are arm'd  
Against their father ? Where is then the  
fortune

That he perchance deserv'd ? Aye, he in-  
deed,

Deserv'd a better fate ;—his ardent zeal  
For the land's welfare, and his subjects'—  
rights—

His sympathy with every noble deed,  
His restless efforts for the good of all—  
Even when at times he fail'd—Aye, this  
indeed

Deserv'd a better fate ! Yet he must now  
Catch, even by stealth, at every drop of joy ;  
And every transient hour of bliss so gain'd,  
'Tis but a shadow ! from all eyes conceal !  
His marriage vows have made his people  
free,

But he remains the slave of his own throne,  
A splendid sacrifice to save his country.

*Ros.* O how I do compassionate the king !

*Hen.* By heaven, he is not of thy tears  
unworthy !

*Ros.* Thou art with thy whole heart to  
him devoted—

Is it not so ?

*Hen.* His unimparted grief,  
That sometimes is unconsciously betrayed,  
Indeed hath mov'd me !

*Ros.* 'Tis methinks a lot  
Fearful, and chilling to the soul to be  
Thus with a being uncongenial joined,  
With whom there is no love nor confidence.  
Perchance to know that in some other heart  
Throb the deep sympathetic chords of love ;  
Yet, by indissoluble bonds controll'd,  
That knowledge to conceal or to forget.  
Here virtue, that is wont to smile so mildly,  
Almost appears terrific, when the rights

Of Love and Duty fiercely thus contend,  
And mortal law holds wedded souls asunder!  
How do I thank thee Heaven that I am  
spared

This worst of earthly grief!

*Hen. (Passionately clasping her in his arms.)*

Oh, Rosamund!

*Ros.* Heaven! what means this?

*Hen.* Oh clasp thine arms fast round me!

A supernatural shuddering seizes me,

And only on thy bosom can I gain

My wonted life!

#### SCENE X.

*Rosamund, Henry, Richard, and Southwell.*

*Rich.* Ha! devil! let me go!

Not so my Heaven shall thus be wrested  
from me!

And by the sword this game shall be con-  
tested.

Seducer draw! *(Rushing forward.)*

*Ros.* Protect me Heaven! That voice!

*Hen.* Treason! I see the gleaming of a  
sword!—

Yet in thy lover's arms thou shalt be safe,  
Though the whole world assailed us!

*Rich.* Braggard slave!

These words shall be thy last! *[They fight.]*

*Ros.* Help! help! for mercy!

*Hen.* Coward! thou art not worthy of  
my vengeance!

#### SCENE XI.

*Rosamund, Henry, Richard, Southwell,  
O'Neale, and George, with attendants,  
bearing torches and drawn swords!*

*Geo.* How's this?

*Rich.* Drawn swords—that's all. *(To  
Southwell.)* Courage, my friend!

*O'N. (Coming forward with a torch be-  
tween Henry and Richard.)*

Treason!

*Rich.* Good Heavens! my father!

*O'N.* Can this be

Duke Richard?

*Hen.* Madman!

*Rich.* I am lost indeed!

*South.* The King!

*Hen.* And dost thou know me?

*Ros.* Thou King Henry?

Have mercy Heaven! *(She faints.)*

*Geo.* Oh Rosamund! *(Supports her.)*

*O'N.* She dies!—

*Hen.* Oh Rosamund! my Rosamund!  
Thou traitor, *(to Richard.)*

This is thy work! But now to flight—  
away.

That so the first resentment of thy king

May not o'erwhelm thee.

*South.* Come, my lord.

*Rich.* Ere long,

More shall be heard of Richard.

*O'N.* Now thy dreams,

Unhappy Rosamund, are all dissolved,

And to the truth and to despair at last  
Thou art awake!

Here the drop-scene falls on the  
group; and with this disclosure, which,

for stage effect, has seldom or never  
been excelled, the second act is con-  
cluded.

After this adventure, Richard and  
his friend Southwell retire to a poor  
cottage not far from Woodstock. Here  
(at the beginning of the third act) the  
prince is visited by Armand, the insi-  
dious favourite of Queen Leonora, who  
comes to engage Richard in rebellion  
with his brothers. The dialogue is  
here so spirited and interesting, that  
we shall insert the scene entire.

#### ACT III.

SCENE II.—*Richard, Armand, and South-  
well.*

*Ar.* In this poor cottage, noble sir, must I  
Seek England's hope? Poor Albion! thou  
indeed

Art low in fortune, when thy chieftains thus  
Scarce dare to breathe in freedom.

*Rich.* Wherefore com'st thou?

*Ar.* Hither, my lord, thy royal mother  
sent me

With letters, and commands that best may  
be

In words express'd: but to the hero Rich-  
ard,

Not to the boy that flies a father's wrath,  
I came, the queen's bold words to thunder  
forth.

*Rich.* Thy words indeed are proud.

*Ar.* So best they suit  
Those times.

*Rich.* Well, sir, if here you seek the boy  
That flies his father's wrath, he is not here;  
But if the soldier Richard you demand,  
He stands before you.

*Ar.* Heaven be praised, my prince,  
The lion has awoke within thy heart.

*Rich.* What wills the queen?

*Ar.* That secret conversation  
Broke suddenly by thy abrupt departure,  
Was to the king betray'd; thence were in-  
deed

Your flight inevitable; but already  
Prince Henry and duke Godfrey are in  
France!

Here you are follow'd, and may not remain  
In safety long. Two paths are now before  
you—

One, by surrendering, leads you straight to  
prison,

Perchance to death; the other—

*Rich.* By rebellion—?

*Ar.* Nay, self-defence! Let Richard to  
the world

Prove himself now the dauntless youth for  
whom

The people's love so ardently has flamed!

Seize now your weapons, and with them pro-  
tect

A life that not unto yourself belongs,  
But is the nation's right. Old England  
now

Looks to duke Richard for the restoration

Of her old warlike fame. Deceive not,  
then,

The people's faith, nor to posterity  
Refuse the brilliant star of such example,  
To gleam o'er future ages.

*Rich.* Spare thy words, sir,  
Nor tax thy wit, the foul pestiferous head  
Of serpent-like Sedition to adorn  
With laurel wreathes. Am I a child, to be  
By thy false gaudy ornaments attracted,  
And so the bitter cup with smiles to drain?  
Thou fool! believe me, Richard is a man!  
In every nerve and pulse I feel it now.—  
In one dire night, Fate from her fiery forge  
Has drawn and fashion'd me. By Heaven  
she plies

The hammer well!—Tell me at once, what  
wouldest thou?

*Ar. King.* Lewis now, with many a prince  
and baron,  
The Scottish king, the chiefs of Blois and  
Flanders,

Are in one solemn league together join'd,  
Your father to dethrone. Prince Henry  
then

Shall be our ruler. Both your brothers, sir,  
Last night subscribed the deed. Your signature

Alone is wanting; and such trust the princes  
Repose in Richard's valour, that without him,  
They would not hurl the blazing torch of  
war;

Therefore they wait your signature, and  
then

England at once on every side assail'd  
Must yield. So shall ere long King Henry  
fall,

And thou shalt be aveng'd.

*Rich.* This plan has been  
Begot beyond the sea. Such inspiration  
Of hell prevails not on our British shores.

*Ar.* My prince, resolve!—The ship is  
ready now

That may to realms of liberty convey you!  
The people in your country, Poitou,  
And in Guienne, await you. 'Tis indeed  
A hard condition; but in power like yours,  
Valour and fortune, the allies confide,  
Even were King Henry's forces doubly  
strong.—

Now, sir, resolve!

*Rich.* How eloquent is hell!

*Ar.* Wouldest thou recede?—No, forward,  
forward, Richard!

There victory smiles—There is the rightful  
cause!

*Rich.* The rightful cause!—Why not at  
once say *Honour*?

Poor babbler! 'tis not by thy tongue thou  
conquer'st:

'Tis but the forceful impulse of this hour!  
—Give me the deed.

*Ar.* Now, Heaven be praised, he writes!

*Rich.* (taking the pen.)

Even by one stroke I thus renounce mine  
honour!

Even, by one scrawl accrues'd, I barter conscience;

And henceforth live a rebel to my king.

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And recreant to my country; every law  
Of sacred love and filial duty thus  
I trample under foot—and yet I must!  
The world may still condemn me—but I call  
On every soul to place itself as I  
Now at this hour am placed, 'mid the game

waves  
Of wild contention—it would act as I do!  
No—none may ever know how much I suffer!

Recede I cannot—tho' before me, Crime,  
And Guilt, and Shame, with spectral features glare,

I cannot—cannot recede! Fate goads me on,  
My star has disappeared that led me rightly;  
And rayless night o'erwhelms me in the  
abyss!—

Yet courage—courage, Richard! 'Tis but  
one stroke!—

So ends at once the struggling of thy soul!  
The way to Heaven is to the wanderer hard,  
But one straight forward path leads down to  
Hell!

(*He writes.*)  
'Tis done! Now, Armand, I am yours at  
last—

Thou hast me wholly. 'Tis no little conquest!—

Already here I feel it! Here the fires  
Of hell are burning. Now the son declares  
War against his own father. From the  
depth

Of hell-begotten feelings rises now  
The monster of rebellion in my soul!  
To blood and fire our country is decreed,  
And I am chosen for each murderous deed!

(*Exeunt.*)

The third scene of this act opens in the hall of the royal palace, whither King Henry had been summoned from Woodstock (by letters of the Lord Chancellor), even before the recovery of Rosamund from the deadly swoon into which she had fallen, on her first being acquainted with the true circumstances of her supposed marriage. The king is here introduced, painfully dwelling on the various sources of agitation by which he is assailed, and attended by his youngest son, Prince John, to whom, influenced by momentary irritability, he speaks almost harshly, until the boy, by unrestrained expressions of his loyalty and filial affection, compels his father to acknowledge, with much tenderness, the fidelity and truth of his attachment. In the fourth scene, Humphrey Bohun, commander in chief of the royalist forces, makes his appearance to detail all the formidable arrangements and unnatural treasons of the enemy; and to receive, in return, his master's directions for the prompt and due conduct of a defensive war. Upon the exit of Bohun, the

following dialogue takes place between the king and his son; and we transcribe it entire for the sake of the soliloquy which follows, (though neither, highly beautiful as they are, seem equal to some other portions of the play, to which we are now hastening on.)

## ACT III.

SCENE V.—*Henry, John.*

*John.* Oh, father! let me go to France with you!  
Since, faithless, my dishonourable brothers  
Have raised *their* swords against thee—so  
may Heaven

Grant me fit power to use *mine* in thy cause!  
*Hen.* Well said, brave boy!

*John.* Nay—'twill be told some day,  
That great King Henry's sons had all prov'd  
traitors,  
And those who know not my pure heart will  
deem

That in their guilt I shared!

*Hen.* Not so, my son!  
From future times thou shalt not fail to gain  
Thy due reward of praise—yet now indeed  
Thou art too weak; and I with zealous care  
Must from the storm protect that only branch  
Of England's tree that proves to me yet  
faithful.

*John.* Yet, where shall I be stationed?  
with my mother?

That may not be! Father, I cannot bear  
Her bitter words, without the fearful strife  
Of shame and anger in my heart. With thee  
Oh let me go; for if I here remain,  
I cannot choose but hate her!

*Hen.* No, my boy!  
This may not be—but fear not—there is yet  
For thee one sure asylum; and to-night  
We shall go thither.

*John.* Well, I must obey—  
Yet freely I confess, I would far rather  
Stand by thy side, and with mine own eyes  
view

Those deeds whence thou hast gained thy  
name, "GREAT HENRY!"

Oh, father—father—might I go with thee!  
(*Exit John.*)

## SCENE VI.

*Henry. (alone.)* How stand'st thou now,  
so leafless and so lone,  
Proud tree, that shadow'd England! See,  
thy boughs,  
Wherein thou didst rejoice, break faithless all,  
In the wild day-storm—and the clouds rise  
up

In dusky ranks along the horizon,  
And in their banners, deeply shrouded, bear  
The thunderbolt, to rend thy heart asunder!  
Yet courage! thine old trunk is living still;  
'Tis the old stem—to battle used, and conquest—

That many an equinoctial blast defied,  
And whose Briarean roots in countless arms  
Extending cling to earth. The boughs may  
break,

The storm may rend the verdant leaves away—

And scatter fruits or blossoms on the ground,  
Yet everlasting youth's unconquered strength  
Dwells in the old and steadfast tree—New  
spring

Will bring new buds and leaves, and shoots  
again,

That shall in branches bold rise up on high!  
The horrors of the night shall pass away;  
But indestructible the spirit still  
Of life and blessing breathes round Eng-  
land's oak;—

Thus, in her full magnificence, again  
The tree shall bloom. (*Exit.*)

We must now pass over a very highly animated and forcible dialogue between the jealous and vindictive Leonora and the King; in order to make room for the following beautiful descriptions of Rosanund in her affliction. The garden scene somehow reminds us of a highly poetical passage which we lately quoted from the works of Mr Shelley. We seem vividly to behold around us the fading flowers of summer, that by their touching associations render so much more impressive the expressions of her grief. There is evinced in these ~~re-~~ without speeches of the heroine a stilly mood of resigned meditation and voluntary suffering, accompanied with a visionary and creative sensibility, which no poet has, by the most laborious and artificial efforts, excelled.

## ACT III.

SCENE IX.—*The Garden at Woodstock.*

*Enter (from the Castle) O'Neal and George.*

*Geo.* How is it with the lady?

*O'N.* Wonderful

And sacred is her sorrow. It speaks not  
In tears and lamentation. No complaint  
Has told her sufferings; for *these* far exceed  
The power of words to unounce. She made  
a sign

That we should leave her. Clara still re-  
main'd,

And brought anon the children to their  
mother.

After an hour of dread anxiety  
I look'd into the chamber. There, Oh!  
Heaven,

How did I find her! Pale and motionless,  
She sat in resignation—like a saint,  
Wrapt up in deep abstraction, yet so mild  
And calmly resolute! Me she beheld not,  
Nor even her children—though on them I ~~re-~~  
eyes

Intently rested; of all outward things  
Yet apprehensionless. So she remained,  
Even while her children slept upon her lap,  
Still, as a marble statue motionless;  
(Only her bosom's restless heaving mark'd

The deep contention of the soul within ;  
But when at last from morning's cloudy bed  
The new day rous'd itself in light and joy,  
Her arms at once she stretch'd out to the sun,  
As if in silent prayer ; then on her knees  
Sunk down, and press'd her children to her  
heart,

With a long kiss. Their little arms were  
wound

Still closely round her. Softly, then, she said,  
" Take them to sleep ! " I took the children  
up,

And Clara went with them. When we re-  
turned,

The door was lock'd ; yet from without we  
saw

The sainted sufferer still upon her knees ;  
And then her sorrow seem'd dissolv'd in tears.

*Geo.* But now ———

*O'N.* She longs once more to be refresh'd  
By wandering through the garden. Just now  
Clara

Was call'd into her chamber. She now seem'd  
Yet more composed and mild in her affliction.  
Oh ! this meek resignation breaks my heart !

*Geo.* There, I heard Clara's voice !

*O'N.* Ay, — they are near us.

Let us retire unseen into the castle.  
Methinks the King will not stay long away ;  
With every moment now I look for him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—*The Garden as before.*

*Rosamund and Clara.*

*Ros.* Dear Clara, let me rest here.

*Clara.* Art thou not

Better 'mid this pure air ?

*Ros.* Ay, dearest friend.

My chamber walls look'd out so darkly on  
me,

And the roof seem'd to weigh upon my heart.  
*Here 'tis so light and free !* No prison bars  
Limit the roaming of the watchful eye,  
That seeks in azure distance calm repose.  
Far o'er the varied tapestry of the clouds,  
That deck the starry temple of the sky,  
Mounts up the soul, in liberty rejoicing,  
Beyond all worldly ties and earthly woes.

*Clara.* See how the summer kindly takes  
her leave !

There the last brilliant race of Asters bloom  
In varied hues ; and, in the mallow's flower  
Of palely tint, I recognize once more,  
The harbinger of Autumn.

*Ros.* Am I then

In Woodstock grown a stranger ? Is not this  
Mine own old garden ? Are not these the  
flowers

That I myself have rear'd ? And, round  
me still,

The venerable oaks that oft in hours  
Of gladness rustled near me ?

*Clara.* Know'st thou not

Thine old friends, Rosa ? Can thy sorrows  
thus

Remembrance cloud ?

*Ros.* Seest thou this rose, my friend ?

It was my favourite plant, and every morn  
I prop'd and watered it. To-day I cannot !

And there it droops its dying head already ;  
The sun hath over-scorch'd it.

*Clara.* Nay, the gardener

Shall come anon—

*Ros.* No, no, good friend, I pray thee !

'Tis sweet, methinks, to wither thus un-  
heeded,

Ere winter comes with violence to destroy  
The lingering flowers. Now when this rose  
once more

Beholds the sun, its blushing leaves will fall,  
And the west winds will softly bear away  
These fragrant spoils of love's own favourite  
flower !—

Aye, once more I must see him—this I  
know—

That hour I shall not long survive—and yet  
It must be so. Thus love I cannot conquer ;  
Cannot renounce, nor kill—it is immortal,  
Even as my soul. As I have loved him, so  
For ever I must love him. The soul dies  
not,

Nor love, that of that spirit hath possession ;  
But as the mildly-beaming emerald,  
Within its golden shrine, trembles at guilt,  
So that within a villain's grasp it breaks—  
So must the heart, by holiest passion rul'd,  
After some brief and vain contention, pe-  
rish,

If once pale guilt with poisonous breath as-  
sails it !

*Clara.* Unconscious crimes involve no real  
guilt.

*Ros.* But conscience, now awake, enjoins  
me penance.

*Clara.* Wilt thou for ever then renounce  
thy husband ?

*Ros.* For ever Clara ? no, that may not  
be !

There I am his again ! Only on earth  
Devoted hearts must separate. In heaven  
We shall in happiness unite once more ;  
With life must I atone for guilt—and death  
At last shall bear me pure to realms of  
light.

*Clara.* Methought I heard thy Henry's  
voice—

*Ros.* Oh heaven,

He comes—now, heart be firm—for here  
the last

And fearful strife awaits thee. One dire  
conflict—

And I shall have o'ercome. Go, call the  
children !

*Clara.* May heaven support thee !

*Ros.* Ay—methinks the skies  
Are smiling on me—and I feel my soul  
Resolved and calm !

(*CLARA retires.*)

King Henry now enters, accompa-  
nied by O'Neale and Prince John,  
having resolved to leave the latter at  
Woodstock during his absence in  
France. In a short but affecting dia-  
logue the young prince is introduced  
to Rosamund, and then, having retir-  
ed with O'Neale, the hero and heroine  
are left together. We need offer no



faithful O'Neale; after whom she sends Clara to make new inquiries; and being left alone with her children, utters the following beautiful address:

## SCENE III.

*Rosamund—The Children.*

*Ros.* Thus, all that I have loved depart from me!

One friend the World already claim'd, and Death

Now calls another. But Heaven's will be done!

One fervent wish my grief sends after them, Then sinks into resign'd and sad remembrance.

Still I have you, my children! Richard, Godfrey—

Yet press not thus into mine arms, nor cling So firmly to your mother's breast. Mine eyes Too anxiously are searching in your looks To find his features; and almost my vows Are then forgot. Ah, these are Henry's eyes! And on these youthful lips his well-known smiles

Revive. Oh, where from those long-cherished dreams

Shall I find refuge?—Yet (*clasping the Children.*) I have you still!

As on the far horizon, 'mid the glow Of the last setting sun, the rainbow builds. Through showers autumnal, its resplendent arch—

So through the tears of sorrow gleams for me, Life's evening to adorn, the stilly joys Of tenderness maternal. Yet these hues Are to the mother's heart but pale light— A faint gleam on affection's heaven, where once

Love in pure dazzling splendour shone; but now

Dark clouds prevail, and unavailing tears!

The rest of this fourth act is occupied with the lamentable fate of O'Neale, who dies in presence of Rosamund, Clara, Prince John, and his own son. This incident is treated with the finest tact, and rendered eminently affecting. In some respects, it is by far the finest death-scene in any tragedy—less horribly impressive than some, but leaving on the mind an influence more lasting and salutary. The fifth act opens on the Cliffs at Dover, whither King Henry has come on his way to France, but abandons his intention, on finding that his army there has already been sufficiently successful. It is true, that long soliloquies are, on the stage, not often approved of; but to our readers, we are very sure, the following scene will be highly acceptable.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The sea-shore at Dover.*

*Henry—An Officer.*

*Hen.* Haste thou to London, and those letters bear

To the Lord Chancellor—*There* announce aloud,

I have had news of victory from Lord Stephens,

The treason of my sons has been chastised; Lewis,—the Duke of Bulloigne,—both are slain;

Our foes are all to peace subdued; and now My presence will not be required in France. Plantagenet in Albion shall remain, Quickly to overcome the Scottish king, And quell those barons who have broke their fealty.

Take from my stable the best horse, nor spare

His speed to be the rapid messenger Of rapid victory.

The officer now retires; and, after a long pause, during which he steadfastly contemplates the scenery, Henry resumes:

How doth the sea, (As if it were the longing of true love, That here impell'd its waves about the shore) Tremble with pleasure round this happy isle!

How seems it there, with soft and silvery arms,

To twine round the beloved in welcome fold—

Like some young ardent spirit, whose affection

Seeks from the charnful sympathies of soul To frame one magic garland, his dear bride From every stranger's look or word to guard,

That she may still be all his own, and even Her dreams to him devote! Beyond the waves,

Where other shores and other cliffs arise,— *There* the loud conflicts of the world rage on;

*There* the Great Mother sets unto the land No limits. Mountain steep and narrow streams

Are crossed with ease, and the once-cherished Laws

Of never-changing justice, that of yore Invisibly, yet firmly, round the rights Of all, their barrier wove, now mid the storm

Of arrogant presumption, are o'erthrown, And every firm vow of allegiance broken. But, strongly guarded, and with laurel crown'd,

Even like a citadel of Liberty And Justice, mid her azure sea still shines Our island Albion. Every wave to her Seems like a shield, and, wanting in air, The waters strive around their favourite charge,

To raise a dauntless bulwark. In the depth Of the dark mine, bright sparkling gems are found,

Where nought was looked for but the crumbling sandstone,

Thence have the miners told us that the pure

And brilliant particles, by strong attraction,

Were, in defiance of chaotic war,  
(Wherein the raging elements contended)  
Drawn by the mystic laws of Beauty, Love,  
And Faith together! Such a sparkling  
gem,

Even such a diamond flower art thou, dear  
England!

So, mid the roaring strength of guardian  
waves,

Thou, midst the twilight gloom that reigns  
around thee,

Beam'st forth in sov'reign virtue! And  
shall then

This lovely realm be darkened? Shall thy  
throne

And freedom yield beneath seditious rage?  
No—never shall this be! Firm as thou  
stand'st

Amid thy roaring waves, will I defy  
Thine enemies! Thou art indeed my bride;

For thee have I renounc'd life's dearest joys.  
No—not in vain shall I that offering bring!

Gladly would I by death itself obtain  
Victory for thee and glory! So at last

Be it on Henry's monument engraven  
That to his country he fulfilled his vows!

This impressive soliloquy is followed by a conversation with Sir Humphry Bohun, in which the latter describes to the king the total discomfiture of the rebel armies; most of their leaders having been killed—taken prisoners—or intimidated into a peaceable laying down of their arms. The only distinguished individual, who has at once escaped captivity, and still remains with an unconquered spirit, is Prince Richard; but in the third scene (still at Dover), this noble youth, (whose character is indeed the finest and best drawn in the play), appears with his friend Southwell, (both wrapt in dark mantles), having now formed the resolution of renouncing all his errors, and of soliciting a reconciliation with the king. Even his passion for Rosamund he now looks upon only as a romantic delusion, of which he cherishes only a wild, poetical, and visionary remembrance. To quote the beauties of Körner, would indeed be to transcribe the whole play; but we cannot help regretting particularly, not having room for the scene which exhibits the meeting between Richard and his father. At first the king imagines that his son comes thither as a prisoner—but Richard immediately convinces him that in every engagement he has been victorious; that, with his chosen band, he yet remains undismayed, and has, of his own free choice, returned with Southwell to England. This dialogue is long; and on the part of Richard, most animated

and poetical. It winds up by the king expressing the highest approbation of his son—and appointing him immediately to be the leader of an army which he has for some time meditated sending into Palestine. Their conversation is interrupted by an officer, who, among other intelligence, informs the king that Leonora has suddenly set out on a journey to Woodstock. Haunted by the most horrible (and too just) anticipations, Henry resolves immediately to go thither, rightly judging that his presence would be required for the protection of Rosamund. Here, of course, the scene concludes, (Richard accompanying his father.)

There are now five short scenes at Woodstock, which conclude the tragedy. The stage represents a hall in the castle, at the extremity of which are arranged, in state, the coffin of O'Neale, his sword, shield, spurs, and other insignia of chivalric rank—surrounded by lights. Rosamund, Clara, Prince John, and George (the son of the deceased) appear dressed in deep mourning, and lamenting the loss of a friend so tried and faithful. Next occurs the violent entrance of Leonora and her followers into the castle, which (favoured as she has been by the treacherous servant already mentioned) is not finally effected without determined opposition on the part of the two youths, Prince John and George O'Neale, the latter being severely wounded. The scene in which Leonora thus makes her first appearance must be found in representation, according to the technical phrase, highly effective; but we have now left room but for the last dialogue, which shall be transcribed entire.

#### ACT V.

SCENE XI.—*Rosamund, Leonora, Clara, John, Armand, the Children.*

*Elc. Ha!*

Are these the vipers? Tear them from their mother!

*Ros.* Only with life will I resign my children!

*Elc.* Obey the mandate!

*Ros.* Righteous Heaven! have mercy!  
Thou art a mother too! leave me my children!

*Elc.* Woman! hast thou such insolence?

*Ros.* Can'st thou

Sport thus with feelings that to all are sacred?

*Elc.* Tear from her arms the children!

*Ros.* (Throwing herself at the Queen's feet, and, at the same time, embracing the Children.)

Heaven protect me !  
Here at thy feet, O cruel queen, I lie,  
Have mercy ! leave me but these little ones !  
If thou hast feelings, in thy heart, of woman—

If thou wert not in some wild desert born  
Of savage beasts—by fierce hyæna's nurs'd,  
Have mercy ! Yet, if once, as we are told,  
The lamentations of a mother pierc'd  
The lion's heart, so that he did renounce  
His precious booty, can'st thou be more  
cruel,

And art thyself a mother ?

*Ele.* Nay, the brood  
Of youngling vipers I do fear no less  
Than I do hate the serpent. One quick pressure  
Shall make me free from both !

*Ros.* Oh tell me then  
What is their crime ? Not even in dreams  
could they  
Have injur'd thee. Oh grant to them the  
boon

Of their poor little lives—this is not much—  
Oh leave it to them ! Name to me some  
lone

And desert scene, where I for evermore,  
May from the king remained concealed, and  
there

Drag on mine hours in humblest poverty.  
But spare my life, and leave to me my  
children—

And every morn I for thy soul will pray,  
And with my last words bless thee !

*Ele.* Think'st thou so—  
Base hypocrite, to move me ? Tear, I say,  
The children from her breast !

*Ros.* Oh, yet, have mercy !  
(*The Children are taken from Rosamund.*)  
*Ele.* In vain ! thy last hour has already  
rung—

Give her that cup—Now, drink !  
(*A cup is offered to her.*)

*Ros.* How ! Poison ?  
*Ele.* Quickly !

For thou shalt die !

*Ros.* I will not drink !

*Ele.* Nay, then,  
Behold thy children here, and mark this  
dagger !

(*Violently seizes them, and points the  
dagger at their breasts.*)

*The Children.* Mother ! oh ! mother !

*Ele.* Quickly choose. This blade  
is true, and sharp !

*Ros.* Hold then—and I will drink !  
(*She drinks from the cup.*)

*Ele.* 'Tis done ! Now, wherefore should  
I tremble thus ?

*Ros.* I feel by these wild beatings of my  
heart,

That its last strife will soon be o'er. Oh  
yet,

Let me for these few moments be a mother !—

For my last blessing but short space is  
needful.

(*Eleanora turns away and lets the children  
go.*)

*A Child.* Mother—thou art so pale !

*Second Child.* Look up again !

Be cheerful—we would be so too !—See  
there—

(*Pointing to the coffin.*)

How bright these candles burn !

*Ros.* (*knocking between the children.*)

Kiss me, dear children !

'Tis for the last time—kiss me !—So !—

Kneel down—

And silently implore the grace of Heaven !

He, with his love, will bless you—with all  
joys

That earth can give—Live better days than  
here

Your mother lived—Be happier than your  
father !

*The Children.* Weep not, Oh mother !

*Ros.* Ha ! thy poisonous draught

Is quick indeed !—Those fiery beatings now

Begin to fault ! kiss me yet once more—

Yet once—and then farewell—and Heaven  
protect you !

(*She falls down.*)

*Cl.* She sinks ! She dies !

*Ros.* Have mercy on my children—

Let them not suffer for their mother's crimes !

Oh let them live, and I will bless thee too !

At this moment the murderess and  
her assistants are terrified and confounded by the sudden entrance of  
King Henry, Prince Richard, and Sir  
Humphry Bohun.

*Ar.* Now are we lost ! King Henry comes !

*Ele.* I would revenge myself, and I re-  
venge'd him !

*Hen.* (*Pushing forward.*) Where is she ?  
Ha !

*Cl.* Too late ! She has been poison'd !

*Hen.* Murderess !

(*Draws his sword, and rushes towards  
the queen.*)

Take thy reward !

*Ros.* (*Summons her last strength, and  
with extreme effort wrests the sword  
out of the king's hand.*)

Henry, forgive her !

I have forgiven her !

(*She falls down instantly, Richard and  
John kneel down, and raise her.*)

*Rich.* Angel !

*Hen.* Still she lives.

Oh save her, save her !

*Ros.* 'Tis too late.

*The Children.* Oh mother ;

*Ros.* Heaven ! to thy mercy once more I  
commend them,

And in thy hands resign my soul !

(*She dies.*)

*Rich.* So Heaven

Has triumph'd !

*Ele.* Hell is baffled !

*Hen.* King of kings,

So hast thou will'd—and humbly we obey.

(*The curtain falls.*)

## TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LESS FAMILIAR LATIN CLASSICS.

## No II.

MR NORTH,

THE following short pieces are universally attributed to the philosopher Seneca. They bear marks of his style, and relate, for the most part, to the circumstances of his misfortunes and banishment. Perhaps they are more curious than poetical. Far be it from me, however, to say, that "the moral Spaniard" could not have been a poet. Corrupter of the Roman eloquence, as he is called, his prose works abound with passages of imaginative beauty, and metaphors of poetical felicity. That there was a rich vein of poetry in the family, his nephew Lucan affords an ample proof. His taste in composition is another thing. It may be as well to remark, in explanation of the present specimens, that Seneca was born at Corduba in Spain, and was for some time banished to the island of Corsica. I am, &c. T. D.

## TO CORSICA.

I.

Rude Corsica, thou worse than desert land,  
Held by thy rough Phœcean-race the while;  
More narrow than Sardinia's little strand,  
Only less wild than Elba's iron Isle:  
—Oh! streamy Corsica, whose flood-worn  
stones,  
Still whiten as thy fiercer summer's burn,  
Lie lightly on my banish'd—buried bones,  
Nor violate the exile's living urn.

II.

With these harsh rocks, my harder fates accord;  
Upon the desert earth my head is laid,  
No sunny fields, no dark ning groves afford  
My winter sustenance, my summer shade;  
No spring approaches here with cheering  
smile,  
No golden flow'rs, no herbs these deserts own,  
No—not the fire for the last funeral pile;  
—The outcast and his prison—are alone!

## THE COMPLAINT.

THOU, not content to see my bitter doom,  
Who at the very dead thy dart hast hurl'd,  
Beware;—a voice may issue from the tomb,  
To blast thy name and give thee to the world.

Hear, Envy, hear; the Powers above command,  
My spirit cries upon thee from the dust;  
Oh! let my tomb be sacred from thy hand,—  
Nor desecrate my inoffensive dust.

Believe, ev'n death itself takes not away  
The vital essence that existence gave,  
And honour, trampled in the very clay,  
Will vindicate his title from the grave.

## TO CORDUBA.

MY Corduba—with wild, dishevell'd hair,  
Pour forth lamentings—let thy drooping  
head  
And tear-soil'd face exhibit a despair,  
As if, in sooth, thy banish'd son were dead.

I know thy grief, methinks I see it all;  
Not louder could thy voice of anguish swell  
When fated Cæsar girt thy trembling wall,  
And Pompey shook thy ramparts ere he  
fell:

Not on that night for slaughter's work too  
brief,  
When death exulted, hand in hand with fate;  
Not when that Lusitanian robber chief  
Hurl'd his ignoble jav'lin at thy gate.

He, that was once thy pride, thy stay—alas!  
In exile on a barren-rock must lie;  
Chain'd as of yore the wretch Prometheus  
was,

And bound, like him, to live and not to die.

Oh! Corduba—far in the lovely west,  
Fast by the ocean-strand of pleasant Spain,  
Be thankful —; distant, thou art still at rest—  
Nor hear'st of storms—save those upon the main.

"*Omnia Tempus edax depascitur.*"

WHATEVER we see, do, hear of—all  
A prey to hungry Time must fall;  
Time, of all strengths, the only strong—  
And that which is, shall not be, long.

The gasping Rivers shall run dry;  
The Ocean from his sands shall fly;  
The Mountains pine to dwarfish size,  
And shrink beneath the threat'ning skies.

Those Skies shall in their turn, expire,  
Burn'd in their own rebellious fire—  
That death we fear, and would prevent,  
Is Nature's law—not punishment.

## Boxiana.

## No VIII.

## THE SABLE SCHOOL OF PUGILISM.

It is far from being our intention to attempt a philosophical history of pugilism. Indeed, the time is not come for such a work. The spirit of the age, though beyond all question a creative one, is not, in our opinion, likely to produce a genius equal to such a mighty task. In good truth, it may be doubted, if, throughout the whole history of man, one and the same age ever gave birth to great artists and great historians of art. It is therefore much more probable, that in future times—how remote we shall not say—there will be written the "History of the decline and fall of British Pugilism," than that any great work should appear, illustrative of its growth and perfection, by any one of the contemporaries of Mr Jackson or Tom Crib. Ages, in general, intervene between the performances of the powerful and their imperishable records. It is glory enough for one age to have given birth to such men as the Big Bens, the old and young Ruffians, the Game Chickens, the Dutch Sams, the Caleb Baldwins, and the Nonpareils. Let us not grudge to some future age the renown of a record worthy of their deeds. It is more than probable, that the hand destined to commit to paper a philosophical history of the ring, shall never wear a muffler. Such are the strange fluctuations of human affairs, and such the often accounted for, but still unaccountable variations in the course of human genius.

In indulging ourselves and our readers with these reflections, we mean them to be general, not by any means personal reflections. We are far from wishing to deny, that several of our living writers could compile a respectable history of pugilism—nay, we have, on many occasions, borne testimony to the merits, in particular, of one distinguished author, who has de-

ments of the first order to that

We confidently appeal to all rope, if we have not uniformly ken with enthusiasm of Mr Pierce Egan. Still we are compelled to believe, that within the next 1000 years, an historian may arise, more agreeable

to our thought of ideal perfection than even that most meritorious member of the Pugilistic Club. That first of requisites, that *sine qua non*, that one thing needfullest, of a historian, perfect *impartiality*, is not likely to exist within the bosom of anyone man born within the next half score centuries. Prejudices, predilections, against this, and in favour of that peculiar mode of fighting, will be transmitted from father to son, from son to grandson, from grandson to great-grandson, from great-grandson to great-great-grandson, and so on—absolutely corrupting the conscience of all judges of pugilism, till the stream of oral tradition be quite dried up on the lips of some extremely remote descendant of us now alive; and then, and not till then, can human nature be, in common fairness, held responsible for the production of an unexceptionable historian of pugilism. Let us not be mistaken. Mr Egan is as impartial on Pugilism as any man can be, born during the eighteenth century; but he has too warm a heart not to have his own little peculiar biases. It is obvious too, that we cannot expect from one man that which we shall afterwards see would be labour for fifty. Boxiana, then, is not a history of Pugilism; it was not intended to be so. It is a work in two volumes, pregnant with fancy, and overflowing with the most manly sensibilities—everywhere animated with a true British spirit. But we repeat, it is not—cannot be—was not intended for—a history of Pugilism. It is a noble sketch of the rise and progress of the science, at least equal, if we may say it without offence, to any of the preliminary dissertations by Playfair, Stewart, or Brande, in the Supplement. The philosophy is little, if at all, inferior—the learning is extensive, and certainly more accurate—and some parts of the subject, as, for example, the character of Crib, are, we think, more satisfactorily elucidated than any thing we remember in the Supplement. We think that character may be advantageously compared with the character drawn of Montaigne in one of the above dissertations.

There have, in this country, been Five Great Schools of Pugilism, the history of any one of which would be sufficient to occupy any given or supposable man during a long life; and if written as it should be, would do honour to the highest possible era of our future civilization. The First Great School of Pugilism, of whose principles and practice there are but few published records, is a wide and comprehensive school, including all the efforts of the Fancy from the first invasion of Britain by the Romans under Julius Cæsar, till the rise of Broughton. There were many sects of this school, each of which, indeed, might probably demand a separate historian. First of all, the Aboriginal School, on which all the succeeding schools were founded. Second, The Roman School, in its first pure union with the Aboriginal. Third, The School of Caractacus, which was the Lake School of Pugilism, founded on the basis of the boxing in ordinary life. Fourth, The Eclectic School, which flourished during the heptarchy. Fifth, The Saxon School, as originally founded by Hengist and Horsa. Sixth, The School of Samor (of which many interesting particulars are collected by a popular poet of our day, with a very appropriate name, Mr Millman), which revived the principles of the first great old Aboriginal British School, and is, in some measure, the basis of the whole of our present pugilism. Seventh, The Danish School, which turned out some excellent plants. Eighth, The Norman School, distinguished for its ruffians. Ninth, The School of Palestine, founded by King Baldwin, and that flourished during the time of the Crusades. Tenth, The Civil War School, during which came into fashion the Yorkshire hug and the Lancashire Purring, or Up-and-down system. Eleventh, The Elizabethan School, for which, we believe, there exist ample materials in the British Museum. Twelfth, The School of Queen Anne, or the Duke of Marlborough, ending in Fig. It is plain enough, that to write these histories as they should be written, would require twelve men of various erudition. We have already declared our belief, that the era is not yet come for such a work. At the same time, there are men now living, who, by devoting themselves to it wholly,

might do their portions respectably—as for example: *Aboriginal School*, Francis Maximus Macnab, author of a new Theory of the Universe. *Roman School*, the late Dr Mavor. *School of Caractacus*, Mr Wordsworth. *Eclectic School*, Rev. Mr Lingard. *Saxon School*, Mr Sharon Turner. *School of Samor*, Rev. Mr Millman. *Danish School*, Ehlerschlæger. *The Norman School*, Mr John Allen. *The School of Palestine*, Baron Bergami. *Civil War School*, Joseph Lancaster and Orator Hunt. *Elizabethan School*, Mr Reynolds. *School of Queen Anne*, Mr Jeffrey.

THE SECOND GREAT SCHOOL OF PUGILISM is that of Broughton, of which, to use the phraseology of Mr Egan, the "prime features" were strength and ferocity. Broughton himself, it is true, was a most scientific fighter; but it does not appear that his genius, though powerful, could control the spirit of the age, which was towards ruffianism. As we remarked on a former occasion, he deserves and enjoys the eternal gratitude of his country, for that "Code de Legislation," which, with few improvements by succeeding lawgivers, has, for the greatest part of a century, mildly regulated the British ring. But Broughton was born a century too soon. His fine, manly, and creative genius was altogether worthy of the present age. It is not possible for the philosophic pugilist to reflect, without the deepest melancholy, on that hard lot which gave him for patron the Duke of Cumberland, instead of Captain Barclay; or to think how many noble blows were thrown away upon an ungrateful people. It has been well said by Mr Coleridge, that a great poet must create the taste capable of enjoying his works. This is one of those fine remarks of a man of genius, that may, by a slight alteration of terms, be made applicable to a vast variety of different subjects. Perhaps its truth is most apparent in poetry, pugilism, and cookery. Thus, Milton was not at all relished during his own time. Paradise Lost was voted a bore on its first publication, and brought into notice at last by that profoundest of critics, Mr Addison. It then created a taste for itself, and has, we believe, gone through several editions. Mr Wordsworth's Excursion, in like manner, is slowly, very

slowly indeed, creating a taste for itself, and is, we perceive—which, we confess, surprises and alarms us—a prodigious favourite with the Cockneys. We should not be surprised to see it, in a few centuries, pretty much read. So was it with Ensign Odoherly's poetry. The Standard-bearer is now not far off forty; yet it is only within these very few years that he has taken his place among the classical poets of his country. In cookery, it is well known that the fume of Mrs Glasse and Mrs M'Iver did not spring up like a mushroom. We have heard it said, that the latter died of a broken heart, at her contemporaries' base neglect of her great haggis-receipt; nor was Mrs Glasse permitted to see much more than the first symptoms of that incipient taste which afterwards devoured her works with such greedy gusto. The fate of Mrs Rundle has been the sole exception we ever heard to Mr Coleridge's general rule. She at once made an irresistible appeal to the palates of her own generation, and all lips smacked her praise. She not only created new tastes, but improved existing, and revived obsolete ones. In roast, boil, and stew, she is equally great—fish, flesh, and fowl, under her magical hands, acquire a diviner nature—the past, present, and future, are equally within the circle of her power. She is like the universal Pan.—As in poetry and cookery, so is it in pugilism. Milton, Wordsworth, Odoherly—Glasse, M'Iver, Rundle—Jem Belcher, Scroggins, and the Gas-man, all equally (with the exception, as we have said, of Mrs Rundle) create the taste on which they feed and are fed. The chopper of Mendoza, the Game Chicken's left-handed lounge on the jugular, Belcher's cross-buttock, and Randal's one-two—all created a taste in the public mind which was not there before. Considerable opposition, too, continued, to the very last, to be made to them; but they were not to be stopped: nobody, at last, could shew their face against them; they bunged up the eyes of criticism, and drove him like paste out of the ring. There is comfort in all this, to those who believe in the perfectability of man.

The THIRD GREAT SCHOOL OF PUGILISM is that of Mendoza, or the Jewish School.—It had, at one time,

nearly overthrown Christianity in the ring of this country, and pious people began to tremble, when Gentleman Humphries, and the Bath Butcher, fell beneath the fist of the circumcised, and

Victorious Judah's Lion banner rose.

Bill Ward in vain strove to raise the hopes of Christendom. The Israhite felled the flower of the British youth, and proved successful in thirty pitched battles. At last John Jackson stripped, and Dan was overthrown. It was like the battle of Maida, an affair of about ten minutes. It was thought by some, that if the Jew, like his great countryman before him, Absalom, had worn a wig on the day of battle, the issue might have been different. Jackson took him by the hair—held him fast—smashed him for three minutes—and then dropped him dead-beat. At that time, no man in England could have stood before John Jackson—he had youth, length, strength, bottom, courage, and science, almost superhuman. Not even a wig—nor a bald-head—though both were afterwards suggested, could on that day have saved Mendoza. The Jewish School was no more. It will be for the historian, after he has told the tale of Mendoza's glory, and of its eclipse, to speak of the revival of the Jewish School, under Dutch Sam—its second overthrow by Knowlworthy the baker—and, again, of its restoration by Belasco. A nobler centre-piece for a grand historical picture cannot be well conceived than Dutch Sam. He never was beat. For when he fought the Master of the Rolls, were not his legs worn down to mere spindles, and as full of holes as two old moth-eaten copies of the Edinburgh Review? He absolutely fought in gaiters, that his backers might not see the wretched state of his pins. His face was as blue as an ill-washed dishcloth; his eyes as dull and watery as ill-fed oysters; and his whiskers, that used to bristle in fight like the beard of a Mussulman, hung on his chops like loose moss on a clammy wall. "His skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him"—and there cannot be a doubt that many third raters about the ring that day could have finished off Him who was once the best Israhite that ever floored a Christian.

We have this moment had put into our hands a very beautiful little article—a sonnet with notes—which is, evidently, the production of a poet and a pugilist; and should any of our readers be so unreasonable as to think us dull, let them enliven themselves into a more cheerful opinion of our powers, by the pleasure afforded them by another contributor. We beg leave to preface this sonnet by one or two explanatory observations. Mendoza and Tom Owen had a private quarrel—as we were told—and fought to decide it. Both men, of course, are old ones, and Owen won easy. The truth is, that some men stand old age much better than others, and so it was seen in this fight. Dan is done up, and can neither give nor take. But we think no reasonable person will blame him for having been gradually debilitated by time. There is Richmond, as old a man as either Dan or Tom; and he would dispose of them both in twenty minutes. But farther—it is a question if Mendoza ever could have beat Tom Owen. Tom never was any thing like a scientific boxer—at least when one thinks of him along with the Jew; but he had always more strength than Dan, and has beat as good, if not better men, than ever the

Israelite did. Many years ago we saw him do up Hooper when the Bully was in his prime. Now, Mendoza was afraid in his best days to fight the Tinman. Owen also was fast conquering Bartholomew, one of the best men that ever stripped, and who fought three desperate battles against Jean Belcher, when he put out his shoulder; and he subsequently did Jack. Let it not be said, then, that Mendoza fell at Banstead under an ignoble arm. We have thought it due both to Dan and Tom to say this much.

We do not like these battles among the old ones, and hope to hear no more about them. If veterans will quarrel, let them refer the point at issue to the decision of the Pugilistic club. We have not the smallest doubt that, had these two ancient pugilists called on Mr Egan, and stated to him what were their differences, he could have accommodated them without difficulty. It is very right to encourage fighting among young boys; but no man of fifty should be allowed to enter the prize ring. A man ought to have had his bellyful of fighting before that age. Of Tom Owen more hereafter. Now for the Sonnet.

## SONNET

*On the Battle between Mendoza and Tom Owen, at Banstead Downs,*

*July 4th, 1820.*

By W. W.

*Is this Mendoza?—This the Jew  
Of whom\* my fancy cherished  
So beautiful a waking dream,  
A vision which has perished.*

(Extempore on seeing the battle. W. W.)

“SUPERFLUOUS lags the veteran on the stage,”  
Said Samuel Johnson many a year ago,  
In stately verac; and now its truth we know  
When we behold Mendoza, bent with age,

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\* Query—*The Fancy?* But no. I crush the ungenerous sentiment. Mendoza's reputation has not perished in the souls of the Fancy. His imaginative faculties may have been clouded by age: they were mortal, and faded away; but his former deeds—his brilliant qualities—his undoubted valour—his unrivalled science, are written with a pencil of light, and, incapable of injury, will flourish as long as water flows, or tall trees bloom. When I said that the vision my fancy had formed had perished, I only meant, that the ideal creation I had figured to myself of Mendoza, had vanished in the cold consciousness of knowing his existence through the gross medium of the external senses. For, as the picture of the actual Yarrow flowing before the eyes, beautiful as it is, is less delightful than the imagined stream; so is the actual Mendoza than the fancied. W. W.



Throw up his hat at Banstead,\* and engage  
 Tom Owen!—That the diamond of the ring  
 In eighty-nine, the eastern star, the king  
 Of scientific pugilists, in the page  
 Of Boxiana, hymned by Fancy's pen  
 As one long swathed in glory, should forego  
 His old renown, appears to thoughtful men  
 Most tominous! O Daniel, Daniel O!†  
 Why, when you cried, I go to fight Ow-en,  
 Did no kind genius echo back N—O.§

THE FOURTH GREAT SCHOOL OF PUGILISM is the Belcher, or Bristol School. We believe that it was the intention of the late Mr Windham to have written the history of this School, at least of its great founder, Jem Belcher, but he was prevented by death. We hereby offer a prize (a complete set of the Magazine during the life of the successful competitor) for the best "Essay on the genius of Belcher," to be given in, on or before the first of January 1821. The prize will be adjudged by a committee of contributors, consisting of Odoherty, Ourselves, Mr Jackson, Mr Ambrose, George Cooper, and the Fighting Rector. On this account, we shall not, at present, offer any observations on the genius of Belcher.

The successful elege will appear in our January number, and the next in merit can be sent to Baldwin.

THE FIFTH GREAT SCHOOL OF PUGILISM is the Sable School, and it is with some remarks upon it, and a few of its principal ornaments, that we are desirous of concluding this article.

We never felt so grateful to Mr Clarkson and Mr Wilberforce, for their humane exertions to procure the abolition of the slave trade, as when we first saw Molineaux knock down Crib. At once all distinction of colour was lost. We saw before us two human beings—and our hearts beat for the cause of liberty all over the world.

It is true that Molineaux was not an African black—but that is nothing to

\* I have seen some illiberal criticism asserting that Mendoza has sunk in repute since this unfortunate encounter, vid. int. alia the Sporting Magazine, for July, p. 174. &c. Narrow-hearted critics! as if the senilities of genius were to make us forget its meridian splendour! Did the tears of dotage make Marlborough less the flower of generals? Did the drivelling of Swift render him less the first of wits? Did the *litterarum obliuio* of Orbilius degrade him from the rank of prince of pedagogues? Did Porson's last moments—But no more. If these questions be answered, as they must, in the negative, how can we affirm that the folly of Mendoza's old age has made us forget the conqueror of Humphries, of Martin, of Bill Ward—the hero of THIRTY pitched battles?

† Whether omens attended the ill-fated fight I know not. Cervantes, however, appears to have prophetically alluded to Mendoza's misfortune, in *Don Quixote*, part II. chap. 55. "Derramasele al otro Mendoza la sal encima de la mesa, y derramasele a el la melancolia [Smollett translates this *far* and melancholy—a mere gratuitous libel on Mendoza] como si estuviere obligada la naturaleza a dár senales de las venidas de desgracias." Smollett sinks the name of Mendoza, thereby spoiling a fine prophecy. To be sure he puts it in his note; but is this treating his author with due respect? I should be glad to know whether Mendoza did actually spill any salt on the fatal morning of the 4th of July? As he is a "constant reader" of your Magazine, I hope he will inform us, without delay, on this important subject.

‡ Borrowed from—

• O Sophonisha! Sophonisha O!

J. THOMSON.

• O Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson O!

ANONYMOUS, from the gallery.

• O Huncamunca! Huncamunca O!

TOM THUMB.

§ I confess my obligation here to the much-honoured tome of Joe Miller, for this reflex echo of the name of Ow-en: "Can I," says a certain person in Josephus, "see Mr Ow-en?" "N-O," was the reply of the facetious domestic, to whom the question was addressed. I may remark, that Mr Miller is rather lax in omitting to assign date, name, and place, to his amusing, but little-credited tales. The reader is frequently inclined to suspect that "a certain person," "a gentleman once," "a fair lady," "a great wit," are mere figures of the author's brain. An authentic Joe Miller is a desideratum, and I am happy to hear that the reverend Sydney Smyth is at present editing one.

the purpose. He was a black—nay, *the* black—and that was enough to kindle in our bosoms the enthusiasm aforesaid. But softly. Let us attend to our chronology.

Richmond is the founder of the Sable or Lily-white School of Pugilism—and though he is now hard upon sixty, we would not advise Mr Hobhouse, Mr Whitbread, or any other rough young commoner, to take a turn up with him. Bill is a man of good education, and has seen the world. He was born in the sixty-three, at a place called Cuckold's Point, otherwise Richmond, near New York, America, from which he took his name. Mr Egan tells us, that he was "born under the auspices of a reverend divine of the name of Charlton," an ambiguous expression, which leaves us in our simplicity, doubtful whether Dr Charlton acted on the occasion as father, clergyman, or accoucheur. The ambiguity is increased by the unfortunate juxta-position of the word "Cuckold's Point." A question arises—was Dr Charlton, if really the father, a black—or is Richmond a Lily-white by the mother's side. Endeavouring to forget this perplexing passage, we go on to state, that Richmond became valet to Colonel Percy, (the late Duke of Northumberland) and on his arrival in England was put to school, where he made good progress in his studies, and learnt to write a very fair hand for a black man, as several letters to us, now in our possession, and which may probably see the light some day, can testify. He served his apprenticeship to a cabinet-maker in York—and distinguished himself in several battles in that neighbourhood, with men heavier than himself by several stone. Docky Moore, the champion of the 19th regiment—two crack-men of the Inniskillins—a fighting blacksmith—Frank Meyers, a bagnio-bully—and others, fell beneath his arm. Mr Egan does not tell us what took him to London—but we remember that he was in the service of Lord Canelford, when he had his first turn-up in town with George Maddox. Bill was intimidated by the yelling of the mob on that occasion—more especially by the addresses of the ladies, married and unmarried—and on receiving a flush hit on the eye in the 4th round, bolted

and called for his clothes. This did not prognosticate great things of the Lily-white—but Richmond has often told us, that he fought merely to try what he could do with a good Londoner, (and Maddox was a good one) and that as it was a mere trial-battle, he gave in as soon as he knew he had the best of it. This was at least ingenious in Bill; and his subsequent battle with George, in which he slaughtered him, inclines us to think that he, in some measure, spoke the truth. His first public set-to in London was with one Green a whip-maker, whom he did under the ten minutes. Bill was now talked of as a formidable right-handed hitter—and was matched on the 21st of May 1805, with Youssop, a dangerous and heavy Jew. Bill fought entirely at the face, and in six rounds his opponent looked so queer, that his seconds did not think him produceable—and our hero had the purse—ten guineas. Fletcher Reid now took Richmond by the hand, and backed him against Jack Holmes the coachman, a boxer who at that time had the whip-hand of all the Jchus in town. It was a lively and severe battle—but coachie had no chance after the sixth round—and was dreadfully punished. Richmond was now near the top of the tree—and thought proper to fight Tom Crib. We have heard that fight described as a burlesque. Bill danced about the ring for upwards of an hour, so that Tom could not make a single hit tell. At last he touched Lily-white on the mouth, and on the mark, and Dr Charlton's son immediately gave in. It was in all respects a bad battle—and was discreditable to both combatants. But as we have a sincere respect for both Mr Richmond and Mr Crib, we shall say no more about the matter. Bill next fought one Carter, a countryman of great strength and weight, and who had tried a taste of milling from Gulley and Jem Belcher, not without credit. In the fourth round, Richmond was levelled, in such good style, that it was thought he could not come again, and the odds rose to twenty to one on Carter. But our friend recovered himself—and in twenty-five minutes cut Carter to pieces. He soon afterwards kneaded the dough of a seventeen stone baker; and took the conceit out of Atkinson the Banbury Bargeman. It was now no easy mat-

ter to find a customer for Richmond. At length, Isaac Wood the waterman, entered the lists with Bill for a purse of thirty guineas. We were present. It was a good and bloody battle. It was pleasant to see the cruel punishment the waterman received for the last ten rounds. His wife could not have known him. Bill was slightly pinked on the left side of his nob, but his beauty was not at all spoiled—and he kept laughing during the whole fight. At the close of one round, when Bill had got his adversary on the ropes, he went over him in a summerset, in a way that we do not remember to have seen practised either before or since. It caused much merriment.—Bill next fought his old conqueror Maddox—and as we have said, beat him, after a severe combat of fifty-two minutes. His next set-to was with that promising boxer Jack Power, who afterwards vanquished Carter, lately the soi-disant champion. The fight was in a room by candle-light—and in a quarter of an hour Jack Power was defeated; at least, he was not ready in time, and the thing was decided against him. It was a pity that Jack Power died not long afterwards, for we still think that he and Richmond would have made an excellent fight. Richmond's next battle was with Davies, a young man of great strength and activity, and considerable science. The odds were in the Bargeman's favour at setting to; and he fought well and heroically; but losing temper, he rushed on Bill's murderous right hand, and was sacrificed within the half hour. It was now understood that Richmond had left the ring, being considerably upwards of fifty—but he and Shelton, one of the most formidable men on the list, having had a private quarrel, a match was made, and Richmond was again victorious. We were present. Shelton seemed to be winning it easy to an unpractised eye—and a Cockney, lolling on the grass beside us, offered us odds on Shelton, which we took. Bill's right hand, we saw, was at its work; and the navigator kept following him, great as he was, over the ring, till he fell like a log, at the end of every round, and was carried away speechless, while Ebony scarcely looked as if he had been a contributor—quite calm and unruffled.

From this sketch of Rich-

mond's performances, it is evident, that at Oxford he would have been a first class man; and at Cambridge, probably senior wrangler. We scarcely see on what principle he could well be beat. His activity is miraculous. His bounds are without bounds, boundless. His right arm is like a horse's leg; that is, it's blow like a kick of that quadruped. So what boxer, pray, seeing it is impossible to hit him, and impossible to avoid being hit by him, could, with any safety, be matched against the Lily-white?

Next to Richmond, the greatest glory of the Sable School, unquestionably was Molineaux. He never was so scientific a fighter as his master—but his prodigious power put him at once at the top of the tree. He was indeed what Milton or Egan would call "a grim feature" in pugilism. He was descended, we are told, "from a warlike hero, who had been the conquering pugilist in America," and after slaughtering, with ease and affluence, a prime Bristol lad, and Tom Tough, who had fought Crib an hour, he was matched to fight the Champion. In that great battle, which, as all the world knows, was fought on the 18th December 1810, at Copthorn, Sussex, —Crib was victorious. It is our intention, on an early occasion, to enter at large into the merits of this contest—and in spite of that odium which we well know we shall incur from some quarters of the highest respectability, we shall not fear to speak the truth.

"*Plat justitia—ruat cælum.*"

Of the second battle, at Thisselton-gap, there never was but one opinion. The Black had no chance. But in the first—for the present, however, we refrain from entering into particulars. When we do speak out, let some people look to it. *Verbum sapientibus.*—No good could arise to any one from tracing the decline and fall of Molineaux, from the most formidable boxer that ever threw up his castor, down to a mere apology for a fighting man, whom any tight stripling could have licked. When he fought Carter, he was useless altogether—and two such knavish poltroons never disgraced a British ring. His fight with George Cooper, in Scotland, was somewhat better—but his strength had left him—his wind was thick as butter—his side as soft as wheat-sheaves—and

his temper and courage destroyed altogether. Cooper, who, beautiful fighter as he is, could not have stood before him many rounds in the days of his power, cut him up in seventeen minutes! Molincaux died a few years ago in Ireland—miserably reduced.

"So fades, so languishes, grows dim, and dies,  
All that the ring is proud of."

We beg leave just to ask, where is the twelve-stone man who could have fought Richmond ten or twelve years ago? He himself used to say, that he was willing to fight any twelve-stone man in England, except Jem Belcher. Jem, indeed, would have tickled his toby for him in a brief space—but he was a match, in good truth, for any other pugilist of or about that weight in England. As for Molincaux—without entering upon a subject which we have pledged ourselves to discuss most fully before long—who, it may be well asked, could have fought him, had he been regularly bred to boxing in Europe—had he taken to training kindly, which in the captain's hands ~~he would have done~~—had he met with universal encouragement before and during the battle, and had he led a regular life? We answer, nobody. We suspect that our opinion coincides with that of Mr Egan.

Since Richmond and Molincaux left the ring, Sutton is the best black we have; and some good judges prefer him, but absurdly, to both those heroes. He is a fierce, boney, overshadowing fighter, of six foot three, and his arms are tremendous. In his first battle with Painter, he thrashed that gentlemanly pugilist to his heart's content. In his second conflict he was defeated. Painter had fed too well on the Norfolk fowls. His condition was so high, that it might be called *unfair condition*. Sutton is none the worse for wear. Painter, we suspect, is. And if they ever fight again, we back the sable warrior for a leg of mutton and trimmings.

These are what Dr Parr would call the *Tria Lumina Nigrorum*; and we have little to say of the other pugilists of the Sable School. Sam Robinson is not to be sneezed at, and indeed an ugly customer, both literally and figuratively. When last in Edinburgh, a Scotch mason fancied him, and a few of us made up a small purse for them to contend for. Sam had it all his own way, and in fifteen minutes "accomplished his object." If the mason was indeed a crack Edinburgh boxer, Scotland is behind the rest of the world several centuries in pugilism. Sam floored him perpetually, and beat his face to a jelly, without getting a scratch. Of the fight between Sam and Cooper, of which such a flaming account is given in *Boxiana*, we beg leave just to say, that it was no fight at all, but a manifest cross, and that Cooper ought not to have lent himself to such a match, being able to fight half a dozen such fellows as Sam, any morning before breakfast. No such battle as that recorded in *Boxiana*, between Sam and one Fangil, ever took place, but we are sorry to say that we, and not Mr Egan, are to blame for its insertion, as we sent the account of the fight to a provincial newspaper—by way of a bam. Stephenson, the black, is a bad one. Young Massa, whom we saw lick Caleb Baldwin in spite of his heart, has gone the way of all flesh we suppose. Of the new American black wholately fought Fred. Strong, the Hampshire blacksmith, we know nothing. And there are, we know, a number of other members of the Sable School, who thump their way respectably through the kingdom, dangerous to Johnny Raws, and not to be meddled with rashly by young gentlemen amateurs; ugly customers enough in a country ball-room, and tamers of turnpike men; but who, nevertheless, could not stand half a dozen rounds before a good London fighter.

LETTER FROM JAMES HOGG TO HIS REVIEWER.\*

SIR,—Had your article contained nothing but sarcasms upon the vulgarity of my style, and the coarseness of my taste, I should most undoubtedly have passed it over altogether, because

these are matters concerning which, I am pretty well satisfied, the world will not be inclined to pin its faith on the sleeve of any Edinburgh Reviewer—far less of such an Edinburgh Re-

\* See the Review of Hogg's *Jacobite Relics* in the *Edinburgh Review*, No 67. p. 148. Vol. VIII.

viewer as you appear to be. Moreover, had the Review of my Jacobite Relics been itself composed in such a style as could have given me any suspicions that I had been engaging the attention of my old friend, Mr Jeffrey himself, or indeed of any of the original supporters of his work, I should have found means of a different sort, to offer my explanation, and express my opinion. But as it is, I see plainly that the agreeable and friendly conductor has been permitting one of his asses to have a kick at me, and therefore I must be on no ceremony with him. What is worse, I see that he has permitted my *veracity* to be called in question, and my *sincerity* to be impeached—and, therefore, have at you!

Before I proceed, however, I must do myself the justice to say, that whatever I may utter, I have no intention to hurt the feelings of Mr Jeffrey, a gentleman for whose honourable character I have always entertained, and still entertain, a real respect, and for whose person I shall, in spite of every thing, feel a sincere affection as long as my name is James Hogg. No, sir, I am sensible that the strenuous support I have all along avowedly given to Blackwood's Magazine, must without doubt have placed my excellent and valued old acquaintance in rather a queer sort of situation in regard to me, and any thing I write. Before the thing was actually put to the proof, it is indeed true, I had a different opinion of my good friend's understanding—(*gumption* is the word that would spontaneously have come to the point of my pen, but then you would say it is so vulgar);—I must confess, at that period of time, had any body asked me, in a convivial meeting, to give the health of "one that can give and take a joke with equal good humour," there was no name I would more readily have propounded than that of my friend FRANCIS JEFFREY. The occasional pleasant and merry meetings I had with him, who is always so agreeable, would have put me up to propose such a bumper with the same fearless resolution. But now, I am concerned to admit, the case stands indeed very differently. The proof of the pudding is the eating thereof, as we say; and the fact is, that the world is satisfied Mr Jeffrey cannot take a joke, however good-humoured; on

the contrary, that he is one of the most thin-skinned individuals extant. The rage he was imprudent enough to discover in all companies, when he first felt himself grappled with by Wastle, Tickler, and some of the rest of us, was, of itself, sufficient to establish this fact; and, as to the animosity he expressed towards the Baron Lauerwinkel, for his letter to Mr Playfair—that was quite extraordinary, and beyond all bounds of previous credibility.

In the very last number of the Review, Mr Jeffrey himself says of the Abbe de Pradt, that "a *ci-devant* archbishop of the church of Rome impeaches his past or his present sincerity when he laughs at *processions*," (p. 23.) and nothing can be more just than the apophthegm—Yet what did the letter to Laugner say, except in substance, the very same thing? The very same individual position formed the principal substratum of its reasoning. "A *ci-devant* clergyman of the Church of Scotland impeaches his past or his present sincerity when he derides *miracles*." No index-maker could analyse the essence of that capital paper more accurately; and yet this was the very thing that decomposed, never to be re-established, the philosophic equanimity of Mr Jeffrey, and made him utter nonsense, the recollection of which will cause him to blush in private every time the circumstance recurs to his recollection, (and these times, I take it, will not be few nor far asunder.)

When Mr Jeffrey had allowed himself to be so entirely taken off his feet in relation to others—how could I be so vain as to expect that he would continue to regard me alone with an unaltered eye of benignity. No, no, I was not such a fool, whatever ye may take me for.—From the moment THE CHAIDEL was published I perceived plainly that war was openly proclaimed—and all the world perceived as plainly that I had taken my side. I *had* taken my side—and I rejoiced in avowing it. Nothing on earth could have persuaded me to take the opposite side—if any thing could, it would certainly have been my regard for Jeffrey; but then there were feelings of that order arranged in the opposite region also; and, to make Jeffrey's beam kick Olympus, there I had PRINCIPLE and established SENSE OF RIGHT engaged, to attract

and detain me! The man, the patriot, the Christian, all were roused within me—and FRIENDSHIP was not awanting to unite her voice with that of *philanthropy, loyalty, and religion*.—In a word, I had joined the standard beneath whose auspices the old tyranny of the Edinburgh Review was doomed (well I foresaw that issue) to be levelled in the dust; and from that hour I threw away the scabbard.—I did not, indeed, expect that the spirit of warfare would have been allowed to radiate its influences quite so widely as it has done. I did not expect—but what matters it to rip up old sores? Enough—I knew what I had to look for—had I met with better I would not have been ungrateful—as it is, I have no reason and no inclination to complain of any thing I have personally sustained at the hand of Mr Jeffrey. I have done what I thought and think my duty, and I have formed my opinion for myself. Let him lay his hand on his heart and say, (if he can) “SO HAVE I.”

Mr Jeffrey, I shall always think and always say, is a GENTLEMAN, and therefore it would be the last thing I would think of to provoke any quarrel with him; yet I must take leave to express my opinion, that if he was determined to have his old acquaintance dressed in his Review, he should have taken care to put me into hands of some decency and civility—not into the paws of such an illiterate clumsy booby as you. Who you are I know not; nor, unless you be one of the low Scotsman crew, or perhaps Macvey Napier, can I even presume to form a guess as to the probability of that delicate point. In either of these suppositions, I confess I can, as matters stand, see nothing altogether unlikely, although the day has been when I should have been loath, very loath indeed, to believe Mr Jeffrey capable of contaminating his Journal by admitting the productions of any such scribblers within its cover. I well know (and so does every body that ever stepped into a printing office) that a certain proportion of what is technically called BALAAM must go to fill up the pages of every periodical work, from the Scotsman to the Edinburgh Review inclusive. In setting up a newspaper, for example, when there is any dearth of public or private intelligence of interest, the foreman says to the editor,

“Well, sir, I suppose we must just take enough of *Balaam* to make out the rest of this column,”—and so it is done. Accounts of “enormous turnips grown within a gentleman’s garden in Surrey”—reports of a “new mermaid” having been discovered “in Orkney”—particulars of the “private life of Bonaparte at St Helena”—“curious meteorological facts”—“distressing accidents in Ireland”—“horrible murder near Rouen”—“spirited behaviour of Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P.”—“charitable disposition of her late majesty”—“mummy”—“Roman coins discovered near the Watling Street,”—“labourer’s wife delivered of three male children”—“singular coincidence,” &c. &c. &c. these are all the sorts of things that come under the *Balaam* department of a newspaper. It is the same in the best works, and therefore it is no disgrace to the Edinburgh Review that it also should contain a whacking proportion of *Balaam*; but it is a disgrace to such a work that it should stoop to receive even its *Balaam* at the hands of such people as Mr Macculloch of the Scotsman (the great corn-bill genius)—Mr Macvey of the Supplement (Lord Bacon’s fly, as he is called now), or the illustrious Reviewer of my Jacobite Relics.

The whole of the first part of your article, sir, is clearly taken out of the old *Balaam*-box, and inserted here with no greater propriety than it might have been in any other part of any Whiggish journal. To hear the very name of any one steadfast, rational, liberal-minded Tory mentioned, is enough, I well know, to turn the sweetest of Whig beverages into vinegar at the moment of its concoction. That is no news. What then must be your vexation when you have put into your hands a book—and a popular book—full of Toryism—honest, open, avowed Toryism—such as mine? One would acquire the financial genius of a Brougham to calculate the exact amount of the spleen set into motion on such an occasion. For me—I do not pretend to hazard even the remotest conjecture concerning it. It is well that it should be so—you all have *spleen*, and on such occasions your spleen must effervesce; it is right and proper that you should allow it to effervesce, otherwise it would burst you. The Review is the safety-valve which keeps you in existence, and why should

you not cherish it? Balaam is your weapon, and why should ye not use it? Ye are asses, and why should ye not bray?

Give me abuse as much as you will—by all means—but one thing only I ask of you: utter no falsehoods—speak not that which is not. Abuse me as much as you please for being a Tory, but on no account deny that I am one when I say I am. You are well aware in your own secret hearts, that there are such beings as conscientious Tories. Good heavens! how you would leap and skip, could ye persuade yourselves for one single moment that there are not. There is no need to fight about mere names. You are well aware, to your woe and sorrow, and utter confusion of face, that by far the greater part of the talent, and virtue, and property of the nation, is steadfastly arrayed against your Radico-Whiggish system; and that, could the sensible men of Great Britain and Ireland be polled upon such a question, the votes, to mark you out as enemies of the peace and honour of the land, would exceed those in behalf of you by numbers without number numberless. This you *know*. In case you did not know or believe it before, I tell you now, and you must now *know* it, that I am one of the firmest of those, by whatever name you may choose to call them, that understand, and despise, and execrate your system of belief, or rather, I should say, of disbelief, both religious and political. I am not only one of the firmest of the adherents of the adverse cause now, but I have been all along one of the most consistent. To your limited perception it may indeed appear a very extraordinary and unintelligible affair, that a man born and bred in the bosom of the people—a shepherd on the hills of Ettrick, should avow himself to have been, from his earliest days, a scorner of those low flatteries with which you are accustomed to court the applause of the vulgar—a believer in the honour of the aristocracy, and a lover of the monarchy of his native land. Yet the thing, most unhappy Reviewer, is even so: and, what is more, I live here in a beautiful, wild, and romantic region of the land, the inhabitants of which, high and low—Scotts, Pringles, Balantynes, Brydens, Laidlaws, and Hogg—are all (I may say *all*, for the exceptions are imperceptible in

quantity, and in quality worthless) *all* animated with the same belief—*all* born and nursed in the same principles—*all* ready, at a moment's warning, to mount and draw for the protection of those institutions, which, with unceasing pertinacity, you have assailed for twenty years,—which, God be praised, you have as yet ineffectually assailed—and which, I trust, will form the happiness and glory of our children's children, long after it shall have been forgotten that such a thing as the Edinburgh Review ever existed, to say nothing of you and the like of you, that are no better than disgraces to the Review, such as it is.

But I have no intention to enter into general disquisition—it does not suit me; and I am aware of my own place, however different the case may be with those I am encountering.

All I had in view when I took up my pen, was to rebuke you for the impudence of one or two specific assertions which you have made, derogating, in a very important manner, from my credibility as a historian and a collector of historical monuments. And to this I would fain confine myself—but how is it possible I should pass over all that malicious trash you have heaped together about Jacobitism (poor Jacobitism!) at the threshold of your article? You surely are not serious, when you accuse me of being a serious defender of the *doctrines* of Jacobitism. You do not surely believe in your heart, that I think the majority of the British nation were in the wrong, when they placed the crown on the head of the first of the present august family. You would not have the face to say that it is so, if you were asked the question in any private company: and yet you have the audacity to put down that statement slap-dash, and without the vestige of authority—without either rhyme or reason, as I may say—in the Edinburgh Review. I and all my kindred have always loved and honoured the protestant succession; and if you will look into my Brownie of Bodsbeck, you will perhaps see enough to satisfy you, that I am neither a papist, nor an approver of persecutions either civil or religious. But, sir, although I am neither a papist nor a believer in the old doctrine of *Jus Divinum*, I have that about me that makes me feel great respect for the character of a

conscientious papist, and what you probably esteem a still more odious character, that of a conscientious Jacobite also. I have no hesitation, and no shame, in making the confession; and a similar confession, whatever you may say to the contrary, was made by the late lamented venerated sovereign of these realms, King George III. himself. And here I come at once to the point with you. I say in my book, "His Majesty having been told of a gentleman of family and fortune in Perthshire, who had not only refused to take the oath of allegiance to him, but had never permitted him to be named as king in his presence: 'Carry my compliments to him,' said the king—but no—what—stop—no; he may perhaps not receive my compliments as King of England—give him the Elector of Hanover's compliments, and tell him that he respects the steadiness of his principles." Now, what does my Reviewer say to this story? Why, truly, it throws him into a perfect fume, and he swears his late Majesty was no more capable of making such a speech "than Mr Pitt was of dying with *Oh! my country!* on his lips."

Whether Mr Pitt died with *Oh! my country!* on his lips or not, I cannot pretend to say, because I am in a solitary place here, and have no means of scrutinizing the facts; but I think no honest man can doubt that he died as he had lived, with *Oh! my country!* in his heart. As for the story about good King George the Third, I think I shall put that to rest for ever, when I inform my Reviewer, that I had the story from my publisher, Mr Blackwood, who had it from the late Mr Home Drummond of Blairdrummond, to whom it was told by Mr Oliphant of Gask, the very gentleman to whom this message was conveyed at the king's own request and command, in the very words I have stated by the then member for the county of Perth. I may add, that the story is just as well known in that part of the country as the issue of the field of Culloden. Mr Oliphant was an old gentleman, universally loved and respected; and although, from a scruple of conscience he would not take the oaths to King George, nor permit him to be mentioned, otherwise than as the Elector of Hanover, in his presence, he had, at the moment when this royal message was delivered

to him, three sons high in his Majesty's service, all as gallant soldiers as ever drew sword under the House of Brunswick.

Another story I tell of his late Majesty is contradicted with equal pith and brevity by this manful Reviewer; and yet it is equally true, although just at this moment I do not feel myself at liberty to give its pedigree in the same manner. It refers to his Majesty having apologised, to some Scottish gentlemen, for calling the unfortunate Chevalier de St George by the name of "the Pretender," saying, "Prince Charles Stuart I mean." His late Majesty did say these words—and what is more, I believe it is pretty well known that his present Majesty is accustomed to speak of the same unhappy person in terms of equal respect. And after all, say what you will, Mr Radical, will you deny that Charles Edward was entitled to be called a prince? Do you hold the blood of a hundred kings for nothing, mere nothing? Do you think the grandson of James II. was not, in courtesy, entitled to be mentioned in some other more respectful style than a person of plebeian birth—a mere *terra filius* like me, for example, or like yourself, Mr Reviewer? It is impossible that you will hold up your face to such a foolish proposition. If you do, your very friends will laugh at you, and perhaps whistle "the Deil took away the Exciseman," or some other well known comical and derisory tune in your ear. As for the phraseology of "Prince Charles Stuart," till you suggest a more appropriate one I shall continue to believe that it was adopted *ad litteram* by King George III. I am informed, by my minister, that it is the universal phraseology of Voltaire and all other continental historians of the last century. But, perhaps Macvey Napier, Esquire, is your authority, and I have little doubt you think him a much better judge of etiquette than either Francis Marie Arrouette de Voltaire, gentleman of the bed-chamber to Louis XV. or even George the Third, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. As for the stories themselves, the truth is, sir, that no trait in the late good king's character was better known or more highly approved of by the whole of his subjects, (a few of your innately envious Whigs alone excepted,)



than this of his regard—or to speak more properly—his reverence for the honour and upright principle of these faithful old Jacobites—or if you choose to call them so, Tories. I do not, however, wonder at finding a Balaamite, like yourself, denying (which is your way of condemning) those beautiful anecdotes I have narrated, concerning our late venerated sovereign. I had almost forgot to mention, that the story which seems to have chiefly moved your indignation, had been told before my book was written, in the Quarterly Review, (see the article on the Culloden papers), by one whose notions, whether of historical accuracy or “courtly etiquette, you will probably not venture to treat in quite the same style of easy, “coarse,” “vulgar,” and “ignorant” indifferent contempt with which you have been pleased to indulge the Ettrick Shepherd.

So much for the “pith and marrow” of your critique, Mr Whig; but to pass from matter to manner, what would you think, suppose I should just stop a little

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and see what kind of a style you write yourself, you who are so desperate severe a critic on other folk. I’m thinking your style is as bald as the face of “Jem Thomson’s auld mare;” and it is plain you have no idea of composition. We’ll go through the critique, for a little, sentence by sentence; and it will soon be seen that you are no deacon in the trade.

1st sentence.—“We gather from some remarks in the introduction to this volume, that the *undertaking* was suggested at a meeting of the Highland Society of London, to which it is dedicated.” I object to the use of the word “gather” here, which is perfect nonsense. It should have been, “we are told,” or, “Mr Hogg informs us,” or some other synonyme of that sort. “To gather,” is an operation of the mind; but here there was no operation of the mind on your part. “The *undertaking*” is a vague, and vulgar, and tautological expression, “To which” is ambiguous. Do you mean to say that “the undertaking was dedicated to a meeting of the Highland Society?” If so, you speak daily, if not obscurely.

Sentence 2d.—You speak of “mo-

numents raised, hurrying swiftly to oblivion;” which is not good. A monument decays, but it does not hurry swiftly to oblivion. Who ever heard, for example, of an old castle hurrying down the stream of time?

Sentence 3d.—At the same time it cannot be denied, that the language held “upon this subject,” &c. What subject? None is mentioned. The expression is lax.

Sentence 4th.—“The controversy between the two families,” say you, “is wholly laid at rest,” and “long ago it ceased to be at all a practical question.” What do you mean by “the controversy?” Writing or fighting? Ballads or bloodshed? Learn to speak, my good man, intelligibly. I will give any man ten pounds, that is, a sheet of Blackwood, to shew me any sense in this stuff about “a practical question.” It is just words without meaning, like a bit of Macvey’s Essay on Lord Bacon.

Sentence 4th.—You speak of “a sort of speculative Jacobitism,” being “a sort of twin brother to the new-fangled doctrine of legitimacy.” You must have a fearful bad ear to endure the jingle there, man; and, besides, “twin brother to a new-fangled doctrine,” is terrible bad writing. Neither is the doctrine of legitimacy new-fangled, I am sure. I wonder what makes some folk write so much about legitimacy and illegitimacy. Cannot they hold their tongues? It is surely better to be legitimate than illegitimate any day of the year.

I pass over the next six or seven sentences, as altogether beyond my comprehension. Only let me ask where the following gentlemen live, and what trade they follow, for I have met with none such either in Edinburgh or about Yarrow. “They hate the cause of popular principles—they dislike a free and rational government—they had rather see a king unfettered by a Parliament—a judge unchecked by a jury—and a press free to praise only the stronger side, and restrained from palliating all abuses save those only of power.” Good guide us, there are no such folks in this island.

Sentence 15.—“To promulgate such doctrines openly, even at this time of day, and large as the strides are which have been made within a few years, might not be altogether safe and sure.” Just tell us, before you go farther, who made the strides you speak of,

and what sort of strides they are? I have seen the flying Tailor of Staveley, in Westmoreland, and also him of Ettrick, take large strides—but there is something fearsomely mysterious in hearing of “large strides taken within a few years,” and knowing nothing more of the matter. This is a stupid way of writing.

Sentence 16.—“*Mr Scott's* avowed writings are not entirely free from this imputation—and those still more popular works which are so generally ascribed to him, abound with instances of the spirit of which we are speaking.” Again, “*Walter Scott's* bad and bald jokes:” call folk by their right names, you jackanapes, for that is only good manners. You may do what you like with your own name—but hold your hands off the mighty.

Sentence 18.—You say no one could have blamed Mr Hogg, “If, like a truly able and successful defender of those bad principles, *David Hume*, he had contrived to make the worse appear the better reason, by dexterity of statement and skilful narrative.” I never expected to have seen the day when I was to be likened to David Hume. I really cannot help laughing myself at this juxtaposition of names. James Hogg and David Hume! Then you gravely tell us that Hume was a “truly able” man. This is a discovery with a vengeance. Oh, man! “truly able” is just one of the stupidest epithets I ever saw. It makes one almost sick and squeamish to look at it. Then, who ever heard of “a successful defender of bad principles?” I am sure that even our enemies will not think this good against me—and David Hume.

Sentence 19.—“His is not that judicious abstinence which gains what greediness never can reach—that delicate hand which feels its way, and gains admittance where brute force knocks in vain.” These are, most undoubtedly, two of the very worst metaphors that I ever saw in literature. The charge, too, is perfectly false. I am not a greedy man, though I take my victuals well; and I am sure that I put it into a better skin than some I could mention. Abstinence, in my opinion, is never judicious, except when one has nothing to eat—and that is not likely to be my case, so long as there are mawkins and moorfowl within the bounds of the forest, fish in Yarrow, and

trouts in St Mary's Loch. As to a delicate hand, I never had pretensions to it—but it has felt its way, notwithstanding, wherever there was occasion; and, as to gaining admittance, I have had doors opened to me, before now, by better men in livery than the author of this article. Nobody will accuse him, poor fellow, of “brute force;” for he is weak as a willow. Skip over a page or two of drivelling, which I have already done for, and observe your stupidity in what follows. “His Majesty was a plain rational person, utterly incapable of such nonsense. The folly of it was as much beneath his good sense as the conceit of it was beyond his ingenuity.” Yet immediately afterwards you say, “the kind of message—the vile buffoonery and clumsy conceit of it really evinces a degree of vulgarity and affectation in the writer,” &c. What an ass you are, man, to contradict yourself in that stupid way. You speak of his late Majesty as if you had lived all your lifetime on the strictest intimacy with him. You could not speak more familiarly of Mr Constable, nor I of Mr Blackwood. “Mr Blackwood is a plain rational person, altogether incapable of such nonsense!” This is a free and easy way of talking of a king, whose face, I presume, you never saw but on a copper coin, and may be called, in your own phraseology, “a sort of twin-brother to the new-fangled doctrine of illegitimacy.” I have told, in my book, two or three anecdotes of his late Majesty, on the authority of men of honour and rank. You say they are false, because they are not agreeable to your opinion of the King's character and general habits; and pray, who are you, who lived so familiarly with his late Majesty. You are not the gentleman; are you, who once happened to sleep in the same bed with Theodore, king of Corsica, and complained of him because he wore spurs, and vowed never again to sleep in the same bed with a king? I pass over about two score of bad sentences, and come to a piece of severity. “Mr Hogg carries this a step further, and tries to cast imputations on the memory of those founders of a liberty, which he either cannot appreciate, because his principles are slavish, or sets little account upon, because its history, its adventures, will not serve to work up into middling poems, and tales calculated to lengthen and sadden a

“winter’s evening.” The value of a man’s principles is best estimated by his life. Now, I have never flattered any man—asked a favour of any man—lived upon any man’s money—or been the slave of any man. I defy this my secret enemy to say as much. I have been a hard-working man all my life, for many long years on the green hill-side, and for not a few in a brown study. I am better entitled to repeat Smollett’s lines than any hack of Constable’s.

“Thy spirit, Independence! let me share,  
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye;  
Thy steps, I follow, with my bosom bare,  
Nor heed the storm that howls along the  
sky.”

With respect to “middling poems,” will this critic dare to say that the Queen’s Wake is a middling poem? Fye, fye, Mr Jeffrey! to let a creature like this contradict you to your face, on your own dunghill! The hit at my Winter Evening Tales is not a staggering blow. There can be no occasion to sadden your winter evenings, I am thinking; for spite and stupidity are their own punishment—and a more miserable vision cannot be thought of, than a poor thing like you, in the act of writing against “slavish principles,” at the order of your tyrannical master, and talking, with a gruesome face, of the sadness of honest folks’ lives, in the middle of the misery and degradation of your own. “Many of the Jacobite Songs are worthy of a better cause, and indeed, its romantic features were *far from being ill adapted to poetry!*” Indeed! what a condescending critic! you really speak as if you were some great man. Instead of getting credit now for being a clever fellow, now—for writing in that way—every body is laughing at you for a great ass. You might just as well speak of the sun “being not ill adapted for giving light,” and chuckle over the compliment you had paid to that luminary. In page 159, you seem to be laughing at me for using unnecessarily the expression, “celebrated Butler;” and yet, like a great gawk, you yourself speak of “the celebrated Archibald, Earl of Argyle, who fell a victim, in 1685, to the most atrocious and perfidious tyranny that ever our any modern nation.” But what is the use of exposing you any more? Sitting in among the chaps of the Edinburgh Review, you think no doubt, a big chiel; but

you are far from it—and you must confess—or if you do not—all the rest of the world will—that I have taken you out by the cuff of the neck—given you two or three kicks on the only part about you that can speak any ways intelligibly, and then let you go back in a great fluster to your cronies, who will be telling you, peradventure, that you have given the Shepherd a dressing, which you will try to believe in spite of your own aching posteriors. I see you blame me for what you call “my coarseness.” I do not pretend to over-refinement; but are not you a great blackguard for writing the following sentence: “This is all that Frederick meant; and we rather marvel that the partialities of his august spouse, for a nobleman of known Jacobite tendencies, were not rather cited as evidence that the late king took his Jacobitism by descent.” Oh man, but you are a coarse tyke to have written such a sentence! The clumsiness of the expression of it is only beat by the baseness of its meaning. You, ignorantly, and foolishly, and unfeelingly, say of one of my anecdotes of our late king, that nobody durst have published it when he was alive, alluding, in the brutal language of radicality, to that awful affliction with which it had pleased God to visit his old age. You yourself have here dared to utter a base insinuation, which could only have been conceived in the heart of one of the Illegitimate School, and which, if other proof were wanting, shews that you are, if not in birth, certainly in breeding, a bastard Scotsman.

But the truth is—that I am weary of gauging such an empty vessel. I am weary of the subject, sir—and under correction I am very weary of you.—I wish I knew, for certain, who you are, that I might tickle you up in a manner more satisfactory to me and more disagreeable to yourself—but since your name has been kept so quiet, I have nothing to say to it, for I am the last person in the world that would wish to throw out unwarranted and uncalled-for obloquy against any character, however despicable.

Your cronies will no doubt tell you that I am in a great passion, and that you have given me a dressing. But I care no more about you than about a cross-bred colley that keeps yowling on a bit knowe by the road-side at folk going by to the kirk—till some one

throws two or three chuckey-stones at him that make him hide among the heather, till he comes stealing out again, perhaps, by-and-by, and impotently gnaws the very granite that gored his hurdies.

I hope my good friend, Mr Jeffrey, will take in good part all I have said

about himself. There is no man I would more wish to think kindly of, and I do think kindly of him; but as for many of his coadjutors, and in particular yourself, I shall be contented with merely subscribing myself yours, with disgust,  
JAMES HOGG.  
*Altrive Lake, October 9th, 1820.*

[The above letter was enclosed in the following one to us; and James has quitted himself in such a Sampson-like style, that, as polite members of Parliament say to each other, we really cannot think of weakening the effect, of his powerful eloquence by any weak observations of our own. C. N.]

MY DEAR SIR,—Having been detained much longer than I expected at my good-father's in Dumfriesshire, it was not till yesterday evening, that, on coming home, I had an opportunity of perusing the Edinburgh Review you were so kind as to send me some days ago. I am sorry you have not been able to give me a notion who this poor creature is that has been flinging his dirt upon me. Do you not think it is very likely to be Macvey? If you find out that it is he, don't publish the enclosed, but send me word, and I will give him, by return of the carrier, what he will not cast, as long as his name is not Napier. As for the Scotsman crew, if you think it is any of them, say nothing about it, for I am of the opinion of Dryden, and James Ballantyne, that "some creatures cannot insult a man." The fellow, whoever he is, is a mere dunce. And, after all, between ourselves, "Donald Macgillivray," which he has selected as the "best specimen of the true old Jacobite Song," and as remarkable above its fellows—"for sly characteristic Scotch humour," is no other than a trifle of my own, which I put in to fill up a page—though not, I confess, by way of *Balaam*.

I have looked over the bundle of Reviews, &c. you have been so kind as to send me, but really I have found little to interest me—so you may send them direct to your scientific editor in future. The best of the set is evidently the British Critic, and the worst Baldwin's Magazine. It is indeed *Balaam*, and nothing but *Balaam*. There are some excellent remarks on the Abbot, however, in the Monthly Review—particularly that about the dialogue of Woodcock. There can be no doubt, there is too much, by half, about the Ryasses and their washed meat. As for the story of the Lady in Canada, mentioned in Gould and Northhouse, it quite staggers me. Do you believe it? I am quite at a stand what to

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think, and cannot see my way through the doings of this world now-a-days. Why don't you send me Barry Cornwall's last volume. They tell me that is not the lad's real name—after all, the extracts are very bonny. I think, however, that his first volume will still bear the bell. If quite convenient, I would also be much obliged by a sight of any of the new productions of the Cockneys—particularly Johnny Keats, who, as Aitken writes me, is really a sweet-tempered inoffensive young creature, and has a real genius for poetry, only just like to be ruined altogether, I suppose, by having forgathered, at that early and inexperienced period of life, with such a set of conceited reprobates. What is become of my *Highlanders*? Am I never to hear more of them? I am sure they might go in—at least as *Balaam*.

What a capital thing that *Howa Scandice* is, in your last Number. Oh! these bantam cocks of Cockaigne, as they say Harry Brougham calls them, will never forgive you. That Paddy Rourke poem also is capital. Why don't you give us more of it? Grieve and I were like to die at one bit of it. By the way, he sends his best compliments to Mr North, and hopes he will give us a sight of him before the *burning* be clean over. It is true he cannot join in that sport, but otherwise he is well, and in good heart; and when Christopher and he get together, there is no clink in their conversation for any body else just to slip in a single word.

What is become of *Odoherty*? I don't think I see his pen in Number XLII. which is a scandalous omission—but, perhaps, you have taken to keeping his articles in the drawer as well as mine. This is what we poor contributors must just lay our account with—but it is a sad shame on your part.

We were not home in time for the fair at Thirlestane—but from all accounts it succeeded marvellously—Your commission about the kipper and mutton

hams shall be carefully looked to.—  
Give my own respects to all inquiring  
friends, and believe me very truly,  
yours,

JAMES HOGG.

Altrive, October 9th.

P. S.—Oh! how I am wearying for

one of our old afternoons in Gabriel's  
Road! I must certainly take the road  
one of these days; but *Clavers* is the  
best *grew* in Yarrow, and I can scarce-  
ly leave the hares neither.

AUTHENTICITY OF HORÆ SCANDICÆ. NO. I.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I BELIEVE it is allowed, on all hands,  
that Blackwood's Magazine is the  
very first publication of the kind,\*  
and this universal acquiescence in its  
merit spares me the trouble of writing,  
and you the indelicacy of inserting,  
any detailed argument on the sub-  
ject. Among its claims on public fa-  
vour, the papers on Northern Litera-  
ture, the *Horæ Germanicæ*, *Danicæ*,  
&c. are pre-eminently entitled to dis-  
tinction. The fidelity of translation,  
the beauty of poetry, the accuracy of  
criticism, that are manifest in every  
page of these admirable papers, have  
been attended with universal applause  
—but as you might have some reluct-  
ance to print my panegyrics,† were I to  
go any farther with them, I shall not  
express the admiration I feel for these  
articles in any stronger terms.

Of these northern *Horæ*, the most  
singular however are the *Horæ Scan-  
dicæ*, which are of a species rather  
differing in manner and execution  
from the others. The incredulous  
were even breathing doubts as to their  
authenticity—and I heard certain mur-  
murers insinuating that the name *Ho-  
ræ Humbuggicæ*, or some such title,  
would have been better fitted to the  
first paper‡ of this series,—I mean,  
that communicated by the Rev. Doc-  
tor Chiel, which gave a notice of  
“Maga, Stormboyurs Trollkana Ski-  
ækia,” i. e. Maga the lewd witch of  
Stormboy. I never inclined my ear  
to such people, being always contented  
to take whatever is given to me sine  
grano sulis, and I was very much pleas-  
ed to see the series revive in your last  
Number, sanctioned by the mighty  
names of Adam Oehlenschläger and that  
other gentleman. Surely this, thought  
I, is of itself sufficient warrant for the  
authenticity of the First Number, if  
the Second be authentic, as nobody can  
doubt, is not the First also? I was

pleased with my reasoning, and so I fi-  
nished my second bottle in tranquillity.

There is, however, an opacity of in-  
tellect in some people, that makes  
them quite blind to the light of rea-  
son. A thick drop-serene has quenched,  
or a dim suffusion veiled their in-  
tellectual orbs; and they, perhaps, if  
they think at all, may still continue to  
be sceptical. But I am happy to find  
a *Vir Doctissimus et Clarissimus*, a  
man, cui nemo facile superbius res-  
pondeat, (to use the phrase of the  
learned Godofredus Hermannus, con-  
cerning the most doctrinical Scidde-  
rus), so convinced of the perfect au-  
thenticity of the First Number of the  
*Horæ Scandicæ*, so thoroughly satisfied  
with its literary and rhetorical merits;  
as to quote it in a grave and learned  
work, as a poem illustrative of the  
Greek tragedians—the book of Job—the  
Epistle to the Colossians—and  
Paradise Lost. For hear a most learned  
gentleman, whom, from his peculiar  
and liberal style of scissars-handling, I  
humbly take to be that prince of scis-  
sars-men, E. H. Barker, editor of *The* §  
dissertating in the Classical Journal.

“The following are instances,” (quod  
he), “from Scripture, of a species of ex-  
pression frequent among the Greek trage-  
dians (*ἀναισθησία θυμῷ*.) Eurip. *Phœn.*  
p. 613. “A fire not blown shall consume  
him,” Job xx. 26. “The mighty shall be  
taken away without hand,” Job xxxiv. 20.  
“In whom also you are circumcised, with  
the circumcision made without hands,” (Gal.  
ii. 11. Thus also, “a temple made without  
hands.” So Milton

“To blood unshed the rivers will be turned,”

P. L. xij. 176. *Miscellanea Classica*,  
No 5. art. I. VII. *Classical Journal*, No  
xxxvj. p. 240.

After this three quarters of a year  
elapsed, without any more lucubra-  
tions on this topic, but the matter  
kept nestling in his head, and at last  
a parallel passage to the above luckily

\* Our readers will find this idea of our Correspondent amply illustrated in our article  
entitled an Hour's Tete-a-Tete with the Public; but, we confess, we cannot see the  
indelicacy he alludes to.—C. N.

† Not any.—C. N.

‡ No XI. p. 570.

§ A neat and commodious abbreviation of Stephani Thesaurus, much used by the  
learned editor.

occurred, which he hastened to communicate in the following words :

"In the fifth number of *Miscellanea Classica*, (Class. J. No XXXVI. p. 240. art. I.VII.) were quoted some instances from Scripture, of a kind of expression frequent in the lyrical parts of the Greek tragedians. The author lately met with a translation of an old Scandinavian song, in which the feasting on the body of a slain enemy, is called *evidently in the same style*.

"A banquet, unseemly,  
Of flesh.

*Miscel. Class. No 6. Class. Jour. XXXIX. p. 8.*

You may, perhaps, ask how "an unseemly banquet of flesh" is a similar expression to "a temple made without hands," but hold in your surprise until you hear him out. The printers of the classical Journal ("Oh be his type, as lead to lead, Thrown at each dull misprinter's head !

An author's malison is said.") \* had abominably docked and curtailed his quotation from the venerable poem of *Maga*, which you, by looking back to Vol. II. p. 573. of the work over which you so worthily preside, will perceive to be the old Scandinavian song he was quoting. But, at last, after another quarter of a year it makes its appearance, in full splendour, among the errata noticed in *Classical Journal*, No XI. p. 351. where he bids us, in p. 8, three lines from bottom, read,

"A banquet unseemly  
Of flesh without fire."

The matter, after a year's discussion, is fixed here. So you see, Mr North, that raw meat (which I submit is the meaning of "flesh without fire,") is *EVIDENTLY* an expression in the same style as the ἀνφαίρων Πλεῖ of Euripides, or the "blood unshed" of Milton. Well has it been remarked, that nothing is too hot or too heavy for the gatherer of parallel passages. I recommend the next editor of Milton to give this discovery a place in his notes ; it will be as germane to the matter as nine-tenths of the annotations of Newton, or Richardson, of Thyer, or ceterorum de genere hoc.

You are glad, of course, to see your old acquaintance, *Maga*, in such good company ; but I am grieved to say, it is not quoted, in the *Classical Journal*, with the accuracy that might be ex-

pected, the words being—but I shall give the entire verse, that your readers may see the context.

"Slain the foe is  
Of *Maga* the queenly ;  
We have slain by our prowess,  
And eat in our ire,  
A banquet *uncleanly*, (not unseemly)  
Of † flesh without fire ;  
*We have slain, we have eat.*"

With the abatement of this trivial blunder, the perspicacity of the critic is undeniable. So well chosen, so apt, so similar, so authentic a parallel passage, was hardly to be found in the whole range of literature ; and I am sure he would confer a high obligation on the reading public, were he to translate the whole poem from the Icelandic, giving us at the same time notes and illustrative passages of his own. The metrical part of the original might be arranged by Mr G. Burgess, who would easily reduce his verses to strophe and antistrophe, by the simple and natural process he has inflicted on Euripides, Aristophanes, and other unoffending Grecians—a process which is no more than cutting the verses according to a certain pattern, and then thrusting out all refractory words and sentences that will not agree, and admitting others which, being his own making, will of course be more docile for their creator. It is a pleasant plan, as it gives us plays nearly as good as new, which we might head with the title of ΒΟΤΡΕΥΣΤΟΙ ΤΡΑΓΩΔΙΑΙ or ΚΩΜΩΔΙΑΙ, omitting the names of the antiquated Grecians. Mr Constable, I am sure, would gladly print the translation of *Maga*, and some gentleman about the Register-office might begot conscientiously to correct the press.

Having thus adduced so weighty a testimony in favour of the *Horæ Scandicæ*, No. I. I presume I have struck scepticism dumb. Indeed I fear that any thing I could say farther would only weaken my argument. I conclude, therefore, by simply, yet triumphantly asking, Whether the *Horæ Scandicæ* would be brought forward to illustrate all at once, the Old and New Testaments, Euripides, and Milton, by so grave an authority, if it were a humbug ? I remain, dear Sir, yours sincerely,  
A CONSTANT READER.  
London, October 2, 1820.

\* Marmion, a poem, by Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

† What this flesh was is not in my province to inquire, but I believe it is much the same as that which gives the name to Mr Lamb's unfortunate hero, in his unfortunate arce, Mr H. viz. *Illegit-flesh*.

## AN HOUR'S TETE-A-TETE WITH THE PUBLIC.

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#### AN HOUR'S TETE-A-TETE WITH THE PUBLIC.

WE opine that we cannot better conclude our October Number this year (it was an October Number, our readers will recollect, that gave to the world the *Chaldee Manuscript*), than by communicating to our subscribers a little private information concerning ourselves and our affairs. This is no more than is reasonable. The world, we well know, is apt to be curious overmuch; but the world is not yet quite a subscriber of ours, so it is not to the world we at present speak, but only to those millions of souls who feel their temporal happiness in a great measure dependent on our *Miscellany*. It is with them that we wish to have a little private conversation; we positively will not detain them above forty columns,

And the great Light of Day yet wants to run  
Much of his course, though steep; suspense  
in heaven,

Held by our voice, our potent voice he hears,  
And longer will delay to hear us tell  
Our generation, and the rising sale  
Of Numbers from the unapparent deep.

As there seems, then, to be a very general wish, among the more civilized nations, that we should inform them how we have been going, of late, we are by much too good-natured to resist the feverish anxiety felt on that point, and beg leave, accordingly, just to whisper a few confidential words into the ear of the public.

OUR SALE IS PRODIGIOUS—AND WE  
ARE ABSOLUTELY COINING MONEY.

I. *Our Sale is Prodigious.*—During the first year of our mortal existence here below, our sale was respectable. It was about 3,700. Our first six numbers were but so-so. They were like loaves made of tolerably fair flour, but with indifferent yeast—poorly kneaded and baked in a cracked oven. They did not rise well—felt heavy in hand—when cut up looked blue—and were, to young people at least, of slow and difficult digestion. Still they went down; for, as articles, they were not so musty as those of the old *Scots Magazine*—not so wersh.\* The *Chaldee Manuscript*, which appeared in our Seventh Number, gave us both a lift and a shove. Nothing else was talked of for a long while; and after 10,000 copies had been sold, it became a very great rarity, quite a desideratum. Why some people should have taken such grievous offence at a piece of composition so perfectly harmless, and indeed amiable (considering one thing with another), as the *Chaldee Manuscript* most assuredly was, is inexplicable to us even at this day; but true it is, that it was so; and no less than two of the most distinguished lawyers at the Scotch bar not only returned their copies of the *Magazine* on the hands (already too full) of our worthy publisher, but most magnificently and unanimously issued orders "to have their names erased from the list of our subscribers!" This was a severe wound to our peace of mind; but it

\* See Dr Jamieson, whom, by the bye, we have not seen for a long time past.

healed with what is called the first intention, and we were not, so far as we recollect, confined to the house for a single day. One of these scrupulous moralists afterwards purchased a second-hand copy of *Maga* for half-a-guinea, at our clever friend Carfrae's, for the sake of the very piece with whom he had, after all, no quarrel; and the other ingenious youth, finding it a very absurd sort of a thing to be unable to bear a part in general conversation, once more took in *Ebony*, and restored the sanction of his great name to our private list, which by that time, if written out like the signatures to a petition to Parliament, would have extended, we do on our conscience believe, to the milestone on the Glasgow side of West-Craigs. The evils, then, done to our sale by the *Chaldee Manuscript* were more than counterbalanced by the weight of about 4,000 additional steady subscribers thrown into the opposite scale. It could not therefore be said, with any propriety, that the October Number of that year was any thing else than a good speculation. We had only to regret that any of our Christian brethren should have allowed their tempers to be temporarily ruffled by any little enormity of the sort. No harm was intended, so no offence should have been taken. One must not expect, in a composition professedly and notoriously satirical, the same uniform spirit of amenity that reigns through the rest of our *Magazine*; but read the *Chaldee* candidly, and you will allow, unless we are greatly mistaken indeed, that, with the exception of a very few verses of a truly fiendish and demoniac nature, the *Manuscript* is manifestly written by a Christian and a philanthropist.

Well, from the 7th till the 24th month of our age, considering the badness of the times, we had no great reason to complain. We were, what well might be termed, a promising lad, much admired and respected, nay, even caressed; though, like all other meritorious and flourishing persons, we were assailed occasionally by the missiles of envy, few of which reached higher than our knees; and were shook off contemptuously from the gaiters of our rheumatism. It was not in general supposed, that they who went out of their way to attack us who attacked nobody, acquired either gain or glory. Some entered

the ring in very bad condition, and immediately got a-piping, like hot mutton pies—fell on their own blows, and knapped it every round, till they shewed the white feather and bolted. Others, whose wind was better, wanted science altogether, hit over our shoulders, and gave their own heads to the most cruel punishment. Some had a smattering of science, without either bone or bottom; and could not be brought to the scratch after the first cross-buttock. While a brace of good ones, one an Irishman, (*Paddy from Cork*), and the other a Londoner, with whom we had a turn-up, gave us, after reciprocal floorers, their "bunch of five," in token of amity; and with them we have since confined ourselves to the mufflers.

Such is a hasty but spirited sketch of the difficulties we had to encounter. We are *Othello*, and the public is *Desdemona*. She loves us for the dangers we have passed, and we love her that she did pity them. What drugs, what charms, what conjuration, and what mighty magic, we win the public with—has often been asked of us by the good and unsuspecting lady herself—but once more we declare, on our word of honour, which has never yet been called in question, so far as we have heard, that we gained her affections by the most upright and straight-forward practices; and hope to merit a continuance of her favours by the same unremitting assiduity, and the same strenuous exertions, that first won her virgin heart.

To proceed. From the 24th till the 40th Number, our sale has been progressive. Positively, we have barely face to whisper the amount. SOMEWHERE BELOW 17000! Compare this with the known sale of other periodicals, and you will not find it inferior to that of the best of them. The sale of the *Quarterly*, is about 14000—of the *Edinburgh*, upwards of 7000—of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, about 4000—of the *British Critic*, 4000—of *Baldwin*, 1100—of the *British Review*, between 3 and 400—of the *Scots Magazine*, as we have been assured by authority, that we think may be depended upon, from 100 to 150. We have not received lists of the other periodicals, but they are all in proportion, more or less. It is not our intention, at present, to suffer our sale to go beyond 17000. Rather than

do that, we would publish once a fortnight, which might, one would vainly hope, suffice to keep down the sale to 17000; and, at the same time, relieve the load of matter—long oppressive, now insupportable.

Our readers must be naturally anxious to know where lie those favoured spots of earth, more especially warmed by the moral and intellectual light of our Magazine. Each particular reader can so far answer for himself and his own neighbourhood, but this is not enough. He wishes to know more than this, and he shall know more. But a general outline of our empire must suffice. We have traced with blue ink, on a map of the world, the courses of Blackwood's Magazine, from kingdom to kingdom. The earth seems intersected with a million floods. In an early Number we shall publish this map. Meanwhile, to allay the general desire, we give the following particulars of what Mr Wordsworth would call "the mighty steam of tendency" of our sale.

#### EUROPE.

*France.*—Our work was not so much known in France, as might have been expected, till Monsieur Biot very kindly and considerately laid "a set," as far as No XXXIII. on the table of the National Institute. He recommended it as a work of pure science, having been probably deceived by the translation of his own voyage to the Shetland Isles—by our excellent Meteorological Tables—by our frequent and flattering mention of Professor Leslie—and by our review of Mr Accum's great culinary work, *Death in the Pot*. We fear that it was under this delusion that the National Institute acted, when they made us an honorary member of their body—an honour conferred, we believe, on no other British subject, but the late Mr Watt and Sir Humphrey Davy. When it was discovered that Blackwood's Magazine, though unquestionably valuable as a scientific work, did not rest its character principally on its science, like Brande's *Journal* and the *Aberdeen Almanack*, the Institute, as we have been told, were considerably agitated, and there was some talk of recalling our diploma. This absurd proposition originated with Benjamin Constant, whose motives were sufficiently apparent to other members of

the Institute, who, by this time, had come to understand our politics—so it was withdrawn without a division; and we, Christopher North, are still of the National Institute. Our sale, however, is pretty much confined to Paris—only a few hundred copies go to the different provincial towns; we mean to French subscribers. It is true, that nearly two thousand copies go to our countrymen in France; and, incredible as it may appear, it is nevertheless the fact, that a party of gentlemen (consisting of nine) came over, a few weeks ago, from St Omers, to rectify some mistake about the sending of their copies, which had not of late reached them regularly; and, soon as they had discovered where the cause of the delay resided, they returned to St Omers, with only a single day of the Queen's trial. We mention this fact from no paltry vanity, but merely to do justice to the ardent love of literature which our countrymen carry with them into other lands, and which, when directed, as in this case, to worthy objects, cannot fail to spread the lustre of the British name.

*Italy.*—We are much read at Genoa, Milan, Florence, and Rome. The British population of the Eternal City, indeed, do little else than read Blackwood's Magazine, which is wrong; for we can assure them, that there are many things exceedingly well worth seeing there. We lately met with a very agreeable young Devonshire gentleman, who had just returned from Rome, but whom we could not, for our life, get to speak on any other subject than Blackwood's Magazine. "Surely," quoth we, "you did not occupy yourself wholly with that excellent work, during your year's residence in that ancient city?"—"Why," said he, laughingly, "I did; for, Mr North, when one is at Rome, one must do as they do at Rome;" and we had nothing farther to say about it. What effect the late business at Naples may have had, or may have, on our sale, we know not. These villainous Carbonari are sworn foes to all that is honourable among men. Mrs Maria Graham introduced our work into Calabria during her Three Months' Residence among the Mountains—(by the way, read that amusing book)—and a good many copies have at different times been circulated among the more retired parts of the country, by

those friends to free discussion, who have established various Peripatetic schools in the south of Italy, and who, though somewhat too much given to plagiarism, are useful in circulating the treasures of the British literati.

*Germany.*—Copies have long gone to all the Protestant Universities—and the young Germans, so ardent in all things, discuss our character with a passionate earnestness that has sometimes led to disastrous consequences. At Yena, in particular, there are two great leading parties, the Lauerwinkels and the Anti-Lauerwinkels, who have, more than once, decided the dispute by the sword.

It is needless to observe, that the late unhappy youth Sandt was a violent chief of the latter faction. To give some slight idea of the extent of the bustle we make all over Germany, our friend *Weidmann*, the bookseller of Leipzig, writes us that he has an edition of the whole Magazine (Voss' translation) of 3000, which he expects to dispose of bodily this fair. At Easter-fair, scarcely a dozen remained on hand of a large impression printed in the beginning of the year, and he has now, all over the country, but principally in the small Saxon States, not less than 4000 regular subscribers for his monthly translation. He adds, that no joke passes current, either at the Club at the Baviere, or at the Hotel de Saxe, which does not bear the epithet of *Schwartzholzisch*. In *Hamburg* (which has always appeared to us to be a sort of second *Glasgow*) we are, as might be looked for, as popular as may be. Nothing but *Blackwood* is talked of in the *Barschenaal*—no sound but *Ebony* slips from the merry tongues of the evening *Amsterwalk*—all up *Hanover* and *Hesse*, the country rings with our fame. We penetrate into *Holland*. Indeed two "Translations of Select Articles from *Blackwood*" are monthly published in the dominions of his *Netherlandish* majesty—one in low Dutch at *Utrecht*—the other in Latin (we must own rather lumpish in its way) at *Leyden*. All this looks well—it speaks volumes in our praise, and must go far to lower the vulgar prejudices concerning "Rattavian lead" and the like. We had almost forgot to mention (what we consider as the most valuable kind of compliment that can be paid us) that lots of contributions arrive on our

hands from all quarters of Germany—high and low. Some of our most exquisite poetical pieces of the humorous kind are translations from the MSS. of the celebrated Dr *Spelman* of *Wolfenbüttel*, and we could mention other names of equal importance, but let this suffice. We have also received several capital *sharp*-notices to correspondents from one of the town council of *Dort*, but this gentleman would on no account have his disguise laid open.

*Spain.*—We are not read in *Spain*.

*Portugal.*—About 20 copies go to *Lisbon*.

*England.*—Our sale in *London*, during the time Messrs *Baldwin*, *Cradock*, and *Joy*, were our agents there, was respectable. The work was then occasionally stupid, which it never is now—but still, we should suppose, that our friend *Baldwin* sold more of us than he now does of *John Scott*, who does not circulate so well as he deserves. Mr *Murray*, under whose auspices our magazine opus issued for a few months from *Albemarle-street*, began to suspect that we might be eclipsing the *Quarterly Review*. No such eclipse had been foretold; and Mr *Murray*, being no great astronomer, was at a loss to know whether, in the darkness that was but too visible, we were eclipsing the *Quarterly*, or the *Quarterly* eclipsing us. We accordingly took our pen, and erased his name from our title-page, and he was once more happy. Under our present publisher, we carry every thing before us in *London*. We see ourselves upon every table. All parties read us. Even in *Cockaigne* our name has waxed great. We do not wish to be more read in and about *London* than we are; and we think, that we might be advantageously laid aside for a few months in certain quarters, where we are rather a bitter pill, we fear. During this unpleasant business of the Queen's, our name has not been quite so much in the mouths of the public—but we have no doubt, that the people of *England* will soon return to a right way of thinking and feeling. At *Oxford* we are excessively popular. We are a constant and welcome guest in all the common rooms. Even the haughty fellows of *Oriel* deign to take us into their dainty hands. *Blackwood* is seen strutting in *Peckwater*, under the arms of tuffed men. In *Brazenose* his character

is deeply felt, and duly estimated. And at Jesus College, "Huge Plinlimmon bows his cloud-capt head." The groves of Magdalen resound with his praise; and in Queen's, the bold men of the North love him for our name's sake. We are afraid we interfere, in some instances, with studies that ought not to be neglected, even for us. For many under-graduates (and graduates too, it is whispered), carry us with them to chapel, and lower their heads to devour us during service. Now, "bread eaten in secret is pleasant,"—but yet this is wrong, for what must come of the responses? If you look into the Bodleian, you will see Mr Nicol himself hugging us quietly in his own little peculiar *apartment*. Dr Ireland, the most worthy of men, the most patriotic of Scotchmen, is always seen waiting at Mr Bliss's the day we are expected—and a proud man is he when he proposes the health of "Christopher North," on the 30th day of November, which all the world knows is sacred to the thirstiest saint in the calendar. We form the chief topic of discourse at Mrs Marlow's routes. We are thumbed horribly at Mrs Seale's and Jubber's—and at Wicken's we are splashed all over with sweet spots. Mr Joy never appears so worthy of his name as on the evening of the first of the month—and we now and then put in a sly thing or two for the express purpose of making old Thorpe leap half over the counter with delight. In short, we are all in all to that seat of genuine port and Peripateticism. Isis ever eyes us with rapture; we keep Charwell in a constant chuckle; between gownsmen and townsmen now-a-days the only dispute is, which shall most honour Blackwood. In Cambridge we are the only true Classical Journal. We are King's men every inch, yet the Johnians love us. Mr Waddington of Trinity has been heard to call us clever; and the last year's wooden Spoon, when reading us, as if he were changed into silver. We infuse a new spirit into all the watering-places. And as for the great manufacturing and commercial towns, such as Bristol, Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool, we have shoved them forwards two centuries of civilization. About a thousand copies, on an average, go to each of those happy towns.

Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester are not slow to subscribe—Sheffield, Leeds, and Hull, put some hundreds per annum into our pocket—and we are the first who ever found the speculation pay of sending coals to Newcastle.—This is a miserably meagre sketch, indeed, of our English sale. So just take the map, and distribute us through the population of that kingdom, according to the population of Liverpool, 1100.

*Scotland.*—We sell about 3,500 in Scotland, which is, we believe, nearly double the sale of the Edinburgh Review. In Edinburgh great opposition was made to us for some time—but the opposition was not of a kind to be successful. A better work than ours should have been set a-going in this city—but that was beyond the power of Whiggery. We were, really, considerably hated at one time in Edinburgh—and still are by people of a certain set. But the more we are known, the more we are liked, loved, respected—and some who were, a while ago, our bitterest enemies, would now die to serve us. One gentleman, who talked of prosecuting us for merely mentioning his existence, is now one of our most amusing contributors—and about two years ago we had been nearly torn to pieces in the mail coach on our annual visit to London, by three infuriated literary men, who are now all giving themselves out as Editor, each in his respective circle. These little literary anecdotes spout quartos in our favour—and in favour, too, of the good people of Edinburgh, who, with all their failings, possess many excellent points. It would not be very safe to utter one syllable against us now in any respectable company in Edinburgh. Indeed, in places of public resort, where our person is not always known, it is impossible to help blushing at our own praises. Several reading rooms have been established merely for us—no other publication is admitted; and we have frequently amused ourselves by taking a peep into the window on the 20th, when the Magazine has been just delivered.—Such a show of heads all chained down to the various tables, feasting on the product of our brains! All other created matter seems forgotten but the matter in Blackwood's Magazine—and yet we hobble on through the crowd-

ed street, no way distinguishable, except by our rheumatism, from ordinary men.

In Glasgow, i. e. the West Country, we are so excessively popular, that we have not the smallest doubt, that were we to stand for Renfrewshire, we should oust young Mr Maxwell, or did we affect the boroughs, might render all the hopes of squire or cit an empty dream. What a scramble for us in the Coffee-room! We chanced to look in, on the last day of publication. We were cooling our heels at the fire, a few chairs from the gander, whose face was reflecting additional dulness on the Scotsman, when all present, young, old, and middle-aged, sprung to their feet, and rushed pell-mell to one table, like bees who had found their queen. It was Blackwood's Magazine that had been laid down. One of the Banditti, dressed in a sort of Hussar uniform, had siezed the prize, and held it so tight, that we trembled for poor George Buchanan, who grew black in the face within his grasp. The Bandit's long yellow spurs were by no means idle among the legs below—and at last he cleared his way into a corner, where he sat with us expanded before him, and with about six stout under-writers on each shoulder, ~~floating~~ floating on the yet unenjoyed charms of virgin Mags.

Would to heaven some ingenious person could suggest to us an expedient for mitigating our sufferings under the hospitality of the unparalleled people of the West! How can we, in three or four days, and our stay in Glasgow rarely exceeds that period, dine with a population of 140,000 souls? We do our best to gratify them; and our bitterest enemy will not dare to say that we ever refused an invitation to the smallest or shortest meal of all the six, without evident symptoms of extreme sorrow. Our plan is as follows:—We engage ourselves to breakfast with a married subscriber and ten children, at seven o'clock, if in summer, on the plea of being obliged to leave the West Country by the mail at half past eight. We select a suburban subscriber for this breakfast, either beyond Gorbals or on the Saughie-ha road. Accepting with difficulty our fifth cup of tea, to wash over the lug of our latest roll, and crushing our last egg-shell in the ear of our host's little daughter by way of a parting practical, we start up on

the stroke of eight, and hobble off, as if afraid to lose our seat in the coach. The mile's hobble gives us quite a new appetite; and, by the time we are fairly in the heart of the city, we feel rather hungry for breakfast. We have secured ourselves against this anticipated emotion, and call in upon a bachelor subscriber in Queen or Millar-street, whom we generally find with his eyes staring in his head, under the fumes of a tumbler of soda-water, which he is inhaling with the most savage satisfaction. There, we prefer butter-toast, nor decline the rizzard haddock. We make ourselves more than usually delightful to ourselves and the other, till ten strikes in the lobby, and our friend is off to the Coffee-room. We regret exceedingly, that we leave town by the Telegraph at twelve. We accordingly visit another friend in one of the squares, and are asked to dinner. The thing is impossible—we must start at twelve. Well, you will surely take a lunch? Wesmile; and Grizzy is ordered to prepare a beef-stake. Instantly, the sound of the wooden beetle is heard, softening the obdurate heart of the rump; the music of the frying-pan follows; and before eleven o'clock we have made shift to swallow a pound of stot-beef, which, in the West Country, beats our stot-beef here all to sticks. A swig or two of brown-stout, and a few bumpers of old port, encourage us to look forward to a six hour's journey without fear of starvation; at least we trust to ourselves as far as the Half-way-house. We never take a ticket beforehand, and so contrive to allow the Telegraph to set off without us. We are in despair. At four o'clock we must go, since we have thus been cheated out of our seat at twelve. But, as good luck would have it, we meet the Major and a posse of other friends in front of the Black Bull, and tell them of the sad necessity that forces us to abandon the West Country, and all that our heart holds most dear, in less than four hours. A party is collected, and we attack the cold round. Being rather sharp set, we ply a knife and fork to the astonishment of the West; and, half in joke, half in earnest, propose a little bowl of cold punch. The Major mingles—and we are blest. In the pride of the moment we volunteer the making of the next bowl. We fail: It is as strong as a horse. We

try in vain to mend it. First water, then rum, then water again, then a squeeze of the yellow, then a plump of the saccharine, and finally, another splash of the baser fluid. Nothing will do; and we hurriedly finish off the bowl in despair. Thus fleet the silver-ladled hours, till the guard's horn sounds as if it were as tall as the Ram's Horn itself; and we must be off to Edinburgh at last. Our friends can with difficulty refrain from unnecessarily wetting the table with their tears. We fling ourselves from them in an agony, but, meeting the Colonel at the foot of the Candleriggs, we give up our design against the "four o'clock," and, to avoid a quarrel, go with him to take herrings and hotch-potch. We regret having seen so little of our Glasgow friends this visit, and we beg the Colonel to make no apologies for the dinner, as hunger is good kitchen, and we have not eat any thing all day. After dinner, a few Professors from the college come stepping in—We have a game or two at bowls, and then, after half-a-dozen rubbers of whist, giving up all idea of supping out, we tackle to some excellent pickle salmon, and hot kidneys, with an eye occasionally leering towards our old friend, the punch bowl, on the sideboard, who, after supper, is brought forward in all his smooth rotundity, and encircled with glasses in a manner illustrative of the wonders of one part of the Solar System.

"For Jove's satellites are less than Jove."

Being fond of early hours, we will not, on any account, allow the fascination of the Colonel and Professors, to keep us out of our lodgings later than three o'clock—and by six, we rise again like a giant refreshed, and resume our depredations. By this process, which is, however, hard upon us, and which we positively could never yet stand above eight days in succession, we keep up our Magazine, and contrive to lay in a number of admirable articles.

In Paisley we are more upon ceremony with our friends—and at the grand dinner lately given to us in that handsome inn, the Abercorn-arms, we are told that we left behind us the most favourable impression. From the Sneddon to Maxwell-town there is not a street in which some families do not patronize the Magazine. None

dislike us but the most violent of the radicals—and it is satisfactory to know, that of the twenty new Sunday-clubs, not one takes us in. None of the most respectable booksellers think their window worth looking at unless George Buchanan be there—and many a pretty group of brown duffles congregates near the shop of our good friend Mr Crichton, admiring the placid features of the sage. Most of those who were accustomed to speak against our work have left Paisley; and we have understood that it is the intention of some of the more ingenious among them to establish a press in New South Wales. Sale in Paisley about 300.

Port-Glasgow is a pretty little town—and the people are becoming considerably more crudite. It may, however, be doubted, if they yet make punch so well as at Glasgow. Be that as it may, the sale of the Magazine is increasing there—it is quoted as a standard work—and we shrewdly suspect that we have a lurking contributor there, one of the fair sex, who must be indeed the most faithful of women, as she has paid her addresses to us for the last three years, in very impassioned and well-spiced epistles, and is regularly ready with her article once a month. Hitherto we have declined to insert—but the last piece was the best, and she seems now in a promising way. The other piece, to which she alludes in her conversation of August, was safely delivered some time ago. Sale considerable.

In Greenock the Magazine is looking up. We are sorry to understand that we have given offence there, but we cannot find to whom or wherefore. All we know is, that there is a vague feeling of offence floating over part of the town. A sort of dissatisfaction is occasionally seen lurking on the faces of men seemingly well off in the world—and it is whispered in the streets that we are the cause of the gloom. We are perfectly willing to make any reasonable apology for occasioning absurd faces of that nature. But if we are disagreeable to them, how much more disagreeable must they be to us? Only let us know what the Greenock people want, and they shall have it—but this pouting and peevishness is not like them—so no more of it. 127.

We find that it will not be in our power to give the returns from the

other towns and villages in Scotland, in this Number. Let us shortly advert to our hill and mountain sale.

A party was formed against us for a while, at first, in the south of Scotland. The old Scots Magazine had always kept a conscientious register of the fall of rain, and was extremely accurate in snow and hail-storms. The marriage-list had a high character, and, we believe, deservedly so—and the obituary was well conducted. The picture, too, of a sheep or a man's face—of the Runbling-bridge, or Mr Runciman the painter, took prodigiously; nor was the "High-water at Leith" without its effect. In this way the work got a footing in the valleys of the South, and from Moffat to Kelso the old woman was taken in and lodged comfortably in the spence. The worthy shepherds of the forest, and parts adjacent, thought it cruel to give her up, and were afraid to trust her with George Buchanan. But when she got a green gown, at her time of life, she was shewn the door very generally, and has now left the country-side altogether. Still we were not much relished. David Bryden constantly abused us, and that set the Farmer's Club at Selkirk and Hawick against us. We question much if at first we were understood in a pastoral country. Hogg said we were not. Laidlaw maintained we were. For a while we were suspected of being jocular—but by degrees our love of the naked truth came to be felt and acknowledged—and soon as we were admitted to be mere matter-of-fact men, the tide changed in our favour, and now there is not a single south country farmer who does not pin his faith on our sleeve. Seven hundred copies go monthly in among the hills—and the most puzzling subscriber we have is the worthy tailor at Yarrow Ford, who takes two copies—on what principle we do not, and probably never shall understand. He regularly reads both copies; not as if he were collating them, but one after the other; and our present theory is, that he imagines them to be two separate works, occasionally treating of the same subjects, but with an agreeable variety of argument and illustration.

God preserve us, we had almost forgot to mention Peebles. The business at the Hotel has just doubled itself,

since Blackwood's Magazine was taken in there; and the Miss Ritchies inform us, that from the 20th to the 25th of the month, their house is like a bee-hive. Young gentlemen who go to Peebles for a little trouting, are seen with the rod in the one hand, and the Magazine in the other; so we are literally read all down the Tweed, by Inverleithen, Clovenford, Melrose, and Kelso. We ourselves now are burgesses of Peebles, and a set of the Magazine has been superbly bound, with the arms of the Corporation, and deposited in the Town-Hall.

From the Highlands of Scotland the returns are most encouraging. The steam-boats carry us to Inverary, from which we take the gig to Cladich, on to Dalnally, and so up Glenorchy and elsewhere. We drop ourselves all round about Loch Awe, and there has been some talk lately of having us translated into Gaelic. The steam-boat also takes about 250 to Fort William, and when the navigation of the Caledonian Canal is completely open, which by the late report of the Commissioners, we see is likely soon to be the case, we have no doubt, that in a few years we shall have done more to civilize the Highlands, than either Mr Brown of Biggar, or Mr Legh Richmond. We have preached at Icolmkill, as well as that last named reverend gentleman; indeed, we have no doubt, much better; though we believe he thinks that he has converted a Jew, which is more than we hope ever to do. The good people of Inverness were nettled with us, for speaking slightly of their earthquake, but it was only in the scientific department where there are no jokes, and when it was explained that we were serious, our subscribers were satisfied, and we intend to praise their next earthquake very much. At Aberdeen we are less read than at Inverness, which is odd, as we believe there is an University there. Montrose is not so literary a place as Brechin, by the difference between a dozen and a score, and of all kingdoms on the face of the earth, next to Dahomey, the kingdom of Fife is the most illiterate, that is to say, in the interior of the country. We sell about six score along the coast, from the East Neuk to the bay of Aberdeen.

Such is a faint sketch of our land sale. But we have property to a con-



siderable amount afloat. Every steam boat in Britain and America has Blackwood's Magazine; all British packets, most ships of war, and some thousand sail of merchantmen. We believe that Blackwood and Baldwin were the first periodical works that ever went up in a balloon. Young Sadler took us up. When about 4000 feet above the earth, the balloon remained stationary, and the intrepid aeronaut threw Baldwin out. The balloon in nine seconds, gained 3000 feet of ascent. It penetrated a thunder-cloud, and Mr Sadler, junior, let us gently slip overboard. As if so much gas had been allowed to escape, the balloon descended with great rapidity, and the aeronaut had a narrow escape. Mr Sadler was of opinion that but for us, he could not have ascended with Baldwin. Perhaps no periodical but ourselves ever went down in a diving-bell. We accompanied the Bishop of ——— and a party of young ladies, and when we came ashore, were just like fish out of the water. But we are forgetting our sale in Ireland, so let us cross the Channel.

*Ireland.*—As bad luck would have it, Mr Blackwood has mislaid the book in which he keeps the Irish department of our sale. In a note we have this moment received from him, he tells us, that he had fondly hoped that it had been left at Ambrose's, last great Quarterly dinner, but that mine host could not find it among his ledgers, and has an indistinct recollection of O'Doherty carrying it away beneath his arm at day-break. If so, we request the Adjutant, wherever this meets his eye, to return our Irish register immediately.

We find that we must leave America, Asia, and Africa, to a future Number.

II. *We are absolutely coining money.*—There can be no occasion to dwell long on this part of our subject. Any person can calculate the profits on 17,000 copies. The trade has them at 2s. a copy: say that paper, printing, advertising, postages, and all other incidental expenses, cost one shilling a copy, you have 17,000 shillings, or £850, clear profit, per month. We pay 10, 15, or 20 guineas per sheet—take 15 on the average—seven sheets, 105 guineas per month, leaving £745 clear profit per month. Multiply that by 12, and we have £8,940 per annum.

The publisher takes the one half, and we the other, i. e. £4000 per annum, each—for the £940 goes for bad debts, charity, dinners at Ambrose's, and presents of books, hams, &c. to our favourite contributors. We have become great speculators lately in the stocks; and as we bought in £3500 t'other day at 66 and a fraction, we hope to clear some hundreds by the spring of the year, which we shall send to Mr Michael Linning, as our mite towards the erection of the Parthenon. If stocks do not rise, we cannot subscribe.

We have, we perceive, made a very foolish and important error in this statement. Instead of standing us in one shilling, each copy costs but ninepence; so that you must add to our annual income a fourth of £8940, or £2235. It frequently happens, too, that we ourselves write copiously, and, of course, we are paid for what we write at the highest rate, namely £21 per sheet. Say we write, one month with another, two sheets, and you will find that yields us some pound over 500. Add this 500 to the half of £2235, and you have upwards of £1,600! Nay, farther, whatever article is sent to us gratis, we pocket for it 20 guineas. This is one of the articles of our agreement. In short, we find that, as editor and contributor, we nett about £6000 per annum; and that our publisher and contributor (for he has written some very fair articles) Mr Blackwood, cannot well pocket less than £5000 per annum; which we do most disinterestedly wish he may long live to enjoy.

Gracious heavens! another most egregious omission is just staring us in the face. We have been supposing our whole 17,000 copies to be sold at two shillings only; whereas Mr Blackwood has upwards of 2,500 private subscribers, who, of course, tip him their half-crowns. This, we find, puts into his pocket £875 per annum, and a like sum into our own. We think that we foresee other errors in our calculation—all telling against ourselves; but we are quite worn out with this constant rising up of new objects in the long vista of our prosperity; so, for heaven's sake, add a few hundreds, for errors excepted, and you will have the amount of our income (from this one work at least) with as much accuracy as the nature of the subject ad-

mits of. We are inclined to suspect, that, with the exception of the author of the novels, whoever he may be, literature has been fully more lucrative to Christopher North than to any of his great contemporaries.

III. Having thus, agreeably to our promise to the public, made her our confidant in this momentous affair, we go on to shew that we are deserving of our good fortune, and that our success in life is creditable both to ourselves and to our subscribers. Our merits are so numerous, in our opinion, and so conspicuous, that the great difficulty lies in selection. We hope, therefore, that the Public will pardon us, though we begin by calling her attention, first, to virtues that may seem to her only entitled to after-consideration. She will, we are sure, extend indulgence to us, in the midst of the manifold difficulties attendant on an attempt to do justice to our own incomparable excellencies.

First, then, it seems to us that we have deserved well of our country, by putting down, or at least reducing to their proper level, the Whigs. Their extreme arrogance, and their want of principle, had been smoked by other clear-sighted and intelligent persons before our time; though, perhaps, we have put the finishing strokes to the picture of their pride and dishonesty; but their incredible dullness and stupidity had escaped general observation till we pointed it out; and then, to be sure, it was obvious as Arthur's Scat or St Paul's. Mr Jeffrey is the only clever Whig in Scotland; and it pleases us to see him so much admired by ourselves and correspondents. His followers are but a poor, dull set; and we have long felt for him—obliged to tolerate such adherents. We have not the least doubt that he would come over to us, if his goodness of heart did not prevent him from abandoning the helpless. In what a deplorable condition would he leave them all, were he to come over to us! What would become of all that concatenation of young and elderly gentlemen that now dangles behind him, close to his very heels, like onions on a string, were he to cut them all off with a shilling, and let them trundle away, each its several circuit; from your large, fat, yellow, insipid onion, to your little, lean, fiery, bitter onionet, so distressing to both sides of the question, both the eyes

and the nose? The rope of onions is really, at present, an imposing rope of onions enough, as it keeps swirling about, in obedience to every motion of Mr Jeffrey; but were Mr Jeffrey to die, or join us, either of which would make him immortal, what would become of the vegetables? It is plain, then, that our excellent friend cannot, without much cruelty, join us and our party in the state. Ten years ago, the young Whig was "non sordidus auctor," considerable shakes; but now they are all asses. It needs strong nerves to ask a young Edinburgh Whig the very simplest question. He immediately takes his ground, and begins to bray. Mr Coleridge says, that in nature there is nothing melancholy. We beg his pardon—there is. The bray of a young Edinburgh Whig is more melancholy than any thing in the whole compass of art. There is nothing half so much so in Burton's Anatomy. What discomforting ups and downs! What lugubrious deep draws! What unintentional shriekings! What wretched prosody! What mistakes of longs for shorts! Then, with what a pair of eyes he looks at you, when his oration is closed! and with what immeasurable ears the creature seems listening for your reply!

Of the London Whigs we know less now than we did some twenty years ago. Thomas Moore is the only man of genius among them, but, whatever else he may have made of his politics, he has most certainly not made good poetry. We have heard that he threatened to attack us and our Magazine. Now, invaluable little fellow as he is, does he think in his heart that he is any match for us in playful, kind-hearted, slashing satire. Let him just try—and Mr Wastle will let him have a Canto of the Mad Banker—Lauerwinkel a letter—and ourselves an article. But all this is episodic. Well, except this accomplished, witty, and fanciful scholar, where is there a Whig in England—an avowed and absolute Whig—that, as a literary man, is fairly out of the class of third raters? Lord Holland is somewhat feeble, and somewhat clumsy—Mr Brougham, who cannot well be called a literary man, has drawn the character of my Lord Lauderdale in the Edinburgh Review, and the likeness, though strong, is not flattering—Mr Hobhouse has not an English feeling about

him as an author—Sir R. Wilson is a ninny—and Alderman Wood never seemed to us to stand, as a man of letters, much higher than the present Jeremy Bentham. The English Whigs are almost all naturally stupid, which is more a misfortune than a crime; but they are also almost all artificially illiterate, which is more a crime than a misfortune. In short, look where you may, over England and Scotland, and you will see clever Tories and dull Whigs—and we are informed that it is just the same in Ireland—for Whiggery can dull the faculties even of an Hibernian. Should any one of our readers doubt the truth of what we now say, let him shut the Magazine, and if he is in a public room, let him cast his eyes around him, and look steadily on the first gentleman whom he sees reading the Morning Chronicle, and if he is not an established blockhead, he must, you may depend upon it, have mistaken that paper for the New Times or the Courier. Nay, let any man just run over the list of his common acquaintances, and what great, heavy, stupid faces, or what small, mean, shrivelled ones, rise up from among the Whiggery! And what fine jolly, intelligent countenances beam up from the Toryism of his native land! It is very laughable to find the sole *opposition* one meets with in this world, is from a set of poor, fusionless, feckless creatures, that can with difficulty stand when supported, much less *oppose* any body of ordinary strength. They belong to the *Opposition* forsooth! So have we seen a brisk party of windle-straws in a barren-field, with their empty heads all nodding away in opposition—but the first gust of wind that came made them turn to the right-about in a twinkling, though they still kept opposing, no doubt, whatever happened to be near them.

Secondly, Akin to this our merit of murdering the Whigs, is that of changing the whole character of the Edinburgh Review, in so far as it is possible to change the character of an extremely aged person. We have been accused of using the Edinburgh Review ill. Now, that is not the case. We use nothing ill. We should be convicted of flattery, were we to tell half the pleasure we have had in reading many of the ingenious and elegant dissertations of the editor, on literature and morals, and philosophy,

for all of which he hath an exceeding fine genie; the masterly disquisitions of Mr Horner on subjects of political economy; Mr Brougham's dashing, slashing, mashing articles on domestic and foreign polity, and many laudable papers of nameless auxiliaries. We have no recollection, at this moment, of having denied the occasional great merit of Numbers of the Edinburgh Review, that appeared some years ago. But the objections we have urged against that work, forcibly but temperately, are of the following kind. That it, all along, has been, in regard to the Christian Religion, either cold, sceptical, or impious; that its political opinions, especially concerning our foreign relations, have been base, foolish, cowardly, and unpatriotic; and concerning our domestic affairs, too frequently false and factious; that, in criticism, even the very best papers have shewn a lamentable ignorance of the true principles of poetry, and that though the editor's fancy and feeling have often exhibited themselves beautifully in detached remarks and vivid illustrations, he has, through the influence which his Review once possessed over the public taste, done more than all the other critics of the age, to blind men's eyes, and deaden men's hearts to the genuine works of imagination—that in all learning, erudition, and general knowledge—with the exception, perhaps, of pure mathematics—the Edinburgh Review has ever been miserably deficient and absurdly proud of its deficiencies—that it created and diffused a vile spirit of captious criticism and conceited coxcombry over the youth of Britain, which is still ludicrously apparent in thousands of heavy gentlemen, now middle-aged; and that it was the first, to set an example of that insolent and reckless personality which has since become a leading feature of almost all periodical works but our own—and for the introduction of which, into the formerly quiet and serene walks of literature, it is impossible for the Edinburgh Review ever to make sufficient amends to the public, or to receive sufficient punishment at our hands. In addition to these truths, now universally admitted to be self-evident, we have occasionally observed, that within these few years Mr Jeffrey has got tired of the Review—as he well might—having written so much, and so well, and so

ill, on so many different subjects, and on the same subjects for twenty years—and being, as he deserves, from his great learning, boundless ingenuity, and unequalled eloquence, at the head of the Scotch bar;—that in this manifest enui, or rather disgust with the work, he has felt himself driven to the necessity of soliciting assistance from all manner of dolts and drivellers—to say no worse—the thought of which must, at times, sorely distress his mind; that, in this way, the stupidity of the Edinburgh Review has now become quite proverbial; and people who wish to be thought clever are very shy of reading it: and that, finally, its sale is so reduced as to render it now an injudicious and unproductive concern, which Mr Constable would act wisely to give up altogether, and so leave the Periodical Literature of Scotland entirely in the hands of us younger and abler men.

This seems to be the sum and substance of what we have, at various times, with more or less expense of thought, written about the Edinburgh Review, and if there be any mistake in the items of the bill, they need only to be pointed out to be immediately corrected. One thing we feel perfectly confident of, that is, impartiality. While so many thousands have been giving up the work, we still continue to take it, partly from habit, we believe, and partly from a nameless and undefinable pleasure which still breathes upon us from its blue cover and yellow back—and which is not always dispelled, for some minutes, by opening the work. It delights us to see the Editor occasionally ogling again the old work—and we always, on such occasions, exclaim, “Well done, Mr Jeffrey, people may say what they choose, but after all, Dr Morris is right in calling thee the prince of Reviewers.” It was only t’other day that we felt all our admiration of the excellent editor revive when we saw his two amiable and ingenious articles on the Edgeworth Memoirs and Geoffrey Crayon, the one preceding and the other following that wretched abortion on the Jacobite Relics. Sometimes, in a drawing-room, when the company are assembling to dinner, the door opens, and in comes a well-dressed gentlemanly person, with a smile on his face, and with a bow indicative of good society; Mr Jeffrey, himself, we shall

suppose. No sooner has he taken his seat, and begun to spread animation around him, by his cheerful and polite demeanour, than the door again opens, and in comes a heavy, sulky, vulgar clown, the Scotsman we shall suppose, who, with the lounging gait of a clod-hopper, lours round the company, with a dogged down-cast countenance—then puts his arms a-kimbo, in awkward insolence striving to be genteel—and bangs himself down in mingled pride and dismay, with a sudden thud, upon a sofa, as if upon a wooden bench at an evening book-sale. The effect on the company is not removed for some time, even by the subsequent entrance of a gentleman.

About a dozen years ago, when the Edinburgh Review was in its glory, the day of publication was a great day in this city. If it did not appear in the forenoon, gentlemen, who were dining out, left orders, with the lass of their lodging, to bring their Number to Mr such or such a one, advocate or W. S. fifth door up such and such a common-stair. No sooner had the party sat down to their corned beef and greens, and Jenny been ever and anon extending her red fiery arm close by the ear of some leading member of the Speculative Society, with a barmy black bottle of gurgling small-beer—than one heavy rap after another fell upon the outer door, as lass after lass assembled on the stair-head with her master’s Number. Jenny, at once cook, waiter, and chamber-maid, went out and came in, in a flurry, with a decal of the Review in her apron—and all the party rushing upon her, each ravished a treasure from her lap, and then, heedless of the promised and approaching how-towdy, and seemingly resolved to forget even the hot whisky-toddy with brown sugar, at that time the universal drink of our first-rate literary and legal characters, all grasped their knives unwiped of their fat and mustard, and got, at once, into the heart of the Review. There might be seen one small yellow-faced gentleman, with pig-eyes, and a bald sconce, putting the work close to his nose, as if he were smelling out an article on parliamentary reform, and mumbling, “Aye, aye—Frank Horner I see”—set himself to perusal, as if it were as great and as glorious a feat to read a good article as to write one. Next to him pored, happily, a writer’s clerk, ambitious, perhaps,

of stuttering, some future day, at the side bar, under the smiles of some patronizing judge, and of exchanging his then ignoble lot for the enviable renown of fourth-rate drudgery, doomed to dwindle, year after year, into un-fed peripateticism in the outer-house, without

"One brief memorial, still erected nigh."

But,

"We bridle in our struggling muse with pain,

That longs to launch into a nobler strain,"

and leave the imagination of our readers to bring before them the lofty bliss of that intellectual afternoon; when the red herring lay unheeded on the mahogany, and no noise was heard from the flower of the Edinburgh youth, but an occasional grunt of delight from that pig-eyed Speculator, or the crack of a rotten filbert which some student, during a perplexing passage on the price of corn, ventured half-unconsciously to introduce for useless mastication into his defrauded and defeated jaws. These, my pensive Public, were the bright, and dewy, and laughing morning years of the Edinburgh Review! It was then that the genius and character was formed of those many splendid barristers, enlightened senators, and profound philosophers, with whom Scotland now overflows. Alas! for the fifth stories of well-peopled tenements now! Go mourn for the Speculative, and take up a weeping for the Select! Give a groan for the Academic, and for the Eclectic set no bounds to your grief; sigh for the young men of medicine, bedew with brine the cheek of the stripling student of Scotch Law, in the general sorrow let not the writer's apprentice be forgotten, think on the rising clergy with pity, commiserate the doom of literary men-milliners, and pause to drop a pearly tear over the heirs of small entailed estates! The Edinburgh Review is fallen, like Babel, or Babylon, the hanging gardens are no more, and there is a confusion of tongues among the ungodly.

Thirdly, We deserve well of our country for having, during dangerous times, upheld and encouraged a true British spirit. We have never allowed ourselves to rail about the ruin of our country, to talk of taxes like old women, to drivel about the national debt, to defame the soil that gave us birth.

We have always known that the people of Britain are sprung,

"From Earth's first blood, have titles manifold,"

and that the light of liberty, dark as the air may be over other lands, shines and will ever shine, from the cliffs of Albion. We should have felt ashamed to lift up our heads, had we, like the great Whig Journal, irrationally degraded ourselves, by declaring that England was no longer a country worth living in, even after the battle of Waterloo. Had we ever so spoken, we should not have dared to look on "the silver cross to Scotland dear," or the standard of England flying at the main of one of Nelson's old victorious ships. We have ever spoken with love of the throne, and reverence of the altar, with unmitigable scorn and contempt of all traitors and infidels, be they who they may, who would assail the one by abuse of the king, and the other by abuse of the ministers, or the creed of religion. No man can continue to think of his country, as he ought to think, who accuses himself to rail against her spirit, and to deny her greatness and her glory. It is right that a truly noble people, should think nobly of themselves; it is right that each individual should support his own virtue, by holding inviolate in his imagination the virtue of the state. Can this be done by him whose eloquence is confined to errors, whose ability is exerted only against abuse, and who ranges round and round the magnificent structure of the British Constitution, only to spy out some time-rent stone, or some crumbling piece of mortar, which he foolishly or basely exaggerates into general decay and dilapidation, while the wicked are endeavouring to drive their mines beneath the rock-foundation, in the hope of levelling all its battlements with the dust? This is the anti-British spirit of which we have so often expressed our contempt, and which, we know, we have in many instances depressed and destroyed. It is a spirit either detestably wicked, or utterly foolish. They who cherish it are objects either of hate or laughter, or of both. Living under the purest government that ever existed, they walk about, lifting up their legs from the ground as if they were shackled—permitted to open their asinine jaws,

whenever they choose, either for abuse or panegyric, they call out with a loud voice that their mouths are pad-locked—they cry against crowded prisons, while they themselves are suffered to go at large; and declaim against the ignorance of their rulers in bad grammar, and orthoepy beyond the correction of the press. Themselves at once scum and sediment, they complain of the stream of virtue being polluted; as if a bottle of wine might not exhibit pieces of floating cork, and much downward dregs, and yet be excellent port. Hopping about, like birds in a town-aviary, with ragged feathers and peevish chirp, they forget that there are nobler birds winging their way through the skies, or sitting amid the golden fruitage of happy groves; or marching to and fro over their own dunghills, and through their own dirty courts, either like little bantams, with their feathered leggikins bestudded with globular mud diamonds, or large dunghill fowl, with immense comb and wattles, and no tail, who keep chuckling, and crowing, and scraping among the soil, and looking fierce at all passers-by; they absolutely come at last to conceive that they are your only fowl; and when an egg is laid by one of the fraternity, a cackling is forthwith heard far and wide, from all the circumjacent and responsive poultry, as if every dunghill were sending forth to parliament its wing-clapping, strutting, and crowing representative.

Fourthly, We have done more than all the periodical works that have ever existed since the beginning of time (moderately speaking) to spread the empire of genius and imagination upon earth. There is no single man of genius whom we have not delighted to honour. Of all the present living poets we have uniformly spoken with love, and gratitude, and reverence. We have explained their principles more philosophically than ever they themselves were able to do. We have gathered up the flowers that dropped from the garlands of poetry—wiped from them the dust scattered on them by the hoof of vulgar criticism—restored them to their bright companionship—and hung the whole dazzling glory upon the temple of Fame. (*hear, hear!*) The editor of Baldwin's Magazine, a periodical, startled about three months ago, lately stated, if we rightly understood him, that he had been the means of directing the attention, and

awakening the delighted sympathies of the best critics, to the merits of the Scotch Novels, then almost unknown—we humbly beg to share in this praise—But to us exclusively belongs the merit of obliging the people of Scotland to read Wordsworth. We have made him popular here, in spite of the Edinburgh Review, and all the Whigs that whine in chorus. Their low and unprincipled abuse of that great man we exposed and punished; and we have spread Wordsworth's fame o'er earth and seas,

“Whatever clime our work's bright circle warms.”

Then, look at our own poetry! How tender, pathetic, and sublime, our *serious*—and how biting and caustic our *humorous* song? Who can sufficiently laud old Wastle? Does not the voice of the Standard-bearer rouse the soul like the sound of a trumpet? Who can read our Irish correspondent's epic poetry without aching sides? And till taste, genius, and sensibility are no more, the world will delight in *Δ*. Is not Mr Dowden of Cork a pretty poet? and Mr Jennings, the great founder of the Soda-water School? Why, we have as much poetry—real, genuine, unadulterated poetry, that might hold Mr Accum at defiance, as actually fills Timothy Tickler's back parlour, a snug room of twelve feet square. There—are elegies that would draw iron tears down Pluto's cheeks—epithalamia that would make the virgin rose drop from the stalk of single blessedness—epigrams “glee as only wombwell”—and extemporaneous effusions, polished to the last pitch of artificial refinement! In the space between the window and the door, we have piled up our dramas—comedy and tragedy, in alternate rows. On the left side of the fire-place are our portions, and parts of portions, of philosophical poems in blank verse—and on the right, all our epics. In the middle of the room stands a noble pile of Occasional Poetry, which, numerous as the occasions are on which it is employed, still reaches to within two feet of the roof—Many effusions of both sexes are there! What a body of respectful and constant readers of our Magazine! There they all lie, one above the other, all waiting their day of doom! Many a romantic name is sacrificed. Laura Maria follows Jenny Freebairn—and the place of Peter

Nimmo is supplied by Orlando or Maximilian Pugh. Oh! let our poetical contributors take warning by their fate! We devoutly trust that some of the other Magazines will take a sack or two of occasional poetry off our hands. Has the Lady's Magazine no bowels? Must we look in vain to *La Belle Assemblée*? What is become of the old benignity of the *European*? And does Sir Richard hear us plead in vain? We offer to contract—gratis—nay, we will give a premium, for the poet's corners in all the newspapers in Britain. We rather think we shall hire a sharp lad for the express purpose, and make him "Clerk of the Occasional Poetry"—that shall be his sole department, with a good salary—he shall never be made to audit his accounts, and if he but keep 'down stock, we will settle an annuity upon him in his old age.

Fifthly, With respect to general literature, we surely are not saying too much when we affirm, that we have delighted and instructed the reading public on many subjects that, but for us, would, in all probability, have remained in oblivion during many centuries, perhaps for ever. Mr Jeffrey says that he has mainly contributed to the existing love and admiration of the Old English Drama. We surely may be permitted to doubt this. The first paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, as far as we recollect, in which any thing was said of the Old English Drama, was a critique on Charles Lamb's *John Woodville*. That little composition glistens with the most vivid and beautiful poetry—nature keeps giving hints of herself throughout all its scenes—now in all that quaintness which, at that period of human life, she more peculiarly loved—and now in that universal language in which, without reference to time or place, she wantons forth in her strong and rejoicing existence—there, passion is simple as the light of day, or various as the coruscations of the northern lights—there, truths so obvious as to common eyes even to seem dull and trivial, become affecting—even sublime, by their connection with profoundest reflection, and most woful catastrophes—there, character apparently artless and unformed, yet rises up like what we see conflicting, suffering, enjoying, dying, in this our every-day world—so that when all is shut up unostenta-

tiously at last, we feel the grandeur of the powers, and the awfulness of the destinies of our human nature, in that simple picture of humble but high humanity, more mournfully and also more majestically than when the curtain falls before the dead bodies of conquerors or of kings. What was said of this drama, so true to nature, and so true to the thoughts of nature, cherished by the great men of old England? That it was childish, puerile, foolish, barbarous, founded upon wretched models—and a disgrace to the literature of a civilized people! All the old dramatists were, at the same time, spoken of with scorn and contempt—and the reader was left in derision of Charles Lamb, and of those great spirits whom he worshipped, and whose very names seemed to have been unknown to the Reviewer. Such a critique could not have been written by Mr Jeffrey—but there it was—in the work that has done so much for the old dramatists of England. When Miss Baillie's noble plays were reviewed—true, that praise was bestowed on the old dramatists. What then? Can we suppose such an incredible absurdity as Mr Jeffrey to despise the contemporaries of Shakspeare? Surely not. But what was said of them? Any thing discriminative, or enthusiastic, or passionate? Nothing at all—but some wit against Miss Baillie for injudiciously imitating their language. In the *Review of Chenevix's plays*—by the way, productions of great power—there were some good remarks on the strength, and originality, and passion, of the elder men;—but, most assuredly, not a word that entitled the writer to class himself among the strong admirers of the old drama. A few years ago, some fine and philosophic discussion—but noways original, as every one knows who knows any thing of the age of Elizabeth and James—appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, in a paper on Ford's plays. Ford himself, however, was somewhat thoughtlessly said to be by no means one of the best of the old Dramatists. And we believe that Mr Jeffrey has, since that time, occasionally spoken with spirited commendation of our old dramatic literature; though Massinger was denied to have genius in a critique, which Mr Gifford afterwards shewed to be one tissue of ignorance and malignity. This, we believe, is the sum

and substance of all that ever appeared in the Edinburgh Review on the old Drama. And to what does it amount? To this—that neither the editor nor any of the writers in the Edinburgh Review know any thing about the old English drama—and were originally disposed to think and speak of it with contempt—that long afterwards, when all the men of knowledge in England had, in all publications of note, spoken with zeal and power of that mighty drama, the Edinburgh Review fell into their wake,—and by and by, finding itself left behind and alone, hoisted its flag somewhat pertly, and with a great press of sail, but in a vessel by no means well-trimmed, kept firing away guns, as if returning from a successful voyage of discovery, of strange hands.

The truth is, that the study of the old dramatists had for a long time been revived in England before the Edinburgh Review had been set a-going; and has, indeed, been one great cause of the surpassing excellence of our modern poetry. But we must not be led into disquisition; so let us just hint, that the Edinburgh Review seems to us to have about as good a title to be declared the regenerator of the true spirit of dramatic literature, as to that of the defender of the faith—the supporter of the altar—the upholder of the throne—the liberator of Spain—the destroyer of Napoleon—the restorer of the Bourbon dynasty—the saviour of Europe—and the prophet of peace, liberty, and happiness, all over the world. For ourselves, we frankly confess, that we are more indebted to the old dramatists than they are to us; and this all will acknowledge who have read the admirable articles on them in this work—articles which, though absolutely written by one single individual, a well-employed surgeon in a country town, do, without question, combine the learning and acuteness of Gifford, the fine tact of Lamb, the deep originality of Coleridge, the ingenious speculations of Jeffrey, and the agreeable gossip of J. G. Collier. As to the German Drama, it is to be found almost exclusively in our pages. We, (that is, Mr Gillies, and an accomplished young Dublin gentleman,) take, every now and then, one of the finest German Tragedies, and selecting all the best passages, transfuse the very soul of

the writer into noble blank verse, or, as in the case of *Faustus*, into metres accordant to the wild measures of the original. We, that is, Christopher North, then string the diamonds of poetry on a well-spun prose-string, adding admirable head and tail-pieces. The effect is prodigious. Mullner, Grilparzer, and Oehlenschlaeger, are all writing away at tragedies now, like perfect devils, under the inspiration of our praise; and old Goethe's autograph is to be seen lying at 17 Prince's-street, in the form of a grateful letter of thanks to us for what he calls the "*Gar unschaffende Verpflanzung seiner Tragödie auf das Britische Boden.*" We are too deeply impressed with the awful uncertainty of human life, to venture ourselves into an examination of our articles on general literature. Suffice it to say, that some of the best informed men we know have, for some years, confined their reading entirely to Blackwood's Magazine; if, indeed, for the word "confined," it would not be advisable to substitute "extended." In conversation such men talk like angels, or Mr Coleridge: they seem pure ethereal essences—mere spiritual knowledge impersonated—the breath, as it were, of intellect—They have become great simple IDEAS. Others, again, there are, of quite a different stamp, whom you hear railing "at us and at our Magazine," as if they would not condescend even to look on us with the tail of their lordly eye. But just observe them when they begin to open their mouths a little wider, and you find that they do nothing but covertly quote *Ebony*. They have evidently applied to the Magazine *Feinagle's Art of Memory*—and have all its treasures under their command, at the beck of symbols.—They soon talk us down when we begin to speak; and we confess that we have often felt excessively mortified to be so snubbed before company, till we recollected that out of our own mouths had we been outargued—and our ignorance exposed by our own erudition. Though we forget many of the fine and profound things we are so constantly saying, they do not. When we give battle, it is distressing to meet our own troops drawn up against us, and one is apt to lose his temper at being taken prisoner, wounded, or killed by his own men. It was only last Thursday that we were



driven from a strong position by not more than half-a-dozen young Whigs, by a fire kept up on us, without intermission, for two hours, from a battery which we ourselves erected in the month of July last, for though the rogues were but sorry artillery-men, the guns were most excellent, and we had left, on the redoubt, a vast quantity of the strongest ammunition.

Sixthly, We have created, spread, and rendered everlastingly popular, a warm, cheerful, jolly, unaffected, and bounding spirit of glee, not formerly supposed to be possible under our cloudy clime, and which, we have not the slightest doubt, will do more than even Sir John Sinclair's Code of health and longevity, to antediluvianize the term of man's life, and make octogenarians appear to be men cut off in early youth. We are, certainly, the wittiest of human beings. That our jokes are often extremely bad is but too true, but then we are always aware of that, and out we come with them, slap-dash, not caring a doit though they lose us a score of subscribers. It is scarcely possible to help being pleased with us even in our most unsuccessful moments, and often have we seen people laughing, like to burst their sides, at things of ours, which we almost wished unsaid, they were so very poor or ill-timed. But when we are really in the key, we cannot deny that we are irresistible. We have not unfrequently written long articles, of which every sentence was perfectly witty. We could point out some papers, that seem to us models of grave humour, others of delicate irony, others of attic salt, others of outrageous fun, others whimsical to a degree, others most comic, and not a few without a vestige of meaning, that yet address themselves to some mysterious part of man's nature, and throw whole districts into convulsions. We have a power peculiar to ourselves, of so uttering the most wild fictions, as not only to make them infinitely more credible than the tamest truths, but absolutely to give the truths that happen to appear in the same number of the Magazine very much the appearance of falsehoods. Thus, we review and give most interesting extracts from books that have no existence, and these reduce to non-entities large volumes, published at a very heavy expense. Our biographies

of wretched persons unborn are so affecting, that the weeping public hath no tears to bestow on men and women actually in poor circumstances and bad health. Crimes of so deep a dye are committed by persons unknown beyond the pages of our Magazine, that murders at Woolwich, and other small brick towns, are deemed incomplete, and create little or no sensation. And after the marriage of our housekeeper with the Bagnan, elderly maiden ladies are seduced into matrimony by young gentlemen, without a single whisper. In short, nobody can well tell what to make of us, farther than that we are a set of delightful Incomprehensibles, that keep the whole world in hot water, or the tepid bath; and then all of a sudden, down comes the shower bath upon our readers, making them hurry off *in puris naturalibus*. This, by the way, is an example of our absurd mode of writing. It has little or no meaning, and yet you observe, that you cannot help being amused with it.

Seventhly, We have destroyed the reign of Fudge. With all our great abilities we assume no airs of superiority over others, and we do not suffer others to assume any over us. This is, of itself, an improvement sufficient to create a new era in periodical criticism. What pompous affairs, editors and contributors were before we flourished! How prodigiously they mouthed, "ore rotundo"—

"Deep from the vault the Loisian murmurs flow,

And Pythia's awful organ peals below."

Though invisible to mortal eyes, what awful ideas the world had of men dressed in black, with mighty wigs, and spectacles reflecting all created things! No one knew where they dwelt.—VOICES!

"Mortalia corda

Per humiles gentes stravit Pavor."

Twelve times per annum the whole race of authors fell flat upon their faces till the breath of the Monthly had passed by. How completely is the scene now changed! There is nothing terrible in our tones. We reign by love, not fear. We have not the monotonous voice of a despot, who speaks in the same accents to all his slaves. Now we speak earnestly and fervently—then with a grave solemnity—to some we are facetious—and to others jocose. When people misbe-

have, we chastise them sharply, but not cruelly—their amendment being the final cause of our stripes. When we praise, we do it with all our heart; when we censure, with all our spleen! Our sincerity is seen both by saint and sinner—and we have often received presents of books from writers whom we had cut up, till they had scarcely a leg to stand upon. Nothing but the consciousness of great abilities, as was well remarked by one of our contemporaries, could have suggested to us this mode of conduct, and enabled us to persevere in it. We know our strength, and despise Humbug. That personage, so well stricken in years, would not do at Ambrose's,—Odoherly and he quarrelled first time they met. The Adjutant accused him of being the editor of the British Review in disguise—and though he maintained doggedly that he had been conductor of many other periodical works, the Standard-bearer insisted upon his making himself scarce. Let no one think that our dignity is lessened by this theory and practice. It may be true that no man seems a hero to his valet—but we are always an Editor to our contributors.

In our case familiarity breeds respect—nor can any thing be conceived more touching than the filial tenderness with which we are treated by all our coadjutors. A dinner at Ambrose's is a fine moral lesson. With what benignity Mr Tickler, who is generally at the head of the table, and by whose side we love to sit, makes a long arm, and brings to our plate, from afar, with a yard-long ladle, most choice pease-soup, that steams so fragrantly, in a vast turin, in the middle of the feast! How like a cherub smiles the Adjutant, when requesting Mr Ambrose to bring Mr North's plate for fowl! He knows our little tastes—and sends us, with a slight wink of his nether peeper—both liver'd wings. Sweet is the voice of  $\Delta$  when it breathes “Mr North—may I have the honour of drinking with you a glass of stingo?” And when the Shepherd asks us, in his honest blunt way, “if we wull hae a cawker,”

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of travellers, in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands.

After dinner the most marked attention is paid to every thing we say.

The Standard-bearer gives us his arm till we reach our arm-chair, by the fire-side—and with all the softness of one of the other sex, places the little red stuffed stool under our most rheumatic foot. Our health is always the second that is drunk—and a dozen snuff-boxes are, in a moment, at our command. “You will find this pear ripe, I believe,” murmurs  $\Delta$ . “Use the nut-cracker, my dearest North,” quoth Tickler—“Allow me to recommend to you the red herring,” says Odoherly—“Tak a sook o’ an orange, my man,” urges James Hogg, “they’re as fu’s they can haud!” It is thus the great interests of mankind are, once a month, arranged at Ambrose’s—and the world kept from standing still. Let not the Public, we beseech her, imagine that we never dine any where else than at taverns. We are intense family men, and dine not in any taverns above once a fortnight—twenty-five times a-year. This leaves quite sufficient of home for any person reasonably domestic. Neither let the public imagine that we dine at no other taverns than Ambrose’s. This would be a fatal misconception indeed. No, no. Our grand dinners are at Ambrose’s—and ever shall be. So are our monthly suppers. But when the Dilettanti are not sitting in their hall, we rejoice likewise to feed at Young’s, than which a better and more reasonable house is not. We have seen four complete courses—soups, fish, flesh, fowl—at four shillings a head (with drams) and then a brace of contributors may dine, cheek by jowl, right well, for two shillings per contributor. Then we are always happy when Wastle comes to town, for he will dine no where but at Oman’s—and it may, without exaggeration, be said that he who has never dined at Oman’s, never saw, strictly speaking, A DINNER. In our waking hours we think of the dinners of many men—but it is of Oman’s alone that we dream in our sleep. A few nights ago we had a vision of a table spread for us in the new Waterloo Tavern; it would require the pen of the author of Khubla Khan to describe it: just as we were sitting down before a dish of mysterious beauty—such as youthful poets and aged editors fancy when they love, but for which they can never after form an intelligible receipt—the glorious

shew was at once dissolved—the hoarse voice of an infernal fish-wife came indistinctly bawling by “fine caller haddies,”—and the image of her great greasy creel took place of a vision of all most exquisitely edible to the stomach of man. But not such an empty dream was the feast we enjoyed on the 16th instant with our noble friend the Thane, at the Royal Hotel—royal indeed in all things—both in its permanent and transitory furniture. We had not had the delight of seeing the Thane since he brought Prince Leopold to our tent—for last time he was in Edinburgh our rheumatism was so bad, that Liston positively forbid us to stir out. We were delighted to find him in high health and spirits, and with all his usual flow of graceful conversation, that, after all, we literary men can never acquire. It is not to be acquired—and when nature does not give the gift, art may seek to win the accomplishment in vain. We lived over again that happy and joyous evening of the tent—his Lordship told us that Old Parr never ceased praising “those wild Tory dogs,” as he calls us, and that Prince Leopold has got the frontispiece of the August Number, and also his “Arrival at the Tent,” framed and hung up in his study. Such is the delightful picture of our private hours. That every editor may have such contributors—and that all contributors may strive to deserve such an editor, is the ardent prayer, my Public, of your sincere friend and well-wisher, Christopher North.

Eightly, We cannot but now shortly insist on the merit due to us, for being the first to carry on a periodical work, without that vile anonymous disguise, under which such unwarrantable liberties are frequently taken with you, my Public. It is true, that at first we wore the veil—but that was a mere temporary whim, and the face of old Christopher North now gladdens the open day. But not only are we anonymous ourselves, but so are all our contributors. People had contracted such a constant habit of talking of anonymous slander and so forth, that they

forgot at last the very meaning of the word anonymous, which is certainly not synonymous with onymous. There were we all gathered together in every Number, writing away, each man with a name of at least two syllables, yet was the cry of the pack still kept up. North, Wastle, Tickler, Morris, Lauerwinkel, Kempferhausen, Δ, Odoherty, the two Mullions, the Shepherd, the Dentist, and others equally with their own names, were all most impertinently declared anonymous by persons of whom the world know not the appellatives even unto this day. And while it is no unusual thing to hear of publications strictly anonymous, and published only once or twice, such as Don Juan and Anastasius, talked of with the names of the authors, an attempt was made to fasten anonymity on Blackwood's Magazine, (wonderful anomaly!) though monthly graced by at least a dozen of the very highest names in our British literature. Most assuredly cool impertinence can go no farther than this.

Ninthly, We just now felt rather exhausted, having never laid down the pen for more than a single half minute at a time these last six hours, and then only to fling over copy to the little invisible devil behind the high back of our most blessed easy-chair, whose place, soon as he evaporated, was filled by another strange rizzard speldron.\* We say that we just now feel rather exhausted—so, with your leave, we shall take a tiff of Campbell and Sommerville's best black strap, without occasional aid of which, it is our faith that no periodical work can be successfully carried on in these emulous times. And, while the reader is waiting for us to go on again with our article, which we divine he thinks almost insupportably entertaining, we cannot offer him a better advice than just to lay down the Magazine, and follow our example. If Campbell and Sommerville are not his wine-merchants, let him drink off his stock as fluently as possible, and get a supply instantan from Clyde-street.† Well, having wiped our mouths, let us proceed, and observe (we think)

\* See Dr Jamieson.

† Let it not be thought that we have any sinister view in thus eulogizing the port-wine of Messrs Campbell and Sommerville. Our object is the happiness of mankind in general. We never even saw these gentlemen, though we have dealt with them since the establishment of the Magazine; and were they to send us a present of wine, we should return it with our compliments. But we wish our readers to be happy—and therefore it is that we now recommend to them a liquid, under whose influence, if they are not doubly blest, this world is not for them, and we fear that we cannot long calculate upon them as subscribers.

ninthly, that we have hugely improved the tone, spirit, and character of general conversation in Britain. But, in the mean time, let us confine ourselves to Edinburgh. Till we began to flourish—and while the aloe flourishes only once in the hundred years, we flourish once a month—the Edinburgh conversation had got very distressing. The talk was not of cattle, but of criticism, which was much worse; and blue-stockings were in its cerulean altitude. Every female leg was azure—absolutely painted blue like a post. A slight beard was becoming visible even on young women still marriageable—a certain consequence of incipient literary habits; so you may imagine the upper lip of well-informed women of forty. A single number of the Magazine was equivalent to a thousand razors—for as our fair friends gave up book-reading, that of which we found so much reason to complain subsided into a pleasing down—and then from such lips “not words alone pleased us.” We still permitted a little poetry—by way of pomatum—and even let the sweet creatures continue to smooth their cheeks with a novel. But politics and political economy were strictly prohibited, under pain of being inserted in the Magazine. Of all sorts of labour, productive or introductive, we cautioned young ladies never more to speak; and we behaved tenderly to such as shewed a becoming ignorance of all forms of government whatever, except an absolute monarchy, and a total indifference to the present alarming state of the nation. By such gentle and judicious treatment with the young disease, in its first symptoms—and occasionally too by sterner practice with those whose legs were not only blue, but had begun to swell—we came at last almost to extinguish the epidemic; and it is now confined nearly to some of the higher flats of the eighteen-storied houses, from which the inhabitants very rarely come down to town.

Tenthly, We seem to be led very naturally, by these remarks and remembrances, to take notice of one supposed feature in our character which our enemies represent as excessively unbecoming, but of which our friends altogether deny the existence—we mean, our PERSONALITY. We do not surely intend, in one sense, to deny

our personality as an attribute of ours: We have a personal existence, and our name is North. But our enemies assert that our style of writing is *personal*, and that we make too free with people's names and private characters—nay, some folks have gone the length of saying that we are impertinent—slandrous. This is a serious charge—so let us examine it a little.

Personality, in all its bearings, is a subject by much too wide for discussion in a work of this kind—so we must be both brief and general, which is difficult.

If by personality be meant the dragging of private individuals before the public, and attacking their characters, personality, to say the least of it, is quite indefensible. But, pray, what private gentleman have we dragged before the public, and what particulars of his domestic hours have we been graciously pleased to lay before the world? Is the Edinburgh Review a private gentleman? Why, certainly, he is less out than he used to be—still we cannot think that we were the first to give him publicity. Is there a single author in great Britain who wishes to be considered as a private gentleman? If so, he has only to publish his love of privacy a little more extensively, till it reaches our ears, and we pledge our word of honour, that we never shall mention his name again while we breathe. We wish we had a list of these sensitive plants, which we would paste upon our screen, that when drawing ourselves in near the fire, in those happy moods when we are most apt to be cutting, our eyes may meet the names of such lovers of the shade, and our souls soften towards them in their deep seclusion.

Having thus satisfactorily shewn that we never, since our name was North, which it has been upwards of threescore years, attacked, or even in the most distant manner alluded to the private character of any man—we beg leave to lay down a distinction.

When a person publishes a book, in prose or verse, encouraging, upon principle, all kind of licentiousness, or seeking to undermine the foundation of religious belief, is it an attack on his private character, to say that such an author deserves the hatred and scorn of all good men? If a poet recommends incest—is it an attack on private character to call him incestuous?

If a clergyman lays aside his gown, and sneers at miracles, is it an attack on private character to call him an infidel? Would it be an attack on private character, to adopt, towards him, the language of Mr Jeffrey, towards one of the best and greatest men this country ever produced, Robert Southey, and call him "an apostate and a renegade?" We, and all the rest of the world, except a few foolish Whigs, answer—no. When the inmost feelings and opinions of any man, on morality and religion, or rather on immorality and irreligion, are given by himself to the public—that writer becomes a public profligate, or a public infidel, and all men are not only at liberty, but they are called upon to chastise him—and he is accordingly chastised. Such a man has outraged human nature—let him be as much beloved or admired by his own private friends as he may—and for him or his friends to bristle up, on his being humbled by a rod of iron, and to call the world to behold, with indignation, the attack on his private character, is nothing more or less than the most pitiable folly and wickedness—which forces that world to add contempt to their condemnation. But no more of this.

Now for the charge of mentioning people's names. Whatever may be thought of this enormity, let it, first of all, be separated entirely from the charge already disposed of, that of attacking private character, and see what is the amount of wickedness involved. The first inquiry is, why are names bestowed or inflicted upon the numerous individuals of the great family of mankind? To call them by. Now, what are we but "airy tongues, who syllable men's names"—not like the wicked demon, mentioned in *Comus*, to frighten honest people upon the sea-shore, and other lonesome places—but in cheerful crowded streets of towns and villages, where to hear one's self familiarly hailed, is just one of the pleasiest things in all the blessed world. If an acquaintance is so unfortunate as to have an extremely homely name—such as Gubbins—or Hogg—(though the Miss Gubbins, whom we knew at Bath, were about the prettiest girls we ever flirted with, and James Hogg, whatever Charles Lamb may think, is to us far from cacophonous)—it may seem unfeeling to expose them—but if a man rejoices

in a comely name as well as a comely person, like Bob Miller, for example, or our dear friend, Mr Constable, or our doubly dear friend, Dr Scott, where, in the name of all that is warm-hearted and affectionate, lies the guilt of uttering one or all of these mild and ever-honoured words? We confess that we cannot, for our souls, behold our own iniquity here. We never heard that either of these three gentlemen had taken offence at our syllabbling their names—but others have not had the same good sense—and have accused us of depriving them of their good name, as if it were not possible to give it to the world without taking it from themselves?

We maintain then, that unless in cases of horrific, or repulsive, or ludicrous names, such as have a tendency to render their owners either objects of fear, disgust, or laughter—there is no guilt in mentioning an individual either by Christian or surname—and it is a practice to which we mean rigidly to adhere.

May we be permitted to put a question? (Certainly—go on) Upon what principle does a man, who would wish to hide himself and his name from the whole world, and who would break his heart to see it in our Magazine, pay an artist five shillings a-day besides the price of paint, to emblazon that very name in prodigious letters over the whole side of a house, in one of the most public streets of a great city—keep men and boys, at so much expense, distributing bills graced with the august syllables signifying his existence, all through and round the metropolis—nay, advertise himself, at enormous cost, in a score of newspapers? Why faint at that name, gratis, in our Magazine, which sends new vigour through his veins, at seven and sixpence in the Advertiser? Till these questions are satisfactorily answered, we can see no reason for prolonging this discussion.

Eleventhly, Before our era, the staple commodity of a good Periodical was supposed to be literature, or something of that sort. We soon shewed the utter absurdity of that notion. Literature ought to be very sparingly admitted into a Magazine. Human life is our subject matter—and, notwithstanding Mr Rogers' pretty poem, we are under no fears lest it should turn out to be nearly exhausted. Hu-

man life is not a beer barrel—when you turn the cock, you need not tremble and grow pale least all be dried up. Give it a good shake, and it will run freely. It is surely quite need- less, and it would be quite endless to point out what we have done in that way. Just look into the other Magazines, and you will see what we mean by saying, that we have created an era in periodical literature.

And this brings us, twelfthly, to drop a hint of the happy effects our noble example has produced on periodical literature in general, and more especially in the Magazines. We have set a thousand opposition wheels agoing on the great North road. The old drivers of the periodical Heavies were, till we started, all too apt to get muzzy, and fall asleep on the box.—The reins were continually slipping out of the fingers of the ancient foists—whip-hands they had none—and oh! what miserable cattle! As it is actionable, we hear, to find fault with any coach, diligence, or fly—we mention no names.—Yet while our purpose is praise, why may we not speak out? Only behold the European Magazine, full of tales, tours, anecdotes, and original essays—a pleasant miscellany. Look on Sir Richard, how he keeps Capel Loft and Napoleon to their work.\* What can be more wonderful than the change of the New Monthly? Was it not, within one little year, the beau ideal of a bad Magazine?—and is it not now one of the best of the good? Clever men are absolutely going about Colburn's—old plagiarism has given way to young contributor—that hor-

rid vampyre no more lives on editorial blood—and Alaric, the Goth, is fled. Gold and Northhouse, we hear, are making money, and they deserve it—their vehicle is a little too jaunty, and the pannels too highly varnished—but it trundles along very easy—the cattle show some blood, and the drivers are quiet, civil, and obliging—and up to a bit of slang. Of Baldwin's new bang-up concern, we, at present, just civilly ask the Jehu, John Scott, to keep his own side of the road—not to be so fond of running races—and not to abuse passengers who prefer going by another conveyance. He drives rather stylishly, but not steadily—he blows his tits too much in going up hill—and before he makes the end of his stage, why, they are all in a lather. Last time we saw this concern it was quite empty—honest Jehu was in a doze—and what was our surprise, to discern Tims on the box by his side—driving,—absolutely driving!! Such behaviour is exceedingly reprehensible—and yet, considering the many serious accidents that are occurring every day, hardly a vehicle of the kind is to be seen without a Cockney taking the reins. We shall certainly caution the proprietors.

We have ten thousand other agreeable things to whisper into thine ear, my Public.—Well, we did not expect this; but the good old Lady has absolutely fallen asleep. On looking at our watch, we find, that instead of an hour's *tete-a-tete*, we have been holding the worthy republic of letters by the ear for great part of an evening. *Euge et vale.*

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\* The two principal writers in the Old Monthly Magazine; yet we suspect that Capel Loft must be dead, otherwise he surely would have taken some notice of the late eclipse of the sun. As for Napoleon, we found that many of his articles were extremely heavy, and he, taking offence, we presume, at their non-insertion, (for he is extremely touchy), has gone over, it appears, to the Old Monthly.

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We have a great deal to say to our numerous correspondents, but find that we must reserve our communications for the Notice Page of next month. We have a crow to pluck with the author of *Semihoræ Biographiæ*, who has, we find, imposed upon us a letter, signed J. Kirby, which is not the composition of that very respectable individual. Mr Kirby is apprehensive lest that letter may injure him in the public estimation as a publisher; and therefore we most willingly inform our readers that it was a mere *jeu d'esprit*; which we regret has caused the slightest uneasiness to so worthy a person. We need not add, that Mr Kirby is well known as the publisher of many useful and entertaining works; and we hope that this explanation will not only be agreeable to himself personally, but be the means of directing customers to his well-furnished library.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*North-west Passage, Magnetic Attraction, &c. &c.*—After the Greenland ships, North Pole and William & Ann, of Leith, this year entered Davis' Straits, they penetrated to 74° or 75° of latitude, by the usual route, up the east side of the bay. As the season advanced, and the sea became more clear of ice, the scarcity of fish induced them to stand towards the west, in hopes of being more successful. Some few days after, the land was seen to the west, stretching from north to south, as far as the eye could reach, with some small island, or rocks, scattered before the coast, where the fish appeared in greater abundance. Prosecuting the fishery, the ships were directed according to circumstances, when they reached an opening, apparently about 30 or 35 miles in width, situated about 73° or 74° latitude, supposed to be Lancaster Sound.

During the time the ships remained in this inlet, straits, or bay, the compasses on board both ships were found, whenever they approached within 5 or 6 miles to the north shore, which was high, rugged, and mountainous, to have lost entirely their magnetic virtue, standing in any direction to which they were placed, without indicating the least appearance of being attracted either the one way or the other; but as soon as the ships had reached beyond this distance (5 or 6 miles) from the land, towards the middle of the straits, the compass needles again acquired their usual power, and exercised it without apparent obstruction. This phenomenon, of which the navigators were entirely ignorant, had nearly led the ships into serious and alarming consequences.

The William & Ann was 30 or 40 miles within the headlands forming the entrance into this strait, bay, or inlet; saw a clear passage to the N.W. as far as the eye extended. Had 10 fathoms water, blue mud, 7 miles from the north shore, and 4 fathoms close in, where most of the fish they procured were killed; experienced a long swell setting through from the N. W. with regular tides, sometimes running 4 and 5 knots per hour.

*Lithography.*—Mr Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, has found the means of dispensing with the stone. He has invented a lithographic paper, fit for all methods of printing.

*Saw-Dust increases the Force of Gunpowder.*—M. Warnhagen has discovered that saw-dust, especially of wood of the softest kinds, mixed with gun-powder in equal shares, triples the force of the powder. It is intended to be used for the blowing up of rocks.

*New Antidote against Poisons.*—The fruit of the plant *Feuillea cordifolia* proves a powerful antidote against vegeta-

ble poisons. M. Drapiez poisoned dogs with the rhus toxicodendron, hemlock, and nux vomica. Such of them as were left to the effects of the poison, died; but those to whom the above fruit was given recovered completely after a short illness.

*New Vegetable Alkalies.*—The number of vegetable alkalies is daily increasing, and chiefly by the labours of the German chemists. Atropia is the ingredient which gives to the *Atropa belladonna* its peculiar properties. It crystallizes in long needles, is a brilliant white, tasteless, and little soluble in water and in alcohol. It withstands a moderate heat; and forms regular salts with acids, neutralizing a considerable portion of acid. Sulphate of atropia contains sulphuric acid 36.52, atropia 38.93, water 24.55 = 100. Atropia, mixed with potash and exposed to a red heat, yields ashes, which, when mixed with muriate of iron, strike a lively red colour. Hyoscyama (the alkali extracted from the *Hyoscyamus niger*) is not easily altered by heat, even when brought to redness with charcoal. It crystallizes in long prisms; and gives with sulphuric or with nitric acid very characteristic salts.

*Human Lithology.*—A posthumous work of Brugnatelli, professor in the University, has been published at Pavia, with the title of "Human Lithology," forming a collection of chymical and medical researches, relative to the stony substances found in the human body. This publication is the result of twenty years' labour, and merits the attention not only of medical practitioners, but of the curious in general. It is embellished with plates, comprising a large collection of calculi, carefully stored by the author, during his long practice. The different configurations of these, drawn out in their natural size, are stated to be taken with the greatest accuracy. Some are shaped like a pin, others like an ear of corn, and some are about the size of a goose's egg. To investigate the interior structure of the calculi, it was necessary to cut some of them in the middle; an operation which the author happily executed. The designs in the plates represent very distinctly, the gradual process of stratification, in different layers, from the surface to the centre.

*New Variety of Potato.*—M. Lanckman, a skilful gardener, has introduced into Ghent, from some foreign country, a potato of a species not known on the Continent. Having planted it, the crop produced 2,160 pounds of potatoes, every stalk yielding fifteen or eighteen pounds. The form is oblong, colour red, and quality excellent.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

An Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the numbers of Mankind ; being an answer to Mr Malthus's Essay on that subject. By William Godwin.

Eccentricity, a novel ; by Mrs M<sup>c</sup>Nally, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Edgeworth, of Lissard, Ireland.

An Abridgment of Morgagni's Treatise on the Seats and Causes of Diseases ; by William Cooke, surgeon ; in 2 vols 8vo.

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In the press, the Book of Nature laid open ; being a popular survey of the phenomena and constitution of the Universe, and the appearances of Nature, during each month in the year ; by the Rev. W. Hutten, M. A.

An Appendix to the Midland Flora is preparing for publication, by T. Purton, surgeon, Alcester ; with numerous coloured engravings, by James Sowerby, F.L.S.

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Robert Monteath, Wood-surveyor and Valuator, Stirling, has in the press the Forrester's Guide, in which will be contained—Observations on thinning, pruning, and training up Young Plantations of every description; cutting, thinning, pruning, and training up Natural Oak, and Coppice Woods.—A new and easy Method of extirpating Barren Wood of any description from among Oak Coppice. The method of valuing and ascertaining the quantity of Bark produced from Coppice Woods of all ages. A complete new method of measuring Standing Trees of all descriptions; also giving a Plan and Explanation for working a newly invented Instrument for measuring Standing Trees, whereby the measurement of any Tree, with all its different Branches, can be as accurately and as expeditiously taken, as if it were lying on the ground—consequently its exact value ascertained.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### COMMERCIAL REPORT.—OCT. 12, 1820.

*Sugar.*—Our remarks on this article must necessarily be confined. The market, which for some time continued to look favourable, became, to the close of last month, stationary and languid, and since then it has rather declined. Holders, however, remain firm, and little inclination is shewn to suffer any depression of price. The supply may now be considered as having arrived at the market for this year; and as the quantity on hand can readily be ascertained, therefore the market may be expected to improve, unless the consumpt of the country decline. The demand for Refined Goods continues lively. In Foreign Sugar there is little doing.—*Coffee.*—The Coffee market has become very dull, and the prices are given way considerably. Sales cannot be effected but with great difficulty. The next advices from the Continent, however, may give a different turn to the Coffee market, as every thing depends upon the activity in, and demand from that quarter.—*Cotton.*—The Cotton market in London remains very heavy, but the prices have not given way. In Liverpool there was some appearance of improvement some days ago, but subsequently the market has become dull; but, nevertheless, the prices quoted are maintained, as the holders are not inclined to push the stock on hand into the market. A general opinion prevails, that if any great quantity were brought forward into the market, the prices would give way considerably. The improvement in the manufactures of the country, will, however, in all probability, prevent any material decline.—*Oil* is declining in price. *Tallow* is also fallen in price, and the market is extremely dull. The sales of *Tobacco* are limited, and the prices a shade lower. The *Rum* market is become heavy. *Brandy* may be purchased a shade lower. In *Grains* there is no alteration. The prices of all kinds of *Grain* have declined since our last

very considerably. The weather of late has been very favourable for finishing what remained of the late crops, and gathering these into the barn-yards.

We have the satisfaction to state, that the manufacturing trade is decidedly and generally improved throughout all the country; and we are informed, from good authority, that there is a prospect of sufficient work for six months to come. We fondly anticipate a progressive improvement in our internal situation, which nothing can obstruct or prevent, but throwing the country into confusion, mischief, and internal broils, which is at present evidently the object of a considerable portion of the Radical tribe, so generally scattered over the nation. The good sense of the community, however, and the firmness of the executive government, will, we hope, again completely frustrate the daring attempts and efforts of a set of fools and madmen, from plunging this nation into a state of anarchy and rebellion.

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COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	1 0d 1 0d	0 9½ 1 0	0 11 1 6
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	1 10 2 1	1 10 2 0	1 7 2 0
Good, . . . .	—	1 7 1 9	1 5 1 6	—
Middling, . . . .	—	1 6 1 7	1 2 1 4	—
Demerara and Seribue,	—	1 3 1 5	1 1 1 4	1 1 1 4
West India, . . . .	—	1 0 1 1	0 10 0 11	0 11 1 1
Pernambuco, . . . .	—	1 4 1 4½	1 2 1 3	1 1 1 5½
Maranham, . . . .	—	1 4 1 5	1 1 1 1½	1 1 1 2½

## Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Sept. 1820.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,.....	221½	shut.	shut.	shut.
3 per cent. reduced,.....	68½	shut.	shut.	shut.
3 per cent. consols,.....	67½	67½ 3	67½ 6½	66½ 3
3½ per cent. consols,.....	76½	77	—	—
4 per cent. consols,.....	87 6½	shut.	shut.	shut.
5 per cent. navy ann.,.....	103	103½ 4	103 2½	102½ ½
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.,.....	67½	67½	66 5½	—
India stock,.....	—	—	214½ 14	—
— bonds,.....	21 22 pr.	20 pr.	19 20 pr.	21 20 pr.
Exchequer bills,.....	4 2 pr.	1 3 pr.	2 4 pr.	3 5 pr.
Consols for acc.,.....	67½ 8½	68½	67½ 6½	66½ ½
American 3 per cents.,.....	70	70	70	69½
French 3 per cents.,.....	—	74 fr. 15 c.	—	—

*Course of Exchange, Oct. 10.*—Amsterdam, 12 : 8. Antwerp, 12 : 9. Hamburg, 37 : 8. Frankfort on the Main, 156. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 80. Bourdeaux, 26 : 10. Madrid, 34½. Cadiz, 34. Lisbon, 48½. Oporto, 48½. Gibraltar, 30. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Malta, 45. Naples, 38½. Rio Janeiro, 54½. Dublin, 6½ per cent. Cork, 7.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. New Doubloons, £0 : 0 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New dollars, £0 : 4 : 10½. Silver in bars, stand. £0 : 4 : 11½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 19th of August and the 19th of September, 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Alway, T. Tetherington, Gloucestershire, farmer  
 Ambison, C. W. F. otherwise C. W. Feuilleade, patent audiform maker, George-street, Hanover-square  
 Axe, G. Stamford, draper  
 Bennet, J. Chester, druggist  
 Birch, T. Broseley, iron-master  
 Bishop, C. Leicester, hosier  
 Bolt, J. & G. Jones, Bath, grocers  
 Briggs, J. Lakenham, victualler  
 Confield, C. W. Norwich, carrier  
 Covel, W. Larkhall, Cambridgeshire, dealer  
 Cowne, S. Barbican, pawnbroker  
 Copp, W. & A. Exeter, linen-draper  
 Coster, J. C. Gloucestershire, victualler  
 Cruckshank, W. London-street, merchant  
 Cutler, J. Bath, woollen-draper  
 Duckenson, E. W. Liverpool, merchant  
 Drummond, J. P. London-street, merchant  
 Edlington, W. E. Birmingham, dealer  
 Ennet, H. Liverpool, paint and colour manufacturer  
 Evans, J. Bristol, hatter  
 Evans, T. Birmingham, builder  
 Eyes, E. Liverpool, dealer  
 Farlow, T. Manchester, builder  
 Gadsby, G. Snareston, maltster  
 Garland, M. M. Magnus, & B. Benjamin, Dunhill-ros, merchants  
 Garlick, G. Westport, tanner  
 Glover, J. Wallall, iron-founder  
 Greaves, J. Nottingham, grocer  
 Hair, J. Sun street, tobacconist  
 Hadfield, J. Whitfield, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner  
 Hall, C. B. & T. Aldridge, Barbican, linen-draper  
 Hassel, J. Richard-street, Islington

Hullah, R. A. New Kent-road, victualler  
 Hutton, G. Birmingham, dealer in pictures, &c.  
 Jones, W. Holywell, Flintshire, tobacconist  
 Jones, R. A. Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper  
 Latham, W. Great Yarmouth, coach-master  
 Maymon, E. Blackburn, cotton-manufacturer  
 Miller, J. Norwich, chymist  
 Mills, J. Water-lane, Tower-street, wine-merchant  
 Page, W. F. High Holborn, linen-draper  
 Packer, J. Little St Mary Axe, painter  
 Payant, W. Manchester, wine-merchant  
 Piscoop, T. Liverpool, wine-merchant  
 Ramey, E. Liverpool, merchant  
 Ramsden, J. Quernhill, Aldmondbury, fancy-cloth manufacturer  
 Reed, D. Prince's-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer  
 Russian, P. Bath, jeweller  
 Slater, J. Wolverhampton, maltster  
 Stead, W. Quernhill, Aldmondbury, fancy-cloth manufacturer  
 Statt, W. Liverpool, linen-draper  
 Stabia, J. Castle street, Leicester-square, jeweller  
 Summerland, T. Bristol, iron-founder  
 Sykes, P. Manchester, cooper  
 Thomas, J. Carpenter's Buildings, London Wall, merchant  
 Tollervey, E. Westbourne, miller  
 Trueman, T. Goldsmith-street, horse-dealer  
 Wall, W. Oxford, carver  
 Warner, S. Ashford, Kent, ship owner  
 Ward, T. Towcester, lace-dealer  
 Warren, G. Bath, dye-factory  
 Weaver, G. Abchurch, lace-merchant  
 Wilson, W. C. London-street, merchant  
 Wool, J. Liverpool, porter-dealer

## ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st September, 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Alison, Joseph, merchant in Glasgow  
 Brown, A. & Co. carriers, Glasgow  
 Cullen, D. & Co. cullenderers, Glasgow  
 Donalds & Co. ship-chandlers in Glasgow  
 Duncan, J. merchant, Dundee  
 Ferrier, A. linen and woollen draper, Kirkealdy  
 Fraser, J. merchant, Inverness  
 Halley, D. & Co. distillers at Caldwell, near Crief  
 Hume, J. late wine and spirit merchant in Edinburgh

McLellan, W. grocer and victualler, Glasgow  
 McLeod, J. cotton spinner in Turreen-street, Calton, Glasgow  
 Murdoch, J. merchant, Stirling  
 Robertson, J. baker, Edinburgh  
 Scrimger, W. jun. merchant, Kirkaldy  
 Shureff, R. merchant in Glasgow  
 Towers, J. & Co. commission-agents and manufacturers in Glasgow  
 Whittet, J. jun. corn-merchant, Dundee

## DIVIDENDS.

Arthur, J. late vintner, now buikler, Glasgow; a final dividend 8th Nov.  
 Bogle, W. & Co. merchants in Glasgow; a final dividend 17th October  
 Campbell, R. & Co. merchants, Glasgow; a dividend  
 Clark, D. manufacturer at Achaleek, near Campbeltown; a dividend 13th October  
 Christie, J. P. tobacconist, Edinburgh; a dividend 7th November  
 Fyfe, C. & Co. merchants, Aberdeen; a dividend 25d October  
 Gillan, J. merchant, mill-wright, and brass-founder, Peterhead; a final dividend 28th October  
 Gillespie, T. Ferguson & Co. merchants, Greenock; a dividend 13th October  
 Hervey, R. & A. & Co. merchants and agents in Glasgow; a final dividend 28th October

Johnstone, J. manufacturer at Newabbey; lies with John Brown of Netherwood, and David Armstrong, writer, Dumfries, for one month, from 28th September; a dividend of 2s. 6d. per pound  
 M'Brain, W. late merchant in Dumfries; a dividend 10th November  
 Macindoe, C. merchant in Glasgow; a first and final dividend on 23d October  
 Martin, D. & M. merchants, Glasgow; a final dividend 18th October  
 Martin, E. paper-manufacturer at Millbank, near Ayrton, county of Berwick; a final dividend 1st November  
 Reith, J. & Co. grocers, Dundee; a final dividend of 2d. per pound, 3d October  
 Stewart, J. drover and dealer in cattle, late at Whitefield; a dividend 7th October  
 Swan, J. tanner in Edinburgh; a final dividend 2d October

## EDINBURGH.—OCTOBER 4.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....42s. 0d.	1st,.....26s. 6d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 0d.
2d,.....32s. 6d.	2d,.....25s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 6d.
3d,.....25s. 0d.	3d,.....23s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 6d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 12 : 6 per boll.

## Tuesday, October 3.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s.
Lamb, per quarter	1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 4d. to 0s.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s.
Pork	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s.
Tallow, per stone	8s. 0d. to 9s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 0d. to 1s.

## HADDINGTON.—OCTOBER 6.

## NEW

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....34s. 0d.	1st,.....24s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....s. 0d.	1st,.....s. 0d.
2d,.....31s. 0d.	2d,.....22s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....s. 0d.	2d,.....s. 0d.
3d,.....27s. 0d.	3d,.....19s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....s. 0d.	3d,.....s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 11 : 1d. 2-12lbs.

## London, Corn Exchange, Oct. 2.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, Red, new	40	50	Hog Pease.	56	38
Fine ditto	52	58	Maple	39	40
Superfine ditto	60	65	White pease	40	44
Ditto old	48	55	Boilers	45	46
White, new	45	55	New do.	—	—
Fine ditto	56	60	Small Beans, new	32	34
Superfine do.	61	67	Old do.	40	42
Old do.	65	78	Pick do. new	26	30
Foreign	—	—	Old do.	36	38
Brank, new	24	31	Foreign	31	36
Rye	28	34	Feed Oats	17	21
Barley	24	26	Fine do.	22	25
e new	27	29	Poland do.	19	20
erfine	30	—	Fine do.	25	27
Malt	15	57	Potato do.	21	23
Fine do.	58	60	Fine do.	21	27

## Seeds, &amp;c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown	12	15	Hempseed	48	50
White	11	15	Linsced crush.	56	55
Tares	8	9	New fur. Seed	70	78
Turnep White	17	20	Grass	18	44
— Red	0	0	Clover, Red	42	74
— Yellow	29	21	White	50	106
— Way, new	69	63	Coriander	16	20
— ary, new	81	88	Prefoil	30	72

New Rapeseed, £38 to £40.

## Liverpool, Oct. 3.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lbs.	56	38	Pease, grey	56	0 to 40 0
Eng. old	3	3 to 8	White	56	0 to 50 0
American	—	—	Flour, English	—	—
Dantzse	8	4 to 8 10	p. 240 lb. fine	10	0 to 41 0
Dutch Red	—	—	Irish	—	—
Riga	—	—	—	—	—
Archangel	—	—	Ameri. p. 190 lb.	—	—
Canada	7	9 to 8	Sweet, U.S.	27	0 to 51 0
Scotch	7	9 to 8	Do. in bond	24	0 to 25 0
Irish	7	2 to 7 10	Sour do.	26	0 to 28 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	—	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	—
Eng. grind.	1	0 to 4	English	26	0 to 29 0
Malt	—	—	Scotch	22	0 to 25 0
Scotch	5	10 to 4	Irish	22	0 to 25 0
Irish	5	9 to 4 0	Irish, p. 34 lbs.	1	2 to 1 4
Oats, per 45 lbs.	—	—	Butter, per cwt. s.	—	—
Eng. pots.	5	0 to 3	Belfast new	78	0 to 79
Irish do.	2	9 to 3	Newry	77	0 to 78
Scotch do.	3	0 to 3	Waterford	71	0 to 72
Rye, per qr.	58	0 to 40	Cork, pick.	26	72 to 75
Malt per b.	—	—	5 dry	62	0 to 64
— Fine	9	6 to 10	Beef, p. tierce	110	0 to 120
— Middling	7	6 to 8	Tongue, p. fir.	75	0 to 80
Beans, pr qr.	—	—	Pork, p. bar.	70	0 to 80
English	42	0 to 41	Bacon, p. cwt.	—	—
Irish	40	0 to 42	Short middles	57	0 to 58
Rapeseed, p. l.	£35	to £36	Hans, dry	55	0 to 58

Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 23d Sept. 1820.

Wheat, 65s. 11d.—Rye, 11s. 11d.—Barley, 55s. 6d.—Oats, 25s. 7d.—Beans, 11s. 1d.—Pease, 42s. 9d.  
 Oatmeal, 2s. 5d.—Liber or Bar. 0s. 6d.

*Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, at the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th Sept. 1820.*

Wheat, 68s. 6d.—Rye, 42s. 4d.—Barley, 52s. 9d.—Oats, 26s. 5d.—Beans, 39s. 8d.—Pease, 40s. 2d.  
Oatmeal, 21s. 5d.—Beer or Big, 27s. 8d.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE register for the month of September presents a great variety of temperature. During the first fortnight, the weather was warmer than usual for the season, the thermometer frequently approaching 70 during the day, and on several nights not sinking lower than 55. After the 14th, a considerable depression took place, the temperature during the day being sometimes only a few degrees above 50, and during the night several degrees below 40. It will be seen from the abstract, that the maximum on the 12th was 73, and on the 18th only 51, a difference of 22 degrees in less than a week. The average of the month is about a degree and a half below that of September last year, and the temperature of spring water is two degrees and a half lower. The mean height of the barometer is almost exactly the same as in 1819, and the quantity of rain is half an inch less. There is also a very striking coincidence between the two seasons in the state of the hygrometer, the difference being only half a degree of Leslie's on the millesimal scale. We have frequently had occasion to notice, how nearly the mean temperature at 10, morning and evening, corresponds with the mean of the highest and lowest during the day and night; but in no year since the commencement of our meteorological observations, has that coincidence been so close as during the present season. Since the month of April the difference has never exceeded a small fraction of a degree, and during all these months, the mean of the maximum and minimum, when it did differ from the mean of 10, morning and evening, has been the lower of the two. For a number of years preceding the present, the excess was generally on the other side. The difference last month is precisely the same side, as in September 1819.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25'. Elevation 185 feet.

SEPTEMBER 1820.

Means.		Extremes.	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
Mean of greatest daily heat, . . . . .	Degrees. 50.2	Maximum, 12th day, . . . . .	Degrees. 75.0
Mean of greatest daily cold, . . . . .	45.7	Minimum, 17th, . . . . .	36.0
Mean temperature, 10 A.M. . . . .	55.1	Lowest maximum, 18th, . . . . .	5
Mean temperature, 10 P.M. . . . .	50.7	Highest minimum, 19th, . . . . .	5
Mean of daily extremes, . . . . .	52.5	Highest, 10 A.M. . . . .	71.0
Mean of 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. . . . .	52.7	Lowest ditto, 27th, . . . . .	4
Mean of daily observations, . . . . .	52.6	Highest, 10 P.M. . . . .	60.0
Whole range of thermometer, . . . . .	100.0	Lowest ditto, 28th, . . . . .	10.0
Mean daily ditto, . . . . .	1.5	Greatest range in 24 hours, 28th, . . . . .	1
Mean temperature of spring water, . . . . .	51.4	Least ditto, 27th, . . . . .	1
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 50.) . . . . .	Inches. 29.729	Highest 10 A.M. . . . .	30
Mean of 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 50.) . . . . .	29.770	Lowest ditto, 23rd, . . . . .	29
Mean both, (temp. of mer. 50.) . . . . .	29.750	Highest 10 P.M. . . . .	30
Whole range of barometer, . . . . .	6.975	Lowest ditto, 20th, . . . . .	29
Mean ditto, during the day, . . . . .	30.17	Greatest range in 24 hours, 18th, . . . . .	1
Mean ditto, during the night, . . . . .	30.12	Least ditto, 28th, . . . . .	29
Mean ditto, in 24 hours, . . . . .	30.09		
HYGROMETER.		HYGROMETER.	
Rain in inches, . . . . .	Degrees. 0.75	Leslie, Highest, 10 A.M. 20th, . . . . .	Degrees. 50
Evaporation in ditto, . . . . .	1.080	Lowest ditto, 1st, . . . . .	50
Mean daily Evaporation, . . . . .	0.60	Highest, 10 P.M. 23d, . . . . .	25.0
Leslie, Mean, 10 A.M. . . . .	15.3	Lowest ditto, 17th, . . . . .	7.0
Mean, 10 P.M. . . . .	12.1	Anderson, P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 11th, 69.0	
Mean both, . . . . .	17.7	Lowest ditto, 26th, 22.0	
Anderson, Point of Dep. 10 A.M. . . . .	11.9	Highest 10 P.M. 9th, 58.0	
Mean, 10 P.M. . . . .	14.7	Lowest ditto, 23th, 51.0	
Mean both, . . . . .	13.8	Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M. 14th, 95.0	
Relat. Humid. 10 A.M. . . . .	72.8	Least ditto, 21th, 46.0	
Mean, 10 P.M. . . . .	85.6	Greatest, 10 P.M. 15th, 94.0	
Mean both, . . . . .	78.2	Least ditto, 25th, 71.0	
Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in at 7, 10 A.M. . . . .	2.14	Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 11th, 355	
Mean, 10 P.M. . . . .	2.11	Least ditto, 20th, 109	
Mean both, . . . . .	2.12	Greatest, 10 P.M. 9th, 357	
		Least ditto, 25th, 141	

Fair days, 17; rainy days, 15. Wind west of Meridian, 24; east of meridian, 6.



**METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.**

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Sept. 1	M. 40. E. 51	29.840 .890	M. 58 E. 58	W.	Warm, clear sunshine.	Sept. 16	M. 42 E. 55	29.342 .51	M. 50 E. 56	W.	Showery.
2	M. 43. E. 51	.915 .910	M. 60 E. 60	Cble.	Ditto.	17	M. 42 E. 51	.528 .559	M. 56 E. 55	W.	Showery.
3	M. 44. E. 56	.951 .953	M. 60 E. 60	E.	Ditto.	18	M. 37 E. 47	.550 .480	M. 54 E. 50	N.	Fair foren. hail aftern.
4	M. 48. E. 56	.915 .958	M. 60 E. 60	E.	Mild, rather dull.	19	M. 33.5 E. 44	.634 .686	M. 52 E. 50	W.	Frost morn. dull, cold.
5	M. 46. E. 58	.808 .715	M. 60 E. 60	Cble.	Very warm, but dull.	20	M. 38.5 E. 49	.108 28.999	M. 50 E. 51	W.	Rain morn. fair day.
6	M. 48. E. 57	.785 .775	M. 61 E. 61	S.	Warm, with sunshine.	21	M. 59 E. 50	.940 29.285	M. 52 E. 52	W.	Showery.
7	M. 46.5 E. 59	.710 .775	M. 65 E. 61	S.	Dull, showery.	22	M. 55 E. 46	.452 .575	M. 51 E. 51	Cble.	Frost morn. warm day.
8	M. 41. E. 57	.930 .910	M. 62 E. 60	S.	Fair.	23	M. 54.5 E. 55	.315 .414	M. 50 E. 48	W.	Rain foren. hail aftern.
9	M. 51. E. 59	.956 .796	M. 61 E. 60	S.W.	Ditto.	24	M. 58.5 E. 47	.528 .298	M. 48 E. 52	W.	Fair day. rain night.
10	M. 55. E. 61	.857 .896	M. 64 E. 54	W.	Ditto.	25	M. 57 E. 45	.212 .401	M. 52 E. 51	N.	Fair foren. rain aftern.
11	M. 51. E. 62	.999 .952	M. 65 E. 66	W.	Ditto.	26	M. 57.5 E. 45	.788 .788	M. 51 E. 50	N.	Frost morn. dull day.
12	M. 50. E. 65	.868 .862	M. 66 E. 70	Cble.	Ditto.	27	M. 57 E. 41	.791 .700	M. 48 E. 48	N.	Rain morn. fair day.
13	M. 56. E. 65	.810 .756	M. 67 E. 67	W.	Ditto.	28	M. 59.1 E. 50	.564 .701	M. 51 E. 55	Cble.	Rain foren. hail aftern.
14	M. 51. E. 66	.450 .225	M. 64 E. 62	W.	Rainy foren. fair aftern.	29	M. 58 E. 48	.886 .718	M. 52 E. 51	W.	Fair.
15	M. 48. E. 54	.101 .202	M. 68 E. 58	W.	Showery.	30	M. 57.5 E. 46	.423 .67	M. 51 E. 51	S.W.	Dull foren. rain aftern.

Average of rain, 1.209 inches.

**APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.**

MILITARY.	
1 D. G.	Captain Elton, to be Major by purch. vice Lieut.-Col. Ackton, ret.
	Sept. 7, 1821
	Lieut. Hibbert, Captain by purch. do.
	Cornet Manning, Lieut. by purch. do.
	Hon. J. Kennedy, from 1 Dr Cor- net do.
1 D.	Chamberlain, Lieut. by purch. vice Garth, 57 F. Aug. 21
	Hon. J. Kennedy, Cornet by purch. do.
	Sir L. P. Glynn, Bart. Cornet by purch. vice Kennedy, 1 D. Sept. 7
3	Cornet Mackenzie, Lieut. by purch. vice Finch, ret. do.
	W. Moore, Cornet by purch. do.
7	Cornet Lyster, Lieut. by purch. vice Towers, 21 D. do.
	B. Thornhill, Cornet by purch. do.
8	W. T. Harrison, Cornet by purch. vice Parker, ret. do.
21	Lieut. Towers, from 7 D. Capt. by purch. vice Goldrick, ret. July 8
22	Cotton, Captain by purch. vice Gregorie, ret. Sept. 14
	Cornet Harrison, Lieut. by purch. do.
4 F.	Lt. Lieut. Col. Anyall, Major by purch. vice Pizer, prom. Aug. 3
	Lieut. Bennett, Captain by purch. do.
	Ensign Hon. M. Arbutnot, from 74 F. Lieut. by purch. Sept. 14
	G. Hedley, Ensign by purch. vice Breton prom. Aug. 3
16	Lieut. Bates, Capt. vice Malthy, dead Ensign Grant, Lieut. do.
	T. Jones, Ensign do.
21	2d Lieut. Linsday, 1st Lieut. vice Ander- son, 1 W.I.R. Sept. 7
	J. P. But, 2d Lieut. do.
28	Whentley, Ensign, vice Human, su- perseded. do.
50	Lt. Lieut. Col. Vigoureux, Lieut. Col. vice Vaumore, dead do.
	B. Major Murray, Major do.
	Lieut. Jones, Captain do.
	Ensign Backhouse, Lieut. do.
	G. Munsie, Ensign do.

37	Capt. Bruce, Major by purch. vice Burke, 2 W.I.R. Aug. 21
62	Lieut. Gorth, from 1 D. Capt. by purch. do. Paymaster Jellicoe, from h. p. 60 F. Pay- master, vice Darley, dead Sept. 14
65	Lieut. Place, Capt. vice Watkin, dead do.
67	T. Knox, Ens. vice Ansell, 71 F. Aug. 21
75	Assist. Surg. Maun, from h. p. Assist. Surg. vice Dermott, dead do.
74	Ensign Ansell, from 67 F. Ensign, vice Vivian, dead do.
79	C. Johnstone, Ensign, vice Wight, dead do.
89	Lieut. Buchanan, from h. p. York Rang. Lieut. vice Freer, 2 R. V. Bn. 51
95	Serj. Major Dallas, Qua. Mast. vice Crom- bie, 10 R. V. Bn. do.
	1 W.I.R. Lieut. Anderson, from 21 F. Captain, vice Mayers, dead Sept. 7
2	Major Burke, from 57 F. Lieut. Col. vice Bradley, ret. Aug. 21
	1 Cey.R. Lieut. Page, Captain, vice Stace, dead Sept. 7
Ordinance Department.	
R. Art.	Bt. Colonel Dickson, Colonel July 29
	Bt. Lieut. Col. Leake, Lieut. Col. do.
	Bt. Major Farrington, Major do.
	Captain Harrison, from h. p. Captain do.
	Kirby, from h. p. Captain, vice Lieut. Col. Tullloh, h. p. Aug. 1
	1st Lieut. Jackson, 2 Captain July 29
	Burr, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Trench, h. p. Aug. 2
	2d Lieut. Dalziel, 1st Lieut. July 29
	Gossett, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.
	Brace, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.
	Beauchamp, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.
	2d Assist. Surg. Ogilvie, 1st Assist. Surg. vice Eddowes, h. p. Sept. 1
	Nugent, from h. p. 2d Assist. Surg. do.

**Medical Department.**  
Assist. Surg. Palmer, from h. p. Royal York Rang.  
Assist. Surg. Force June 25

**Exchanges.**  
Brev. Col. Burrows, from 11 F. with Brev. Col.  
M'Combe, 61 F.

Lieut. Col. Seymour, from 3 F. G. with Lieut. Col. Sir H. W. Carr, K.C.B. h. p. 71 F.  
 ——— Danell, from 51 F. with Lieut. Col. Calvert, h. p. 72 F.  
 Bt. Lt. Col. Crookshank, from 33 F. with Major Philott, h. p. 35 1.  
 ——— Farrer, from 81 F. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Hon. Sir C. Gordon, h. p. 2 Gk. L. 1.  
 Bt. Major Agnew, from 8 F. with Capt. De Havilland, h. p. Malta Regt.  
 Capt. Terry, from 85 F. with Capt. Sanderson, h. p. 105 F.  
 ——— Craig, from 4 F. with Capt. Schultz, h. p. R. York Rang.  
 ——— Reid, from 12 F. with Capt. Browne, 69 F.  
 ——— Thorpe, from 39 F. rec. diff. with Captain Hawks, h. p. 8 F.  
 ——— Waldie, from 18 D. rec. diff. with Lieut. Doyne, h. p. 29 F.  
 ——— Drury, from 3 D. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hughes, h. p. 21 D.  
 ——— Hon. H. Lascelles, fm. Gr Gds. rec. diff. with Lieut. Douglas, h. p.  
 ——— Hudson, from 59 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Rhodes, h. p.  
 ——— Cochrane, from 47 F. with Lieut. Fraser, 51 F.  
 ——— Bunney, from 48 F. with Lieut. Russel, 80 F.  
 ——— Hon. W. S. Lascelles, fm. Gr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Vernon, h. p.  
 ——— Cochrane, from 51 F. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Turner, h. p.  
 ——— Spencer, from 75 F. with Lieut. Godfrey, h. p.  
 ——— Chapman, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Twigg, h. p. Rifle Brig.  
 ——— Browne, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Beckham, h. p. 45 F.  
 ——— Macdougall, from 91 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Evans, h. p. 59 F.  
 Cornet Clagett, from 8 D. with Cornet Whitmore, 19 D.  
 ——— Richardson, from 6 D. with Ensign Heigham, 6 F.  
 Ensign Vyvan, from 20 F. with Ensign M'Dermott, 24 F.

Ensign Carige, from 66 F. with Ensign Cook, h. p. 5 Gar. Bn.  
 Hosp. Assist. Haltridge, from full pay, with Hosp. Assist. Blair, h. p.

## Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Acklom, 1 D. G.  
 ——— Bradley, 2 W. I. R.  
 Capt. Goldrick, 21 D.  
 ——— Gregorie, 22 D.  
 ——— Brereton, as Adj. Camb. Mil.  
 Lieut. Finch, 3 D.  
 Cornet Parker, 8 D.  
 Assist. Com. Gen. Dallas.

## Superseded.

Ensign Homan, 28 F.

## Deaths.

Major Gen. Victor, Baron Alten, late Germ. Leg. Aug. 20  
 Sir Wm. Nicholson, Bt. late of 72 F.  
 Col. Vaumorel, 50 F. Teddington, Middlesex Aug. 29

Lieut. Col. Roland, Inspec. Field Officer at Bristol Aug. 29  
 Major Watkin, 65 F. Kentish Town Sept. 20  
 Prior, h. p. Port Ser. June 11  
 Don. Mackenzie, h. p. R. Attn. Corps, Urtenhage, Cape of Good Hope Aug. 31  
 Capt. Gordon, h. p. 5 D. G. Geneva July 20  
 Mayers, 1 W. I. R. Barbadoes do. 21  
 Stace, 1 Ceylon Regt. in Essex Aug. 11  
 Lindemann, h. p. Foreign Wag. Train June 34  
 Lieut. Lecky, 67 F. Bombay April 25  
 ——— Keen, late 7 Vet. Bn. Wandsworth July 14  
 ——— F. Austin, h. p. 2d Prov. Bn. of Mil. Sept. 1  
 ——— J. Fallon, h. p. 105 F. in Ireland Aug. 8  
 Ensign Wight, 79 F.  
 ——— Babinoton, 5 W. I. R. Tobago  
 Mackenzie, 8 Vet. Bn. Dundee Aug. 28  
 Adjutant Pye, Oxford Militia July 21  
 Quar. Mast. Hennessy, 67 F. Bombay April 19  
 Dept. Ass. Com. Gen. Fleming, Montreal, Canada  
 Burnett

## Erratum in last month's list.

For Lieut. Col. Tulloh, R. Art. read—

Read Lieut. Col. Tulloh, R. Art. placed upon half-pay.

## II.—NAVAL PROMOTIONS.

Names.	Names.	Names.
<i>Commanders.</i>	<i>Lieutenants.</i>	John Hamilton
Whitworth Lloyd	James Vashon Baker	<i>Surgeons.</i>
George Blackman	James Kingston	William Clarke
William Finlason	Jonathan H. Peel	James Forrester
Edward Parcell	John Templeman	
W. J. H. Johnstone	M. B. Jones	<i>Purser.</i>
<i>Superannuated Commanders.</i>	Peter Christie	James Clae
Thomas Edwards	J. H. Lorraine	James L. Marchant
Thomas Ralph	Charles Murray	
John Brand	Robert Smart	

## Appointments.

Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Rowley.—Flag-Lieut. John Hudson.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>			
W. B. Bagin	Rann	G. R. Taylor	Esk
G. W. Hamilton	Caambrian	H. P. Lew	Forte
W. Gordon	Constance	R. H. King	Ditto
Edward Lloyd	Esk	John Roche	Ditto
Edward Purcell	Falmouth	John Wainwright	Ditto
Sir T. J. Cochrane	Forte	E. P. Cox	Hyperion
Wm. Finlason	Morgiana	G. W. C. Courtenay	Hydgenus
Joddrell Leigh	Ontario	A. G. Barrette	Ditto
Whitworth Lloyd	Parthian	James Kingston	Ditto
George Blackman	Raleigh	C. R. Milbourne	Lee
A. Montgomery	Sapphine	Fredrick Chamier	Ditto
J. R. Rowley	Sybilie	Thomas Laurence	Leveret
		H. E. Greville	Menai
<i>Lieutenants.</i>		Jas. V. Baker	Mercey
P. Justice	Alerity	M. B. Jones	Morgiana
James Annesley	Arab	H. S. Head	Myrmidon
Thomas Woods	Beaver	Henry Williams	Ontario
W. G. Agar	Blossom	W. C. Sanders	Ditto
John Taylor	Ditto	Jas. McDonald	Owen Glendower
S. L. H. Vassall	Blazer	John Billingsley	Parthian
W. H. Shephard	Ditto	G. B. Torraine	Phaenat
E. L. Smyth	Cambrian	Wm. Hutchinson	Pumper
L. C. Rooke	Ditto	T. B. Bond	Raleigh
R. Macnamara	Ditto	Charles Fleetwood	Rosario
F. A. Wilkinson	Ditto	Wm. Pickers	Box George Yacht
E. H. Scott	Ditto	John Hamilton	Sapphine
Orbell Oaks	Conqueror		



— At Leith Mount, the lady of John Mackenzie, Esq. merchant, Leith, a son.

16. Mrs Henry Wood, Great King-street, Edinburgh, a son.

— At Buccleuch-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Follitt Daugh, a son.

17. At Brickfield, Mrs Wishart, Heriot-row, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— At her house, York-place, London, the lady of Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. a son.

18. At Dunniker-house, the lady of Lieutenant-General Sir John Oswald of Dunniker, K.C.B. a son.

— At Melville-place, Stirling, Mrs Birch, a daughter.

— At Cullan-house, the lady of Colonel Grant of Grant, M.P. a son.

19. At Edinmstone-house, Mrs Wauchope of Edinmstone, a daughter.

— At Abertein, the lady of Dr Ogilvie, a son.

20. At Manchester, the lady of Dr Hardie, a son.

22. The Countess Delaware, a son.

— In George's-square, Edinburgh, the lady of Captain Cubitt, a son.

25. The lady of Capt. Mackay, 71st Regt. a son.

— At Yester, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, a daughter.

— At Milng, Mrs Gordon of Milng, a son.

26. At Edinburgh, Mrs Lockhart, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

27. Mrs C. Campbell, Young-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

28. At Graham-treet, Edinburgh, the lady of Captain David Campbell, a son.

30. At Gogar-house, the lady of James L'Amey, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

Oct. 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Greig of Hallgreig, a son.

5. Mrs Thomas Megget, Drummond-place, Edinburgh, a daughter.

Lottery.—At Ballybrin, Ireland, the lady of William W. O'Neil, Esq. M.P. (Miss O'Neil), a son. The child only lived till next day.

At Dover, the lady of Capt. an Scott, royal artillery, a son.

#### MARRIAGES.

1. At Bristol, Lieutenant-General Hogg, to Mary Ann, widow of Major Burton, and eldest daughter of Dr John Northwick Colchester, professor of oriental languages, College of Fort William, in the East Indies.

2. At Hatfield-house, James Macdonald, Esq. of Badrimald, and younger of Lynsdale, to Jane, his daughter of the deceased Captain Mackenzie of Hatfield.

3. At La Colombiere, Jersey, Major William Mackay, 68th light infantry, to Margaret, only child of Captain Robert Mackay of Hedgefield.

4. At Dalvey, Charles Gordon, Esq. of Forbes, to Christina, second daughter of Norman Macleod, Esq. of Drynoch.

In the Collegiate Church of Ripon, Charles Oxley, Esq. to Miss Wadthorpe, eldest daughter of the Very Rev. the Dean of Ripon.

20. At the manse of Lumphrean, Harry Lamond, Esq. of Pitmarchie, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the Rev. William Shand, Lumphrean.

31. At Keaton, Devonshire, Michael Francis, second son of David Gordon, Esq. of Dulwich Hill, Surrey, and Aberglade, to Caroline, fifth daughter of the Rev. John Swete, of Oxton House.

Sept. 4. At Edinburgh, James Austin, Esq. M.D. of the island of Barbadoes, to Elizabeth Mary, only daughter of the late William Pierce, Esq. of Jamaica.

— At London, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Ogle of Worthy, Bart. to Letitia, daughter of Sir William Burroughs, Bart.

— At Linlithgow, James Tod, Esq. merchant in Borrowstonness, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of Alexander Napier, Esq. merchant in Linlithgow.

5. At St Margaret's Hill, the Rev. Robert Balfour Graham, minister of Stenton, to Christina Wilson, second daughter of the Rev. Archibald Lawrie, D.D. of Hillhouse, minister of Loudoun.

— At Leyton, Essex, Thomas Flower Ellis, jun. Esq. A.B. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Susan, only daughter of the late John M'Taggart, Esq. of Ardwal.

7. At Dalry-house, Edinburgh, James Douglas, Esq. of Cavers, to Emma, daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie of Southesk, Bart.

11. At Irvine, Stewart Murray Fullarton, Esq. of Fullarton, to Isabella Buchanan, only daughter of the late James Muir, Esq. surgeon in Glasgow.

— At Aberdeen, Alexander Bell, Esq. Berwick, to Mary, only daughter of John Ross, Esq.

— At Leith, Mr Robert Laidlaw, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr John Duff, Logiealmond.

12. In Cochran-street of Glasgow, John Burnside, Esq. Milburn-house, Lanarkshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Macarthur of Glasgow.

— At Westerhall, Major Weyland, 16th Lancers, to Lady Johnstone, widow of the late Sir John Lowther Johnstone, Bart. of Westerhall, in the county of Dumfries.

— At Edinburgh, James Clark, M.D. to Barbara, only daughter of the late Rev. John Stephen, LL.D. rector of Christ Church, New Providence, Bahama Islands.

— At Lochbui-house, island of Mull, John Gregorson, Esq. of Ardtornish, to Mary, daughter of the deceased Murdoch MacLaine, Esq. of Lochbui.

15. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Kemp, Castle-street, to Miss Margaret Dickinson.

18. At Perth, Glas Sanderson, Esq. younger of Springland, to Margaret, daughter of Dr Stewart of Boscield.

19. At Bernice, Lieutenant Archibald M'Favish, H. P. 3d West India regiment, to Margaret, daughter of the late Donald F. Leher, Esq.

— At Galdahoch, Mr John Waktie, saddler in Kelso, to Miss Christian Jeffrey, eldest daughter of Mr George Jeffrey, New Kelso, Ross-shire.

— At Edinburgh, Captain W. Cunningham Dalryell, royal navy, fifth son of the late Sir Robert Dalryell, Bart. of Buins, to Maria, youngest daughter of A. T. Sampayo, Esq. of Peterboro'-house, Middlesex.

— At Edinburgh, James Brown, Esq. of London, to Miss Sarah Hamilton, eldest daughter of the late John Hamilton, Esq. of Polmont Barr.

20. At the manse of Craik, Charles Nairne, Esq. W.S. to Amelia Forbes, eldest daughter of the Rev. Andrew Bell of Kalmukian, minister of Craik.

25. At St Paul's chapel, John Turner, Esq. of Turner Hall, to Elizabeth Hill, youngest daughter of the deceased Captain William Urquhart, 56th regiment.

— At Eglingham, William Hay, Esq. of Hopes, East Lothian, to Frances Ann, third daughter of the late Robert Ogle, Esq. of Eglingham, Northumberland.

25. At Dumfries, John Leirs, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Sarah Fleming M'Cracken, daughter of the late William M'Cracken, Esq. of Lochvale, Dumfries.

— At Carnewath, the Rev. William Goldie, Crawfordjohn, to Anne, youngest daughter of the late Mr Middleton of Libberton.

27. At Glasgow, Niel McLachlan, Esq. Castleton, Argyleshire, to Flora, daughter of Mr John M'Laig, Lochgilphead, and niece of the late Donald M'Laig, Esq. wine-merchant, Leith Walk, Edinburgh.

Lottery.—At Paris, Earl Poulett, to Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. Mrs Portman, and niece of Lord Dorner.

#### DEATHS.

April 12. At Calcutta, in the 27th year of his age, Lieutenant James Stuart, of the royal navy, son of David Stuart, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh. This gallant and estimable young man, after serving as an officer on board His Majesty's ships *Wesley* and *Tremendous*, with much reputation, finished his career in the royal navy, as one of the lieutenants of the Hebrus frigate, Captain Palmer, sharing in the concluding triumphs of the British navy at the memorable and bloody battle of Algiers. Placed upon half-pay, he repaired to the East Indies in search of employment, in the *Company's service*, and had just obtained the command of the *Exmouth*, country ship, of 600 tons, when he was suddenly cut off from his family and

fair expectations of his friends by an attack of spasmodic cholera, after a short illness of twelve hours.

28. At Wurnoo Tank, in Wagur, Captain James Macnure, the Honourable East India Company's Resident at Cutch.

May 21. On his passage from the island of Ceylon to his native land, Captain John Ritchie, of the 73d regiment, eldest son of Mr James Ritchie, Ithind.

Aug. 25. At Stirling, Lieutenant W. I. Devonshire, royal navy; and also, at the same place, on the 1st September, Captain Thomas Wingate, his brother-in-law.

26. At Clova, Lady Niven Lumsden of Auchindoir.

27. At Montague-square, London, Francis Gray Paterson, only son of Captain John Paterson, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Glendaruel house, Mrs Campbell of Glendaruel.

28. At Edinburgh, aged 37, of a fall from his horse, Mr Munro Paton, Main Point.

30. At his house in Duke-street, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Morison, builder.

— At Green-street, Enfield Highway, Middlesex, Mrs Mary Ann Burgess, wife of John Keir, Esq.; and same day, John William, their infant son.

31. At Kilin, Perthshire, the Rev. Dr Bushby, Dean of Rochester. He was travelling with his friend, Dr Thackeray, Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and died after three days' illness.

— At Kentish Town, Major Edward Watkins, of his Majesty's 65th regiment, of a fever contracted in the late severe and harassing campaign against the Mahrattas.

Sept. 1. At Edinburgh, Robert Buchanan, Esq. late of the Stock Exchange, London.

4. At Port-Glasgow, John Dunlop, Esq. collector of the customs there.

5. At Muirfield-house, Major Spencer Cochrane.

— At Paisley, after a short illness, Hugh Thomson, Esq., a gentleman of piety and benevolence, and characterized by Christian meekness and humility. Among other bequests he has left L.1000 for public benevolent purposes, viz.: To the British and Foreign Bible Society, L.200; to the London Missionary Society, L.200; to Hutcheson's charity school, Paisley, L.200; to the Paisley Sabbath School Society, L.200; and to the Paisley Dispensary and House of Recovery, L.200.

6. At Baylis, near Windsor, in her 70th year, the Dowager Marchioness of Thomond. Her ladyship was the niece of the late celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds.

— At his house in St James's Place, London, aged 85, James Ferguson of Pitou, Esq. M.P. for Aberdeenshire.

— At Ward End House, Birmingham, Thomas Astbury, Esq. much and deservedly regretted.

7. At Garsecube House, Mrs Anne Campbell, widow of the late Francis Sitwell, Esq. of Barnack.

8. At Stevenson, Ayrshire, after two days' illness, the Rev. Thomas Blair, late minister of the gospel, Carnegyhill.

— In George-square, Mrs Elizabeth Ponton, wife of Mr Archibald Campbell, brewer.

— At London, aged 39, Mr Hae, late of Drury-lane Theatre.

9. At Plymouth, Samuel Hood Linzee, Esq. Vice-Admiral of the Blue. He fell from his horse in a fit of apoplexy on Thursday afternoon, and never spoke afterwards.

— At Harrogate, Mrs Dundas, St Andrew-square, Edinburgh.

— At Greenlaw Manse, the Rev. James Luke.

— At Glenearn Cottage, Elizabeth Margaret, second daughter of Charles Husband, Esq. of Glenearn.

10. At his house in Upper Baker-street, London, Alexander Ross of Comarty, Esq.

11. At Swinton-house, John Swinton, Esq. of Swinton.

— At Hampstead, Helen, the infant daughter of John Spottiswoode, Esq. of Spottiswoode.

— At Cheltenham, Rear-Admiral Sir Home Popham, K.C.B. &c. He had but recently returned from his command on the Jamaica station, where he lost his daughter and his health. Few

men had seen more service, or have displayed more talent.

12. At 2, Howard-place, Edinburgh. Thomas, the son of William Auld, Esq.

— At Leith, Mrs Jean Comb, spouse of Mr Thomas Barker, brewer there.

— At Dingwall, John Simson, Esq. writer there.

13. Mr Robert Blair, late assistant-surgeon in the Honourable East India Company's service, Bengal establishment, eldest son of the late Mr Francis Blair.

— At Pentland, Mr John Allan, farmer there.

— At Perth, Mr Alexander Porteous, merchant there, in the 78th year of his age.

14. At Dover, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Alexander Allan, Bart. of Baker-street, Portman-square, London, aged 36, one of the directors of the East India Company, and late member of parliament for Berwick-upon Tweed.

— At his house, No 2, Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Mr Duncan Robertson, perfumer.

15. At Kilmarnock, Mrs Hamilton, wife of the Rev. Andrew Hamilton.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Cameron, wife of Mr Archibald Fletcher, writer.

— At Linlithgow, Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. David Watson, Linlithgow, aged 20.

— At Camphelt, aged 80, and the 57th of his ministry, the Rev. Dr George Robertson, one of the ministers of the Collegiate Church there.

16. At Woodside, Mrs Russell of Woodside.

17. At Whim, John Henderson, student.

— At his house, Buccleuch-place, Mr George Watson, jeweller.

— At Manse of Rathven, Mrs Masson, wife of J. Masson, Esq. S.S.C. Edinburgh.

— Mrs Margaret Wilson, wife of John Hay, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Ashintully, William Ruthenford, Esq. of Ashintully.

19. At Bath, the Hon. Mrs Sotheby.

— At Cheltenham, John Haig, Esq. merchant in London.

— At Brunfield, Lieutenant Robert Horsman Scott, 1st regiment, or Royal Scots.

20. At Plymouth, R. A. Nelson, Esq. Secretary of the Naval Board, brother to the immortal Nelson.

21. At Edinburgh, in the 24th year of his age, Patrick Lyon, M.D. youngest son of the late Hugh Lyon, Esq. of Wester Giff, captain of artillery, in the service of the honourable East India Company.

22. At Musselburgh, Mr Archibald Hopk, Taylor, merchant. Leith, youngest son of the late Mr Taylor, rector of the grammar-school, Musselburgh.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr James Simpson, stationer, Royal Exchange.

24. At Portobello, the Right Hon. Alexr. Lord Elbank.

— At her house in Gayfield-square, Mrs Marjory Smith, in the 83d year of her age.

25. At Edinburgh, Sarah Ann Milne, daughter of the late Mr John Milne, Mill of Stonehaven.

Lastly.—At Bath, Fletcher Paris, Esq. He has bequeathed £40,000, and a field, for the purpose of erecting thirty cottages, for the residence (with endowments) of the widows or daughters of ten poor clergymen, of ten reduced professional men, and of ten decayed merchants.

— At his house, Woodcot, in the county of Haddington, George Home Falconer, Esq. captain of the 2d dragoons (Scots Greys).

— At Twyford Lodge, Sussex, Lady Sewell, widow of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Sewell, formerly Master of the Rolls, and one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

— At the island of Ceylon, Captain George Rivers Maltby, of the 16th foot. His death was occasioned by his horse running away with him; the animal in his course passing under a tree, a bough of which came in contact with Mr Maltby's head, and unfortunately killed him on the spot.

— In Hamilton-place, London, the Countess of Shannon, shortly after the birth of her 13th child.

— At the Church House, Leatherhead, the Hon. Charlotte Beauclerk, fourth daughter of the late Lord Henry Beauclerk.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER 1820.

VOL. VIII.

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## EDINBURGH:

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## **A TALE ;**

By the Author of

**" THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES."**

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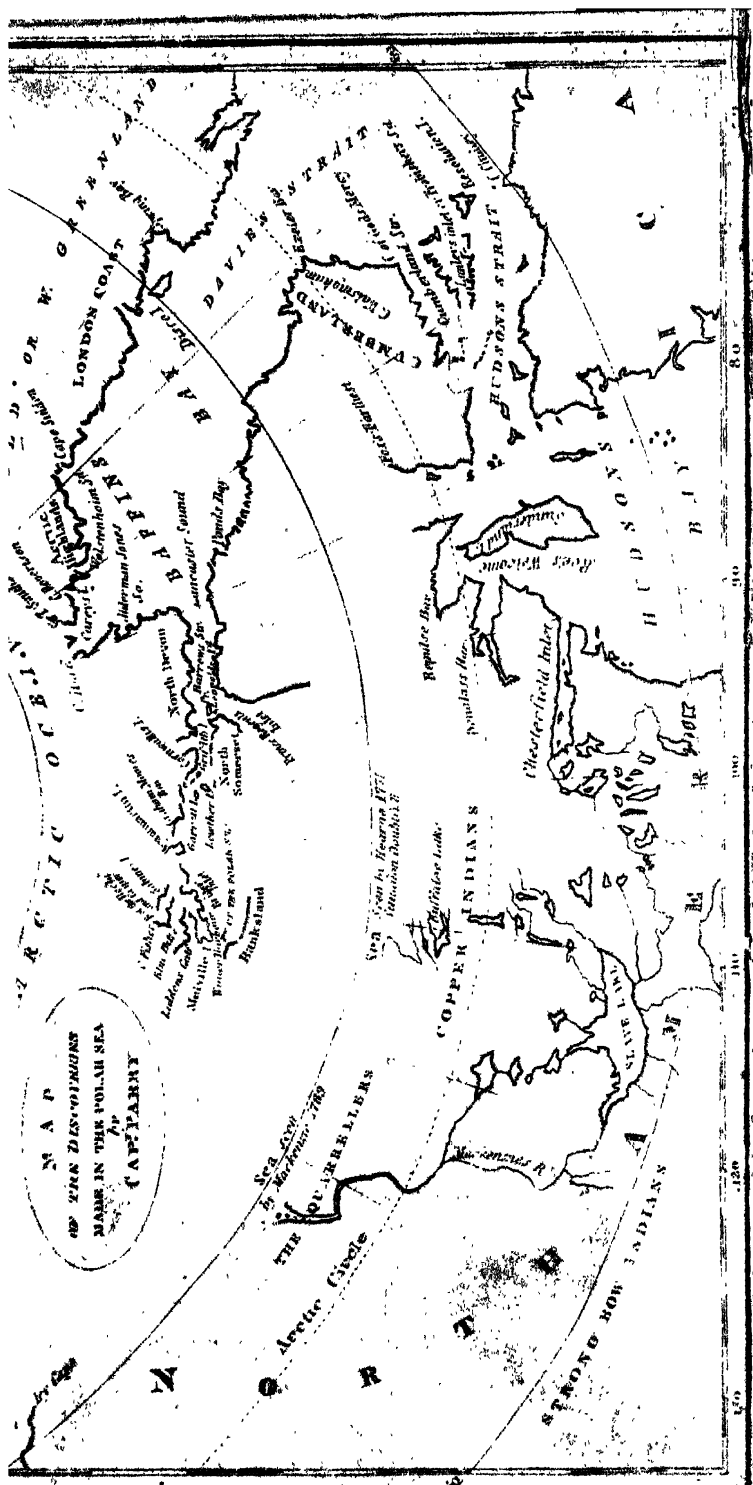
A voice in the Heavens—a sound in the Earth—  
And omens and prodigies herald the birth ;—  
But the deeds that shall be to the sins that were done,  
Are darker than shadows to forms in the Sun.

---

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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER 1820.

VOL. VIII

MORE CANTABRIGIENSIS.

No VI.

*Benet College, Cambridge, 25th October, 1820.*

DEAR MR NORTH,

Why does not the Ensign come up to Cambridge, as he promised? I have been looking for him, in his under-graduate's gown, about the middle of every term these two years. However, I see he still keeps his name on the College boards, so there are some hopes of him yet. I am confident he would turn out a wrangler—among the first ten, for a dozen. He is already as well trained as most freshmen. He measures distances to a nicety; describes a circle (or, as he would call it in his unmathematical way, a *ring*) to admiration; and for singing, and bringing out the fluent, he is, I verily believe, unrivalled. Here is food for his fancy, in all her forms and figures; and mathematics would, I am confident, give the last finishing touch to him. A mathematician is never knocked down but he can tell the *reason*, which is more than the primest swell at the Castle-Tavern can say at all times. If he knows the force and direction of the blow, which a man of quick parts and *feeling* can always discover, he can calculate how long he will be in tumbling from a stage twenty feet high, which is a great satisfaction, besides being a great help in coming to *time*. And should his neck, by any awkward accident, be dislocated, he is perfectly acquainted with the *law* by which said accident betell him.

We are rather flat here at present, but I enclose you a squiblet, which was written when Sir J. E. Smith, that knight of the gillyflower, made his grand charge on our Botanical Chair.

LOCK-AND-BAR.

*A Botany Bay Eclogue.*

O GALLANT Sir James is come out of the North,  
Through all that wild region his fame had gone forth;  
Yet, save the Vice-Chancellor, friend he had none;  
He came all unask'd, and he came all alone.  
So daring in heart, and so dauntless in pith,  
There ne'er was Professor like President Smith.

He staid not for frown, and he stopp'd not for groan;  
He put in his clamour where claim he had none;  
But e'er he arriv'd at a Lecturer's state,  
The tutors conspir'd—and the lectures came late.

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Q

For a churchman, God wot! and a botanist too,  
Was to sit in the chair that Sir James had in view.

In a rage, then, he stalk'd into College and Hall,  
Among Redmakers, Bachelors, Doctors, and all;  
Then spoke Mr Marsh in a civilish way,  
(For some of the Tutors had little to say),  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dine with the Fellows, or—what come ye for?"

"I long wish'd to lecture, my suit you denied,  
I know you'd have lik'd them, if once you had tried;  
And now am I come with this Pamphlet of mine,  
To try a last measure—then leave you to pine;  
There are students in London more civil by far,  
That would gladly have welcom'd so brilliant a \* star."

Sir James shew'd his Pamphlet, and Monk read it through;  
He gulp'd the hard bits, but he saw 'twould not do;  
He look'd down to laugh, and pretended to sigh,  
With a smile on his lip, and a sneer in his eye.  
Then down comes the rogue with an "Answer" forthwith—  
"This is dealing hard measure!" says President Smith.

So stately the tone, and so lovely the print,  
Even Freshmen conceiv'd there must something be in't  
While Socinians did fret, and Professors did clap,  
And Webb tore the tassel that deck'd his new cap;  
And Reviewers did whisper, "Twere better by far  
To have match'd your brave Knight in some gooseberry war."

A hint such as this had just rung in his ear,  
When he reached the stage-coach,† and the coachman stood near;  
So light to the box that tight coachman he sprung,  
So snugly the reins o'er the dickey were flung—  
We are off! we are off! over bank and o'er hill,  
"Your Pamphlet may follow," cried James, "if it will."

There is quizzing 'mong wags of the Trinity clan:  
King's, Queen's men, and Johnians, they all laugh that can;  
There is joking and smoking in Norwich citie,  
But the lost Knight of Botany ne'er do we see,  
—So daring in heart, and so dauntless in pith:  
Was there e'er such a callant as President Smith?

Ah! poor Litchfield the Fruiterer. You little knew, Mr North, the sweets of his delightful shop, or your Magazine would long since have resounded with "Luctus" far more lugubrious than those which you have so eloquently poured over the defunct Sir Daniel. Litchfield's fate was worse than death. He was smashed to a jelly by the tutors for what is elegantly termed, "helping a lame dog over a stile," a most charitable act! The following "Coronach" was sung before his door on the night of his transformation by a chorus of young men and maids, dressed in full mourning, with garlands on their

#### CORONACH.

He is gone from the counter;  
He is gone from the store-chest,  
Like his † brother's prime fount, ere  
Our need was the sorest.

The fount, re-appearing,  
From the rain-drops shall borrow,  
But to us comes no cheering,  
To Litchfield no morrow!

\* This luminary is not a fixed star, but a comet having taken "a free and lofty range in the world at large." Vid. his Pamphlet.

† The cheap—and—nasty.

This water-spout left off *playing*, one fine morning, and began, I suppose, to work, under ground.

The hand of the suitor  
 Takes the girl that is fairest,  
 But the voice of the tutor  
 Damns sweetmeats the rarest ;  
 Each gownsmen will pop in  
 The shop that is nearest,  
 But they sent Jack a trotting,  
 When ices were dearest.

Firm foot on the causeway,  
 Sage council within-door,  
 Tight hand at a nosegay,\*  
 How dark is thy windor !  
 Like Gog† from the mountain,  
 Like the scraps‡ on the river,  
 Like the bubble on Ned's§ founta'n,  
 Thou art gone, and for ever !

Wishing health to our circle of acquaintance in the Square,

I am,

Dear North,

Your's *ad infinitum*,

\* This stave was given out by a maiden from the Land of Cockaigne, whose name is Miss Georgiana Matilda Hunt.

† The Giants, Gog and Magog, formerly lived on two hills in the neighbourhood, (which still retain those denominations) each under the shade of an oak tree. They are not dwelling there at present, and the only memorial of their local habitation is the name, and some agates found there, about six inches in diameter, which Dr Clarke, with great plausibility, conjectures to have been worn by them as jewels to their thumb-rings.

‡ I don't quite understand this *reipæ*.

§ Ned will perhaps say to me, in the words of mine hostess, (for Ned sucks the sweets of literature) "which bubble, which bubble, thou knave, thou?" Why, sweet Ned, the whole was a bubble.

#### A VISIT TO THE LUNAR SPHERE.

ON my passing through the Hague, in the autumn of last year, I took occasion to pay a visit to the famous Professor Heidelbergus, in order to present him with an account of the observations made in the late voyage to the Arctic Regions. I found him mighty busily employed in his study, arranging a huge pile of papers, maps, and instruments, from which he seemed very unwilling to be disturbed. Pretty discoveries, indeed, said the Doctor, for an inhabitant of this globe; but had they possessed the advantage of a lunar view of these continents, we should see a very different account of them. I scarcely knew which way to look, at this observation, when the Doctor, perceiving my confusion, desired me to listen to him without scepticism, and he would communicate a portion of the wonders which he had seen in that delightful planet; with a full relation of which he proposed shortly to favour the world.

In his last aeronautic excursion, he inadvertently set off with too much inflammable air, and was carried to a prodigious height, before he could possibly throw a single Number of your Magazine out; where, meeting

with a vacuum, occasioned by the tail of an Aurora Borealis, and a pressure from the surrounding element, the Doctor was whisked completely out of the atmosphere. Here he was taken in the eddy of a furious vortex, and whirled with inconceivable swiftness, in a spiral direction, towards the lunar regions. He laments extremely, that from the informal-manner in which he was tost about, being sometimes himself uppermost, and sometimes his balloon, he was precluded from making any observations in his flight; but he consoles himself by supposing that, as the moon was then at the full, these atoms were proceeding outwards to form some new planet, which he will have the satisfaction to give the first notice of.

Here I requested to know how he came to sustain respiration in such dreary parts, which we are taught to believe are quite a void. Heidelberg said that, so far from there being a void outside our atmosphere, he was almost choked with the pressure and commotion of the circumambient element; but he begged me not to interrupt his relation any more, where the accidents seemed to me unac-

countable, as he would explain them in such a manner, in his publication, as should satisfy scepticism itself. When he had arrived at that point, where the attractions of the moon and of our orb balance each other, his balloon was a considerable time in doubt what course to pursue; and would certainly have remained there in jeopardy to all eternity, had not a lucky impulse from one of the before mentioned eddies, inclined it some fractions of an inch (the exact quantity he intends computing) towards the former of these globes. It now assumed a rapid movement onwards, when the Doctor suddenly experienced a violent concussion on the head, which rendered him senseless. This was no other than a shower of meteoric stones, that was proceeding on a visit to our earth, and was attracted, by a sympathy or particles, to that uncivil invasion of the Doctor's person.

When Heidelberg recovered, he found himself landed near a large pit, that appears from our globe like a dimple on the moon's chin; and his balloon, at a little distance, entangled amongst the bushes. Nothing could be more enchanting than the surrounding scenery. Rows of poplars and of elms here presented a grateful shelter from the solar beams, and there the majestic oak and cedar a secure refuge to the eagle and the vulture. Fields of waving corn and of smiling meadows occupied the plains, bounded by groves of evergreens, where the birds, in ceaseless carols, filled the air with their melody. Here and there, too, on the plain, was seen a flock of sheep, and several grotesque figures, that looked like the Sylvan deities of the Planet. There wanted only the meanderings of some rivulet, or the plashing of a waterfall, to constitute the place romantic ground. Without in the least minding this charming prospect, Heidelberg had no sooner shook his limbs, and found them not materially bruised, than he set himself to measure a degree of the meridian with the utmost alacrity. For this purpose he seized the branch of a tree, and was proceeding to the measurement of a base line, when he recollected that he must have some standard length to measure with. Why, take a foot, to be sure, thought he—But how much is a foot?—Twelve inches certainly—And how much is

an inch?—The twelfth part of a foot. With that ready ingenuity which adapts itself to every emergency, the Doctor took up a large round stone, and, drawing several threads out of his handkerchief, which he fastened to each other, and round the stone, he suspended the apparatus to the branch of a tree, which projected laterally. Then looking around, and making an allowance for the buoyancy and temperature of the atmosphere, as well as for the attraction of a mountain, which he observed peeping above the horizon, he took out his watch, and set his pendulum a swinging, to find what length would vibrate seconds at that latitude. After swinging it with great patience for two hours, the thread gave way, owing to the Doctor's jerking it rather too suddenly; but this he quickly replaced, and continued the experiment, computing the movements lost from the doctrine of chances; as he considered that, in observations of such delicacy, the seldomer they were repeated the better. Then shifting his point of vibration for a centre of suspension, he set the other end of his pendulum in motion, to verify the experiment. After watching the thread, shaking about in the wind, for a time corresponding to the first, he took the means of all the observations; and having now obtained a determinate measure, he took down the apparatus. But he was again at a stand for want of something to compute angles with. While in this perplexity he perceived a strange figure, mounted upon an animal, somewhat resembling the fabled being of a griffin, emerge from the woods, and advance swiftly towards him, with a kind of movement between bounding and flying. He was above the size of a man, but resembled him in other respects, except that his feet were parted, like a goat's. A single garment was passed with numerous folds around his body, and came upon his shoulder in a knot, that added a dignity to his benign aspect and silvery locks. The only notice that Heidelberg took of this grotesque apparition, was that of making him a sign of what he wanted.

The Lunarian pulled out a small theodolite, which he offered to our philosopher, who immediately flung the instrument, with all his might, into the moon's dimple, and asked him, in

a passion, if he did not know that the three angles of a triangle, had been discovered to be greater than two right angles? The Lunarian, smiling, asked him in Latin, whether, since the moon was in motion through absolute space, at the same rate, and in precisely the contrary direction to that in which he had projected the instrument, it could be positively said to have moved or not? Certainly, said the doctor, it has never stirred, but the moon ran against it; likewise, he observed, the gravity of the machine is increased, since it has approached the centre of the planet. Well then, returned the Lunarian, whose name was Zuloc, since my theodolite has not stirred from this, I will thank you to hand it me, as it was the best I had. But come, added he, do not trouble yourself any farther about this matter, for we have already ascertained the exact degree of curvature to every point, not only on our planet, but on yours also, even to the ten millionth part of an inch. If you will mount behind me, I will take you to my observatory, and also show you a few other things worthy of your notice.

They accordingly journeyed onwards; and in the way the Doctor obtained much curious information: but it is much to be regretted that his intelligence is very scanty, except in what relates to his favourite pursuits. Zuloc had heard nothing either of the knight Astolpho, or of Father Kircher; but the three ancient philosophers who were transported to the Lunar Regions to examine their natural productions, and who squandered their time in singing and dancing, left behind them some Latin manuscripts, which enabled the learned men to acquire that language. The inhabitants are divided into two classes; the Satyrs or learned men, and the Shepherds; and they reside almost wholly upon this side of the moon; the other being considered, from the absence of the Earth's light, as a kind of purgatory. They do not exceed nine or ten thousand altogether; but they live to a very advanced age, sometimes five hundred years. The shepherds live in the most charming state of primeval simplicity, tending their flocks, and dancing to the melody of lutes and Pan's-pipes. Almost all the philosophers have observatories and appara-

tus of their own; which they have brought to such perfection as to have made the most surprising discoveries. Their telescopes bring the sight within a very few miles of the terrestrial globe, so that they easily distinguish our towns and rivers, fleets and armies. Heidelberg has procured the most accurate maps of the regions within our polar circles, together with tables of the curvature of the earth, to the hundredth part of an inch; from which there appears to be a difference of some inches between our two hemispheres, that will occasion an alteration of our geological systems. But their most profound discovery is that of perpetual motion, which they have applied to almost every subject; and which has enabled them to erect works in a very short space of time, which it would cost us ages to finish. By this they have constructed time-keepers, which will shew the longitude to the thousandth part of a second, for such as have occasion to visit the nether side of the Lunar Sphere, where they have not the advantage of observing this great dial of the Earth.

As our travellers were passing a pool of water, the first which Heidelberg had seen in the moon, he was astonished to observe it boiling and bubbling up, as if it had been in a cauldron. Zuloc acquainted him that this was occasioned by the extreme levity of the Lunar atmosphere; and were it not for the pneumatic apparatus for condensing fluids, which the philosophers have placed over certain wells, and which are kept constantly going, by their admirable invention of perpetual motion, all the waters of the moon would soon evaporate. But the philosophers themselves will seldom be at the trouble of resorting to these wells; for, by the mixture of several kinds of air in a glass, and the mere compression of a fillip, they can obtain as much water as they please. Indeed, this is one of the means they have in contemplation for replenishing the ocean, which, in the infancy of the moon, was very considerable, but which has gradually vanished from the preceding cause. To illustrate this great tendency of the air to ignition, our Lunarian gently struck one of the trees with his cudgel, and immediately the whole forest was in flames. Zuloc has computed the Lunar atmosphere to be

seven furlongs, two metres, and one inch, in height; its weight, one million and six tens, three ounces, and two grains, troy; and that it would fill a globe, of the density of our earth, of one mile, nine inches, and three tenths, in diameter. These results Heidelberg has rendered according to the English method of computation; as all measures and weights, periods and quantities whatever, whether natural or artificial, are subdivided into decimal parts, for the convenience of mathematicians.

This conversation brought them to the observatory of Zuloc, which is situated in the principal town, near the left corner of the moon's mouth. It consisted of an immense concave of entire glass, with numerous doors and skylights, which could be opened or closed at pleasure, by mechanical appendages. The first objects that struck Heidelberg were a number of prodigious prisms, suspended to the ceiling. These were for separating and conducting the rays of the sun into different places. Zuloc placed the Doctor beneath one of them, and decoyed the several rays of light into different bottles, so that Heidelberg was left perfectly in the dark, notwithstanding that the sun appeared to be shining full upon him; but he still experienced the influence of its heat. Our Lunar-ian now attracted away the heating beam; and Heidelberg was obliged speedily to decamp, or he would soon have been frozen to death. The first of these phenomena is employed for producing artificial night, when the astronomers wish to sleep; since the natural nights and days are too long for the common purposes of life; and the second is made use of in the torture of criminals. This experiment convinced Heidelberg of the fantastic existence of colours; and he now thinks that the dispute concerning the nature of substances is for ever laid at rest. Zuloc proved to him, that neither colours nor bodies had any existence but in the imagination. He defines the last to be nothing but shape and extension; and accounts the resistance we meet with from solids, to be merely a quality, or affection, and not a real essence; just as melting is a faculty of lead, or heat an affection of fire. Tastes, smells, sounds, and shadows, he has also added to our list of substances. Heidelberg was rather

startled at the admission of this last; but Zuloc assured him, that if he would only divest himself of the prejudice which the sound occasioned, he would perceive that it had a better title to that rank than many phantasms of the brain which are admitted, since it possessed the various properties of extension, motion, and figure.

The Doctor saw here bubbles, which were supplied with that beautiful metal oxygen, which has lately been discovered on the earth, and has such levity as to swim on the water; indeed no other substance would have been sensitive enough to be affected by the impressions of so volatile an atmosphere.

Here were substances, lying upon one another, whose parts had such an aversion, that though the whole must were pressed by the whole weight of the upper, yet their surfaces continued half an inch apart; and other bodies, so partial to each other, that their parts mutually overtopped nearly an inch.

Here were a variety of pendulums, vibrating, in all directions, without ceasing, by the application of the lightful invention of perpetual motion; and all the mathematic figures in nature, physically expressed, in the most beautiful manner, with silver wire—the spiral of Archimedes, the cissoid, the conchoid, the caustic and catenary curves, and those two lines which are said continually to be approaching, yet never to meet. These, indeed, seemed to incline to each other so much, near one of the doors of the observatory, that the Doctor slyly opened it, to see whether they met outside, but was delighted to find that they proceeded as far as the eye could reach without touching. Lines, points, and circles, were flowing about in every direction, by the contrivance of perpetual motion; and forming pyramids and cylinders, by means of which, the most abstruse operations were performed from simple mechanism. In all these experiments, lunar children, from forty to fifty years of age, attended, to learn how to deduce ultimate causes from their physical effects. The Doctor, at this scene, rubbed his hands with delight—but, at the same time, received a knock on the head from a huge pendulum, and set his nails on fire with the friction of his hands. Zuloc cautioned him against making

too sudden motions in an atmosphere so subject to combustion.

At one end of this delightful repository of the sciences, was another party of little Lunarians, from twenty to thirty years old, amusing themselves at various kind of play, called the Game of Ideas, to render them familiar with the operations of the understanding, in comparing and producing images. There was a large dark chamber, which excluded every admission, but from two small windows; the one of glass, for exhibiting Ideas to the spectators outside; the other open, for receiving images, but provided with a shutter inside. A Lunar child was turned into this room by itself, while one party outside was continually employed in throwing into the open window a quantity of toys and images, the symbols of ideas; and another at the glass window, demanding the exhibition of whatever they pleased, whether simple or compound words, sentences, or even orations; all of which were to be physically expressed by producing images in succession at the window. When the child was more than ten minutes searching for an idea, which, from the vast heap of objects, was often no easy task to find, it was considered as very stupid, and turned out. When it wished to abstract, it shut both windows, and employed itself considering a subject without any extraneous appendages; but the sportsmen outside would seldom permit this indulgence long, as the inmate often made it a pretence for gaining time to arrange its ideas, and sometimes was even accused of going to sleep. Sometimes the same set of images had been so often called for, that the child had strung them together in an association; so that it often happened, that when a single object was demanded, it was so careless as to produce the whole string.

Some children were considered very witty for taking a handful of ideas, at

half-hazard, and displaying them at the window.

As Heidelberg was endeavouring to look inside, the little Lunarian within held up an astronomer, a butterfly, and a thief, with several other objects, all in a string.

When our philosopher had sufficiently amused himself with admiring these wonderful objects, Zuloc pressed him to partake of a Lunar repast; but he felt himself so much affected by the fineness of the air, that he was obliged, however unwillingly, to express his intention of departing from this delightful planet. Zuloc accordingly repaired his balloon, and provided him with an aereal dipping needle, for pointing out the several objects he should pass in his flight; and an instrument for ascertaining the position, and measuring the distances, between bodies not in view.

The only phenomenon which Heidelberg observed in his passage, was a view of the upper region of the terrestrial atmosphere, oscillating to and fro, like the pendulum of a clock, from the joint influence of the sun and moon.

Among the valuable discoveries Professor Heidelberg has brought with him, is an account of a comet that will fall into the sun in the 2715, which by that time will stand in great need of such a reinforcement, and which will cause a great disturbance in our system, by altering the centres of gyration and gravity, and occasioning an anomaly in our tables of equation and the tides. From this comet Zuloc intends sequestering a part of the tail, in its passage, to densify the Lunar atmosphere withal; also a table of the specific gravities of Lunar bodies, and a method of determining the most difficult problems from impossible premises; all of which will, together with the before-mentioned improvements in natural knowledge, be laid in due time before the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

A MIDSHIPMAN.

P. S.—I forgot to say that Professor Heidelberg's great work is to be dedicated to Lord —.

Depend upon hearing from me again before next month.



## A SACRIFICE AT ÆGINA.

THE morn is on the hill ; the Eastern red  
 Breaks, blushes, burns, o'er Heaven and Earth is spread ;  
 The breeze, that at the dawning lightly gave  
 Its gentle motion to yon purple wave,  
 Just shook the myrtles on the mountain's side,  
 Just breathed along the vale—the breeze has died.  
 There is a living calmness on the air,  
 So deep, the very soul grows calmer there.  
 A Parian temple crowns the mountain's brow,  
 Impassive, bright, severe as sculptured snow ;—  
 Proud wheels the golden pinnacle above,  
 One solitary bird, the bird of Jove ;—  
 The purple wave just kisses its bright shore,  
 One curl, one sweet, low murmur, and 'tis o'er.  
 'Tis silence all, all splendid, fresh, and still,  
 On vale, and wood, on wave, and holy hill.  
 But hark the voice of flutes ! In beauty rise,  
 The virgin train for morning sacrifice,  
 Winding like vision'd forms, successive, slow,  
 Through the rich cloud of leaf, and bloom below ;  
 Flowers on their locks, the bosom's silver globe,  
 Half-beaming from the jewel-cinctured robe ;  
 In their slight hands the lyre, and marble urn,  
 Where thro' the rose-wreaths myrrh and sandal burn,  
 Solemn as statues from the vale they move,  
 To where the shrine in sunlight tow'rs above,  
 And now those noiseless feet, and eyes profound,  
 Have up the primrose tuft their pathway wound,  
 They lovely as a dream, like it are gone,  
 And the eye looks on loveliness alone.

The Temple-valves unfold.—In fragrance rise  
 Wreath upon wreath, the clouds of sacrifice ;  
 And sweet as dew-fall on the valley dim,  
 Spread the rich echoes of their melting hymn.  
 Slow stalking from his leafy bed the deer  
 Pauses, with glistening eye, that sound to hear ;  
 Still wheels the eagle o'er the odorous cloud,  
 As if to catch the holy sweetness bowed,  
 Then to its wing the last deep chorus given,  
 Mounts on the breeze, and bears its charge to Heaven.

ΑΟΙΔΟΣ.

## SONG OF THE BIRD, IN ARMIDA'S ENCHANTED GARDEN : FROM TASSO.

And all amid that fair enchanted ground,  
 A lovely minstrel's lovely strain was heard,  
 High on his bending bough, a beauteous bird,  
 With gorgeous wings unfolding, poured the sound :  
 And wondrous was the song that bird did sing,  
 For speech it seemed, and ye the words might know,  
 Yet like a wild bird's warbling did it flow,  
 That ear, heart, soul, were won with his sweet carolling.

" Ah ! see, deep-blushing in her green recess,  
 The bashful virgin rose, that half-revealing,  
 And half, within herself, herself concealing,  
 Is lovelier for her hidden loveliness.

Lo ! soon her glorious beauty she discovers :  
 Soon droops :—and sheds her leaves of faded hue :  
 —Can this be She,—the Flower,—erewhile that drew  
 The heart of thousand maids, of thousand longing lovers ?

So fleeteth, in the fleeting of a day,  
 Of mortal life the green leaf, and the flower,  
 And not, though Spring return to every bower,  
 Buds forth again soft leaf, or blossom gay.  
 Gather the rose ! beneath the beauteous morning  
 Of this bright day, that soon will overcast.  
 O gather love's sweet rose, that yet doth last !  
 Love, in Youth's lovely prime ! ere aged love meet scorning.

*The Field of Terror, a Tale ;*

BY FREDERICK, BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I HAVE, for the sake of variety, chosen, instead of another dramatic criticism, to present your readers, in this Number, with one of the "*Kleine Romane*" of my excellent friend, the Baron de La Motte Fouque. Nor have I selected one of his longer and more serious compositions under this title, but preferred one of the numerous (I might say numberless) fairy tales, which he has thrown off with the playful grace of a genuine master. To shadow out the various modifications and contentions of good and evil in this life, typified and impersonized by fairies, demons, &c. is a favourite system of the Baron. Hence his partiality to the superstitious of his country—to which, by his inventive genius, and his moral and philosophic powers, he has given an interest and importance altogether new. That your readers may duly appreciate this little Tale, it may be permitted us to remind them, that among the mountains, in the north of Germany, there is one which has been said to possess, among other minerals, the magnet, in such abundance, that the labours of the husbandman were there found to be impracticable. As one fable naturally begets another, it followed, of course, that this difficulty was ascribed to the immediate agency of malignant demons. It remained however, for the genius of Fouqué, to *moralize* this legend ; and probably, one ought not to rate the intelligence of any reader so low as to suppose that the *moral* of the following tale will not immediately be discovered. It may be considered, indeed, but a new modification of our own old chivalric legend of a knight, assailed by all the delusive horrors of witchcraft and sorcery, which vanish, one after another, before his invincible courage and constancy. (A legend, by the way, which has been so well given in the "*Birds of Prey*," and in vol. III. of Drake's "*Literary Hours*.") It will doubtless be perceived, that the adventures of Conrad are, in reality, no more than those of many a poor Farmer—who, with courage and perseverance, struggles against the difficulties of his fortune—and, at last, even from sterile fields, on which he is haunted by the demons of apprehension, indolence, and dependancy, may, by contented industry, gain a competent livelihood, a comparative affluence. Your friend, R. P. G.

AT the foot of the Giant Mountain, (so called from its pre-eminent height), in a fertile district of Silesia, there fell to be divided among several relations the property of a rich commoner, who had died without children, and whose various farms were scattered about in different quarters of this romantic country.

For this purpose, they had assembled in a small inn of the head village, and would have very soon come to an amicable agreement on the division of

their inheritance, had it not been that it included one farm, called the *FIELD OF TERROR* ; which, of course, no one was inclined to receive for his portion.

Yet the surface of this field was adorned with blooming flowers, and a variety of wild shrubs and underwood, betokening at once the fertility of the soil, and the neglect of the husbandman. Many years indeed had passed since any one had ventured there with a plough, nor had any seeds been planted or sown but those which Na-

ture herself supplied. Or if some bold adventurer had now and then made such an attempt, the work-oxen were invariably seized with an uncontrollable fury;—even the ploughman and sower fled in wild affright,—complaining that horrible spectres floated around them, pretending to join in their labour,—and looking over their shoulders with an hideous confidence and familiarity, which no mortal courage could endure.

Who should now take this accursed and ominous field into his allotment became the grand question in debate. To every one it appeared (according to the usual way of the world) that what to himself was even in idea insupportable, might, by his neighbour, be encountered without risk or hesitation. Thus they continued disputing till a late hour of the evening.—At last, after an interval of silence, one of the party announced the following suggestion.

"We are," said he, "according to the injunctions of our predecessor, obliged to make some provision for a poor cousin, who lives here in this village. To us the girl is but very distantly related—besides, she will probably soon have a good husband to protect her, for she is amiable and prudent, and is commonly called the beautiful Sabina. Therefore, my counsel is, that we freely give to our cousin in a present this "FIELD OF TERROR." We shall then have at once fulfilled our duty, and supplied a dowry for Sabina; which, unpromising as it appears at present, may yet prove no inconsiderable fortune, if her husband should chance to be sufficiently skilful and courageous to venture on its improvement." The rest of the party unanimously approved of this motion; and one of their number was immediately despatched on an embassy to acquaint Sabina with their determination.

Before this debate was at an end, Sabina had, in the dusk of the evening, heard a light knocking at the door.—To her question of "who was there?" an answer was returned, which induced her immediately to rise from her seat, open the lattice, and look out. It was the well remembered

and long wished for voice of Conrad; a young man like herself, handsome and amiable, but also extremely poor; on which account he had left the village about two years before as a soldier, in hopes of returning with such a portion of worldly gain as might render practicable a marriage with the beloved mistress, whose affections he had already won.

Pleasant and affecting was it now to behold how the tall and graceful young soldier, with joyful countenance, proffered his faithful right hand to Sabina—while her bright and beautiful eyes, glistening with tears, beamed through the changeless verdure of ivy boughs on her changeless lover!

"Ah, Conrad!" said she, deeply blushing, "Heaven be praised that your life has been preserved;—for this alone, I prayed in your long absence: nor do I now require any other boon of fortune!"—"Her golden gifts indeed," said Conrad, smiling and shaking his head, "have come but sparingly—yet, at least, I have returned richer than I went; and if my dear Sabina has but courage, I think we might now venture on marriage, and honourably brave the world."—"Ah, faithful Conrad!" sighed his mistress, "to link thy fate unalterably thus, for weal and woe, with a poor helpless orphan!"—"Dearest girl," interrupted the soldier—"if thou lov'st me, say but "YES," and rest assured, that all will go well—we shall live together happier indeed than king and queen!"—"But," said Sabina, "are you then free—no longer a soldier?"—"Conrad, without speaking, now searched in a leather purse which contained his little fortune, for a silver medal, which he handed to Sabina, who held it so, that the light of her lamp fell on the device. With old-fashioned wit, a broken drum was there represented, and Sabina began to read the motto—"Thank heaven war has"—"Thank heaven war has an end!"—"it should say," added Conrad,—"it is true, indeed, that peace is not yet ratified; but there is a truce, which will probably have good results; and meanwhile, our general has disbanded his troops."

With joyful anticipations, Sabina now gave her hand to her lover; then

\* The word *END* (*loch*) in German, is here susceptible of a pun, which cannot be translated.

opened the cottage door, and allowed him, as her accepted bridegroom, to enter the small apartment, where he sat down beside his mistress, and related how he had gained a small sum in gold and silver, from an Italian officer, whom he had honourably conquered in the field; and who, by the surrender of this treasure, had ransomed his life.—Turning her wheel industriously, and smiling softly, at intervals, on her brave lover, Sabina congratulated herself, that neither to her own or to Conrad's future gains, the slightest imputation of injustice or violence could be attached.

During this conversation, her cousin made his appearance to deliver his embassy. Sabina, with modest blushes, introduced to him Conrad as her accepted lover, just returned from an honourable campaign. "Ha, then," said her new guest. "I have luckily come in the very nick of time; for if by chance your bridegroom has returned from the wars without much worldly gain, the dowry with which, by authority of your other cousins, I am now to present you, will no doubt be very welcome to him." Conrad, on the contrary, was of a spirit too proud and independent, and besides, was too much of a romantic lover, to express any sort of exultation on hearing this address. The humble Sabina, however, as yet unconscious of what her cousins really intended, seemed to acknowledge, on this occasion, the special favour of Providence, and cast down her eyes, with soft smiles of gladness and gratitude. But when she now heard that her whole portion was to be the FIELD OF TERROR, then the selfish avarice of her cousins struck at once with icy coldness on her heart, and she could no longer restrain the starting tears of disappointment. Her cousin looked at her with scornful smiles, pretending to regret that she should have reckoned on any better share of the inheritance, this being a much larger portion than, from the degree of her relationship, she was entitled to receive.

Upon this, he wished immediately to retire. Conrad, however, intercepted his retreat, and, with a cold composure, which often accompanied his greatest indignation, he thus addressed him: "Sir, I perceive that of the good intentions of the deceased

to my betrothed wife, you and your companions have chosen to make a jest, and that you are altogether resolved that not one farthing shall accrue to her from your inheritance. Yet we now take, in God's name, your allotment, hoping that this FIELD OF TERROR, which, in the hands of envious and avaricious poltroons, might have remained barren, may, under the management of a brave soldier, prove of more worth than you suppose."

Sabina's cousin, terrified by Conrad's martial appearance, turned pale, and did not venture on any reply. On his departure, the young soldier kissed the tears from the beautiful eyes of his bride, and hastened with her to a neighbouring priest, to plight before him their mutual troth, and appoint their wedding-day.

Within a few weeks after this, Conrad and Sabina were married, and began to arrange their small household. The young man had spent almost all his gold and silver in the purchase of two fine oxen, a plough, seed-corn, and household furniture. The remainder was just sufficient to guard, with prudence and frugality, against the privations of poverty, until the next harvest season. However, when Conrad first went out with his plough and oxen to labour, he looked back laughing to Sabina, and promised her that the gold which he was now to trust in the ground would not prove deceitful, and that by another year they would be far richer. Sabina looked after him anxiously, and wished only to see him safely returned from the Field of Terror.

Conrad, indeed, returned earlier than she had expected, but in a mood of mind by no means so tranquil as that in which he had set out. He dragged behind him his plough, broken in pieces, and laboriously goaded along *one* of his oxen, severely wounded, while he himself also was bleeding in the shoulder and head. Yet, after all, he strove to look cheerful and unconcerned; and, with the unconquerable spirit of a brave soldier, tried to console the weeping Sabina. "Now," said he, "you will have enough to do! Salting, pickling, and cookery! The goblins on the field of terror have provided us with beef enough for a whole season. This poor animal has, in his madness, hurt himself so much as to be quite useless, and (at least as

long as he lives) *incurable*. His comrade has run furiously down the mountain. I saw him fall into the torrent below, from whence he will never be recovered."

"My cousins! Oh, my wicked cousins!" cried Sabina: "Now has their perfidious gift robbed us of all your hard-won earnings; and above all, dear Conrad, you are yourself dangerously wounded."

"As to my wounds, they are nothing," replied her husband; "the pair of oxen, no doubt, got me once between them when their fury was at its full height, and I was resolved not to let them go. But all this, Heaven be praised! I have got well over; and to-morrow morning, I shall make another attempt on the *FIELD OF TERROR*."

Sabina now tried, by every method in her power, to dissuade him from this resolve; but he said firmly, that the field, so long as he lived, should not be suffered to remain unprofitable; where a man could not plough, he must dig; and the goblin would now no longer have to deal with timid irrational animals, but with a steady and experienced soldier, who scorned to run, even from the devil himself. In the course of that day, he had a butcher to kill and cut up the poor wounded beast; and next morning, while Sabina had betaken herself to her new employment of pickling and salting, Conrad had proceeded again upon his way, scarcely less contented now when he had but a pick-axe and spade, than on the preceding day when he set out in style with a plough and team of oxen.

On this occasion it was somewhat late in the evening before he returned: he was fatigued, and even looked pale; yet he was more cheerful, and soon tranquillized his timid and anxious wife. "This kind of husbandry," said he, "is rather tiresome, no doubt; besides, there is a strange ghostly-looking figure, that starts up now on one side, and now on another, mocks at my labour, and interrupts me both by gestures and words. However, he seems even himself to wonder that I take so little notice of him; and upon this I gain always new courage, which, indeed, never can be wanting to an honest man, who is only desirous peaceably to follow out his own proper avocations."

In this manner many days and weeks were spent. The resolute Conrad persevered undauntedly in the labour of levelling the ground and rooting out the weeds, digging and sowing in the most favourable situations. It is true, indeed, that with the spade alone he was able to cultivate but a very small part of the field; however, he redoubled on this account his care and attention; and at length had the satisfaction to see a harvest spring up, which, if not very rich, yet promised, and made good, a profit fully equal to his expectations. He was obliged, however, to get through the toil of reaping and leading home as well as he could, without the assistance of any friend or servant. No day-labourers would, for any temptation of wages, venture on the *FIELD OF TERROR*; and as to Sabina, her husband would not suffer her to go thither, more especially as he had reason to think that he would soon become a father. The child accordingly was born, and in the third year after their marriage, was followed by another, while, in other respects, no material change had yet taken place in Conrad's situation. By courage and exertion, he knew how to gain harvest upon harvest from the field; and thus fulfilled his assurance to Sabina, that in their married state they would honourably brave the world.

One autumnal evening, when the deep shades of darkness had already fallen around him, Conrad as usual (his harvest having been reaped and cleared away) plied industriously his labour with the spade. Suddenly there arose opposite to him the figure of a tall muscular man, black and swarthy like a collier, with a long iron bar or poker in his hand, who said to him—"Is there not then one pair of oxen to be had in this country, that you labour with both hands in this manner? Yet to judge the extent of your grounds, you should be a rich farmer!"—Conrad knew very well who it was that spoke to him, and persevered in his usual way—that is, he kept silence, turned his eyes and thoughts as much as possible from the goblin, and plied at his task more assiduously than before. But the collier did not in his usual manner vanish away, in order to return in a form more hideous and distracting; but, on the contrary, stood still, and said, in

a friendly tone—"Conrad, you do great injustice not only to me, but to yourself. Answer me with truth and confidence. Perhaps I could point out a remedy for all your evils."—"Well, in God's name," said Conrad, "if by your words you deceive me, the guilt is yours, and not mine!"—Then he began, without further hesitation, to relate accurately and truly all that had befallen him since his possession of that field; nor did he in the least conceal his indignation at the Hobgoblin, who, by his perpetual interruptions, had rendered it so difficult for him, with the assistance of only a pick-axe and spade, to raise a sufficient harvest for the bare maintenance of himself and his family.

The collier listened to him seriously and attentively; then, after some reflection, replied as follows: "I think, friend, that you already know very well who I am; and it argues no little courage on your part, not to have abated one jot of your honour as a soldier, but truly and openly to have expressed how much you are dissatisfied with me. To tell the truth, you have had reason enough to be angry; but as I have proved you to be a brave fellow, I shall now make a proposal which may do you no little service. Now listen: There are times when after I have, in wood, field, and mountain, played the fool, and terrified the people to my heart's content, there has risen within me a sincere and ardent desire of entering into the family of some honest householder, and living there regularly and peaceably for one half year. Now then, what if you should hire me for this half year as your servant?"—"It is base and wicked in thee," said Conrad, "thus to mock at an honest man, who has, at thine own request, given thee his confidence."—"Nay, nay," said the other, "there is no mockery—I am quite serious. You shall find an honest labourer in me; and so long as I remain in your service, not one phantom will appear on the FIELD OF TERROR, so that you may bring a whole herd of oxen thither without apprehension."—"That, indeed, would be something," said Conrad, meditating; "if I only knew that thou wouldst keep thy promise; and especially, whether I, as a Christian, may venture to deal with thee!"—"As for the

last point, you must judge for yourself," said the goblin; "but my promise I have never yet broken, and never shall, as long as the Giant Mountain stands; neither am I by nature very wicked—somewhat wild and sportive, it is true—but this is all."—"I believe indeed," said Conrad, "that thou art the well-known Rubezahl."—"Listen," said the stranger, somewhat angrily: "If you believe this, know also that the powerful genius of this land cannot endure to be called by that pitiful name, but chooses to be styled the Lord of the Mountain!"—"He would prove a goodly menial, forsooth, whom I must learn to style the Lord of the Mountain!" said Conrad. "You may call me Waldmann,\* then," said the collier. Conrad looked stedfastly at him for some time, and at last answered—"Good! It shall be so!—Methinks I shall do no wrong in accepting thine offer. I have often seen that people take dogs for turnspits, and use other irrational animals about a household—why not then a goblin?"—"At this the collier laughed heartily, and said—"Well! this is certainly the first time that such conditions were ever made with one of my rank; but even for this very reason, and for the sake of variety, I like it the better. So then, dear master, your hand on the bargain! Conrad, however, insisted on some special conditions; first, that his new servant should never make it known to Sabina, or the children, that he had any connection with the FIELD OF TERROR, and still less, that he had come from the hideous gloomy caverns of the Giant Mountain; secondly, that within the limits of his master's house and garden, no sort of *diablerie* should ever be exhibited; and as Waldmann very readily agreed to all this, the bargain was forthwith concluded, and they went home amicably together.

Sabina was not a little surprised at this addition to her household, and entertained considerable feelings of terror at the gigantic swarthy figure of the new servant. The children also would not for some time venture out of doors, if he were at work in the garden or farm-yard. However, by his quiet, regular, and industrious conduct, Waldmann soon gained the good opinion of every one; or if at

\* In English, Woodman.

any time, in a foolish fit of incrimment, he began to hunt about with the dogs, or play tricks on the poultry, it was found to be more in jest than really mischievous. Even then, a single look from his master was sufficient to bring him again within his accustomed and prudential limits.

Confiding in the promise of the mountain spirit, Conrad had again boldly ventured on the purchase of a yoke of oxen; and with his plough newly repaired, went once more merrily to the field. Sabina looked after him apprehensively, and yet more anxiously waited in the evening for his return, fearing that he would at last come home, not only with disappointed hopes, but more dangerously wounded than before. Singing, however, and driving his tractable fine oxen before him, Conrad marched (while the first evening bell was ringing) through the village. In high glee he kissed his wife and children, and even shook his black servant heartily by the hand.

Many times also did Waldmann lead out and bring home the work oxen in this manner, while Conrad in his turn staid at home and laboured in the farm-yard or garden. A large portion of the FIELD OF TERROR was ere long ploughed up, and all went on prosperously, to the astonishment of the villagers, and envious displeasure of Sabina's avaricious cousins. Conrad, however, often thought to himself, "This is all but for a short time; and how the harvest is to be reaped and brought home Heaven knows! Long before that season Waldmann's servitude will be at an end, and the goblins on the FIELD OF TERROR may be more troublesome than ever. Yet a labour of this kind," added he, "will of itself strengthen both heart and hand, and perhaps Waldmann, as he has indeed frequently in his mirthful moments hinted, will, for the sake of old friendship, restrain himself till the field is cleared of this one harvest at least."

The winter now had arrived; the labour on the field of terror was ended; and Conrad industriously plied with his oxen at the necessary task of bringing home wood for the stove and kitchen hearth. About this time, it happened one day that Sabina was called to a poor widow in the village who had fallen sick of a fever, and whom she was in the habit of assisting sedulously, in so far as

her newly amended circumstances would allow. Only she was now puzzled, in her husband's absence, how to dispose of the children; Waldmann, however, entreated that she would give them in charge to him; and as the little ones were accustomed to his stories, and were willing to remain with him, Sabina at last agreed, and without farther hesitation, cheerfully went on her charitable errand.

About an hour afterwards, Conrad returned from the forest. He drew the wood-cart into the shed, put his oxen into the stable, and then went merrily home, to warm his stiffened limbs at the comfortable kitchen-fire. Suddenly he heard the voices of his children painfully weeping—instantly he started up, burst open the door of the parlour, and found them crouching together, under the stove, screaming with terror, and Waldmann jumping meanwhile, making hideous grimaces, with a coronet of living fire on his dishevelled and staring hair.

"What the devil is all this?" said Conrad in great indignation, when, in a moment, the portentous ornament on Waldmann's head was extinguished; he stood humbly and in silence, till at last he tried to excuse himself, by saying that he had only made game for the children. The little ones, however, came still crouching and complaining to their father, and told him how Waldmann had first terrified them with wild stories, and afterwards appeared to them wearing a sheep's head at one time, and a dog's head at another. "Enough—Enough!" interrupted Conrad, "Get thee gone, fellow! We don't remain another hour under the same roof together!" With these words, he seized Waldmann, thrust him out of doors, even as far as the outer garden gate. Meanwhile he commanded the children to remain quiet in the parlour;—their father was now returned, and they felt secure against every danger.

The mysterious servant at first bore all this without a word; however, when he stood alone with Conrad, amid the wintry landscape, he said, laughing, "Listen, Master! methinks we must again be reconciled to one another; I have indeed played a foolish trick, but shall never be guilty in like manner again. It was only one offence—you must overlook it." "Even in this very way," said Conrad, "the same humour might seize thee

again, and thou wouldst easily terrify my children to madness. Our contract, therefore, is at an end." "My half-year is not at an end," said Waldmann, in defiance, "therefore I shall return into thy house," "Not a step,—not even to the threshold," said Conrad, "thou hast irrevocably broken our bargain by thy cursed hobgoblinry. All that I can do for thee is to pay thy full wages—There it is, and get thee gone." "Full wages!" said the spirit, laughing in scorn, "knowest thou not my inexhaustible treasures in the caverns of the mountain?" "It is not for thy sake, but for my own, that I pay thee, said Conrad; for I am resolved not to remain in debt neither to man nor devil." With these words, he thrust the money with violence into Waldmann's pocket. "What shall now become of the FIELD OF TERROR?" said the demon, half angrily. "Whatever God pleases!" said Conrad, "Sixteen FIELDS OF TERROR were to me nothing when weighed against one hair on the head of either of my children. Therefore be gone, I say, unless you first wish to receive a hearty beating, that you will remember

Softly!" said the spirit, "When a being of my class assumes the form of a man, he never fails to choose a stout one. In the beating that you design for me, you might chance to meet with the worst, and then God be merciful to you!"—"That He has ever been," said Conrad, "and his providence has endowed me with a stout frame also. To thy mountains, therefore, begone, thou hateful monster—I warn thee for the last time!"

Then, Waldmann being at these last words violently provoked, fell upon Conrad, and a tough and obstinate battle raged between them. They struggled backwards and forwards, and twined their arms round each other, victory remaining for a long while uncertain, till at last Conrad, by a master-stroke in wrestling, brought his opponent to the ground, kneeled upon his breast, and, continuing to pommel him heartily as he lay, cried aloud: "Now shalt thou learn what it is to lift thine arm against thy liege master, thou treacherous fiend of the mountains!"

The prostrate Waldmann, however, laughed so heartily at all this, that Conrad, believing that he made game of him, redoubled his blows with greater violence, till at last his victim called aloud, "Let alone! Let alone!

I do not laugh at thee, but at myself, and I now humbly beg pardon!" "That is another affair," said the generous Conrad, who now immediately rose up, and assisted his conquered adversary to get upon his legs. "I have tried this way of life long enough, in all conscience," said Rubezahl, still laughing, "I dare swear it never happened to any one of my rank before to carry his education so far! But, listen, friend, you must at least confess that I have dealt honourably by you, for you well know that I could have, in one moment, brought a whole troop of mountain spirits to my assistance. However, to say the truth, I could not have called on them for laughing."

Conrad looked thoughtfully at Rubezahl, who continued his mirth, and at last said, "I must acknowledge that thou hast reason now to bear me a grudge, and of this I shall probably feel the consequences, not only on the FIELD OF TERROR, but elsewhere. But, Sir, I cannot repent of what I have done. I used only the right of an honest householder, and all for the sake of my beloved children. Truly, if it were yet to do, I should act heartily in the very same manner."

"No, No!" said the laughing Rubezahl, "Give yourself no trouble. I have for one time had quite enough. But of this much, however, be assured—henceforward, from year to year, you may labour on the FIELD OF TERROR, and not one spectre, while the giant mountain stands, shall be visible there. Now, farewell, mine honourable yet severe master!"

With these words, and with a familiar and confidential nod, he vanished, nor did Conrad ever behold him again. Rubezahl, however, failed not to remember his promise, which, indeed, was much more than fulfilled. An extraordinary blessing attended all the labours of Conrad, and he was in a short time the richest farmer in the village. When his children played upon the FIELD OF TERROR, which both they and Sabina now visited without apprehension, they told sometimes how the good Waldmann had come, and with what pretty stories he had entertained them. At such times, the little ones were agreeably surprised to find their pockets stored with sweetmeats or glittering toys, among which a valuable gold coin was frequently discovered.



## ON CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

"His courser scarce he had bestrid,  
And Ralpho that on which he rid,  
When, setting ope the postern gate,  
Which they thought best to sally at,  
The foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,  
Ready to charge them in the field."—HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH the principle of taste be like that of truth, firm and immutable, the '*semper eadem*,' governed by one body of laws only, it is really astonishing to see what different methods the members of the literary diet adopt and pursue for the purpose of extending their prospects, and rising to more eminent stations in the republic of letters. It is not to diversity of object that we allude; because, proficiency in each of the sciences has a characteristic species of fame peculiar to itself, and wholly distinct from every other; as, on a grafted trunk, we behold every branch bearing a different species of fruit. The astronomer envies and endeavours to emulate Newton; the metaphysician, Locke; the poet, Milton; and the painter, Reynolds. The love of fame is the universal passion, the stimulus, and exciting cause in each, and all of them; yet they proceed along, for ever near, but never touching, like the two straight lines in the twenty-seventh proposition of Euclid. This holds true, however, only as each art or science is considered by itself, separately, and apart from all others. But if we select any one of these paths to distinction for our narrower examination, and gaze stedfastly upon it, we shall immediately be aware, that though the candidates are all pushing forward along the same road, and every one, like a Mahometan pilgrim, with his face turned towards the same temple, some tardy and lame, others vigorous and agile; yet, they do not scruple, either to throw obstacles before others, or to tread upon the fallen, or to jostle those who are in their way:

This last sentence happily suggests to us a method of delivering our sentiments on this subject more systematically; and we shall arrange our remarks under three heads: First, We shall point out the uncharitableness of throwing obstacles before others; Secondly, The pusillanimity evinced in treading upon the fallen; and thirdly, The impropriety and want of decorum in jostling one another.

It is wonderful to observe with what a degree of regardlessness or apathy, authors of established reputation look on the efforts of those, who are devoting all their time and opportunities to the exertion of their talents; and struggling for reputation as much as a castaway sailor ever did to catch hold of a hen-coop. Too often is the period forgotten when they themselves were in the same predicament; and laboured with the same assiduity, and with the same uncertainty of success;—a success which has dazzled their eyes, and intoxicated their hearts, and which makes them look from their proud pre-eminence, with a dignified apathy, on those who are struggling among the difficult rocks below, or who are suspended between hope and fear, in as nice an equilibrium, yea, and in as precarious a situation, as the redoubted Baile Nicol Jarvie was during the Highland skirmish. They have themselves sate down in the temple of their ambition to cry bravo and drink Hippocrene; and they turn their backs on the ladder, "scorning the base degrees by which they did ascend." However, it is the faculty of genius to overcome all obstacles, and surmount every difficulty, and attain its end in spite of opposition. Like an air-bladder thrown into the water, it may be thrust down and trampled upon; but when the pressure is removed, it will reascend to the surface. Like the sun, it may be obscured, but the wind blows, and the clouds pass away, and it bursts forth in undiminished splendour. Withal, however, it may be likened to a hot-bed plant, susceptible of change, and suffering from every chilling and tempestuous gale; for ever exposing some tender part to injury; or, like the Persian lilac, putting forth its blossoms to the inclemency of the season, without affording leaves to shelter them from it.

Those who are most guilty of treading on the fallen, and of throwing down their neighbours, either, like Irishmen, out of pure good nature, or

for the malicious purpose of laughing at their distresses, and affording amusement to the spectators, while the prostrate are kicking up their heels, are known to the world under the general denomination of critics. They may be considered as

“ A spiteful race, on mischief bent,  
Making men's woes their merriment.”

However useful they may be in the main, many of them are pert, conceited coxcombs, who, though wrapped up in the mantle of ignorance, assume all the airs of the profoundest erudition; and the most consummate wisdom; and, even when talking to their masters, ape the most insolent tone of superiority, and give out their lessons with an emphatic confidence in their own sufficiency, which would be laughable enough were they not frequently so dull. They never imagine their readers to be aware of the proverb—that those who take least advice are ever the most forward of thrusting it upon others. The whole tribe are notoriously addicted to gossiping, and are not very scrupulous either about vilifying a friend or creating a foe, provided they can raise the present laugh among their auditors. They profess no gratitude for the repeal of the statutes against witchcraft, as few of their fraternity were ever suspected of being conjurors. They are, however, eternally prophesying; and, were it not for the useful instrument they professionally adopt, when they issue forth their oracular divinations—were it not for their masks,—they would have good reason to blush often, notwithstanding their proverbial apathy, for the non-fulfillments and absurdity of their predictions. But the above instrument is their buckler in time of battle, and their chariot in case of defeat. They are like the followers of Rob Roy, who, concealed among the hills and heather, destroyed the king's troops without affording a chance of retaliation; or rather like the train of the Giaour, that descended from the rocks of Liakura, and massacred the marriage party of the Turk Hassan. They are great rhodomontades, and speak as if they were the emissaries of a large body, and declared the sentiments of the whole; when the truth is, that they are as isolated from all communication, as Bonaparte on the island of St Hele-

na, from the associates of his overthrown dynasty.

We come now to make a few observations on the impolicy of jostling each other. This is a species of impoliteness which was very much in vogue in Queen Anne's time, and almost universally practised by the wits of her age. When a new literary adventurer entered the field, it was esteemed little less than a challenge to the established authorities to adjudge him a trial by single combat, and one of their emissaries was forthwith despatched to make him taste of the vengeance he had provoked. If he was overthrown in the contest, he was trodden on, and hooted and laughed at; but if he chanced to overcome, he was thenceforth entitled to a seat, if not in the temple of fame, at least in Will's coffee-house, which was nearly equivalent for all useful purposes. Every one had his Bodach Glas, or attendant spirit, which haunted his steps wherever he went, and mimicked his voice whatever he said, and sate by him when in company, and laughed at him when alone; moreover, to establish and demonstrate the validity of what Mr Locke has thrown out concerning spirits, and that they can be seen in broad day light, a particular species of them did not hesitate to make their appearance at any time; it only required a few sheets to be sent to press, and the conjuration was effected. Others, however, found it less dangerous and more convenient never to pay their devoirs till after sunset, nor to approach the campus martius, and enter upon the combat, before having provided themselves with a cap, which, like that of the redoubted giant-killer, rendered them invisible. The names of Dryden's tormentors were Macflecknoe, and Blackmore, and Collier. Pope had a great many; but the Arimanes or master spirit among them was denominated Dennis, who, though petulant enough, did not scruple sometimes to give a judicious advice.

In our times, these pernicious and disagreeable practices have been abolished; and have been reckoned unworthy of so refined and generous an age. The literary republic seldom, or perhaps never, enjoyed a period of such lengthened and profound tranquillity; or was bound together by a compact of amity and concord so firm. Between its members all is condescen-

sion, and friendship, and politeness; the banners of hostility are furled, and the temple of Janus is shut; and, where the professions of attachment are so loud, no one, surely, is foolish enough to imagine, that there can be any risk or danger of hollowness. Every one gives the preference to his neighbours, and confesses his own inferiority, and is fond of blazoning their perfections; while that wrangling and defamation, and jealousy, which was the characteristic mark of other times, is banished altogether, or at most, only found among the disappointed, or the stupid, or the profligate. But, as spleen must have vent in one way or another, a more ingenious, but not less cruel practice is now adopted. One author, for example, mentions another, who has treated before him of the same subject: but, who deduced very opposite conclusions from the same arguments. He is introduced with all possible politeness, and, frequently with a kind of satirical eulogium on his philosophical acuteness and perspicacity; when, lo! the scene is shifted; and immediately follows a learned speech on the absurdity of his hypotheses, and an elaborate refutation of all his deductions from them. "Hippocrates," such a one will observe, "was a very great physician; nay, the greatest that antiquity can boast of, but were he alive now, I could show him that the liver hath not five lobes; and, that the blood circulates, and has not a flux and reflux from the heart, like a tide;" or, he may launch out in praises of the Epicurean philosophy; and then clearly demonstrate the impossibility of the mechanical formation of the universe. How different from the renowned Martinus Scriblerus!

He does not allow the poor unfortunate, however, to rest here, or draw the veil of obscurity over his errors: but giving him a hearty shake, rouses him from his nap, and hurries him along for much the same purpose that our nobles did their fools; not to profit by their mistakes, but to laugh at their infirmities. The guest finds himself in about as pleasant company as those of Dean Swift did, when he chased them purely for his own amusement along his passages, and through his rooms, and up stairs with a horse-whip in his hand; or, in a situation as agreeable as Gulliver was

in at Brobignag, when the monkey invited him to an airing upon the tiles. This subject forcibly brings to our recollection some remarks made by Dr Johnson in one of his conversations. "There is sometimes," says he, "as much charity in helping a man down hill, as in helping him up hill; that is, if his tendency be downward; for till he is at the bottom he flounders; get him once there, and he is quiet. Swift tells us, that Stella had a trick which she learned from Addison, of encouraging a man in absurdity, instead of endeavouring to extricate him; it saved argument, she said, and prevented noise."

There is another species of error, which the critics of this age have almost uniformly fallen into; and which we lament, as being equally illiberal, uncandid, and unjust. An author has frequently the sentence of approval or condemnation passed upon his writings, just as he happens to coincide or differ in political opinions; while the records of his private character are narrowly examined, and eagerly scrutinized, in order to form a proper estimate of his literary excellence. But, let it be remembered, that men may differ in opinion from the purest of all possible motives; and, that there is an essential, and radical difference between goodness and greatness; and though it be a disparagement to a great man to say that he is not good; it is more a misfortune than a fault, in a good man, that he is not great. We will not believe, with some illiberal Whigs, that Walter Scott is an indifferent poet, because he is of the Tories; nor will we allow to the latter, that Thomas Campbell is not a great genius, because his compositions are neither bulky nor voluminous. Moreover, Alfieri is acknowledged to be one of the greatest among modern dramatists, though his life was neither squared by rectitude, nor regulated by the plummet of principle. It certainly would be, we think, for the benefit of literature, were the private life of authors less exposed to the public eye; although, we rejoice to say, we could point out some, who have no reason to shrink from the severest scrutiny, or to dread the narrowest inspection—whose hearts are unsullied, and whose thoughts are pure, and whose lives are commentaries on the doctrines inculcated in their writings. But, alas!

the mischief and misfortune is, that all are not so. Often has envy too substantial grounds on which to calumniate! Too often has malignant pride a favourable opportunity of exposing the foibles of genius to ridicule, and its weaknesses to assault, and its crimes to abhorrence; till the sun of intellectual grandeur is obscured by the clouds of moral depravity, and the darkness becomes more apparent, from succeeding to meridian sunshine.

Poetry is above every other department of general literature—inviting, and fair, and fascinating to the youthful mind; which, accordingly, decks out the poet in all the splendid trappings of intellectual grandeur, and all the chastened graces of moral worth. He is the Hesper among the stars in the hemisphere of Imagination; but he proves himself, too often, to be only the Pallas in the planetary system of Understanding. The reader, however, is dazzled and bewildered; he examines the diamond more narrowly, and discovers that it is only charcoal; and he is as chagrined and horror-struck at the discovery, as was the unfortunate Zelica, when she expected to behold the radiance of the divine countenance; and, turning, beheld the unveiled face of the prophet in all the hideousness of unnatural deformity.

After being imbued with the sentiments that seemed to lift us above ourselves, and link us with superior orders of intelligence, and made us proud in the elevation of our common nature, we are brought down to the level of social life, and called upon to sympathize with human infirmity. It is on

this account, that those writers, who have passed their days in seclusion, and withdrawn themselves from the bustle of the world to the more immediate contemplation of nature, and the endearing circle of selected friendship, have retained some portion of the exalted estimation, which the reader has formed of them, from the perusal of their works. Nor is it to be doubted, that our opinions are frequently much influenced on this head; for, we are naturally anxious to learn something of the fate of a being to whom we are indebted for so much gratification, and to whose sentiments we bow with submissive admiration. We crave, and inquire, and feel anxious, and uneasy, till this sensation is gratified; and yet we are, in nine cases out of ten, disappointed when it is so.

Some portion of our reverence for the ancients is unquestionably owing to the oblivion in which the events of their private lives are shrouded. They are visible to us only “at their pride of place;” as they descend, the clouds intervene, and hide them from our view. They are familiar to us as poets, and historians, and philosophers; not as subjects and citizens, parents and husbands. Could we see Virgil, and Cicero, and Livy, in the ordinary affairs of their lives, in their quotidian operations, as Dr Johnson would have termed it, we would probably be necessitated to come to the humiliating conclusion, that the ancients were something like ourselves, and that mankind have been pretty much alike in all ages. Alas! for the doctrine of human perfection.

D. M.

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#### THE BRANCHERS.\*

##### 1.

I SAT to bask, one sunny morn,  
Beneath a silvery blooming thorn,  
All near a pebbly rill:  
The yellow whins perfumed the ground,  
In all their golden splendour round,  
On side of rising hill;  
Aloft in air were lav'rocks singing,  
Hid far in bluest sky,  
And all around their notes were ringing,  
Themselves concealed on high;

\* Birds which have just left the nest, to betake themselves for the first time to the trees, are in Scotland called “*Branchers*.”

Till stopping, and dropping,  
 With softly-bending flight,  
 They try there, to spy there,  
 Some daisied turf to light.

## 2.

A little linnet there was seen,  
 Alighting glad on grassy green,  
 To wash its breast in dew,  
 Or seeking near some rose to perch,  
 For glittering drops the leaves to search,  
 And quench the thirst that grew,  
 Then swift with chirrup clear she went,  
 Again to gather food,  
 For all the happy hours she spent,  
 To feed her growing brood,  
 And near her, to cheer her,  
 Her mate sung sweet and kind,  
 And aided and guided,  
 The beat of food to find.

## 3.

And hid secure on leafy bough,  
 Where hawthorn's lilled flowerets blow,  
 I saw her younglings fair,  
 With down their plumage still was white,  
 And all too weak their wings for flight,  
 Along the bristling air ;  
 Their arbour's opening gave to view,  
 The little timid row,  
 Now shaking off the dropping dew,  
 Now pecking blossomed bough.  
 Now sitting, now sitting,  
 Now trimming little feather  
 Now sleeping, now cheeping,  
 Now calling on their mother.

## 4.

The mother came, and each in turn,  
 Glad shook its wings for share of corn,  
 Forth stretching little bill,  
 Again she went, again she came,  
 And I was pleased to see the same,  
 Scene innocent and still ;  
 But all beneath the branch the while,  
 Where chirping younglings sat,  
 I noticed not the traitor wile,  
 Of mischief-footed cat,  
 Slow creeping, and, peeping,  
 With close and steady eye,  
 Still higher and nigher,  
 She marked them for her prey.

## 5.

And now the nearest branch is gained,  
 And now her traitor limbs are strained,  
 For fierce and greedy spring,  
 The younglings close are chirping low,  
 All huddled soft on flowery bough,  
 Undreading treacherous thing :  
 With villain force I saw her dart,  
 The tender group to seize,

She snatched their lives with sudden start,  
 And hurried through the trees ;  
 Bereft now, and left now,  
 Their mother came with food,  
 And madly, and sadly,  
 She cried to miss her brood.

## 6.

I saw her wildly circling round,  
 I saw her madly skim the ground,  
 With hurried plaintive scream,  
 But now for all her parent care,  
 Is left but blank of sad despair,  
 A dark and bitter dream ;  
 And such the scene to me is left,  
 Amid this life of woe,  
 And such the deeds of watchful craft,  
 That forced my tears to flow ;  
 Unheeding, undreading,  
 I careless played around,  
 Till wrapped, entrapped,  
 Their tangs were o'er me bound.

## RECOLLECTIONS,

## No X.

MARK MACRABIN, *the Cameronian.*

“ As the Cameronian elder descended from the cottage mound of the ancient house of Morison, into the romantic valley of Ae, the mirth of the mourners, restrained by his presence, waxed louder and louder, and made the rocky stream-banks ring far and wide. At every peal of this reckless merriment he extended his stride, and replied with a groan, which, like a subdued chorus or response, kept time with the augmenting din of the lyke wake. Following silently along the sinuous and southward course of the stream, we at last emerged from the woody domains of the Morisons ; and the moon, large and glowing from a starry sky, revealed on valley and hill-side, where the reap-hook had been busy among the ripened corn. Late as the hour was, we sometimes observed a hoary farmer, or one of his ancient domestics, walking solitary, but with a pleased and protracted step, looking at the long rows of yellow stooks, and the beautiful and sinuous outline of the half-shorn-field, with the sickles ready whet, lying at the root of the grain they were prepared to reap. A man, conversant with human thought, might have observed a kind of anxious cal-

culation in the farmer's face, as he surveyed the past and coming labours of the sickle, and settled to a certainty by his looks; the ripeness of the grain which he submitted in the ear to the test of his teeth. Nor was the harvest evening without its own peculiar music, the reapers horn was heard far and wide, summoning, at intervals, the harvest-labourers to supper ; the song, pathetic, or humorous, or both, thrown from insiden or bandsman's lips, into the wide theatre of Glenae vale, was heard on all sides, and came to the ear of the listener in its own native and original melody. The bondmaiden might be seen with her snooded locks, and her snow-white boddice, arising from the river or the rivulet banks, where she had been listening perchance to deep-breathed vows, or idling an hour all under the light of the moon, like the merry maiden in the old ballad. Besides all this, there was an under-music of a more deep and solemn cast, the melody of a psalm, or the hush and suppressed voice of prayer poured out in the secret place, and casually rising to the ear, as the supplicant forgot, in the fervour of meditation, that he had any other

audience save that above. On all this gazed and meditated the Cameronian maiden and me; but on nothing to the right nor to the left, in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, looked the Cameronian elder himself, but with portentous strides, and a fixed forward and homeward look, he hastened on. Nor did he heed that his plaid, escaping at one end from the skewer which fastened it to his shoulder, flowed far on the sward behind him. At length we reached a small upland stream, which, fringed with a profusion of hazel, glimmered here and there to the moon—gliding from one thicket athwart a patch of greensward to lose itself in another, and all the while lifting up a voice, rivalling in depth and melody the music of mightier brooks. A path, which kept astride apart from the stream, winded along its margin, following all its fairy and fantastic loops, carried us on a visible ascent from the yellow and fertile holms to the moorland hill, where the heather, the ling, the rushes, and the rocks, opposed an effectual barrier to cultivation. An irregular and interrupted fence, or rather bordering, of hazel and wild plum, thickly fringed with bracken, separated the arable from the waste, and sometimes a round and grassy hillock reared its head in the centre of the boundry, forming a kind of debateable land betwixt barrenness and cultivation, and partaking of the nature of moor and lea. On the summits as well as the sides of these were seen innumerable flocks reposing—their fleeces steeped in dew, and shining in the slant light of the moon. In the very middle of this domain, seating himself where the toil of the agriculturist ceases, and the labours of the shepherd commence, our opulent Cameronian farmer had established himself and built his dwelling—representing, in his own person, the two primitive classes of mankind—the pastoral and rural—the shepherd and the husbandman. We had now entered upon the extensive farm of John Macmukle, called in ancient times the land of Lillycross, but renamed by the grandfather of the present possessor; who, reposing here from the peril and blood-shed of the persecution, called his farm ‘Crumocomfort;’ but, like many other attempts to change established designations, this latter name was only partially acknowledged; for

while hundreds recognised the Cameronian elder as the gudeman o’ Crumocomfort, many of the old peasants, and all the young men of the district, hailed his beauteous daughter by the pastoral title of the bonny lass of Lillycross. It happened unfortunately too for the success of the new name, that the old one submitted more gracefully to the bondage of verse; and while Lillycross melted willingly into melody, Crumocomfort resisted all intercourse with the muse, and was delivered over, as utterly intractable, to the charitable society of prose. This wavering and unsettled state of patrimonial designation was frequently lamented by the Cameronian, and he in some measure considered this contest for superiority between the ancient and modern name, as typical of the struggle between his own diminishing sect and the established church. Travelling mendicants, and fortune-tellers, and gypsies, and even once a troop of wandering actors, obtained the indulgence of his barn and his hospitality, by soliciting his kindness as gudeman of Crumocomfort; but their reception was churlish, and their abode brief, if they mentioned the name of Lillycross.

“The upland brook and its companion footpath had now fairly introduced us to the domains of the Cameronian; and we had not proceeded far, till a melody—not wholly the melody of living streams, came sounding down the current, lending a livelier and fuller tone to the deep note of the brook. We were far from the reach of the lyke-wake din; and it was evident as we walked on, that this was of a less offensive kind; for sometimes the deep tone of the pipe rose audibly above all meaner sounds; and Mary Macmukle, in a whisper, said, she heard the din of a dance, and the merry sound of maiden’s voices. At this moment the Cameronian hushed us by the motion of his hand, and unbonneting, and with slow and sedate steps proceeded towards a steep bank, over which the rill leapt, and came singing to our feet, smoothing its waters, which were divided by a broken rock or two, into one united stream. At the foot of this bank I observed a figure kneeling; and the moon, as it slanted on the silver hairs of a very old man, shone full on a tombstone upon which he rested his forehead, where he continu-

ed to pour out, in a deep and mournful voice, his supplication—heedless, or perhaps unconscious, of our approach. The footpath conducted us close by the grave—the Cameronian bowed as he passed, and his daughter and me paid equal respect to his devotion. The voice of the peasant waxed warmer, and I distinguished the following expressions, which came to my ear in a harmony rivalling the richest music. —‘Lo! hath not the destroyer fallen, and have I not watched my flocks among the foundation stones of his dwelling, and over his perished name hath not all thy servants sang and shouted for joy? But alas! can this deep voice reach the grave, and bid it yield to my reverence and my love the fair forms of four sweet daughters? Happy wert thou, Malachy Macmoran, when the persecutor’s sword smote thy bosom, even on the spot where now I kneel; for blood of thine still lived on the earth, and forms that called thee father lived to see the God above take ample vengeance for thy blood.—But alas! alas! what have I done that the curse of childlessness should cling to me—that I should depart wasted and in the fulness of years, and the grave the good will dig for me will never open again for one that owns the blood of the Macmoran’s.’—As he uttered this, he wept and sobbed aloud, and threw himself on the grave of his ancestor, who had been murdered on this spot beside his wife and children. This touching sight perhaps prevented the Cameronian from being sensible to the augmenting music and mirth which came from the mansion of Lillycross; but as the sound of the old man’s lamentation died away, the schismatic sound of pipe and dance became more distinct, and the elder emitted one suppressed groan after another at the rise and fall of the merriment. These groans however were rather uttered as a protest than as decided disapprobation; and a person conversant in the way which a strict man accommodates his scruples to the customs and manners of his less rigid neighbours, would discover that John considered he had done his duty and registered his unavailing opposition, and that he was now at liberty to be a grave observer of the sports of the Philistines, and even allow his boy to share in the pastime, having secured his spirit from sinful partici-

pation and compliance. All at once the footpath parted with the stream, and after conducting us through a roan of stunted oak and hazel, placed us on a little swelling knoll, and the whole household establishment of the Cameronian appeared beside us glittering in the moonlight, and throwing from window and door long and broad lines of radiance, which flashed on woodland and hillock, and sparkled in the silver current of the Ae. Nor were sounds wanting to give life and joy to this festal light. The abounding notes of the Highland pipe, softened by the sweeter note of the Lowland fiddle, and made softer still by the wild and melting tone of the harp, an unusual instrument in the peasant mirth of Scotland—predominated over the rustic accompaniments of clapped hands, the shout, and the laugh, and the female shriek, as they submitted, half-resisting and half-willing, to the clamorous kiss at the close of the dance. This ungovernable revelry certainly far overflowed the limited bounds allowed for mirth in John Macmukle’s mansion, and caused him to make a full halt on the top of the hillock. ‘Oh ancient walls,’ ejaculated the Cameronian, ‘that have held within your humble limits that favoured professor, Alexander Peden.—Oh hallan and hearth, that have been honoured with the presence of that body’s nourisher and soul’s weel-wisher Richard Cameron, from whom our humble people are denominated. Oh resting-place and lang-settle, where, for a season, reposed, when the church was faint and in travail as a woman with child, that pious and comely damsel, Grace Cherrytrees, escaped from the peril of her father’s house, accompanied by that gifted youth, douce David Dick. And finally, oh ye habitation where the choice of my youth and the joys of mine old age, Marion Morchead brought forth three fair sons, and ae sweet daughter. House of Cruinocomfort didst thou ever send before, from thy sedate door, a din and a diversion so unhallowed as this? Waes me, but the mirth be fearful and offensive; and a winter o’ psalm singing, and a spring o’ repentance and humility, winna give my poor home back the chaste and sober character it hath lost. Oh, but these men of Moab from the mountains—these men with bonnet and plume be riotous and lewd; and



though they be wight hands with the sickle, and mighty with the pitchfork and flail, yet, I wot not if it be prudent and just to have my corn cut down by men who condemn the covenant.—It is a laying of a strange hand on the ark.—But I must cause them tarry only for a season, for our maidens grow giddy with their profane minstrelsy, and love to look on their plumed head-pieces, and magpie garments—women assuredly be a vain race! During these exclamations, the awesome din abounded muckle mair, and the momentary pause, in the mirth, seemed only a resting-place from which gayety and gladness might make a higher bound. We had now advanced within a good stone-cast of the mansion of Lillycross, and all around bore token of the wealthy and extensive farmer. A large barn—a crowded stack-yard—for already the harvest was far advanced—sheds filled with fat, and fattening cattle—a small inclosure, as a lair, for tame ewes—and two long and wide pens filled with swine, rivalling in numbers the bristly flocks of the King of Ithaca—and a garden stocked with the herbs which make Caledonian broth more famous than the warlike soup of the Spartans—were all visible at a glance. But the exterior of the Cameronian's mansion had not a corresponding humility of appearance with the hovels of farmer's of former days. It had not disdained to borrow its gothic architraves from the ancient church of Scotland; and the pious ancestor of our Cameronian, with a taste which merited, if it did not obtain, church censure, had, instead of destroying the cut and carved windows and door-piece of Baal, wisely adapted them to his own dwelling. From these windows, and from that door, issued a light so jocular, and a sound so gladsome, as equalled the seven night's festivities of Quentin Kennedy, the last abbot of the abbey of the Morison's, and which are remembered among the peasantry by the name of the 'seven death lights of the auld-lass of Babylon.' Tradition relates farther, that from this jovial abbot are descended certain Kennedys of Annandale, who retain to this day the love for fat pullets and moorland game, which distinguished their progenitor, and who are allied in complexion and blood to those industrious people who trace their origin from the

great mother of civilization—Egypt. The dwelling of our Cameronian patriarch had, with a taste not uncommon in Scotland, been constructed not only in a sheltered place, but in a poetical one; two streams, little inferior in magnitude, and superior in beauty to the rivulet already mentioned, and whose voices, during the heat of summer, were hardly audible beyond their own pebbles, now increased by the return of rain, came down from the pasture hills behind, and, skirting the house on the right and left, united before the door at the bottom of a sloping bank. There the two slender streams formed one rivulet, and leaped, and simmered, and sung, scarcely restrained by their grassy banks; and forming, where they joined, a deep clear pool, to which tradition lent a mermaid, and an ancient ballad of love and ruin. We had approached the rivulet bank, for the purpose of crossing the stream by a single stone laid over the current, when I observed two figures swathed in their plaids, with their broad bonnets laid aside, and recumbent on the grass, each by his particular stream, like two ancient deities of the waters. Their looks however, instead of being bent on the burns, were intent on the sky, which hung unclouded, and bright, and boundless, above them; and seemed consulting in fellowship, the plow, and the wain, and the north star, concerning the coming day, and the stability of the weather. 'A deep dewy night but a bonnie day!' exclaimed him of the eastern fountain in reply to him of the western. 'Eh man, Lucas Laurie, but yere a sad interpreter of the signs of heaven—now hearken man till I expound. The stars whilk frame the auld plow-stream brightly deel I doubt—but lake! man they have a watery glimmer—just as a lizzie's eye looks brightest when in tears—they re no to be trusted—and that pole star that loves the winter night, man it looks down on us wi' a sleety glance; and wae's me, but that lang baldric o' stars, called the milkmaid's path, looks ripe and ready for rain—what better can be hoped frae a quarter o' heaven, that submitted to be nick-named after corrupt flesh. Aye! aye! we shall have a thick and heavy hoar-frost, or a sounding sump o' rain, I wotnae whilk?' The man of the west, before he ventured to reply to this dubious

prediction, arose, and, with a curious eye, consulted all the popular signs of heaven, whether in the east, the west, the north, or the south; then, seating himself thus, he replied to him of the east.—‘Sounding sunnp o’ rain Saunders Creeshmeloof—saw ye ever a drap o’ rain for eight and forty hours after the bonnic sinking sun that sat sae red and sae lang on the summit of Blackwood hill this blessed afternoon? That starry plow o’ thine is mair likely to drop fire than shed rain; and as for the polar star, its but a spunk and a glimmer compared to the bonnic beaming dry weather stars that strew sae thickly the path o’ the celestial milkmaid. I have looked into the designs o’ a’ the chief nocturnal luminaries, and feind a word do they say, save about drying winds and sultry suns—well-won crops and dry happed stackyards. I would have ye to look lang, and then say nought rather than misinterpret our auld and friendly lights.’ ‘Alake, and again alake,’ answered him of the east, ‘see nae ye yon same small swelling and sable cloud that rises so sudden and so ominous over the green groves of Dalswinton. Now Lucas Laurie, even let us arise and harness the horse to the harvest car, and make him snort and foam under the hameward load of kindly oats; and let the profane bagpiper, even Hamish Machainish, fill his leathern kingshood with innocent wind. Ah, it’s an Episcopalian trick, to make the

free winds o’ Crumocomfort rave and rair sic graceless music; but his Iighland heretics winna move a sickle without him—sae I say e’en let him blaw his blythest, that his clan may put a feckful hand to the gude wark, and wield the pitchfork, and raise the rick, and coat it thick with green broom. I have tint a knowledge in stars, gin we havenae a watery downcome, and that suddenly. See! see! even as I foretel, if yon cloud isnae swelling black and vast—Ah, my bonnie Ae, thou’lt soon lift aloud thy rough moorland voice at the Morison’s linns—And when Lucas Laurie hears the dash o’ thy gathering waters growing louder and louder, and sees thy foaming current yellow with ripe grain, he will say, conscience, auld Saundie Creeshmeloof foretold all this—Hearken, if the river binna sounding louder as I speak, and the green carth welcoming the coming of many waters from heaven; woe, woe to our bonnie ranks o’ yellow stooks, they’ll feed the sea-gulls and shell-drakes o’ Solway, that’s certain.’ To this prophetic announcement, the man of the west responded in rhyme; for he evidently reckoned homely prose unequal to a contest with his experienced opponent, who could foresee tempest and disaster in the commonest signs of heaven. The ironical tone in which he crooned this ancient harvest lyric, was evidently meant as a kind of modest defiance to his companion.

#### THE BANDSMAN’S BALLAD.

##### 1.

Come wind the horn of the harvest—hark!  
 The harp strings thrill, and the pipes at wark;  
 And the festal light gleams through the door,  
 And the snooded dames bound to the floor;  
 And the dancer tries his deffest craft,  
 And the roof wags its remotest raft;  
 No thought of reap-hook and ripe grain,  
 They shake the sweat from their locks like rain.

##### 2.

Bound to the strings! it is gladsome wark,  
 The clasp o’ the hand, and the kiss i’ the dark;  
 When the willing lips must in secret meet—  
 I hae tried it, and never was ought so sweet;  
 The hoary men gaze, and they smile demure  
 At their blythe bairns bounding on the floor;  
 And there is shout, and scream, and smack  
 Of lips—and full cups come empty back.

## 3.

O'er my simmer of life's come a nipping frost—  
 And worried wi' eld, and this kirk-yard hoast;  
 I maun gaunt and glower when the piper's croon,  
 An' beat time wi' the end o' my crutch to the tune,  
 And my frozen blood begins to creep  
 When the grass-green gowns come by with a sweep;  
 Oh, prayer, and fast, and penance, and pain,  
 Canna bring youth's golden days again.

## 4.

My auld limbs strecked 'neath the round cauld moon,  
 I maun pore on the stars, and sift how soon,  
 The Ae shall come down wi' a foam and a dash—  
 And the loosened winds shall our ripe rigs thrash;  
 How many ripe kimmers, 'tween beltane and yule,  
 Shall faut and grace the repentance-stool—  
 All this I can learn as I streek my shanks  
 On the dewy grass, by the bonnie burn banks.

"To this minstrel challenge the man of the east was attuning his voice to reply in the same moorland strain, when the Cameronian elder interposed in prose. 'It would be more sensible ye were humbling your hearts, when the very ground ye lie on maun be maist at the gaping for twa sic ready morsels. And ye maun lie there counting the shooting stars! and making the honest lights o' heaven tell lies in sinfu' rhyme. Did ever man try before such a vain and a dangerous calling! talking, too, o' thrashing ripe rigs wi' the west-wind—conscience, that maun be a perilous mode—and may look very wiselike in rhyme, but commend me to the pine-tree floor, and a weel-hung flail afore the canniest wind that ever blew. But, since worldly matters will win your affection, canna ye yoke the cars, ye false prophets, and stack the ripe and ready stuff, there'll be less sin in't than lying there, trying who to tell the fairest falsehood about the moon and stars.' To this address, the man of the eastern fountain replied, without for a moment interrupting his steady gaze at the moon, which was fast moving on the western hills. 'John

de o' Crumocomfort, I have been looking on the crooked face o' that cauld moon for this stricken hour—studying thy good, while other folk studied their awn, and I wad counsel ye to make the tumbler cars groan, and the horses smoke, for in the face o' that moon—lovely there as she seems, and lonely in the bonnie blue heaven—there is thick and gurdy tem-

pest, boisterous winds and hurricanes, to shake the ready grain. It's a pleasant even, howsoever, though it bodes ill, and gin ye'll sit down on this grassy bank, gudeman, I'll even let ye in to the mystery o' the nocturnal heaven, for I ken the learned as weel as the rural name o' every sign aboon, and can reckon the hour o' the night by measuring atween the green mountain-top and yon bonnie bright star—a piece o' auld world craft that some o' our senseless youngers wad willingly learn. For, d'ye ken, I hardly approve o' the practice o' finding out the hour o' the night by means o' machinery, and no to speak o' the sin on't, it destroys a branch o' ancient and useful knowledge; for instead o' calculating the hour by stars and the moon's shadow, the shepherd wipes his tarry fingers, and tells ye the time in a silver egg-shell, fu' o' brazen machinery.' Him o' the western stream took up the thread of entreaty, while the Cameronian stood balancing his staff in his hand, probably pondering on whose head it should first descend. 'Ye will be wiser, gudeman, to seat yourself by me—a daft man may sit down aside Lucas Laurie, but a wise man will he arise. Far is my name kend for many singular sayes, and I can make the hill, and the stream, and the cloud, and the star divulge the descent o' rain—and I can give ye a kind o' geometric scale to measure the distance that foul weather is from the pleasant land o' Crumocomfort, called Lillycross by the remnant of the profane. Hearken ye wha wad be wiser:—

When the morn beam's clear by bonnie Carlisle,  
The caile amang his ripe corn may smile.

When by bonnie Carlisle the lift is brown,  
A dropping drought is near, quoth the clown.

When bonnie green Criffel seems growing and towering,  
The cloud is preparing for dropping and showering.

When bonnie green Criffel seems little and less,  
And the grasshopper's descant is sweet in the grass,  
These tokens of warmth the wise farmer will bless.

"The primitive and poetical speculations of the ancient bandsman were interrupted by the recommencement of the dance, which seemed suspended for the special instruction of the Cameronian elder, in the mysterious symbols of tempest and sunshine. No sooner had the pipe and the fiddle, and the chorus of heels and smitten hands, resumed their reign, than John Macmukle, leaving him of the east and him of the west to arrange between them the complexion of the coming day, ascended the steep green bank, and between him and home he beheld a scene of mirth and joy, which was far from being in harmony with his settled notions of domestic enjoyment. On the green sward, shaven short and smooth, appeared a full score of Highland reapers, who, under the influence of a brilliant noon and a deep-toned pipe, were dancing with that lightness of heart and heel for which the Scottish peasantry are justly famous. Indeed, their delightful music, and the partnership of their lovely lasses, bounding with dark tresses and bright eyes, would infuse a feeling of harmony and love into the most untutorable intellects. The Cameronian was not insensible to the beauty of the one, or the melody of the other; and though he advanced with an aspect of the most determined gravity, his feet could not avoid acknowledging the excellence of the pipe of Hamish Machamish, and actually were detected by their proprietor performing a measure resembling the first step of Shan Truish. The confusion of the Cameronian, at this detection, was not observed by his band of joyous upland reapers—a race of hardy beings, who, when the Lowland harvests whiten the plains, descend from the mountains with sharpened sickles, and with music, and with mirth. At present they were in the full enjoyment

of the Highland reel preparatory for supper, and presented a picture of rustic merriment, yet common in farm-houses during the months of harvest. On each side of the door stood benches of stone, which on Sunday mornings served as "louping-on" stanes for the heavy believers of Cameron, but were now occupied by ancient dames and lyart bandsmen, who came to witness the evening pastime of the shearers. Among these sat several old shepherds, with bonnets of true Cameronian circumference; their sheep-dogs at their feet, and their hand and head keeping a kind of reverend time with the tune, which seemed a Highland half-brother to the delightful Lowland air of Nelly Weems. The piper, Hamish Machamish, a stout and ruddy clansman, with a profusion of feathers in his bonnet, and an ample breadth of tartan, had exalted himself on the square freestone cheese-press as a kind of vantage-ground, reminding him of his native rocks, and from which he threw down music of such a moving quality, that the sweat-drops hung at the temple-locks of the maidens, the rapidity of their motions was so great. In a moment the music struck into one of those wild salutations with which a piper welcomes persons of note; and then ceasing, the dancers formed a lane, through which they beckoned their master to advance to his own threshold. The Cameronian looked right and looked left, and it seemed doubtful whether he would admonish or applaud. 'Alake, my bairns, my bairns, ye might surely find a wiser employment than leaping with the knees ye kneel with, and shouting with the lips ye pray with, within the sight o' the same heaven where the souls of just men made perfect reside.' Hamish Machamish was too imperfect a master of the Dumfriesshire dialect,

perfectly to apprehend the meaning of John's counsel, which was purely spiritual; but, guessing it to be something of admonition, answered—'Hout tout, gudeman, bide ye a bit till I wyse a pickle new wind into this auld bag,' and he busied himself in preparing his instrument as he spoke; 'and ye shall e'en shake your Lawland legs wi' bonny May Macfarlane, the laird o' Cairngorun's far-awa cousin—and ye shall kiss May when the dance is done, and let canker fa', that sall ye e'en, gudeman—and de'il a Lawland lip ever touched her afore, though plenty maun bewilling, de'il a doubt n't.' The piper gave a glance among his companions, and May Macfarlane, a tall and comely damsel, stepped forward, a willing offering, to redeem the promise of her kinsman, and assuredly a pair of lovelier riper lips were never offered to the touch of the gudeman of Crumocomfort. With that arch and demure look, which has so often been remarked in the rustic maidens of Scotland, did this mountain-nymph survey the devout person to whose attention she had been so frankly recommended. The Cameronian, under the scrutiny of a pair of eyes so bewitchingly bright and alluring, maintained with difficulty his ancient reputation for self-denial, while Hamish Machamish beset him with other temptations—such as prevail with a devoted agriculturist.—'An' fiend hac me, gudeman, gin we winna a' rise wi' the morning-star, and that star rises in Cairngorum-glen lang afore the sun, and I shall let the merry wind out o' this auld wallet wi' sic magic skill, that the sharp sickles shall move as if by enchantment. 'Od, gudeman, we'll win the kirk ere the sun has set. Sae e'en take the sword there wi' our winsome May, for its pleasant, wi' the full moon above us, and the green mountains afore us, to shake the cranberries sair wark free our legs, to the sootie sound o' a pipe.' John Macmukle looked at the piper, and then at the fair Highland damsel, who stood before him as 'an added temptation to the picture of joy which her kinsman had drawn, and nature, which often wages sore war with human conduct, had nearly delivered up the prop and pillar of the congregation to the dark eyes of this Highland sorceress. Already had the piper singled out one of his favourite airs, and it was

well for the devout Cameronian that the charms of music were not added to the sum total of other temptations, and each maiden stood eager to bound from the arms of her partner, when John, unbisecting as he advanced, laid his arms round the Highland maiden's neck, and, imprinting a devout kiss on her high white brow, said, with a grave smile, 'eighty years may wish themselves twenty for thy sweet sake,' and into his house he walked, followed by his daughter and me.

"A cozie ingle and a clean hearth-stane, have been long held sensible tokens of domestic comfort, but in the mansion of John Macmukle the toil of continual thrift, with the large wheel and the less—the management of an extensive dairy, and the constant preparation of the 'stuff' that sustains life, rendered a clean-swept floor, a clear cheerful fire, and the fair order and array of household things, a matter for me to wonder at. Three young girls were busied sweetening and cleansing some forty or fifty wooden vessels, to contain the evening milk, as many were working among heaps of curds, scarcely more white than the hands which prepared them for the chessel, and on a long bench beyond them sat half a dozen shepherds, with looks so sedate and devotional, that, with holier men than me, they might have passed for those ancient and undefined deities who were believed to preside over the milk-pail and the sheep-fold. A peat-fire sparkled on the floor, leaving space for a wide and comfortable bench between and the gabel-wall, and a wooden chimney, descending through the roof and ceiling, approached the floor to the height of a common man, and, presenting to the fire a gorge resembling an inverted mill-hopper, swallowed up the smoke in volumes. But the smoke, unsavoury as it is to people of fastidious eyes, was not permitted to escape without infusing its preserving spirit and delicious flavour into sundry rows of mutton and bacon hams, reeoted tongues, and immense kippers, which garnished the inside and outside of this primitive but effectual chimney. An immense meal-ark, with a full sack or two beside it, to repair the daily consumption of its contents, stood in a corner; a massive lang-settle of black oak, covered with rude carvings, stood under a window on

the sunward side, and a cushion laid at one end, and a shelf above, replenished with the works of the Caledonian worthies, profane as well as divine, showed the proprietor was fond of entertainment as well as rest. Indeed, nothing distinguishes the Scottish character more than the thirst of the people after instruction; and it is, besides, a common remark in England, that a Scotchman, rather than be idle, will pick amusement out of a pudding-pin. Over the whole of this extensive and busy domain, Marion Morehead, the wife of John Macmukle, directed her faded but experienced eye, sharing her glances equally between her domestic matters and that sage and savoury book called 'The Believer's vantage ground of Salvation'; and which a profane as well as a malignant presbyterian, nicknamed 'The loupin-on stane for heavy-bottomed believers.' This aged and respectable matron sat in some state, in an ancient chair, which seemed coeval with the fashion of her attire—she wore a broad lapped mutch, and a gray mantle, pinned over her bosom, leaving room for the motion of her hands when she directed her damsels. She appeared some sixty years old, but was hale, vigorous, and erect, and maintained a stately gravity—yet kindness of demeanour, which endeared her to all. She had been bred a Cameronian, and her maiden charms had the merit of convincing and reclaiming the young goodman of Lillycross from the foul paths of latitudinarianism, and the crooked road of scepticism. This conversion was always quoted by the Cameronians as a proof of the prevailing excellence of their doctrines. At first he was a dubious disciple, and seemed to look back with regret to the blessed precincts of open presbyterianism, whither he had been hasting, and it was not without alarm that his beautiful and devout wife saw the approach of the Roodfair of Dumfries or the Lambfair of Lockerby; at these glad-some trystes, she dreaded he would forget the self-denial of the race of Cameron, and in the company of the Bells of Gotterbey, or Pate Irving of the Scroggs, or the merry laird of Drumbreg, forsake the limited field which Cameron or Cargill blessed, for the unbounded domains of a laxer kirk. It was in the midst of a graceless revel in the Ratton-raw of Dumfries, that John was made a confirmed Camero-

nian, the wanton song of auld Glenae was demanded by Jamie Johnstone of Wyliehole, and he demanded it from John Macmukle, who, in his less sedate days, could sing and act this interlude with arch grace and glee; the young Cameronian scrupled, but was inwardly preparing himself to sing, when William Macrone, the laird of Lammerhead, cried out, 'What d'ye bogle at, ye bride-bed Whig.' At this uncourteous allusion to the circumstances of his conversion, the Cameronian grasped the portioner by the throat with both his hands, and such was his strength, that he actually lifted him from the floor, and holding him at arms' length in the air, looked on him for a second with an eye which actually darted rays of dark light. Reflection returned in a moment, and he dropped the terrified laird of Lammerhead out of his hands as an eagle would drop a lamb from its clutches, put his bonnet on, and said, 'Change-house or chapin-stoups shall never know me more—and as for thee, thou wretch, scrimped by nature in the wit, as well as the make of a man, be thankful I slew thee not in my wrath!—and away he stalked—and in his purpose remained till the present hour, unchanged and unshaken. When Marion Morehead saw her husband and daughter approach, she welcomed them with one of those affectionate glances, by which, in her youth, she had ruled her wayward lord, nor did she withhold from me the same token of regard. 'Marion Morehead,' said the Cameronian, 'the name of Morison has ceased in the land—and though it savours o' rearing a statue to dead Dagon, I am sorely inclined to place a mark and a memorial at the head of the last of the name—and assuredly, woman, I shall have no graven images, nor vain symbols, nor pastoral crooks, nor jewelled crosses, nor mitres, on this humble stone of remembrance; but as these makers of monuments are a vain and a headstrong race, and think that dust lies pleased under the unintelligible labour of their chisels, I shall covenant with auld Mortstane Crombie of that barren spot Knowebuckle, for a plain and simple memorial. He is a commandment-keeping man, imitates nothing on the earth beneath, and keeps a sedate chisel, that never goes astray among graceless or superstitious devices. I have said it—and so shall

it be—what sayest thou, Marion Morehead ?—‘ And even so let it be, John Macmukle,’ said the Cameronian dame, ‘ and gather sundry douce and spon- sible folk to lay her in honour amang her fathers ; and let douce Saunders Corson, a kind man, though a rank catholic, lay her head in the grave—it may sooth her spirit—and in death we ought to have done with distinctions. And moreover, I bethink me, I should be laith to see the last refuge of the noble Morisons made a den for mendicants and tinker gypsies—we maun think on some meet inmate, who can brook meeting with the shadows of those who lived in the body, for that glen is haunted, and so shall ever be.’ The Cameronian nodded acquiescence, and, seating himself in the lang-settle, left me to win my way to the regard of Marion Morehead in the best way I was able—her beauteous daughter accomplished this in a moment : ‘ Mother, that my father wasnae slain by that known stabber, auld Francie Mackittrick, ye may thank this young lad,’ and, taking me by the hand, she led me up to her mother’s chair. ‘ Bless thee, my bonnie lad,’ said the venerable dame, laying back my hair from my brow, as she blessed me, and shedding the ringlets away which covered my temples—‘ I aye like to see all the face which I bless, and a high, and white, and open brow deserves to be seen for the sake of the Maker—blessed be all his works—and this brow is aye of the fairest—now let me consider the lineage ; this is the brow, and this the determined lip of a Macrabin—but this is the gentle and dark eye of a Corrie—fair fall thee, Mark Macrabin, my bairn, I I am glad to see thee in the hame of Crumocomfort—even for thine own sake, as weel as for that of thy father, who was, some forty years ago, as stately a man as ever put a foot in a black leather shoe, and but for John Macmukle, had been the pride o’ three parishes.’ I took my seat on the lang-settle, and looked with no in- curious eye on the whole domestic estab- lishment of the Cameronian.

“ I was soon made sensible of hav- ing overlooked on my entrance some important personages. The Camero- nian maiden trimmed the fire, and re- freshed the cruse with oil ; an aug- mented light rewarded her diligence, and diffused itself over the immense space, and the wall and rafter gleam.

Beyond the fire, along the gabel wall, I now observed a bench, on which five of those persons were seated who live on the free grace and bounty of their more frugal or richer brethren. The three in the centre, one man and two women, seemed ordinary and vulgar mendicants, whose chief delight was in accumulating awmous-meal and gather- ing halfpence, or lightening the thorn bush of the encumbrance of li- nen, a smock or a snood. For this purpose they were amply provided with large haversacks or clouted wal- lets, suspended before and behind, to- gether with a species of pouch, some- thing between the modest depth of a maiden’s fairing pocket at Roodsmass, and the ravenous dimensions of a gyp- sie’s travelling wallet. They frequent- ed funerals, lyke-wakes, and weddings, and scraped the bones, and mumbled over the crumbs, which sorrow or mirth alike leave as a repast for such corbies. Their looks were downcast and dissatisfied ; and they inwardly cursed the accuracy of the dame of Lillycross, and her sharp and inquisi- tive eyes, which alike bade defiance to the most gainful part of their calling. The two remaining figures that occu- pied this bench for travelling mendi- cants, belonged to a nobler order of human beings, and had a form and an air which commanded respect, and, what was equally fortunate, obtained it. The one seated on the right, was a straight and stately old man, with long flaxen hair, a forehead high and furrowed, and his eyes, feeble from extreme age, or weak as all eyes are with flaxen browlocks, seemed to single out no object for meditation, but look- ed forward with a staid and undeviat- ing gaze. Both his hands rested on the head of a staff, polished smooth as horn by constant use, and a bonnet with a torn feather in it lay at his foot, beside a beautiful moorland dog, which spread its white bosom to the fire, and looked forward with a satis- fied eye, like its humble owner. An old harp stood beside him, partly shrouded by his plaid, which he had laid aside, and though this instrument seemed much worn by practice, and was despoiled of some silver foliage, which, in the more fortunate times of minstrelsy, had been inlaid on its oak- en frame ; it still possessed the power of pleasing the maids of the vale and the mountain, who listen with admiration, and are resolved to be pleased. His

look was particularly mild and resigned; and though something of the conscious pride of the minstrel still remained unsubdued by age, it was hal- lowed by association with saint-like qualities; and I never looked on any face that commanded my respect so deeply. His fellow-wanderer at the other end of the bench, was an old man of a different stamp from the ancient minstrel. He was neither so tall nor so well-proportioned, nor had he that native elegance of manner which the other, from the grace and inspira- tion of his calling, possessed. He owned a profusion of white hair, with which the wind had wanted as it pleased—the face of a being at once approachable and companionable—and an eye that, with humility, had a lurking acuteness, remark, and a kind of sensible emendment of the hu- man or the ludicrous, which he effectively concealed by a gra- vity of demeanour approaching to the morose. He was of a far more gross and sensual stamp than the minstrel; and, though the traditional historian of three populous districts—the recep- tacle of all the antiquarian lore of Dumfriesshire—and the most nota- ble mendicant for narratives, either pa- thetic or humorous—he was never known to keep the supper hour aloof by a favourite tale, or disturb the time of dinner by the intrusion of a single saying. He possessed too the winning faculty of suiting his stories to the ages and wishes of his hearers; and, while he had a grave, sedate narrative, plen- tifully sprinkled with devout and moral remarks, for the aged and the seri- ous, he did not want those more agree- able and airy tales, which find such ready way to the hearts of the young and the joyous: nay, even for the solitary ear of some person who delighted in the ballads composed by the simple muse of Caledonia, in days when she went high-kilted, he had an ample col- lection, but which he always reprobated as things in themselves sinful, and related with regret to oblige his enter- tainer. No wonder that the arrival of this tractable worthy was hailed by the old and the young, and though the times were worse than the days of his youth—and men gave more limited cre- dence to tales of superstition or won- der, he still continued to increase in wealth and in fame; and that farmer would have been branded as a churl, and that dame as tasteless and uncha-

ritable, who refused to harbour him, or hearken his tales. On John Mac- muckle he looked with a sedate and quotation-making eye; on his daugh- ter and me he threw a glance unusu- ally shrewd and knowing, and which seemed steeped in true love enjoyment, and on the menial maidens he placed looks of that humorous and amusing kind, which kept them in a continual giggle, and interrupted the tranquilli- ty of the Cameronian's establishment.

The hour of supper was at hand, a pot of prodigious dimensions was un- linked from the fire, and the favourite supper-meal of harvest was prepared by a couple of bare-armed maidens.— In this ancient household hollow ves- sel of iron, the wooden implement with which the menials crushed the potatoes into powder, raised a clang that was heard far and wide and equal- led in melody the clang of the parish bell, which, from that circumstance, was called the “muckle pot of Lilly- cross.” Milk and butter were next showered upon the *vezed* vegetables, called, by the poetical peasants of Ire- land, “the ground melon,” or “St Patrick's manna;” and a smell more ambrosial and provoking was never emitted from kettle or cauldron.— Shepherd and shepherd's dog, turn- ed by that natural relish which all living things have for good cheer, to the mighty vessel round which the girls moved, keeping a kind of time like the Highland sybils round the charmed cauldron in Macbeth, and so delicious was the flavour, that the Highland piper, Hamish Machamish, abated in the fervour of his music, and wound suddenly up one of those lively and bewitching reel tunes to which the mountain maidens bound like beings enchanted. The harvest horn of Lillycross was winded thrice, and the echoes of Ae water alone re- plied, for neither maiden nor swain were found insensible to the attractions of this provincial dish; which, by some fatality unknown in the history of good cheer, has been charmed within the precincts of Dumfriesshire and Galloway. Circles were formed sud- denly round three supper-tables, and a blessing, which included the three groupes, was pronounced by the Ca- meronian, though it was observable, that a shepherd or two preferred bless- ing their supper in their own way; for the grace of John Macmuckle was lamentably brief. The length of his



controversial graces had met with a severe rebuke the first night he entertained his boon of Highland reapers. He unbosomed and closed his eyes, and bowed his head, till the bonnet, which lay on his knees inverted, had nearly resumed its place; he then commenced a grace, in which he put forth all his might, and interwove, with this web of religious litigation, some of the chosen flowers of speech which distinguish the eloquence of the house of Cameron. This he delivered in a kind of modulated and regular chaunt, which was mistaken by the strangers from the mountains for one of those rude songs of welcome which bards chaunt at meal time—and when the Cameronian raised his head, the supper, which he had so perseveringly blest, was safely bestowed under the girdles and belts of his unenlightened guests. The Cameronian damsel filled two dishes from the supper board, and, bearing one in either hand, presented them with a welcome of her eye to the old minstrel and his mendicant friend, while one of the menials bestowed a similar bounty on the three wandering wretches who sat on the middle of the bench. The former received their evening portion with a ready hand and a gentle smile of welcome, while their companions sought not to conceal their scorn for this homely fare, and their malice against their entertainer. ‘Saw ye ever sic a supper served up to one wha wears the image o’ god Mungo Sackie,’ said the female beggar who owned the sturdiest back, and the greatest variety of awmous bags, ‘a claurt o’ caul comfortless purtatoes whilk cling to ane’s ribs like as muckle cat-and-clay. Ise tell thee what, thou black-browed limmer,’ eyeing, as she spoke, the girl who brought her supper with a look of mingled hatred and scorn, ‘I see nought about thy face to keep thee frae a bed o’ wat sacks in the winter time, and a supper o’ wersch purtatoes—sae mind that, my bonnie craw, wha comes to a poor cast-away like me again, wi’ a beck and a binge, and that mim madam-mou’, and the fizenless comfort o’ cauld purtatoes atween yere hands. Crumcomfort! fitly wert thou named—and yet when I think de’il a crumb o’ comfort’s about thee, thy very name, that prims little, performs less. But I see naught I maun take them, or wae whilk is nae muckle waur—for see that upland loon wi’ the dam-

bosomed back is drapping them down his Highland weazon, as gin they were lordly daintiths.” So saying, she laid about her with the spoon, muttering imprecations at every mouthful, leaving her male companion to take up the dropped thread of this singular song of complaint. “Truly, Madge Farles, ye hae spoke the God’s evendown truth there—and I winna say but its the first time ye ever tried it. Ah, sirs, thae blashy vegetables are a bad thing to have atween ane’s ribs in a rimy night, under the bare bongers o’ a lanely barn. I have better bennison in this right hand bag, called, “Muckle Macfen,” than thae clash o’ cauld purtatoes; and I wad muckle sooner lie on the hill-side o’ Cotimpon, and scrape the spule-bane o’ Rab Tanson’s gimmer-pet, whilk the unsensic younger threw at my auld head this blessed morning, than put sic sunket atween my auld teeth as this. Teeth, indeed! ane never finds them atween ane’s teeth; they slide away, and dinna gie ane wark like the sappy shouthr-blade o’ a sheep; and I’m no the first poor sinner that has had sic daintiths; there’s the auld house o’ Reavcawa, where they wad clod me down the craft wi’ baked bread, and up the loaming wi’ unyoked banes, wi’ two beggarmen’s breakfasts on them. Its a burning shame that ever sic a house should catch a downcome. A supper o’ saft purtatoes! My certe, but its easy for them, wi’ their chaff-beds and burn-bleached sheets, with wanton limbs atween them, and their massy wool guberdines ell deep aboon them, to put up wi’ sic cheerless morsels; my trulines, gin they had to huckle down on a heap o’ haver straw, wi’ a couple o’ cauld sacks on their ruggin, as I have done, de’il sipper them out o’ his longest ladle, gin they wad gang to bed wi’ sic a waufl wamefou—Moving the spoon to his lips as he concluded, he left the third, who had hitherto sat mute, to pursue this catalogue of grievances. The Cameronian maiden stood waiting in silence beside them, ready to supply their wants; and to her the third ragged worldly obliquely addressed herself, though she never dared to meet the mild and affectionate glance of this gentle damsel: “Aye, aye, ye may stand there atween fowk as gude as yersel, and the but glisk o’ supper light, dinked out and dished forth a willing mouth-fou to some gomerall who has nae the

sense to knock the red mools frae his clouted shoon; and yet will cast ye frae him, when he has done, like a wisp o' shelled peastraw. 'Deed, I see warrant, ye're proud o' ye're red and white cheeks, and ye're conceited o' your bonnie blue een, and vain o' ye're straight and taper waist, that ony havalal may span. Bide a gliff, my rosie kimmer, bide a gliff. Pride biggit its nest on a high tree, and humility laid its eggs on the ground; and the strang wind blew down the tane, and the wicked weazel destroyed

the tither;—a tap piece o' morality! This is a wide and a wondrous world, and I may meet you yet in a strange barn, wi' a beggar's brat in your blanket, and receiving frae hands whilk scorn ye a truncher o' butterless purtatoes, as I do now." And thus having given vent to the natural spite of her bosom, she addressed herself to supper, with an avidity that soon made up the leeway which her speaking had occasioned.

(To be continued.)

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DANIEL O'ROURKE, AN EPIC POEM.

*Private Letter from a Member of the Cork Literary and Philosophical Society.*

MY DEAR SIR,

MR FOGARTY has been obliged to go to Carbery, to join Tom Hungerford of the Island, in a great shooting match, and has left me the task of writing to you concerning his famous epic. I must confess, I am not capable of doing so with poetical justice, being but little impregnated with poetry. My mind turns to divine philosophy, and I am at present busy in a dissertation on the comparative advantages of white and black breeches. Your pages are not ignorant of my philosophical labours, for if you turn to Vol. IV. page 363, you will find an account of a zinc-devouring spider, which you extracted from Professor Thompson's Annals of Philosophy. You may perhaps be anxious to hear of the further operations of this interesting insect, and I am happy to be able to gratify so laudable a curiosity. When I found that he ate the zinc so freely, I thought I might try him with other substances, and I accordingly began my operations on a grand scale. I first gave him a brass rapper, which he ate in half an hour; next a pewter quart, which he despatched with equal rapidity; and a smoothing-iron suffered the same fate in about ten minutes. I then gave him a piece of timber, he hopes he would come to a baulk, but he swallowed it. He afterwards devoured an ink-bottle, a pair of leather-breeches, buttons and all; a horn snuff-box, an old hat, a wig block, a bundle of keys, a cable, a boot-jack, a hank of yarn, a rusty old sword, a wheel-barrow, a four-bladed penknife, a foraging-cap, a gallipot, (but this gave him the gripes), a muff and tippet, a rat-trap, my friend Sam Hall's wig, (but this gave him the itch), a paving-stone, and, harder than all, a presentation copy (bound in calf) of the great Conveyancer's Essay on Bacon. Right and left, he swallowed all before him. Alderman Wood was a fool to him; Alderman Thorp might hide his diminished head to this alderman of the ward of cobweb. We give him here the name of ARANEA VORANS, just as we call JACKSON Amicus Volans, or the FLYING QUAKER. With one thing, however, at last I puzzled him. A paper was read at our Cork Philosophical and Literary Society, by a learned apprentice of the name of A——, which was universally agreed to be the most stupid thing even we had ever heard. The worthy author was not much to blame for the paper, as he had taken the whole of it, scrap by scrap, from whatever books he could lay his hand on, but somehow or other, he contrived to keep us yawning most awfully. This paper I borrowed, to make an experiment on, and immediately submitted it to the fangs of the omnivorous spider. He fell at it like a Trojan. It would have done your heart good to hear the clattering of his mandibles. He ran round and round it, making furious efforts to get in, but found it impenetrable.

Ho! my buck, said I, have I beat you out? Swallower of paving-stones, have you now met harder stuff? Devourer of zinc and ink-bottles, of wheel-barrows and wig-blocks, have you here found a block surpassing all? He stopped on hearing me, for he is really a very sensible insect, or, as my friend George Caleb Beale says, a mighty cute cratur; and, by his dejected motions, appeared to reason with me for tasking him too hard. I therefore took back the essay, and it is still to be seen unhurt in the archives of the Cork P. and L. Society.

But what is all this to Mr Fogarty's poem? Nothing, I confess; but it is not every day I have an opportunity of writing for Blackwood's Magazine, and I may be excused for making the best of my time. As for the spider, I have put him on low diet of late, feeding him only with garbage. Among other trash, I gave him a London Magazine the other day to eat, but it went near killing him. He has been vomiting ever since, the dose was so nauseous; and what he principally throws up is their Cockney table-talk, and Weathercock's waggery.

I am digressing again, for in fact the spider goes between me and my sleep. Do not tell Mr Brand I have written to you about it, as I have a fine article on the subject for him. *Entre nous*, he pays shabbily; sixpence a page is no pay for original science.

All I have to say to you about Mr F.'s poem, is to beg that you will print it with all sort of accuracy. The reading public of this city are highly delighted with it. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant.

H.

Cork, Nov. 1, 1820.

P. S.—Our friend D—— desired me to ask you, why you did not answer the letter forwarded by him to you some weeks ago.\*

DANIEL O'ROURKE,

*An Epic Poem, in Six Cantos.*

BY FOGARTY O'FOGARTY, ESQ. OF BLARNEY.

CANTO III.

THE EAGLE FLIGHT.

Ός τις γαρ ἐς οὐρανὸν ἀνιστάντι μακάρι  
 ἄνθρωπος ὑψίστην.

Iliad, M. 200.

The Eagle, lord of earth and sea,  
 Stooped down to pay him faulty. WORDSWORTH.

Wie flogen rechts, wie flogen links  
 Gebirge, Baum, und Hecken!  
 Wie flogen links, und rechts, und links  
 Die Dörfer, Stadt' und Flecken.

BURGER.

1.

HAVE any of my readers ever seen  
 A grisly ghost, or goblin of the tomb,  
 Or in calm midnight's solemn silence been,  
 Where these grim nothings fill the dreary gloom?

\* We did receive a *hoax*, signed "the holder of two respectable and responsible situations;" and we take this opportunity of requesting, that the wags of Cork will keep their humbugging to themselves, and not put us to the expense of paying postage for their jokes. Indeed we are astonished that so respectable a man as our able correspondent, who, we half suspect, may be our own old friend, Mr Holt, meddles in these matters.

(I ask them all, from sixty to sixteen,  
From cheek of wrinkles to the cheek of bloom ;)  
If there be one, he'll judge what terrors broke  
On Daniel's soul, as thus the Eagle spoke :—

2.

" Good-morrow, Dan ! from yon high mountain's peak,  
Where I sat brooding o'er my unfledged young,  
I saw you here in sorrow : every shriek  
Of woe you utter'd, drops of pity wrung  
From out my heart ; and knowing every creek,  
And hole and corner, these dark wilds among,  
I'm come to help you homeward, if I can ;  
But tell me first, what brought you here, my man."

3.

" O Sir," says Dan, " I left my home, an' please ye,  
To meet my neighbour, Paddy Blake, to-night,  
At our ould trysting place, the Mountain Daisy,  
With heart at ease, and spirits gay and light ;  
Ohone ! Ohone ! misfortunate and crazy,  
I drank raw brandy, and was bother'd quite ;  
And, 'pon my soul, I cannot tell quite clear,  
The how or why I find myself just here."

4.

" It is apparent," quoth the Eagle strait,  
" That you've been fuddled, Dan, and more's the shame,  
To see a decent man of forty-eight,  
Stagger along, and lose the road he came ;  
Upon my word, 'twere well to let you wait,  
And bring your neighbours to behold your shame ;  
For of all vices on the earth, I think  
The worst consists in appetite for drink."

5.

" I knew you once, Dan, when you'd shrink aghast,  
At sight of dram, or pint, or deadly noggin,  
When every saint's and lady day you'd fast,  
And for your sins inflict the wholesome flogging ;  
I fear me much these goodly days are past,  
Since drink has stuck you (penance fit !) a bog in ;  
My friendly hints, I fear, will go for nought,  
If this night's cooling will not lend you thought."

6.

" However, as this bog is very wide,  
And you are still an honest sort of chap—  
Have never robb'd birds' nests, nor ever tied  
Cossacs \* to dogs or cats ;—I could, mayhap,  
If you mount up upon my back astride,  
Keep good look out, and shun the treach'rous nap,  
Bring you, if flight your senses don't bewilder,  
Straight home to Judy and the little childer."

7.

Dan listen'd as all culprits mostly do,  
More to the comfort than the good advice ;  
And after sobbing forth a sigh or two,  
Told his kind friend "he'd mount him in a trice,

\* A cannister, or any other appendage tied to a dog's tail, is called in Ireland a Coss. Whether the word is pure English or not, I have not now time to enquire ; Dr E. D. Clarke seems to think it is Latin, as he has observed it, he says, very frequently after peoples names in inscriptions, as IMP. CAESAR COS. This is a learned and plausible conjecture, and nearly as probable as Mr Galkiff's proof of the derivation of the language of Rome from that of Russia.

If he would promise, that in case he flew  
 Too quick—a pause—"Old Nick would oft entice  
 Men in the shape of birds and beasts, so I  
 With him, (though Dan) no step to-night will fly."

8.

But when around the bog he cast a glance,  
 His home and fire, keen hunger and slow death,  
 Across his mind, in quick succession dance;  
 He sickens, trembles, and pants hard for breath.  
 "If I could think," (with bow and slight advance,) "That you were not"—(a sly look underneath  
 For cloven foot,) "If I could think, I say,  
 There's no foul work, I'd gladly pelt away."

9.

The Eagle, with a look of high disdain,  
 Rustled his pinions loudly for the flight.  
 Nor deigned one word in answer—'twas in vain  
 For Dan to linger; here, for many a night,  
 Must he in chilling damp and cold remain,  
 No living thing to cheer his aching sight,  
 Unless he strode, a plan not quite *en regle*,  
 The glossy back of this majestic Eagle.

10.

He groan'd assent. The bird stoop'd down in haste,  
 And Dan began his saddle to dispose—  
 His foot upon a master-feather placed,  
 Mounted with care, and straighten'd out his toes—  
 Clung close his knees, and heartily embraced  
 The bird's proud neck, e'er he to flight arose;  
 Then sticking both his heels into his side,  
 He soared aloft—let good or ill betide.

11.

Up, up into the sky, a glorious flight,  
 In many an airy whirl the Eagle sped—  
 And gallant 'twere to see the grace and might  
 With which the bird his sail-broad pinions spread,  
 Cleaving, with feathery oar, the sea of light,  
 Which all around the silver moon-beams shed;  
 While on his back bold Daniel clung as stiff  
 As Sir Astolfo on his Hippogriff.

12.

"I've often heard of spirits in the air,"  
 Quoth Dan, "but now I find 'tis all a lie;  
 Devil a drop can I see any where,  
 To wet my lips that grow so hard and dry;  
 Stop, Mr Eagle, stop, for I declare  
 Your journey now is over, if you'll fly  
 Down to that dunghill yonder, for I see  
 My poor wife, Judy, looking out for me."

13.

"Away, away, my steed and I," so sung  
 Mazeppa's chronicle; but Arab steed,  
 Nor that on which reluctant Gilpin hung,  
 Could fly with so much vigour or such speed;  
 Now skimming strait, now darting up they sprung,  
 As light as on the whirlwind floats the reed;  
 And as the bird still upward bravely flew,  
 Poor Daniel's Jade and dunghill fade from view.

+ Vid. Ariosto. By the way, Ariosto's description of Astolfo's journey to the moon contains many unauthentic particulars, as I shall probably mention hereafter.

14.

"Oh! stop, my Lord," (he thought it best be mild)  
 "You've past my house, I tould you so before,  
 Oh! an't I to be pitied?—wife or child,  
 Or home, or DAISY, I'll ne'er visit more;  
 The bog was bad, but sure 'twould set one wild,  
 To be brought here upon the clouds to soar;  
 Fly down, for God's sake, down there upon Whiddy;\*  
 I'll surely fall, my head has grown so giddy.

15.

But answer came there none. The Eagle seemed  
 Bent for some distant quarter of the sky,  
 And well our luckless hero might have deem'd,  
 That he to earthly things had bid good-bye;  
 For no one in their senses could have dream'd  
 Of such a journey. Here Dan gave a sigh;  
 For now strait upward was the eagle speeding,  
 His prayers and lamentations little heeding.

16.

Still on they fled; and creature on the way,  
 Living or lifeless, to be found was none,  
 Except the Eagle and his rider; ~~they~~  
 Pursued their airy voyage all alone;  
 But if the flight had happened in our day,  
 They might perhaps in company have gone  
 With Mr Wordsworth, who last year, I ween,  
 In crescent boat on the same track was seen.

17.

(You'll find his flight described in Peter Bell,  
 Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,  
 I own I like that poem passing well,  
 Though by your wits 'tis laughed at and cried down.  
 Cheer up, Great Poet, loud thy fame will swell,  
 When thy detractors' names shall be unknown,  
 When all forgotten is the tiny crew,  
 Who quiz thee in the Edinburgh Review.) ;

18.

Oh! what a view! how noble is the sight!  
 Beneath them stretch'd the broad and rock girt bay,  
 And broader ocean, sparkling with the light  
 Of thousand stars, soon far behind them lay.  
 Hungry's† high head, and near it, dark as night,  
 Glangariffe's cliffs, and deep embowered way;  
 "Oh! Lord," says Dan, "unless my eyesight fail,  
 Yonder's the battery of ould Kinsale."‡

29.

Soon earth, and sea, and mountain high were gone,  
 Nought was below them but the scudding cloud,  
 And still the bird was journeying gaily on,  
 And Dan still wept his sad mishaps aloud;

\* Whiddy, a handsome island in Bantry Bay.

† Hungry-hill, a most unpoetical, though not inappropriate name, for a high hill in the south of the county of Cork.

‡ Charles Fort. A map of the country (as recommended by Sir Walter Scott in his *Lady of the Lake*) would greatly assist the understanding of the exact bearing of the different places commemorated in this flight. It would appear that the road to the moon, from Bantry, in the Eagle's opinion, lay over Kinsale.

And higher as they fled, still brighter shone  
The queen of night in vestal lustre proud ;  
They near the moon ;—Now Dan indeed may quake,  
All hope is past ; his very eye-balls ache.

20.

And well they may, as all around was light  
Intensely strong ;—and every spot of Heaven  
Sparkled and glitter'd in our hero's sight,  
As tho' to be a sun each star was given ;  
He saw the planets rolling on in bright  
And steady course,—(to one he counted seven  
Little round moons :) In short, with most 'twould pass,  
That the whole firmament was lit with gas.

21.

And here I'll take upon me to cut short  
Our Eagle's flight, for 'tis not my intention  
To weary out my readers, and extort  
Unwilling patience ; suffice it to mention,  
In course of time (the hour precise *n'importe*)  
He reached THE MOON, his limit of ascension ;  
" I'm tir'd," quoth he, and feel as if I'd swoon,  
So Dan dismount, and rest there on the moon."

+ 22.

" And who the devil asked you, was it I,  
To tire yourself a flying thro' the air ?  
Sit on the moon ! good Lord ! what, up so high  
To perch myself on that round body there !"  
" Cease," said the Eagle, " you had best comply,  
Or with one shake I'll send you, I declare,  
Back to the earth, and falling, you will shatter,  
With mighty crash, your skull and bones to batter."

23.

" Stretch out your hand and throw your leg astride,  
I'll leave you there a moment at the most,  
I sorely want to rest my weary side,  
Demur another second and your lost ;"  
Dan cursed him in his heart, but strait complied,  
Scated himself as upright as a post,  
And looked much like (astronomers may snarl)  
A jolly Bacchus on a full-bound barrel.

24.

He straddled as I said, and clasped it hard,  
In momentary terror of a fall,  
While the malicious bird, to fly prepared,  
And leave his rider on the lunar ball ;  
Quoth he, " stay there until your brains are aired,  
I'll hardly come to help you if you call ;  
You shot a chick of mine last year, so Dan,  
I think I now have paid you off—my man."

25.

Away he fled, and left poor Daniel there,  
Cursing and praying very piteously ;  
Away he fled along the fields of air,  
Down tow'rs the regions of the western sky,  
Where thunder clouds were gathering ; tho' elsewhere  
The sky was cloudless. Daniel saw him fly  
Fearless along the flashing mist, and fling ||  
The innocuous lightning from his sable wing.

|| So Pliny, lib. 2. c. 35. Solem e volucris aquilam fulma haud percutit ; quæ ob hoc armigera hujus telli fingitur. And again, lib. 10. cap. 3. Negant unquam solem hanc alteram fulmine examinatum : idcirco armigeram Jovis consuetudo judicavit. I am happy to add the testimony of Daniel O'Rourke to that of Pliny.

## 26.

He watched him as he lessened in his flight,  
 Gazing with anger, agony and dread ;  
 Until he vanished wholly from his sight,  
 And then in sorrowing accents, thus he said  
 " Oh ! am I not a luckless man the night !  
 What shall I do ? " (and then he scratched his head,)  
 " Oh ! if I once was home, upon my word,  
 I'd ne'er again set leg across a bird."

## 27

How long he staid upon his airy seat,  
 I have not time at present to disclose ;  
 What wondrous things, if any, he did meet,  
 And whether he was hail'd by friends or foes ;  
 Whether he set on earth again his feet,  
 My readers fain would learn, I may suppose ;  
 He saw, 'tis true, what none e'er saw before ;—  
 But we reserve them all for Canto Four.

## MELMOTH THE WANDERER, &amp;c. \*

WE do not envy those who are incapacitated by extreme delicacy of taste, or, we should rather perhaps say, by extreme indulgence in the habits of strict criticism, from enjoying such works as those of Mr Maturin. They are all, prose and verse, full of faults so numerous, that it would be quite fatiguing—so obvious, that it would be quite useless to point them out. There is not one of them that a rigid disciple of the Aristotelian school of criticism would condescend to call by the name of any one given species of regular composition ; for there is not one of them that has either beginning, or middle, or end. The author, in a very great proportion of every work he has written, has been contented with copying the worst faults of his predecessors and contemporaries, in the commonest walks of fictitious writing. In his best passages there is always a mixture of extravagance—in the whole of his works there is not, perhaps, to be found one page of perfectly natural thought, or perfectly elegant language. And yet, where is the lover of imaginative excitement, that ever laid down one of his books unfinished—or the man of candour and discrimination, who ever denied, after reading through any one of them, that Maturin is gifted with a genius as fervently powerful as it is distinctly original—that there is ever

and anon a truth of true poetry diffused over the thickest chaos of his absurdities—and that he walks almost without a rival, dead or living, in many of the darkest, but, at the same time, the most majestic circles of romance ?

Encouraged by praise at once so high and so universal, it is no wonder that a young author of the true Milesian breed should regard with very considerable indifference the cavils of the hypercritical ;—nay, that he should be contented to go on "sinning glorious sins"—a sort of applauded rebel against all the constituted authorities of the literary judgment-seat. But, nevertheless, it is a very great pity that such should be the continued course of his career. He should remember, that although his faults are not able to deprive him of the admiration of the present time, they may bid very fair to shut him out altogether, or nearly so, from the knowledge of posterity. He should remember, that it is one thing to be an English classic, and another to occupy "ample room and verge enough" in every circulating library throughout the land. We are far from saying that Mr Maturin should write less—but we do say, that he should write a great deal more—observe a great deal more—and correct a great deal more. If he does not, he may depend upon it he will never fulfil the rich promise of

\* Melmoth the Wanderer : a Tale. By the author of "Bertram," &c. In 4 volumes. Edinburgh : Constable & Company.



his MONTORIO; for that, we rather think, was the first—and, we are quite sure, is the best of all his performances.

Next to Montorio, however, we have no hesitation in placing this new romance of *Melmoth the Wanderer*, which, whatever faults may be discovered or pointed out, either in its conception or in its execution, or in both of these, cannot fail to be read universally, and to please universally. It is infinitely better than “*Women, or Pour et Contre*,” or “*Fredolfo*” in “*Bertram*”—excellent as all these works are in their several ways—and one reason for this is, that it is infinitely more horrible—for in horror, there is no living author, out of Germany, that can be at all compared with Mr Maturin.

The chief fault of the story is, that there is too much uniformity in the sources of its horror—and yet, there is nothing more admirable than the variety of application by which the same cause of horror is made to diffuse its shadow over so many different walks of life. The error and the beauty go hand in hand together in this respect—no very uncommon circumstance, by the way, in regard to the works of Mr Maturin.

The truth is, however, that it is mere courtesy to call *MELMOTH* “a Romance;” for the four volumes contain as many or more stories which, with the exception of the agency of one character common to them all, have no sort of connexion with each other, their personages being otherwise quite different, and their scenes laid at different periods, and in quite different parts of the world. Successive pictures of human misery are presented in England, Ireland, India, Spain, and elsewhere, and between them there is no earthly connexion, except what arises from the one circumstance, that wherever exhibited, and however produced, the master-spring and moving cause of all this misery is *JOHN MELMOTH the wanderer*—A strange indefinable being—something between a *Faustus* and a *Mephistopheles*—whose life appears to have been extended over the space of nearly two centuries, and his mind and body alike endued with no inconsiderable portion of the proper diabolical energy, all for the purpose of producing torture to human beings,

men, women, and children, without, excepting in one instance only, the smallest item of profit or pleasure accruing to *The Wanderer* himself.

The story of this demon of the piece is not very distinctly given, but, so far as we can gather, he has sold his soul to the devil, for the sake of the above-mentioned privileges and immunities; but, discovering after a time (like *St Leon*) the worthlessness of superhuman powers in human hands, he is very desirous to prevail upon some other child of earth, to take the infernal lease, with all its consequences of good and evil, off his hands. In order to find a person who will relieve him of his burthen, he explores from the time of Charles I. down to that of George III. all imaginable scenes of human suffering and calamity, always heightening, sometimes causing and originating the misery, amidst which it is his only business, and his only delight to move;—exalting, casting down, exalting again, and again depressing, wearying out and buffeting with every instrument and art of torture the feeble spirit of humanity, in the hope of at last finding some one moment of wickedness or weakness, in which his great ultimate temptation may be offered and accepted. But it is all to no purpose. The ambition of the young, the avarice of the old, the love of the bride, the tenderness of the mother, all are alike assailed, and all in vain. No human passion excited to its utmost pitch of inflammation, is found capable of hurrying on the soul of man or woman to a deliberate renunciation of the hopes of eternal weal. Parents starve before the eyes of their starving children, but neither son nor daughter will purchase them bread at the price of perdition; the lover is struck with wild insanity, or wanders a drivelling idiot by the side of his mistress, yet she too resists the terrible temptation; the deserted mother lies starving in a dungeon, and her child dies of hunger on her breast, because even her resolution can withstand the diabolical boon. For each of these situations of temptation there is here a separate tale, with separate time, incidents, and characters; but they are all connected by the perpetual intervention of those black eyes, lustrous with the brilliancy of hell, which reveal too surely, and too late,

all the unhappy beings introduced, the fiend-like powers and purposes of the most unhappy Melmoth.

There is an infinite display of genius in the conception of all and each of these tales; they are all sketches, but they are all sketches that could not be executed but by the hand of a master; and no eye can look on any one of them, without being satisfied that the same hand *might* produce things no less perfect than powerful, were such the good will and pleasure of Mr Maturin. Perhaps the finest design of the whole is that of the story of the Spanish Girl that has been wrecked, and preserved alone, upon an island of the Indian Sea, where she grows up to womanhood in the innocent companionship of flowers and birds, till her lonely loveliness attracts the notice of the wanderer, who woos her in her island, with human words and flatteries. Then her solitude becomes loathsome to her, and she cannot breathe its voluptuous air without agony, unless the wily tempter be there to walk with her beneath the leafy colonnades of her Banyan Tree, or sit with her when the breeze plays, to watch the moon-beams on the face of the midnight sea. Then he leaves her, and she is discovered by her relations, and carried back to Spain, where her heart pants and sickens in the midst of priests and duennas, for the luxuries of her old natural freedom, and the mysterious intellectual ardent visitant of her island solitude. Then Melmoth appears on the Prado, and she faints at his sight. He enters the garden, and speaks to her at her viranda by the moonlight. He weds her, deserts her, discovers himself the more deeply to betray her,—sees her thrown into the caverns of the Inquisition with no solace but the company of her child, the unhappy pledge of her unhappy love,—tempts her there, as never woman was tempted by man,—and is baffled as never devil was baffled by the faith, the purity, the natural innocence of woman. We do think that, taking all things together, this tale of Immalee, or Isidora, which comes last in the series, has been judiciously selected by the Author to occupy that place of honour in his procession of terrors. But the chief beauty of this story consists in things of which it is almost

impossible we should give our readers either specimen or description.

Another very fine story is that of a young Spaniard, whom the sins of his mother, and the weakness of his father, have condemned to the conventional life, and who—his original aversion for that life having been aggravated by a thousand circumstances of minute intolerable oppression into total hatred and disgust—explores almost in vain every human resource of invention and boldness, in order to escape from its thralldom. The great merit of this tale lies in the Author's strenuous rejection of all those vulgar horrors by which the disciples of the Radcliffe School have been accustomed to deepen their portrayures of monastic misery, and the skill he has displayed in resting the interest excited in favour of his hero, not on these, but on the effect, slow, sure, and irresistible, of that far more cunning, and more common species of tyranny, which destroys its victims

*Non vi sed saepe cadendo.*"

The truth of this representation is indisputable—we speak of its historical, no less than of its moral truth; and, on every account, we recommend the whole of it to the study of our readers, who will indeed be very far from doing their duty to Mr Maturin, if they satisfy themselves with a single hasty novel-reading glance over this, and many other parts of the present performance. The Spanish manners, too, of this, and some other parts of the work, appear to us to be, in general, very felicitously given—and the Spanish scenery is sketched with a free, bold, masculine power, that is the more effective, by reason of the tender and touching nature of the sentiments with whose influence its enchantments are not unfrequently mingled.

But neither the story of *Isidora*, nor that of the young Spaniard Juan di Monduca, is so great a favourite with us as that of "the family of Walberg;" and it is therefore from the last that we purpose to give a few extracts, by way of enabling such of our readers as have not read *Mondorio* to see what Mr Maturin is capable of doing in his best moments of inspiration. An old rich Spaniard, by name Guzman, quarrels with his only sister, because she marries a German musician, a prodigal, who has nothing but his ge-

nus to recommend him. She goes therefore to Germany with her husband, where his abilities raise him to the situation of Maestro di Capella at the court of Saxony, and where, in a humble, yet comfortable manner, she rears her children till the eldest of them approaches the verge of manhood. About that time the old rich Spanish brother is taken very ill, and in his sickness and fear of death, he sends for his sister to come to him, with her family, saying that he is sensible he has treated her cruelly, and has already, by his Will, endeavoured to make the best reparation in his power.

Walberg, his wife, and his children, therefore leave Dresden, and come to Spain; but, on reaching the place of the brother's residence, they find he has already recovered from his illness, and, although determined to provide abundantly for all their wants, will see no one of the family unless they become reconciled to the Catholic Church. Ines, the wife of Walberg, is sorely cast down on finding that the estrangement of her brother is thus to continue: yet affluence is made to surround them, and she enjoys much happiness with her husband and her children. Walberg's old father and mother, too, who had been invited to join them on the first news of their prosperity, leave Germany and come to live with them at Toledo. The following is a picture of the happy group on the evening of that day of their union.

" 'I saw them,' said the stranger, interrupting himself,— 'I saw them on the evening of that day of union, and a painter, who wished to embody the image of domestic felicity in a group of living figures, need have gone no further than the mansion of Walberg. He and his wife were seated at the head of the table, smiling on their children, and seeing them smile in return, without the intervention of one anxious thought,—one present harassing of petty duty, or heavy premonition of future misery,—one fear of the morrow, or sickening remembrance of the past. Their children formed indeed a group on which the eye of painter or of parent, the gaze of taste or of affection, might have hung with equal delight. Everhard their eldest son, now sixteen, possessed too much beauty for his sex, and his delicate and brilliant complexion, his slender and exquisitely moulded form, and the modulation of his tender and tremulous voice, inspired that mingled interest, with which we watch, in youth, over the strife of present debility with the

promise of future strength, and infused into his parents' hearts that fond anxiety with which we mark the progress of a mild but cloudy morning in spring, rejoicing in the mild and balmy glories of its dawn, but fearing lest clouds may overshade them before noon. The daughters, Ines and Julia, had all the loveliness of their colder climate—the luxuriant ringlets of golden hair, the large bright blue eyes, the snow-like whiteness of their bosoms, and slender arms, and the rose-leaf tint and softness of their delicate cheeks, made them, as they attended their parents with graceful and fond officiousness, resemble two young Hebes ministering cups, which their touch alone was enough to turn into nectar.

" The spirits of these young persons had been early depressed by the difficulties in which their parents were involved; and even in childhood they had acquired the timid tread, the whispered tone, the anxious and inquiring look, that the constant sense of domestic distress painfully teaches even to children, and which it is the most exquisite pain to a parent to witness. But now there was nothing to restrain their young hearts,—that stranger, a smile, fled back rejoicing to the lovely home of their lips,—and the timidity of their former habits only lent a grateful shade to the brilliant exuberance of youthful happiness. Just opposite this picture, whose hues were so bright, and whose shades were so tender, were seated the figures of the aged grandfather and grandmother. The contrast was very strong; there was no connecting link, no graduated medium,—you passed at once from the first and fairest flowers of spring, to the withered and rootless barrenness of winter.

" These very aged persons, however, had something in their looks to soothe the eye, and Teniers or Wouverman would perhaps have valued their figures and costume far beyond those of their young and lovely grandchildren. They were stiffly and quaintly habited in their German garb—the old man in his doublet and cap, and the old woman in her ruff, stomacher, and head-gear resembling a skull-cap, with long depending pinnars, through which a few white, but very long hairs, appeared on her wrinkled cheeks; but on the countenances of both there was a gleam of joy, like the cold smile of a setting sun on a wintry landscape. They did not distinctly bear the kind importunities of their son and daughter, to partake more amply of the most plentiful meal they had ever witnessed in their frugal lives,—but they bowed and smiled with that thankfulness which is at once bounding and grateful to the hearts of affectionate children.—They smiled also at the beauty of Everhard and their elder grandchildren,—at the wild pranks of Maurice, who was as wild in the hour of trouble as in the hour of prosperity;—and, finally, they smiled at all that was said, though they did not hear

half of it, and at all they saw, though they could enjoy very little—and that *smile of age*, that placid submission to the pleasures of the young, mingled with undoubted anticipations of a more pure and perfect felicity, gave an almost heavenly expression to features, that would otherwise have borne only the withering look of debility and decay.

"Some circumstances occurred during this family feast, which were sufficiently characteristic of the partakers. Walberg (himself a very temperate man) pressed his father repeatedly to take more wine than he was accustomed to,—the old man gently declined it. The son still pressed it heartily, and the old man complied with a wish to gratify his son, not himself.

"The younger children, too, cared for their grandmother with the boisterous fondness of children. Their mother reproached them. "Nay, let be," said the gentle old woman. "They trouble you, mother," said the wife of Walberg.

"They cannot trouble me long," said the grandmother, with an emphatic smile.

"Father," said Walberg, "is not Everhard grown very tall?" "The last time I saw him," said the grandfather, "I stooped to kiss him; now I think he must stoop to kiss me." And, at the word, Everhard darted like an arrow into the trembling arms that were opened to receive him, and his red and hairless lips were pressed to the snowy beard of his grandfather. "Cling there, my child," said the exulting father.

"God grant your kiss may never be applied to lips less pure." "They never shall, my father!" said the susceptible boy, blushing at his own emotions; "I never wish to press any lips but those that will bless me like those of my grandfather." "And do you wish," said the old man jocularly, "that the blessing should *always* issue from lips as rough and hoary as mine?" Everhard stood blushing behind the old man's chair at this question, and Walberg, who heard the clock strike the hour at which he had been always accustomed, in prosperity or adversity, to summon his family to prayer, made a signal which his children well understood, and which was communicated in whispers to their aged relatives.

"Thank God," said the aged grandmother to the young whisperer, and as she spoke, she sunk on her knees. Her grandchildren assisted her. "Thank God," echoed the old man, bending his stiffened knees, and doffing his cap—"Thank God for this shadow of a great rock in a weary land!"

—and he knelt, while Walberg, after reading a chapter or two from a German Bible which he held in his hands, pronounced an extempore prayer, imploring God to fill their hearts with gratitude for the temporal blessings they enjoyed, and to enable them "so to pass through things temporal, that they might not finally lose the things eternal." At the close of the prayer, the fami-

ly rose and saluted each other with that affection which has not its root in earth, and whose blossoms, however diminutive and colourless to the eye of man in this wretched soil, shall yet bear glorious fruit in the garden of God. It was a lovely sight to behold the young people assisting their aged relatives to arise from their knees,—and it was a lovelier hearing, to listen to the happy good-nights exchanged among the parting family. The wife of Walberg was most assiduous in preparing the comforts of her husband's parents, and Walberg yielded to her with that proud gratitude, that feels more exultation in a benefit conferred by those we love, than if we conferred it ourselves. He loved his parents, but he was proud of his wife loving them because they were his. To the repeated offers of his children to assist or attend their ancient relatives, he answered, "No, dear children, your mother will do better,—your mother always does best." As he spoke, his children, according to a custom now forgot, knelt before him to ask his blessing. His hand, tremulous with affection, rested first on the curling locks of the darling Everhard, whose head towered proudly above those of his kneeling sisters, and of Maurice, who, with the irrepressible and venial levity of joyous childhood, laughed as he knelt. "God bless you!" said Walberg—"God bless you all; and may he make you as good as your mother, and as happy as your father is this night;" and as he spoke, the happy father turned aside and wept.

But their sky is soon overcast. The old brother dies at length, and, after living for several years in all the enjoyments of luxury, it is not difficult to imagine the misery into which the whole family is thrown when it is made known that a new Will had been executed by the old man on his death-bed, by which the whole of his fortune is left to the church. Nothing can be finer than the way in which Maturin has conceived the effects of this intelligence on all the different members of the household—the stupid insensibility of the old people—the happy ignorance of the young—the despair of Walberg himself—and the quiet gentle resignation of his wife. Some hopes are held out that it may be possible to prove unfair dealing on the part of the old man's confessors—and a lawsuit is begun—which, as might have been expected, is at last decided by the Spanish judges in favour of the church, and against the heretical family. Their misery then advances rapidly, and at length is such, that not a few readers,

we suspect, may find themselves unable to go through with the whole of Mr Maturin's delineation. Here are some of the most appalling touches.

"Walberg had always felt and expressed the strongest feelings of tender respect towards his parents—his father particularly, whose age far exceeded that of his mother. At the division of their meal that day, he shewed a kind of wolfish and greedy jealousy that made Ines tremble. He whispered to her—"How much my father eats—how heartily he feeds while we have scarce a morsel!" "And let us want that morsel, before your father wants one!" said Ines in a whisper—"I have scarce tasted anything myself." "Father—father," cried Walberg, shouting in the ear of the doating old man, "you are eating heartily, while Ines and her children are starving!" And he snatched the food from his father's hand, who gazed at him vacantly, and resigned the contested morsel without a struggle. A moment afterwards the old man arose from his seat, and with horrid unnatural force, tore the untasted meat from his grandchildren's lips, and swallowed it himself, while his rivelled and toothless mouth grinned at them in mockery at once infantine and malicious.

"Squabbling about your supper?" cried Everhard, bursting among them with a wild and feeble laugh—"Why, here's enough for to-morrow—and to-morrow." And he flung indeed ample means for two day's subsistence on the table, but he looked paler and paler. The hungry family devoured the hoard, and forgot to ask the cause of his increasing paleness, and obviously diminished strength.

"They had long been without any domestics, and as Everhard disappeared mysteriously every day, the daughters were sometimes employed on the humble errands of the family. The beauty of the elder daughter, Julia, was so conspicuous, that her mother had often undertaken the most menial errands herself, rather than send her daughter into the streets unprotected. The following evening, however, being intently employed in some domestic occupation, she allowed Julia to go out to purchase their food for to-morrow, and lent her veil for the purpose, directing her daughter to arrange it in the Spanish fashion, with which she was well acquainted, so as to hide her face.

"Julia, who went with trembling steps on her brief errand, had somehow deranged her veil, and a glimpse of her beauty was caught by a cavalier who was passing. The meanness of her dress and occupation suggested hopes to him which he ventured to express. Julia burst from him with the mingled terror and indignation of insulted purity, but her eyes rested with unconscious avidity on the handful of gold which glittered in his hand.—She thought of her

famishing parents,—of her own declining strength, and neglected useless talents. The gold still sparkled before her,—she felt—she knew not what, and to escape from some feelings is perhaps the best victory we can obtain over them. But when she arrived at home, she eagerly thrust the small purchase she had made into her mother's hand, and, though hitherto gentle, submissive, and tractable, announced in a tone of decision that seemed to her startled mother (whose thoughts were always limited to the exigencies of the hour) like that of sudden insanity, that she would rather starve than ever again tread the streets of Seville alone."

In the midst of this extreme wretchedness, the old mother of Walberg dies, and the poet, (for throughout this story he deserves no lower name,) produces a truly awful effect, by representing this death, which, but a few weeks before, would have been lamented by the whole household, as being now regarded by them all—more or less strongly—in the light of a happy deliverance. The grandfather alone is sunk into such a state of second childishness, as to be quite insensible to any impression, happy or sorrowful, from what has happened. In short, the calamitous situation of Walberg, and all that belong to him, is such, that at length the great tempter of the tale, Melmoth, thinks the hour is come in which he may make a successful attempt on the warmest feelings of the son, the husband, and the father. It is thus that the first notice of this terrible temptation is introduced to the other members of the family.

"The grandfather, still seated in his ample chair by the care of Ines, (for his son had grown very indifferent about him), watched her moving fingers, and exclaimed, with the petulance of dotage, "Aye,—you are arraying them in embroidery, while I am in rags.—In rags!" he repeated, holding out the slender garments which the beggared family could, with difficulty spare him. Ines tried to pacify him, and showed her work, to prove that it was the remnants of her children's former dress she was repairing; but, with horror unutterable, she perceived her husband incensed at these expressions of dotage, and venting his frantic and fearful indignation in language that she tried to bury the sound of, by pressing closer to the old man, and attempting to fix his bewildered attention on herself and her work.

"This was easily accomplished, and all was well, till they were about to separate on their wretched precarious errands. Then a new and untold feeling trembled at the heart of one of the young wanderers. Julia remembered the occurrence of a preceding evening,—she thought of the tempting gold,

the flattering language, and the tender tone of the young cavalier. She saw her family perishing around her for want,—she felt it consuming her own vitals,—and as she cast her eye round the squalid room, the gold glittered brighter and brighter in her eye. A faint hope, aided perhaps by a still more faint suggestion of venial pride, swelled in her heart. “Perhaps he might love me,” she whispered to herself, “and think me not unworthy of his hand.” Then despair returned to the charge. “I must die of famine,” she thought, “if I return unaided,—and why may I not by my death benefit my family! I will never survive shame, but they may,—for they will not know it!—She went out, and took a direction different from that of the family.

“Night came on,—the wanderers returned slowly one by one,—*Julia was the last*. Her brothers and sister had each obtained a trifling alms, for they had learned Spanish enough to beg in,—and the old man’s face wore a vacant smile, as he saw the store produced, which was, after all, scarce sufficient to afford a meal for the youngest. “And have you brought us nothing, Julia?” said her parents. She stood apart, and in silence. Her father repeated the question in a raised and angry voice. She started at the sound, and, rushing forward, buried her head in her mother’s bosom. “Nothing, nothing,” she cried, in a broken and agonised voice; “I tried,—my weak and wretched heart submitted to the thought for a moment,—but no, no, not even to save you from perishing, could I! I came home to comfort myself!” Her shuddering parents comprehended her,—and amid their sobs they blessed her and wept, but not she grieved. The meal was divided, of which she at first steadily refused to partake, as she had not contributed to it, till her reluctance was overcome by the affectionate importunities of the rest, and she complied.

It was during this division of what all survived to their last meal; that Walberg gave one of those proofs of sudden and fearful violence of temper, bordering on insanity, which he had betrayed latterly. He seemed to notice, with sullen displeasure, that his wife had (as she always did) reserved the largest portion for his father. He eyed it askance at first, muttering angrily to himself. Then he spoke more aloud, though not so as to be heard by the deaf old man, who was sluggishly devouring his sordid meal. Then the sufferings of his children seemed to inspire him with a kind of wild resentment, and he started up, exclaiming, “My son sells his blood to a surgeon, to save him from perishing!” My daughter trembles on the verge of prostitution, to procure us a meal!” Then fiercely addressing his father, “And what dost thou do, old dotard? Rise up,—rise up, and beg for us thyself, or thou must starve!”—and, as he spoke, he raised his

arm against the helpless old man. At this horrid sight, Ines shrieked aloud, and the children, rushing forward, interposed. The wretched father, incensed to madness, dealt blows among them, which were borne without a murmur; and then, the storm being exhausted, he sat down and wept.

“At this moment, to the astonishment and terror of all except Walberg, the old man, who, since the night of his wife’s interment, had never moved but from his chair to his bed, and that not without assistance, rose suddenly from his seat, and, apparently in obedience to his son, walked with a firm and steady pace towards the door. When he had reached it, he paused, looked back on them with a fruitless effort at recollection, and went out slowly;—and such was the terror felt by all at this last ghastly look, which seemed like that of a corpse moving on to the place of its interment, that no one attempted to oppose his passage, and several moments elapsed before Everhard had the recollection to pursue him.

“In the mean time, Ines had dismissed her children, and sitting as near as she dared to the wretched father, attempted to address some soothing expressions to him. Her voice, which was exquisitely sweet and soft, seemed to produce a mechanical effect on him. He turned towards her at first,—then leaning his head on his arm, he shed a few silent tears,—then flinging it on his wife’s bosom, he wept aloud. Ines seized this moment to impress on his heart the horror she felt from the outrage he had committed, and adjured him to supplicate the mercy of God for a crime, which, in her eyes, appeared scarce short of parricide. Walberg wildly asked what she alluded to; and when, shuddering, she uttered the words,—“Your father,—your poor old father!”—he smiled with an expression of mysterious and supernatural confidence that froze her blood, and, approaching her ear, softly whispered, “I have no father! He is dead,—long dead! I buried him the night I dug my mother’s grave! Poor old man,” he added with a sigh, “it was the better for him,—he would have lived only to weep, and perish perhaps with hunger. But I will tell you, Ines,—and let it be a secret, I wondered what made our provisions decrease so, till what was yesterday sufficient for four, is not to-day sufficient for one. I watched, and at last I discovered—it must be a secret—an old goblin, who daily visited this house. It came in the likeness of an old man in rags, and with a long white beard, and it devoured every thing on the table, while the children stood hungry by! But I struck at—I cursed it,—I chased it in the name of the All-powerful, and it is gone. Oh it was a fell devouring goblin!—but it will haunt us no more, and we shall have enough. Enough,” said the wretched man, involuntarily returning to

his habitual associations,—“enough for to-morrow!”

“Ines, overcome with horror at this obvious proof of insanity, neither interrupted or opposed him; she attempted only to sooth him, internally praying against the too probable disturbance of her own intellects. Walberg saw her look of distrust, and, with the quick jealousy of partial insanity, said, “If you do not credit me in that, still less, I suppose, will you in the account of that fearful visitation which I have latterly been familiar.”—“Oh, my beloved!” said Ines, who recognized in these words the source of a fear that had latterly, from some extraordinary circumstances in her husband’s conduct, taken possession of her soul, and made the fear even of famine trifling in comparison,—“I dread lest I understand you too well. The anguish of want and of famine I could have borne,—aye, and seen you bear, but the horrid words you have lately uttered, the horrid thoughts that escape you in your sleep,—when I think on these, and guess at”——“You need not guess,” said Walberg, interrupting her, “I will tell you all.” And, as he spoke, his countenance changed from its expression of wildness to one of perfect sanity and calm confidence,—his features relaxed, his eye became steady, and his tone firm.—“Every night since our late distresses, I have wandered out in search of some relief, and supplicated every passing stranger;—latterly, I have met every night the enemy of man, who”——“Oh cease, my love, to indulge these horrible thoughts,—they are the results of your disturbed unhappy state of mind.”—“Ines, listen to me. I see that figure as plainly as I see yours.—I hear his voice as distinctly as you hear mine this moment. Want and misery are not naturally fertile in the production of imagination,—they grasp at realities too closely. No man, who wants a meal, conceives that a banquet is spread before him, and that the tempter invites him to sit down and eat at his ease. No,—no, Ines, the evil one, or some devoted agent of his in human form, besets me every night,—and how I shall longer resist the snare, I know not.”——“And in what form does he appear?” said Ines, hoping to turn the channel of his gloomy thoughts, while she appeared to follow their direction. “In that of a middle-aged man, of a serious and staid demeanour, and with nothing remarkable in his aspect except the light of two burning eyes, whose lustre is almost intolerable. He fixes them on me sometimes, and I feel as if there was fascination in their glare. Every night he besets me, and few like me could have resisted his seductions. He has offered, and proved to me, that it is in his power to bestow all that human cupidity could thirst for, on the condition that—I cannot utter! It is one so full of horror and impiety, that, even to listen to it, is less a crime than to comply with it!”

Yet even here the temptation is resisted; and, unlike the other tales in the collection, the end of this one is after all fortunate. It is discovered, at the moment when even the piety of Ines was beginning to lend but a feeble aid to the resolution of Walberg, that the will of Guzman, in favour of the church, had after all been a forgery, and therefore the former testament (in favour of the German and his family) is that by which the estate is to be disposed of. But we have no room to quote from the concluding scenes of the story.

We regret this the less, because we are sure what we have already quoted must be quite enough to justify, in the eyes of our readers, the high praise with which we commenced our notice of these volumes. We do not know whether all our readers may sympathise with us when we say, that to us “*The Mysteries of Udolpho*” has been, is, and must always be, one of the most delightful books in the English language. Of those that might be somewhat ashamed, however, to confess admiration such as ours for that masterpiece of Mrs Radcliffe, not a few may perhaps think themselves at liberty (protected by the classical name of Godwin) to think and to speak almost as highly as we should be inclined to do concerning “*St Leon*.” Now, there is no occasion for instituting comparisons on the present occasion; but we are pretty confident that the most enthusiastic admirers of *Udolpho* or *St Leon* will pause ere they assign to the very best passages of either of these works a higher place than may justly be claimed for not a few of the sketches in this wild story of *The Tempter Melmoth*. Mr Maturin is, without question, one of the most genuine masters of the dark romance. He can make the most practised reader tremble as effectually as Mrs Radcliffe, and what is better, he can make him think as deeply as Mr Godwin. We cannot eury the commendation sought for by this species of exertion much higher than we do when we say, that in our opinion, a little more reflection and labour are all Mr Maturin wants, in order to enable him to attain a permanent eminence, not inferior to that long since acquired by the magnificent imagination that dictated the tale of Caleb Williams.

## SONG.

LONG summers have smil'd, and long winters have frown'd  
 Since last, in this time-hallowed bower,  
 With eglantine wreath'd, and with jessamine crown'd,  
 We sigh'd through the soft twilight hour ;  
 And many a pleasure hath lured me in vain,  
 And many a sorrow hath past,  
 Since the eve that, long lingering in anguish and pain,  
 From thee, love, I parted the last !

Though the billows of danger my course have delay'd,  
 When the wind rav'd along the dark sea,  
 Through the hands of the stranger my footsteps have stray'd,  
 But my visions were ever with thee.  
 And now, 'mid the scenes of our youth we have met,  
 In the bower where before we did part,  
 And I feel that the Star of my being shall set,  
 With thine, oh beloved of my heart !

A.

## THE ARBOUR.

Thoughts, that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

O 'TIS delightful, on a vernal eve,  
 Within the tranquil and embower'd recess  
 Of a green arbour to recline alone,  
 While gentle rains, descending from the sky,  
 Make pleasant music on the thirsty ground ;  
 And there indulge that pleasing pensiveness,  
 That languor of the meditative mind,  
 Which broods upon the ocean of the past,  
 Slow sailing onwards. O 'tis sadly sweet,  
 To hear the small drops plashing on the stems  
 Of succulent herbs, and on the opening buds,  
 While, gently murmuring past, the west wind sighs  
 To and fro, waving, in the twilight air,  
 The broad expanse of melancholy leaves ;  
 To see the swallow, 'mid the falling shower,  
 Darting aloft, and wheeling 'mid the sky ;  
 And buzzing home, the startled humble-bee,  
 Journeying, in many flight, from flower to flower.  
 Then doubly sweet, and doubly touching then,  
 If, from the distant light-green groves, be heard  
 Soft Music's dying, undulating fall ;  
 As if, again, the Pagan deities,  
 Pan or Sylvanus, for one season more,  
 Had sought the empires of their ancient reign :  
 And, turning from the concord of sweet sounds,  
 Gaze on the lovely blossoms, pink and white,  
 Of pear and apple trees ; the varied bloom  
 Of varied herb ; the many-dinctar'd flowers,  
 Recumbent with the weight of dew, between  
 Their girdles of green leaves ; the freshened coats  
 Of evergreens ; the myrtle, and the box,  
 And cypress, 'mid whose darkly-clustering boughs  
 The blackbird sits.

Such melancholy even  
 Have nameless charms for me, too deep for words



To utter and unbosom. Feelings dwell  
 Deep, in the inner shrine of human hearts,  
 And sheltered from the rude and passing shocks  
 Of common life, that need the electric spark  
 To fire them,—and at once the soul is flame!

To him, who sojourns 'mid the busy crowd  
 Of cities; where contention's jar is heard  
 For ever dissonant; whose pathway lies  
 Mid tumult, yet whose youth hath passed away,—  
 His earlier, better years—in privacy,  
 Sequestered from the rude shocks of the world,  
 Mid hills, and dales, and woods, and quiet lawns,  
 And streamy glens, and pastoral dells; to him,  
 Who, every eve, listed the blackbird's song,  
 And, every morn, beheld the speckled lark  
 Ascend to greet the sun; to him an hour  
 Like this, so pregnant with deep-seated thought,  
 Thought kindled at the shrine of earlier years,  
 Long quench'd, is more delightful than the mirth  
 Of smiling faces, 'mid the perfum'd vaults  
 Of echoing halls majestic, where the pride  
 Of Art emblazoned forth, extinguishes  
 The glow of Nature in the human heart!

Oh! not the most intense of present joys  
 Can match the far-departed loveliness  
 Of vanish'd landscapes, when the wizard Time  
 Hath spread o'er all their clefts and roughnesses  
 His twilight mantle, and the spirit broods  
 On what alone is beautiful, and soft,  
 And pure—as summer waters in the sun  
 Sleeping, when not a cloud is on the sky.  
 Oh! not the gorgeous splendour that invests  
 The evening cloud, when, from his western tent,  
 Resplendent glows the setting sun, and beams  
 O'er earth, and sea, and sky, his glorious light,  
 As if to show us, with derisive smiles,  
 How sweet a paradise this world can be—  
 Oh! not the mid-day brightness, nor the blush  
 Of crimson morning, have the deep delight,  
 The state, the grandeur, the impressiveness  
 Of this most intellectual hour, which draws  
 The feelings to a focus, and restores—  
 As native music to a wanderer's ear,  
 In foreign climes afar beyond the sea—  
 The lightening vista of departed years.

There runs a current through the ocean depths,  
 A current through the ocean of the soul,  
 Made up of uncommunicable thoughts—  
 It is in vain, we cannot utter them—  
 Like lava in the bowels of the hill,  
 They dwell unquenched—like lightning in the cloud,  
 They hold no concourse with the passing thoughts  
 Of common being, nor communion hold  
 With what is passing round us; like the rays  
 Of broken sunshine, they illumine our paths;  
 Like relics snatched from paradise, they rise  
 Before us, telling us of something fair,  
 Which is not, but which hath been; to the soul  
 They are familiar, but we know not where,  
 Nor when their first acquaintance-ship began;  
 All speak a language soothing to the heart,  
 Even from their voiceless silence; the thin smoke

Bluely ascending from the cottage roof,  
Through the still air ; the sombre, quiet sky ;  
The shelving hills, whose green acclivities  
Rise in the distance ; the umbrageous woods,  
Forming a canopy of gloom, beneath  
Whose ample cope the sheltered cattle rest ;  
The paradise of blossom round ; the tints  
Of freshened flowers ; the dark and dewy ground ;  
The fanning of the zephyr, in its path,  
Telling of perfume ; the melodious hymn  
Of birds amid the boughs ; and far away,  
Scarce heard, the murmurs of the cataract.

Δ.

## ANACREONTICS.

DEAR SIR,

AMONGST the numerous pretty sonnets with which your Miscellany abounds, I am surprised to find that I cannot recollect one *Anacreontic*. The following attempts, therefore, however destitute they may be of other recommendations, will perhaps be allowed their claim of insertion on the score of novelty. I am, &c.

T. D.

October 31, 1820.

I.

HERE sit thee down,—give o'er that peeling wail,  
And as we quaff, beneath our vineyard's scream,  
I'll tell thee, lover, why I am serene,—  
Whilst thou appear'st so pensive and so pale ;  
Behold yon clusters—from the summer's gale  
They seem to shrink with apprehensive mien,  
And midst the leaves, as fearing to be seen,  
E'en from the Sun, their blushing beauties veil ;  
Despite their coyness, with unsparing hand,  
Their leafy, green asylums we molest,  
And with this rosy juice, of magic bland,  
And potency celestial, so, are blest—  
I tell thee, I would have thee understand,  
That lips, like grapes, are moulded to be prest.

II.

Dry moralists still rail at drinking—let them—  
They might rail better, could we but persuade them  
To let the juice of eloquent virtue aid them ;  
They might be witty, had they this to whet them.  
Oh ! let arch Bacchus' wiles but once beset them,  
How well their courtesy would be repaid them,  
How would they shine, when witching wine display'd them ;  
Your wits still sparkle more, the more you wet them ;  
Just as the pebbles of the mountain river,  
Nature's mosaic, darker dyes and lighter,  
In wild variety, as the current bore them,—  
How beautiful may be their hues so ever,  
Look ten times richer, more than ten times brighter,  
Beneath the sunny stream that glances o'er them.

## ON THE IGNAVA RATIO OF THE STOICS.

MR EDITOR,

The doctrines which belong to the systems of freewill and philosophical necessity, have been so long and largely discussed, that no one, who has looked into the science of metaphysics, can want some general ideas on the subject. These doctrines, however, have led into a field of argument so wide, and are capable of being controverted in so many ways, that I know not whether many of their bearings have, even yet, received a complete discussion. A persuasion, that one branch of the argument, at least, will support a further weight of controversy, emboldens me to venture to submit the following remarks. It is, of course, far from my intention to enter into the general philosophical question of freewill and necessity. To do so would require a volume. It has stood unsettled for some centuries, and, for aught I see, is likely to remain so. However presumptuous it might be to decide, it is certainly safe enough to volunteer an opinion on either side. This, however, I leave to others, from whom such an opinion may come with better grace. The object of the present communication is, merely to detail a few remarks, relative to one argument connected with this question—and which appears to me not to have been sufficiently investigated, or, at all events, not to have been exhausted.

The opponents of the doctrine of philosophical necessity, amongst the multitude of arguments on their side of the question, have early attempted to infer that, if the doctrine be admitted, certain consequences follow, the absurdity of which consequences must effectually discredit the system from whence they necessarily flow. The argument is intended to drive the advocates of the necessitarian hypothesis to a *Reductio ad absurdum*, and may be stated as follows. If we set

out with supposing that the truth of the doctrine of necessity is impressed upon our minds so strongly as to become a *practical* principle, then motives of all sorts must cease to operate—and, as motive is strictly necessary to action, we should, in that case, cease to act; a conclusion which cannot arise out of a true system, and yet no other can be legitimately drawn from the hypothesis which we are opposing. For instance—take one event, viz.: death—including, in that word, the time of that event; suppose that this is already fixed, and that we absolutely believe it to be so fixed, then no situation nor circumstance whatsoever, can operate as a motive to induce us to use the slightest *endeavour*, by any exertion of our own, either to lengthen or shorten the period of our existence, its duration being, according to the supposition, already and irrevocably determined, and we ourselves knowing this to be the case.

This argument is of long standing, and is known by the name of the *Ignava Ratio*. It appears to have been first made use of by the Stoic philosophers, in opposition to Epicurus and his disciples, who were fatalists; for the doctrine, which is now comprehended under the term philosophical necessity, was then very imperfectly developed. It is slightly adverted to by Hobbes, in his letter of the Marquis of Newcastle, in reply to the Bishop of Worcester. He seems, somehow or other, to have left the argument short; at least, his conclusion is much less satisfactory than usual. President Edwards, in his celebrated treatise on freewill, has not omitted to examine this argument; he has also added a postscript, with a view to the work of Lord Kaimes, which, amongst other things, goes into this part of the controversy at some length.\*

\* Hobbes' answer to the Bishop, who asserted that necessity involves the inutility of all consultations or acts, is as follows:

"It seemeth his Lordship reasons thus—If I must do this rather than that, I shall do this rather than that, though I consult not at all, which is a false proposition, and no better than this. If I shall live till to-morrow, I shall live till to-morrow, though I run myself through with a sword to-day. If there be a necessity that an action shall be done, or that any effect shall be brought to pass, it does not therefore follow, that there is nothing necessarily requisite as a means to bring it to pass; and, therefore, when it is de-

The answer of Edwards is logical, and, to a logician, complete. He exposes the fallacy of the argument, which, even from its very statement, however managed, he shews to include an inconsistency. "If (says the opponent) every thing is absolutely settled, I will give myself no trouble.—I will indulge my sloth, and let events run as they are decreed to run." Now, it is certainly manifest, that this involves a direct contradiction; it sets out with assuming that the events of life are unalterable, and then contradicts that assumption, by professing a control or direction over future events—by determining the omission of certain actions, and the occurrence of effects—that is to say, a life of inaction and consequent ease.

This answer, however complete in logic, I cannot think sufficient in fact. Although those who deduced such consequences, or meditated such actions, from the admission of the doctrine of necessity, would be inconsistent and illogical in their conduct and reasoning, still it does not follow that the majority would not do this, inasmuch as few men are logicians, and all men liable to inconsistency both in conduct and opinion.

It appears to me, that the objection admits of a solution much more complete, and that the process of mind under which necessitarians may and do reasonably act, is capable of direct analysis. And first it strikes me in the outset, in contradiction to the assertors of the *Ignava Ratio*, that, in fact, those who profess to believe in the doctrine of philosophical necessity, do not act as described; which may be proved by an immediate appeal to experience. To obviate this, I know it has been asserted, in reply, that such appeal only proves that necessitarians do not fully and practically believe the doc-

trine they profess, and that their early and intuitive feelings of liberty perpetually overcome the impressions of the necessitarian theory. But this is a bare assertion, unsupported by any proof; and is effectually refuted, if the mental process, under which necessitarians may and do act, can be intelligibly delineated, and shewn to be consistent with reason.

In pursuance of this, it must first be observed, that, in the conduct of all arguments on this question, special care must be taken not to view the belief of a necessity as only applied to one insulated future event, without embracing the whole train of other events which contribute to its production. The necessitarian, in supposing the necessity of an event, supposes also the necessity of the means of that event: he holds that, in every case, the means and end are decreed, equally and together; that the last can only happen consequently to the first, and that the first necessarily leads to the last. This being premised, let us suppose that an assertor of the necessitarian doctrine is asked, "why, if his death, including in that word the time of his death, be fixed, he troubles himself about an event which can neither be eluded nor altered; in short, why he eats and drinks, or distrusts fire and water, or shuns any sort of personal danger, on account of its tendency to produce that catastrophe?" Supposing this question to be proposed to him, he answers as follows.

In proceeding to reply to this question, it will, I doubt not, be granted me, that, although the time of my death may be, in itself, an event absolutely fixed and determined, yet to me it is, nevertheless, a contingent and uncertain event. It may, for aught I know, be decreed to happen to-morrow, or it may be decreed to

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terminated that one thing shall be chosen before another, 'tis determined also for what cause it shall be chosen, and therefore, consultation, &c. are not in vain."

"To the fifth and sixth inconveniences, that councils, acts, arms, and the like, would be superfluous—the same answer serves as the former—that is to say, that this consequence—viz: *if the effect shall necessarily come to pass, then it shall come to pass without its causes*—is a false one."

*Tripos, pp. 290, 291.*

Edward's words are these: No person can draw such an inference from this doctrine, and come to such a conclusion, without contradicting himself, and going counter to the very principles he pretends to act upon; for he comes to a conclusion, and takes a course to an end, even his ease, or the saving himself from trouble: he seeks something future, and uses means in order to a future thing, even in his drawing up that conclusion, that he will seek nothing, and use no means to any thing future; he seeks his future ease, and the benefit and comfort of indolence.

*Edwards on Freewill, Part iv. Sect. v.*

happen ten years hence. What I am uncertain of, must to me be uncertain, as much as if it were, in its own nature and essence, absolutely contingent. It will also be further granted me, that I may prefer one of these suppositions to the other, and that I may naturally and reasonably wish that the latter supposition may be the true one. Nor is the reasonableness of this desire in any way affected by my knowing, that one of the two suppositions has in fact been decreed to take place. It is sometimes asked, but the question is superfluous, "why be anxious about what is decreed and unalterable?" We are anxious, and reasonably so, with respect to the event of circumstances, which we know to have been long determined and past, but which yet materially affect ourselves. Thus, says Edwards, "your brother has perished in the great storm three weeks ago, or he has not; the event is past and determined; yet not knowing which alternative has taken place, you continue to wish, with intense anxiety, to know which supposition is the true one." If, then, it be reasonable for me to wish that the supposition that I am decreed to die ten years hence, rather than now, may be the true supposition, it will, I think, be readily granted, that it is reasonable for me, moreover, to wish to ascertain, by any evidence, whether it is or not; if being a proposition, the truth or falsehood of which is of material consequence to me.

Now, if these premises be allowed, let us suppose that, by some means or other, I am utterly deprived of the means of supporting life. If this be supposed, it is plain that, believing, as I do, in the necessary connexion of causes and effects, I shall be convinced that my death must follow forthwith. I shall have the strongest reason to believe, being a necessitarian, that it has been decreed that I shall die now, and not ten years hence. Take the converse supposition: Suppose that the means of supporting life are in my power; still it is plain that these means, if not used, are equivalent to no means at all. As long as I do not use them, their existence or non-existence cannot alter the question with respect to me. Whilst I persist, from whatever reason, in not using them, the conclusion, that it is decreed I must die now, will still hold.

Nor is the case with respect to the reasonableness of supposing a decree altered at all, whether the neglect of means be voluntary or involuntary. It is as reasonable to impute necessity to the death of the philosopher who abstained from food, as to that of Count Ugolino, from whom food was withheld; inasmuch as the state of mind, which caused the voluntary abstinence of the former was in itself as necessary and unavoidable as the situation of Ugolino, his dungeon, and the deprivation of sustenance to which he was subjected.

If then my not using, from whatever cause or reason, the means to support life be an evidence that I must absolutely die now, my using those means must, *e converso*, be an evidence that I shall not die now but hereafter; that is to say, that I have been fated to live, and not to die at this particular time. Now it has been allowed, that I may reasonably wish to find evidence of the distant futurity of my death, and the possession and use of the means of prolonging life are plain evidences that life will be prolonged—therefore I use the means.

It hardly need be added, that this argument is applicable equally to the omission, as to the performance of any action; the omission of any thing being an act, inasmuch as it includes a determination of the mind. To ask why I choose to omit the search of positive evidence of an unpleasant event, would be a superfluous question. It would be as rational to ask me, if I should choose the positive evidence, were the negative out of my power; for where there is no alternative, there is no room for the conceivable operation of any motive. It is sufficient to say, that the non-occurrence as well as the occurrence of a future supposed event is sometimes desirable, and the omission of acts leading to the latter, is evidence of the probability of the former.

As an objection to the foregoing reasoning, it may be asked, perhaps, how, if this be the process which takes place in the mind of the necessitarian agent, it happens not to have been better known, or more frequently pointed out? This cavil, however obvious, is scarcely plausible. Men follow up the means to an event, merely because they evidently lead, or appear

to lead to it—they do not stop to inquire whether they are making a path, or following a path already laid out for them. It is neither in the power, nor inclination of most men to analyse, or at all discriminate the operations of their own minds. Who ever did, or indeed ever could, resolve into their simple component perceptions, all the complex ideas which form the stock of a long intellectual life? Neither do the advocates of Freewill generally act with a view of the scheme of arguments for contingency, and the self-determining power present in their minds, any more than the advocates of necessity do, with a constant reference to the niceties of their own theory.

It is now high time for me to con-

clude a subject, which, were it newer than it is, could only be interesting to a limited number of readers. I do not however know, that it has been discussed at all since the time of Edwards, excepting in a short but ingenious pamphlet, published at Cambridge, and entitled, “a defence of Freewill,” of which it forms one or the leading arguments. To me, I must own, it appears pretty clear, that whatever comes of the doctrine of Freewill, it must rely upon other arguments than the “ignava Ratio,” which, however plausible, I cannot help thinking eminently sophistical and fallacious.—I am, &c. &c.

T. D.

October, 31st, 1820.

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#### MOODS OF THE MIND.

##### No. X.

##### *Solitude.*

THE autumnal sun, with melancholy ray,  
Towards the approach of twilight, from the west  
Faintly shone out; some specks of fleecy cloud,  
Scarcely coloured by his glory, hover'd round;  
The wind was not: and, as the shadows threw  
Their darkness far, the pausing spirit felt  
The deep impressive stillness of that hour!

Sure never place was more forlorn:—I saw,  
Sole image of existence, the grey hawk  
Perch'd on an antique stone, once character'd  
With figures, now all lichen-overgrown.—  
Four-sided rose the walls around me, dark,  
And sprinkled with the moss of many a year,  
Grey mouldering lime, and iron weather-stains,  
Piled in old times remote, by artisans  
Long perished, leaving not a trace behind.—

Hard by, in ancient times, a hamlet stood  
Fair, as tradition tells:—its habitants,  
Sequester'd from the scenes of city life,  
Were simple, and were peaceful, like the men  
Of patriarchal days; in love they dwelt,  
In hope they died, and here were laid to rest.  
Arising with the lark, at morn they drove  
Their team a-field; or, on the neighbouring hills,  
From wanderings and from danger kept their flocks,  
The long blue summer through; and when the snows  
O'erspread the verdant pasture, by the hearth  
'Twas theirs to sing amid their household tasks;  
Friendship together knit their willing hearts;  
Nor was Love distant, with her rosy smile,  
And laughing eyes, to bless the younger train.—  
Now, where the hamlet stood, the fern and moss  
Spread thick; with prickles arm'd, the bramble throws  
Its snake-like branches round; the broad-leav'd dock  
Shoots rankly; and unchecked the nettles spring

Luxuriant, with their tufts of hanging seed.  
 Silent—alone—one melancholy tree,  
 With rifted rind, and long, lean, hanging boughs,  
 Like skeleton arms, upon the wither'd heath  
 Stands desolate ; and with its quivering leaf,  
 That, as in mockery, saws the twilight sky,  
 Whispers, how spareless Time hath triumph'd there !

How silent !—Even the beating of my heart  
 Feels an intrusion here :—the sward is dim  
 With moss and danky weeds, and lichen'd stones  
 That seem, as if from immemorial time,  
 Upon the same spot to have lain untouch'd.  
 The very graves have moulder'd to decay,  
 Tenantless—boneless—clods of common earth :  
 The storms, the piercing winds, and plashing rains,  
 So long have beat upon them, and the snows,  
 Melting in spring, so often soak'd them through  
 And through, that every undulating swell  
 Is levell'd.

Oh ! how dim, how desolate !—  
 The aspect of mortality is press'd  
 Like lead upon my soul :—that human things  
 Such as I am, and others are, and such  
 As those were, who of old were buried here,  
 Should lie and rot amid the damp, wet, mould,  
 Moveless, and voiceless, senseless, silent, still,  
 To nourish for a while the earth-worm's brood,—  
 Then pass to nothing, like a morning mist,—  
 Nor leave one token, nor one trace behind !

Musing, I stand a breathing creature here  
 In loneliness, beneath the twilight sky,  
 Silent, and circled with forgotten graves !—  
 A hundred years have come, and passed away,  
 Since last a fellow mortal in this field  
 Did make his bed of rest ; a hundred years,  
 Eluded, have the drilling insects bored  
 Their passage through the sterile soil, nor found  
 Aught new to be a banquet for their brood ;—  
 No kind descendant, kindling with the fire  
 Of ancestry, in filial reverence comes  
 Hither to gaze, where his forefathers lay ;  
 Their generation, their descendants, all  
 That knew them living, or might weep them dead—  
 Their thoughts, their deeds, their names, their memories,  
 Have floated down the stream of time, to join  
 The ocean of oblivion, on whose breast  
 Of their existence not one wreck appears.—

Silently as the clouds of summer heaven,  
 Across the skies of life they fled by,  
 And were not ; like the flaky snow, that falls  
 Melting within the ocean stream ;—the mist  
 That floats upon the gentle morning air,  
 And dies to nothingness at glowing noon ;  
 Like valley flowers, which at the sunrise open  
 Their golden cups, and shut at eventide !

A remnant from the flock of human kind  
 They lie cut off—a solitary tribe :  
 Now o'er the spot, where erst their ashes lay,  
 The dews may fall, the rains may beat unknown,  
 The winds may journey, and the weeds may spring,—  
 None heed them, and none hear them—all is still.

## XI.

*Summer Twilight.*

THE clouds pass away, and are leaving the sky,  
 A region of azure, unclouded and bright ;  
 And the star of the twilight, with tremulous eye,  
 Comes forth, like an angel that heralds the night.  
 Not a zephyr is curling the breast of the stream,  
 Not a zephyr is stirring the leaves on the tree,  
 And low hollow sounds, like the hum of a dream,  
 Steal over the vale from the voluble sea,  
 All is tranquil and still, save the spirit of man,  
 All is peaceful and pure, save the dreams of his breast.  
 And the fanciful hopes, that illumine his span,  
 Draw him on, like a spell, from the mansions of rest.  
 When around there is joy, then, within there is strife,  
 On his cheek is a smile, on his bosom is care ;  
 And daily, and hourly, the waves of his life  
 Dash, breaking in foam, on the rocks of despair !

## XII.

*The Bard's Wish.*

Oh were I laid  
 In the greenwood shade,  
 Beneath the covert of waving trees,  
 Removed from woe,  
 And the ills below,  
 That render life but a long disease !  
 No more to weep,  
 But in soothing sleep,  
 To slumber on long ages through ;  
 My grave turf bright  
 With the rosy light  
 Of eve, or the morning's silver dew.  
 I ask no dirge—  
 The foamy surge  
 Of the torrent will sing a lament for me ;  
 And the evening breeze,  
 That stir the trees,  
 Will murmur a mournful lullaby.  
 Plant not—plant not  
 Above the spot,  
 Memorial stones for the stranger's gaze ;  
 The earth and sky  
 Are enough, for I  
 Have lived with nature all my days.  
 Oh were I laid  
 In the greenwood shade,  
 Beneath the covert of waving trees,  
 Removed from woe,  
 And the ills below,  
 That render life but a long disease !



## CHALMERS' COMMERCIAL SERMONS.\*

WE know no fact, which, viewed in all its relations, speaks more highly in favour of the spirit of the present day, than the great popularity of Dr Chalmers. Much has already been written about him in this journal, and that by many different hands—but we feel, on looking over all that has been said, as if it were quite feeble and ineffectual, when compared with the real sense of his merits, that is spread widely, and we would hope, fixed deeply, over the whole healthy and right-thinking mass of the people. He has been eulogized abundantly for the fervour of his impassioned eloquence, and the dignified sweep of his illustration, and the enlightened wisdom of his remarks on the character and condition of the times in which he lives; but we feel as if no adequate tribute of admiration has ever yet been paid in these, or in any other pages, to that rare spirit of christian self-denial, which has been, and is every day exemplified in the uses to which, animated at once by a noble humility and an honest pride, this GOOD and GREAT MAN has thought fit to devote his powers of thought and language. There can be no doubt, that taking oratory in the highest of its acceptations, he is the greatest of all living orators. At the bar—in the senate—(perhaps even in the church)—it may be possible to find men possessed of much more brilliancy, both of fancy and expression; and, we have no doubt, hundreds may be found far superior to him, in all the elegancies of composition, style, and delivery; but there is a certain *directness* of understanding—a certain clear thorough-going honesty of thought—a plain weight of power—and a simple consciousness of power, about Dr Chalmers, that are a thousand times more than enough, to set him triumphantly over the heads of all the living speakers in the land. Perhaps, since Charles Fox died, Great Britain cannot be said to have exhibited a more genuine natural orator, in any one department, except this mighty

preacher. And yet, it is not the power of the man, but the purpose of the man, that stamps his mind with its truest character of greatness.

His greatest excellence, as a preacher of christianity, is, in one word, his total want of flattery—his perfect scorn of all those arts by which most popular preachers seek and obtain their popularity. He is, at once, the most evangelical and the most practical of sermon-writers—and this alone, if the matter be looked narrowly into, is sufficient to justify all that has been—all that can be said in his praise. No sensible man will ever dare, after reading his works, to use the word *evangelical* in a contemptuous sense;—he has, for ever, done away the reproach of being a *Calvinist*. He is a bold original thinker—a profound metaphysician—and a most accomplished master of declamation—and, being such, he might *easily* have raised himself to a high pitch of estimation in the church, without giving up, as he has done, all the vulgar appliances of ecclesiastical success—without despising the prejudices of both the great divisions of Christian hearers alike—and so, without encountering any one of the difficulties of that adventurous, and, in some eyes at least we fear, invidious career, to which he has devoted himself. But such were not the views likely to sway the mind of such a man as Dr Chalmers. In spite of the sneers with which his first splendid appearances were received by the leaders of both the ecclesiastical parties in Scotland, he went on rejoicing in his course; and the result has been, that while neither of these parties dare to claim him for its own—either of them would be too proud to enlist him almost at any price in its ranks. He stands, as it is, entirely by himself—a noble example of what the true minister of Christianity ought to be—totally unfettered by any trammels of party-feeling, civil or ecclesiastical—the unwearied deviser of good, slowly but surely witnessing the triumph of all that he devises—with-

\* The application of Christianity to the commercial and ordinary affairs of life, in a series of discourses. By Thomas Chalmers, D. D. Minister of St John's Church, Glasgow, &c. Chalmers & Collins, Glasgow.

out suspicion of servility, or semblance of *self-seeking*, the upright unshaken indefatigable advocate of every thing that tends to dignify the high, and to ennoble the low—labouring from hour to hour, and from day to day, to make men perceive wherein the true secret of all the calamities of the times consist—and to repair and replenish from at once the simplest and the loftiest of sources, all the decayed channels of sober, wise, and rational loyalty, among the unhappily estranged and alienated feelings of a once virtuous devout and patriotic population.

The close adaptation of all that he says and writes, to the actual condition of the people he is addressing, and the circumstances of the times in which he lives, forms one most remarkable peculiarity of the works of Dr Chalmers—and accounts, of itself, in a great measure, for the elevation to which he has attained in the public opinion. It is not, that he is singular in the wish to adapt himself, in this manner, to the necessities of his auditors and readers. Hundreds, we might say thousands, of excellent, and of able men, are scattered throughout the land, and animated with the same honourable desire, and who shall doubt, that success has been, and is, from day to day, granted to their labours? But none of those that have published sermons of late appear to us to have entered upon this part of the task with any thing like the same felicity, whether of view or of execution, as Dr Chalmers. We look in vain among the religious publications of the day for any thing like that certain mastery of glance, by which he appears to scrutinize all the moving surfaces of external things around him—that boldness with which he brings the great doctrines of the Bible into close contact with every manifestation of the spirit of the age—from the fine built theories of the would-be philosopher, down to the wild coarse ravings of the mechanic reformer—that noble confidence which makes him seek and find, on every occasion, one sure remedy for every evil “sign”—and having found, to proclaim it—in one word, finally, that clear and distinct “application of Christianity to the ordinary affairs of life,” in which the principal merit of Dr Chalmers’ sermons and other reli-

gious writings consists; and from which, we have no doubt, their principal usefulness is derived.

We have already had frequent occasion to take notice of his quarterly publications, “on the Christian and civic economy of great towns,” and of the beautiful speculations therein laid before the public, concerning the best, or rather only, means of repairing the present alarming deficiency of every sort of education among the crowded population of such times as that in which he resides. The present volume of sermons may be considered, in one point of view, as a part of the same work; for it is easy to see that it has originated in the same course of study and reflection—study close and searching of every species of that commercial character by which he is surrounded—and reflection deep and sincere, concerning the means of improving that character, alike in its higher and its lower walks of exhibition. We observe that this author has already been attacked by the various oracles of the mob,\* on account of the zeal with which he preaches to the humble in condition the necessity of civil government, and the duty of loyal obedience to the constitution and administration of the country—doctrines on which, most surely, no preacher ever commented in a manner more free from all guile and semblance of courtly adulation, or mean servility of purpose, than Dr Chalmers. We know not what misrepresentations may be given of this volume also by the same doctors in calumny—men whose hatred of such a man as this, is of course in exact proportion to their sense of his power and fear of his zeal. It will be evident to all who bring honest minds to the investigation, that the plain simple purpose of the book is chiefly to do good to the lower orders of society, by reminding the higher of their much-neglected duties towards them—to enforce the great obligation of good example—and to shew how easily and how naturally the trifling faults (as they are conventionally denominated) of the rich may be converted by the poor into covering and precedent, and apology, for their own coarser and more obviously and immediately pernicious offences. But as the whole strain of his arguments has the same tendency

\* Statesman, Examiner, Black Dwarf, &c.

at least to promote that good against which the foul passions of these "false prophets" are enlisted, there need be little wonder if they should discover some pretence on which to display the usual allowance of bitterness and rancour, and all dishonest uncharitable-ness.

The truth, indeed, is, that by far the most powerful part of the volume is that which appears to have been most immediately dictated by the author's own observation of the effect which the loose and idle declamations of the disloyal press have produced upon the spirit of the lower orders in his neighbourhood; the absurd ideas which these idle declamations have engendered respecting the relative situations and obligations of the different classes of society; and the wild and visionary notions they have spread concerning the possibility of abating the necessary evils of life by any other means than those of individual industry, honesty, patience, and honourable pride. The discourse on the great Christian law of reciprocity between man and man—"whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye unto them"—seems to us to be the most masterly specimen of reasoning and illustration in the whole book. He compares the operation of this law, as rightly interpreted, to that of a governor of fly in mechanism—that happy contrivance, by which all that is defective or excessive in the motion is confined within the limits of equability, and every tendency in any particular quarter to mischievous acceleration is coerced and restrained. Nor can any illustration be more just or happy. The ultimate evil effects of the ungenerous conduct of rich men on the interests of society at large, and therefore on their own interests, are displayed in a manner equally original and beautiful; and he then proceeds to treat the other side of the question in a way that shews no less knowledge of human nature as it actually exists, than of that in which its true dignity ought ever to lie. Speaking of "the ungenerous poor," whose meanness and rapacity of spirit renders him the worst enemy of the poor his brethren, he says beautifully—

"There is, at all times, a kindness of feeling ready to stream forth, with a ten-fold greater liberality than ever, on the humble orders of life; and it is he, and

such as he, who have congealed it. He has raised a jaundiced medium between the rich and the poor, in virtue of which, the former eye the latter with suspicion; and there is not a man who wears the garb, and prefers the applications of poverty, that has not suffered from the worthless impostor who has gone before him. They are, in fact, the deceit and the indolence, and the low sordidness of a few, who have made outcasts of the many, and locked against them the feelings of the wealthy in a kind of iron imprisonment. The rich man who is ungenerous in his doings, keeps back one labourer from the field of charity. But a poor man who is ungenerous in his desires, can expel a thousand labourers in disgust away from it. He sheds a cruel and extended blight over the fair region of philanthropy; and many have abandoned it, who, but for him, would fondly have lingered thereupon; very many, who, but for the way in which their simplicity has been tried and trampled upon, would still have tasted the luxury of doing good unto the poor, and made it their delight, as well as their duty, to expend and expatiate among their habitations.

"We say not this to exculpate the rich; for it is their part not to be weary in well-doing, but to prosecute the work and the labour of love under every discouragement. Neither do we say this to the disparagement of the poor; for the picture we have given is of the few out of the many; and the closer the acquaintance with humble life becomes, will it be the more seen of what a high pitch of generosity even the very poorest are capable. They in truth, though perhaps they are not aware of it, can contribute more to the cause of charity, by the moderation of their desires, than the rich can by the generosity of their doings. They, without, it may be, one penny to bestow, might obtain a place in the record of heaven, as the most liberal benefactors of their species. There is nothing in the humble condition of life they occupy, which precludes them from all that is great or graceful in human charity. There is a way in which they may equal, and even outpeer, the wealthiest of the land, in that very virtue of which wealth alone has been conceived to have the exclusive inheritance. There is a prevailing character in humanity which the varieties of rank do not obliterate; and as, in virtue of the common corruption, the poor man may be as effectually the rapacious despoiler of his brethren, as the man of opulence above him—so, there is a common excellence attainable by both; and through which, the poor man may, to the full, be as splendid in generosity as the rich, and yield a far more important contribution to the peace and comfort of society."

"To make this plain—it is in virtue of a generous doing on the part of a rich man, when a sum of money is offered for the re-

lief of want; and it is in virtue of a generous desire on the part of a poor man, when this money is refused; when, with the feeling that his necessities do not just warrant him to be yet a burden upon others, he declines to touch the offered liberality; when, with a delicate recoil from the unlooked-for proposal, he still resolves to put it for the present away, and to find, if possible, for himself a little longer; when, standing on the very margin of dependence, he would yet like to struggle with the difficulties of his situation, and to maintain this covert but honourable conflict, till hard necessity should force him to surrender. Let the money which he has thus so nobly shifted from himself take some new direction to another; and who, we ask, is the giver of it? The first and most obvious reply is, that it is he who owned it: but it is still more emphatically true, that it is he who has declined it. It came originally out of the rich man's abundance; but it was the noble-hearted generosity of the poor man that handed it onwards to its final destination. He did not emanate the gift; but it is just as much that he has not absorbed it, but left it to find its full conveyance to some neighbour poorer than himself, to some family still more friendless and destitute than his own. It was given the first time out of an overflowing fulness. It is given the second time out of stinted and self-denying penury. In the world's eye, it is the proprietor who bestowed the charity. But in Heaven's eye, the poor man who waived it from himself to another is the more illustrious philanthropist of the two. The one gave it out of his affluence. The other gave it out of the sweat of his brow. He rose up early, and sat up late, that he might have it to bestow on a poorer than himself; and without once stretching forth a giver's hand to the necessities of his brethren, will it is possible, that by him, and such as him, may the main burden of this world's benevolence be borne.

It need scarcely be remarked, that, without supposing the offer of any sum made to a poor man who is generous in his desires, he, by simply keeping himself back from the distributions of charity, fulfils all the high functions which we have now ascribed to him. He leaves the charitable fund untouched for all that distress which is more clamorous than his own; and we, therefore, look, not to the original givers of the money, but to those who line, as it were, the margin of pauperism, and yet firmly refuse to enter it—we look upon them as the pre-eminent benefactors of society, who narrow, as it were, by a wall of defence, the ground of human dependence, and are, in fact, the guides and the guardians of all that splendour can bestow.

There is something so truly Scottish in the feelings to which Dr

Chalmers addresses himself throughout the whole of this sermon, that we should think it must compel the assent almost as certainly as the attention of all that are not entirely degraded from the honest pride of their forefathers. After a few more paragraphs, there occurs the following beautiful and philosophical passage.

"We have no conception whatever, that, even in millennial days, the diversities of wealth and station will at length be equalized. On looking forward to the time when kings shall be the nursing-fathers, and queens the nursing-mothers of our church, we think that we can behold the perspective of as varied a distribution of place and property as before. In the pilgrimage of life, there will still be the moving procession of the few charioted in splendour on the highway, and the many pacing by their side along the line of the same journey—There will, perhaps, be a somewhat more elevated footpath for the crowd; and there will be an air of greater comfort and sufficiency amongst them; and the respectability of evident worth and goodness will sit upon the countenance of this general population. But, bating these, we look for no great change in the external aspect of society. It will only be a moral and a spiritual change. Kings will retain their sceptres, and nobles their coronets; but, as they float in magnificence along, will they look with benignant feeling on the humble wayfarers; and the honest salutations of regard and reverence will arise to them back again; and, should any weary passenger be ready to sink unfriended on his career, will he, at one time, be borne onwards by his fellows on the pathway, and, at another, will a shower of beneficence be made to descend from the crested equipage that overtakes him. It is Utopianism to think, that, in the ages of our world which are yet to come, the outward distinctions of life will not all be upheld. But it is not Utopianism, it is Prophecy to aver, that the breath of a new spirit will go abroad over the great family of mankind—so, that while, to the end of time, there shall be the high and the low in every passing generation, will the charity of kindred feelings, and of a common understanding, create a fellowship between them on their way, till they reach that heaven where human love shall be perfected, and all human greatness is unknown."

The two passages we have quoted occur in one and the same sermon, about the middle of the volume. Yet we think those who read the work attentively, will not hesitate to agree with us in considering them as furnishing the best key to the general purpose of the author in the whole of his speculations. It is clear that, to

reconcile the poor, on the one hand, to that which is inseparable from the arrangement of all human society; i. e. to the want of much that they so possessed by others.—and, on the other hand, to impress on the minds of their superiors the vast obligation to active benevolence and kindness which is inseparably attached to the secure possession of what circumstances have placed in their hands—has, throughout, been the chief purpose of his writing. He has looked upon the errors of rich and poor alike, with the eye of a compassionate philosopher—that is, of a christian. He has no difficulty in excusing the delusions of the ignorant who

“—admire they know not what—  
And know not whom—but as one leads the other.”

But he has seen through all the arts of those true and moving causes of disturbance—

“Whose end is private hate—not help to freedom—

Advers and turbulent when she would lead To virtue—”

And yet even of these he speaks calmly—we had almost said tolerantly; for it is probable that he is of the same opinion which was twenty years ago nicely expressed by Mr Coleridge—viz. that “the great majority of democrats are persons who have attained the same sort of knowledge in politics which infidels have in religion”—a most philosophical view surely—a view of perfect truth—a view equally worthy of the high reflective genius of Coleridge, and the christian wisdom of Dr Chalmers. It is delightful to see how well the speculations of these two great thinkers—men who have, we dare say, never seen each other—and whose tastes, so different, that they probably have never thought much of each other—it is truly delightful to see how well they harmonize in regard to this great subject of philosophical interest. In the *Edinburgh Review*—the words were spoken long ago—but, alas! the day is not near when they are likely to be heard out of place.

“By what means can the lower classes be made to learn their duties, and urged to practise them? The human race may perhaps possess the capability of all excellence; and truth, I doubt not, is competent to a

mind already disciplined for its reception; but a surely the over-worked labourer, skulking into an ale-house, is not likely to exemplify the one, or prove the other. In that barbarous tumult of inimical interests, which the present state of society exhibits, religion appears to offer the only means universally efficient. The perfectness of future men is indeed a benevolent tenet, and may operate on a few visionaries, whose studious habits supply them with employment, and exclude them from temptation. But a distant prospect, which we are never to reach, will seldom quicken our footsteps, however lovely it may appear; and a blessing which not ourselves but posterity are destined to enjoy, will scarcely influence the actions of any,—still less of the ignorant, the prejudiced, and the selfish.

“Go preach the GOSPEL to the poor” By its simplicity it will meet their comprehension, by its benevolence soften their affections, by its precepts it will direct their conduct, by the vastness of its motives ensure their obedience. The situation of the poor is perilous: they are indeed both

“from within and from without  
To all temptations.”

Prudential reasonings will in general be powerless with them. For the incentives of this world are weak in proportion as we are wretched—

“The world is not my friend, nor the world  
The world has got no law to make”

They too, who live from hand to mouth, will most frequently become improvident. Possessing no stock of happiness they eagerly seize the gratification of the moment, and snatch the froth from the wave as it passes by them. Nor is the desolate state of their families a restraining motive, unsoftened as they are by education, and benumbed into selfishness by the torpedo touch of extreme want. Domestic affections depend on association. We love in object it, as much as we see or recollect it, an agreeable sensation arises in our minds. But ah! how should he glow with the charms of father and husband, who, guining scarcely more than his own necessities demanded, must have been accustomed to regard his wife and children, not as the soothers of finished labour, but as rivals for the insufficient meal! In a man so circumstanced the tyranny of the Present can be overpowered only by the ten-fold mightiness of the Future. Religion will cheer his gloom with her goodness, and by habituating his mind to anticipate an infinitely great Revolution hereafter, may prepare it even for the sudden perception of a less degree of amelioration in this world.”

But we must return to Dr Chalmers:—and we think we cannot do better than select some of those specimens of his best style, which may be found

in the discourses addressed more immediately to the other great class of hearers—the superiors, the natural superiors, but no less surely the natural guides, guardians, and benefactors of the poor. He has been speaking more generally of the immense variety of ways in which the example of the higher orders acts, so as to vitiate the moral feelings of their dependants, and, pointing with a steady finger to the evils which these in their turn have good cause to apprehend, from those whose moral feelings have—more or less, by their own neglect, or contempt, or carelessness of these feelings—become highly vitiated and depraved. On one or two specific offences of this sort, he then proceeds to dwell at great length, and with an earnestness which springs, we have good occasion to know, from direct observation of some of the most alarming symptoms by which the bad spirit of the region wherein the Doctor resides, has of late been widely and openly exhibited.

“Another and still more specific offence is beginning, we understand, to be exemplified in our own city, though it has not attained to the height or to the frequency at which it occurs in a neighbouring metropolis. We allude to the doing of week-day business upon the Sabbath. We allude to that violence which is rudely offered to the feelings and the associations of sacredness, by those exactions that an ungodly master lays at times on his youthful dependents—when those hours which they went to spend in church, they are called upon to spend in the counting-house—when that day, which ought to be a day of piety, is turned into a day of posting and of perambulation—when the rules of the decalogue are set aside, and utterly superseded by the rules of the great trading establishment; and every thing is made to give way to the hurrying emergency of orders, and clearances, and the demands of instant correspondence. Such is the magnitude of this stumbling-block, that many is the young man who has here fallen to rise no more—that, at this point of departure, he has so widened his distance from God, as never, so far, to return to him—that, in this distressing contest between principle and necessity, the final blow has been given in his religious principles—that the master whom he serves, and under whom he earns his provision for time, has here wrested the whole interest of his eternity away from him—that, from this moment, there gathers upon his soul the complexion of a *harlot* and more determined impiety—and conscience once stifled now speaks to him with a feeble voice—and the world obtains a firmer lodgement

in his heart—and, renouncing all his original tenderness about Sabbath, and Sabbath employments, he can now, with the thorough unconcern of a fixed and familiarized proselyte, keep equal pace by his fellows throughout every scene of profanation—and he who went to tremble and recoil from the freedoms of irreligion with the sensibility of a little one, may soon become the most daringly rebellious of them all—and that Sabbath which he has now learned, at one time, to give to business, he, at another, gives to unhallowed enjoyments—and it is turned into a day of visits and excursions, given up to pleasure, and enlivened by all the mirth and extravagance of holiday—*and*, when sacrament is proclaimed from the city pulpits, he, the apt, the well-trained disciple of his corrupt and corrupting superior, is the readiest to plan the amusements of the coming opportunity, and among the very foremost in the ranks of emigration—and though he may look back, at times, to the Sabbath of his father's pious house, yet the retrospect is always becoming dimmer, and at length it ceases to disturb him—and thus the alienation widens every year, till, wholly given over to impiety, he lives without God in the world.

“And were we asked to state the dimensions of that iniquity which stalks regardlessly, and at large, over the ruin of youthful principles—were we asked to find a place in the catalogue of guilt for a crime, the atrocity of which is only equalled, we understand, by its frequency—were we called to characterise the man who, so far from attempting one counteracting influence against the profligacy of his dependents, issues, from the chair of authority on which he sits, a commandment, in the direct face of a commandment from God—the man who has chartered impiety in articles of agreement, and has vested himself with a property in that time which only belongs to the Lord of the Sabbath—were we asked to look to the man who could thus overbear the last remnants of remorse in a struggling and unpractised bosom, and glitter in all the emblems of a prosperity that is reared on the violated consciences of those who are beneath him—*O*! were the question put, to whom shall we liken such a man? or, what is the likeness to which we can compare him? we would say, that the guilt of him who trafficked on the highway, or trafficked on that outraged coast, from whose weeping families children were inseparably torn, was far outmeasured by the guilt which could thus frustrate a father's fondest prayers, and trample under foot the hopes and the preparations of eternity.

There is another way whereby, in the employ of a ruthless and unprincipled master, it is impossible but that offences must come. *Now*, know just as well as we do, that there are chicaneries in business; and, so long as we forbear stating the precise ex-

tent of them, there is, not an individual among you, who has a title to construe the assertion into an affronting charge of criminality against himself. But you surely know, as well as we, that the mercantile profession, conducted, as it often is, with the purest integrity, and laying no resistless necessity whatever for the surrender of principle on any of its members; and dignified by some of the noblest exhibitions of untainted honour, and devoted friendship, and magnificent generosity, that have ever been recorded of our nature;—you know as well as we, that it was utterly extravagant, and in the face of all observation, to affirm, that each, and every one of its numerous competitors, stood steadily and totally exempted from the sin of an undue selfishness. And, accordingly, there are certain common-place falsehoods occasionally practised in this department of human affairs. These are, for example, certain dextrous and painful evasions, whereby the payers of tribute are enabled, at times, to make their escape from the eagle eye of the exactors of tribute. There are even certain contests of ingenuity between individual traders, where, in the higgling of a very keen and anxious negotiation, each of them is tempted, in talking of offers and prices, and the reports of fluctuations in home and foreign markets, to say the things which are not. You must assuredly know, that these, and such as these, then, have introduced a certain quantity of what may be called shuffling, into the communications of the trading world—inasmuch, that the simplicity of *yea, yea*, and *nay, nay*, is in some degree exploded; and there is a kind of understood toleration established for certain modes of expression, which could not, we are much afraid, stand the rigid scrutiny of the great day; and there is an abatement of confidence between man and man, implying, we doubt, such a proportionate abatement of truth, as goes to extend most fearfully the condemnation that is due to all lars, who shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. And who can compute the effect of all this on the young and yet unpractised observer? Who does not see, that it must go to reduce the tone of his principles; and to involve him in many a delicate struggle between the morality he has learned from his catechism, and the morality he sees in a counting-house; and to obliterate, in his mind, the distinctions between right and wrong; and, at length, to render his conscience to a sin which, like every other, deserves the wrath and the curse of God; and to make him tinker with a direct commandment, in such a way, as that falsehoods and frauds might be nothing more in his estimation, than the perambulation of an innocent compliance with the current practices and moralities of the world? Here, then, is a point, at which the way of those who conform to this world, diverges from the way of those pious people who are

redeemed from all iniquity, and are thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Here is a grievous occasion to fall. Here is a competition between the service of God and the service of Mammon. Here is the exhibition of another offence, and the bringing forward of another temptation, to those who are entering on the business of the world, little adverted to, we fear, by those who live in utter carelessness of their own souls, and never spend a thought or a sigh about the immortality of others—but most distinctly singled out by the text as a crime of foremost magnitude in the eye of Him who judgeth righteously.

Such are the general views of this book, which cannot fail to increase, great as it has long been, the fame of Dr Chalmers. We cannot conclude, however, without expressing our regret, that a work so admirably adapted for making a great and powerful impression on the minds of all thinking men, should have been disfigured—we can in conscience use no slighter word—by the introduction of not a few passages in which the excellent general principles of the author's reasoning are pushed to an extreme, that we should fear may be productive of no good effect whatever; but on the contrary, tend to throw very considerable discredit on his authority. The reader, who has perused the passage last quoted with such pleasure as its beauties, both of thought and expression, are calculated to convey, will in all likelihood feel hurt and mortified, when on turning over another page or two, he comes upon a piece of declamation, apparently quite as grave and earnest, concerning that most stale and hark-nayed of all the topics of Christian Instructors, Religious Monitors, Evangelical Magazines, *et hoc genus omne*; the sin of making our servants say, "*not at home*," when we happen to be disinclined for the reception of company. It is really mortifying to think, that such a man as Dr Chalmers should permit his mind to be seriously occupied, even for the number of minutes necessary to write down the words of such a passage with a subject, which almost every human being that reads the book, must consider so utterly unworthy of his intellect. There are enough, surely, and to spare, of good simple men and women, whom there can be no harm in permitting to groan, since such is their good will and pleasure, over such enormities as this. But Dr Chalmers should not

trifle so either with himself or his readers. The person who objects to the use of a phrase, so perfectly understood on all hands, in order to preserve any appearance of consistency, should without all question become a Quaker at once. Indeed we cannot conceive upon what principle, he can overlook for a single moment, the horrible iniquity of addressing an individual by a plural pronoun—to say nothing of the gross idolatry implied in the use of such names as, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday—or the virtual lie

told by the author's own bookseller, when he advertises, "Dr Chalmers's New Volume."

It is a pity that such things should have been permitted to make their appearance, in pages of which they are so little worthy. But we have already said and quoted far more than enough, to shew that these are but the "pauca maculae," by which no man of sense will permit himself to be discouraged from an attentive perusal of an original, philosophical, and most eloquent book.

#### DALE'S POEMS.\*

WE have seldom met with any productions calculated to give a more engaging idea of their author's character, than "the Widow of Nain," and "the Outlaw of Taurus;"—two poems which have lately been published by Mr Dale, of Bene't College, Cambridge. The notions usually connected with the name of academical poetry, are such, that it is no wonder we threw these little volumes aside at first, without bestowing on them more than a very hasty glance. But if any of our readers have, from similar prejudices, been induced to treat Mr Dale with similar disrespect, we beg leave to assure them that the loss is their own. His poetry is in truth the very reverse of what is usually produced in colleges: His style, indeed, bears all the marks of that easy unlaboured elegance, which can only be acquired after very long and intimate acquaintance with the models of classical antiquity; but it is totally free from all the coldnesses of pedantic imitation; and the spirit that animates its numbers, is no other than that of keen human feeling, exalted and adorned by the impressions of a piety as tender as it is deep.—We regard what the author has published as a most valuable on account of the promise it unfolds; but, even if he were never to publish another line, he has already done enough to secure for his name the admiration of affectionate remembrance, among all that are worthy of reading poetry. He has touched with a hand of so much gentle power, so the

of the finest strains of emotion that have place within the human breast, that none such can lay down his little volumes without feelings of the warmest personal kindness towards the poet himself;—while the many, who like the woman of Nain, have wept over the sole props of their widowhood;—and the more who, like the Outlaw of Taurus, have known what it is to experience the horrors of remorse, and to shed the tears of repentance—will engrave on their memories, almost without an effort, the beautiful lines that must equally surprise and delight them, with showing how surely the soul of genius can divine the deepest secrets of the troubled heart.

The picture of the last death-bed scenes, in the house of Nain,—when the lonely woman watches—almost without one ray of hope—beside the patient victim of decay—is one that we are sure will justify all we have said.

The spirit of her son to cheer,

With hopes, she now had ceased to feel;  
From that dread stroke, which menaced near,  
A few short bitter days to steal:

To soothe the languor of decay

She strove—all other cares were fled;  
And midnight's gloom, and morning's ray,

Still found her watching by his bed,

To render, with unweary'd hand,  
All his could do, or pain demand.

The very agonies of despair

Had never her weaker heart to bear;

Or never had that mother borne

To see him die—and thus to die—  
Untimely wailing, ere the morn

\* The Widow of the City of Nain; and Other Poems. By Thomas Dale, of Bene't College, Cambridge. Third edition, London. J. M. Richardson, 1820.

The Outlaw of Taurus, a poem; to which are added: Scenes from Sophocles. By Thomas Dale, of Bene't College, Cambridge. London. J. M. Richardson, 1820.



Of youth had past unclouded by—  
While art essayed in vain to save,  
Or smoothe his passage to the grave  
Whate'er his inward pangs might be,  
He told not—mute, and meekly still,  
He bowed him to Jehovah's will,  
Nor murmured at the stern decree;  
For gently falls the chastening rod  
On him, whose hope is in his God  
For her too, who beside his bed  
Still watched with fond maternal care,  
For her he breathed the pious prayer—  
The tear of love and pity shed.  
Oft would he bid her try to rest,  
And turn his pallid face away,  
I set some unguarded look betray  
The pangs, nor sigh nor sound expressed.  
When torture racked his breast, 'twas known  
By sudden shivering starts alone  
Yet would his searching glance espy  
The look of stifled agony—  
For what can 'scape a mother's eye?  
She deemed in health she loved him more  
Than ever mother loved before;  
But oh! when thus in cold decay,  
So placid, so unmoved he lay,  
And she beheld him waste away,  
And marked that gentle tenderness  
Which watched and wept for her distress—  
Then did her transient firmness melt  
To tears of love, more deeply felt,  
And dearer still he grew—and dearer—  
For as the day of death drew nearer  
The very spirit of domestic love must  
Have watched over the young poet,  
When he wrote what follows  
Noon came and fled—and evening only  
Last o'er the room a sombre shade  
Alive to her were night and day—  
Her eye was never turned away  
From the low couch where he was laid  
She could not weep—she could not pray,  
Her soul was dark—and with despair  
Devotion mingled not—the prayer  
Breathed hopelessly, was breathless in vain  
Still of being centred there,  
And dragged her thoughts to earth again  
Her soul was that bitterness of woe  
Which sigh or tear can never reach,  
Which mingles the boundless powers of  
speech—

A reckless as if all below—  
Of all around—above—but one—  
The divin' youth she gazed upon  
So looks the mariner on the wave,  
Which onward rolls his opening grave;  
On battle fields, with slaughter red,  
Where men by friend lies to fight and bleed,  
As the dying on the dead.  
Her hopes, her love, her earthly bliss,  
Her very soul was bound in his;  
And now the fatal hour was nigh,  
When all but life with him must die,  
And what—when he had ceased to be,  
Oh! what was life but misery?  
A night with cheerless gleams of light,  
A maddening memory of the past—  
The desert of the joyless breast,  
Death's apathy—without its rest.

Mute, motionless, as if he slept,  
His head upon her breast reclined,  
And yet, though horror coldly crept  
Through every vein, she never wept,  
Calm and resolved, but not resigned  
When Hope's last lingering ray was o'er,  
Despair itself her heart might steel,  
Through all that she had felt before—  
And all that she was now to feel!  
Ha! why that wild convulsive start?  
The agony has reached his heart.  
The parting pang, that throbs no more,  
Has withered life, and all is o'er—  
No! still he lives, th' unequal strife  
Still nature bears, if that be life—  
A closing conflict—soon to cease—  
A prelude to eternal peace.  
A moment—as the fiery ball  
Flashes, but darkness ere it fall;  
A moment, waked from that deep trance,  
His eye beamed forth, and in its glance  
There was a fiery energy—  
A lambent ray, life's last endeavour  
To sparkle ere it fade for ever—  
And summon all its strength—  
Still heavenly Hope's undying light  
Shone mid the wreck of nature's frame  
And through the mortal could she see  
The germ of immortality  
He strove to speak—he sped for breath—  
Not all in vain—though upon earth  
Had touched his heart's one faltering word  
He spoke, and yet another—  
(The rest were as a dying groan)  
An indistinct low moan  
And all he said, and all she heard  
Was, "mother! dear mother!  
Life could no more be wished—ceased—  
His head upon her bosom lay—  
She looked—without a groan released,  
The soul had passed away  
A smile was still upon his face,  
A placid calmness on his brow,  
Which Death itself could not erase.  
These might have soothed her once, but  
\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis eye—the sun's departing beam  
Serenely sheds his purest gleam,  
The liquid floods of air lightness,  
Which tempered his meridian brightness  
Float graceful thro' the fragrant air,  
And thousand hues reflected there,  
In varied lustre shine  
Day, like a virgin whose young bloom,  
Lost love, and blighted hopes consume,  
Is lowliest in decline.  
It beams for all—yet only he,  
Whose breast from pining care is free,  
(If such alas! on earth there be,)  
Will gaze on that fair eastern sky,  
With bounding heart and raptured eye.

We cannot resist quoting one more  
exquisite passage from this beautiful  
version of one the most beautiful  
stories told in Holy Writ. We do  
so chiefly, (not solely) on account of  
the singular felicity of the description

of our Saviour's personal appearance. It is the first time, we speak, so far as we know, without exaggeration, that words have been found capable of expressing what long ago the angelic pencil of Raphael dared and delighted to pourtray. The funeral procession is going on when our Lord appears—and says, to the widowed mother, “weep not.”

“The mourner—speechless and amazed,  
On that mysterious stranger gazed,  
If young he were, ’twas only seen  
From lines that told what once had been ;—  
As if the wind of Time  
Had smote him ere he reached his prime.  
The bright rose on his cheek was faded,  
His pale fair brow with sadness shaded—  
Yet through the settled sorrow there

A conscious grandeur flash’d—which told  
Unswayed by man, and uncontrolled,  
Himself had deigned their lot to share,  
And borne—because he willed to bear.  
Whate’er his being or his birth,  
His soul had never stooped to earth ;  
Nor mingled with the meaner race,  
Who shared or swayed his dwelling place :  
But high—mysterious—and unknown,  
Held converse with itself alone :  
And yet the look that could depress  
Pride to its native nothingness ;  
And bid the specious boaster shun  
The eye he dared not gaze upon,  
Superior love did still reveal—  
Not such as man for man may feel—  
No—all was passionless and pure—

That godlike majesty of woe,  
Which counts it glory to endure—  
And knows nor hope nor fear below ;  
Nor aught that still to earth can bind,  
But love and pity for mankind.  
And in his eye a radiance shone—

Oh ! how shall mortal dare essay,  
On whom no prophet’s vest is thrown,  
To paint that pure celestial ray ?  
Mercy, and tenderness, and love,  
And all that finite senses can deem  
Of him who reigns enthroned above ;  
Light—such as blest Isaiah’s dream,  
When to the awe-struck Prophet’s eyes,  
God bade the star of Judah rise—  
There heaven in living lustre glowed—  
There shone the Saviour—there the God.”

The other poem is founded on a well known and most beautiful passage of Eusebius, which relates the ecclesiastical tradition concerning the events of St John the Apostle’s visit to Ephesus, after he had been set free from the confinement of Patmos, in consequence of the death of Domitian, and the toleration extended to all the Christians

by Nerva, on his succession to the throne. We believe there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this tradition ; but if invention it be, surely it is one of the most touching and beautiful of inventions. The Apostle, we are told, was one day engaged in a solemn ordination of ministers to serve in the church of Ephesus, when, looking round, his eye rested on, and was detained by the extraordinary loveliness and apparent innocence of the countenance of a certain youth who stood in the midst of the congregation. Turning to the bishop, on whom he had just laid his hands, he exclaimed, “In the presence of the church, and in the sight of Christ, I commit this young man to your utmost diligence.” The presbyter received the charge, and in obedience to it, admitted the youth into his own family, where he was baptized, instructed, and reared up to manhood with all manner of kind and christian superintendence. In process of time, however, he becomes acquainted with a set of dissolute youths, who make it their whole business to exercise upon him every instrument of temptation—and, at last, he falls. One degree of vicious indulgence succeeds to another ; until, at length, as the ecclesiastical historian has finally said, “he, like a spirited and unbridled charger, galloping from the right path, and champing his reins, hurried, by the very nobility of his soul, more deeply into the abyss.”\* The end of his wicked course is, that he retires to Mount Taurus, with a number of the wild young men who had corrupted him, and, being elected their captain on account of his superior bravery, holds the whole region in terror by the boldness of his depredations.

A few years having elapsed, the old Apostle returns to Ephesus, and after transacting all public business of the church, turns suddenly round to the bishop, saying, “Now, O bishop, restore to me the deposit which Christ and I, in the sight of this people, committed to thy care.” The bishop understands him not at first—but being asked in more explicit terms concerning the young man, rends his garments, and tells the story of his perversion, as it had happened.

\* Δία μεγάλου φθους ἵκνται, ὡς περ ἄσπετος καὶ ἑυκρίτους ἰσχυρὸς ὄφθαι, καὶ τὸν χαλκὸν ἔνδακναι, μιλῶντας κατὰ τὴν βασιλευσάν φρεσιν.—EUSEBIUS. *Cyp. 23.*

The aged Apostle immediately inquired in what part of the mountain the young man lay with his band. Being provided with a guide, he penetrates the defiles of Taurus till he approaches the region infested by them. His guide then leaves him—but John advances, having determined to see the captain of the band. The old man is captured by some of the robbers, and is soon carried into the presence of their chief. We shall give the result in the words of Eusebius himself.

"The leader, armed as he was, awaited his arrival. And when he recognized John advancing towards him, overpowered with hame, he betook himself to flight. But the apostle, forgetful of his age, eagerly pursued him, exclaiming, 'Wherefore do you fly from me, oh my son! from your father, aged and unarmed? Pity me, oh my child, and fear me not: you still possess a hope of salvation. I will make atonement for you to Christ. Willingly would I endure death on your behalf, even as the Lord died for me. I will give my own life as a ransom for you: stop, and believe: Christ hath sent me.' The youth hearing these words, at first stood still, with his eyes fixed upon the ground: next he threw off his arms, and, trembling, burst into a flood of tears. He then met the old man advancing, and with bitter sighs and lamentations implored his pardon, being, as it were, baptized a second time in his tears, only concealing his right hand. Then the apostle, pledging his faith, and swearing that he would obtain pardon for him from his Redeemer, having fallen on his knees and prayed, kissed the right hand of the young man as if it had been purified by repentance, and led him back to the church. Having besought God on his behalf with many prayers, and striving together by frequent fastings, and soothing his soul by many scriptural exhortations, the apostle, as they say, did not depart till he had restored him to the church, having afforded a signal example of sincere penitence, an illustrious instance of regeneration, and a trophy of a conspicuous resurrection."

Our readers will see at once what a fine field of poetical embellishment this narrative must have opened up to such a poet as Mr Dale; but in truth, here, as in the story of the widow of Nain, there is so much beauty in the simplicity of the original sketch, that we doubt, whether, after all, it was possible, that the effect should have been improved or strengthened by means of any poetical embellishment whatever. Much as we admire Mr D., we certainly can by no means compliment him on a judicious selection of subjects—but

that is a matter of very inferior consideration in regard to a writer of his standing. It is enough for us, and will be enough for our readers, to see that Mr D. possesses the strong elements of poetical power; and no fear but he will hereafter know better how and on what subjects to employ them. To speak in the language with which he himself is most familiar, the *was* and the *we* are very subordinate affairs to the *it*.

We have already quoted so much from the "Widow of Nain," that we must keep within bounds as to "The Outlaw of Taurus;" and yet we know not well what passages to select, for the whole piece flows on in a very equable strain of elegant ardour. We shall give the description of St John himself, as he first appears in the temple of Diana in the midst of all the splendours of the heathen worship.

And now the festive pomp proceeds  
Which Grandeur gilds, and Beauty leads;  
But lo! amidst th' adoring train  
Who circle that majestic fane,  
One lonely pilgrim wends along  
Unheeded by the busy throng;  
He only breathes no lowly prayer,  
And bends no glance of rapture there.  
Robed in a simple pilgrim's vest  
His arms are folded o'er his breast—  
Thin scattered locks of purest snow  
Wave o'er a wan and wasted brow.  
Whence Time's soft touch hath swept away  
Each trace of Passion's earlier sway;  
And all that once was wont to move  
Hath changed to that meek placid love  
Which speaks a heart—a hope above.  
But wherefore doth he shrink to bow  
Where myriads plight the willing vow?  
When every cheek is flushed with gladness,  
Say, whence his brow is wrapt in sadness?  
And why, when mingling choirs prolong

In Dian's praise the votive hymn—  
Why turns he from that raptur'd song  
With mien as sad—and eye as dim—  
As if that bright exulting train  
Were mourners o'er a hero's bier—  
That melting lay—so soft—so dear—  
Were but a deep funeral strain.

It is not that he proudly deems  
His breast from earth's emotions free;  
Not *his* such cold unfeeling dreams,  
No rigid heartless stoic he—  
No lofty philosophic lore  
Hath led him to condemn mankind;  
And fured him vainly to explore  
The mazes of th' Eternal Mind;—  
And learn—what nature taught before—  
That God is wise, and mortals blind.  
The vaunting sophist, weak as proud,  
May turn disdainful from the crowd,

And smile in selfish scorn to see  
 Their blindness and their misery—  
 More gently *he* hath learnt to scan  
 The errors of his fellow-man;  
*His* tears were early taught to flow,  
 His heart to bleed for others' woe;  
 When not a sigh, or murmuring groan  
 Had spoke the pressure of his own.  
 And ask ye whence that ray of Heaven,  
 No high philosophy could teach—  
 No bard's enraptured visions reach—  
 That noble generous love was given?  
 O gaze upon his wasted cheek,  
 His pensive brow, and lowly mien;  
 These lineaments too well bespeak  
 The persecuted Nazarene.  
 And such he was! the tear that steals  
 Unmarked—his secret soul reveals;  
 He turns but from that idle shrine  
 To seek a Saviour more Divine;  
 And breathe the meek imploring prayer,  
 For those who kneel deluded there.  
 But know—though driven perchance to roam  
 Without a refuge or a home—  
 To meet the sneer of cold disdain—  
 To pine in peril or in pain—  
 To share the base marauder's doom—  
 Or sink unpitied and forgot,  
 And moulder in a nameless tomb—  
 Thrice blessed is the Christian's lot!  
 In darkest shame—in deadliest ill  
 Jehovah is his solace still;  
 And hope to cheer his path is given,  
 While peace and love—from mortals driven  
 —Await him in his destined heaven.  
 And seems it strange, when Time hath shed  
 A hundred winters o'er his head;  
 When from his eye the fire hath fled—  
 His limbs are weak and withered—  
 Why, bent with sorrows and with age,  
 He yet pursues his pilgrimage?  
 Ah! man is ever doomed to roam,  
 Till Peace, that flies a world unblest,  
 And rarely dwells in human breast,  
 Shall soothe him in his last long home.  
 On that pale cheek, and patient brow  
 Dejection deep is lowering now—  
 But say, what earthly fears controul,  
 What woes can wring a saintly soul?  
 'Tis not the frown of regal hate,  
 This hath he borne, and still could bear—  
 'Tis not the impending stroke of Fate;  
 A Christian knows no terrors there—  
 Though lone he seems—and desolate,  
 'Tis not despondence or despair—  
 Yes—guilt may stain our best estate—  
 But grief like his might angels share.  
 A work of mercy leads him on  
 To seek and save a wandering son;  
 We shall conclude with part of the  
 energetic address of the same personage,  
 at the close of this poem. It is  
 to be understood, that the outlaw has  
 already scaled his repentance, and re-

ceived, at the hands of the apostle, the  
 most precious of its earthly rewards,  
 in the shape of the heroine of the poem,  
 by name, Irene. St John speaks—

“ But what are earth's vain fleeting charms  
 To that bright blest eternity  
 Which waits—O favoured maid—for thee?  
 The very thought my bosom warms,  
 As when in rocky Patmos lone  
 I communed with the Holiest One,  
 And o'er my head dread thunders broke,  
 And thus the viewless seraph spoke—  
 ‘ Mortal! from earth awake! arise!  
 And view the secrets of the skies.’  
 Hearken, my children—and behold  
 The glories of the latter day;  
 When heaven its portals shall unfold,  
 And earth and skies shall pass away.  
 It is the Eternal Sire's decree,  
 That thus the final hour should be—  
 Pomp—glory—grandeur shall decay,  
 But his high word endure for aye.

One foot on earth, and one on sea,  
 A mighty Angel towers to heaven;  
 Before his glance the mountains flee;  
 Beneath his tread the depths are riven—  
 Wreathed radiant round his brows divine  
 The bright hues of the rainbow shine;  
 His aspect—like the broad red glare  
 Of the fierce sun's meridian ray,  
 Beams forth intolerable day—  
 The glory of the Lord is there.  
 Loud as the maddening lion's roar,  
 Or as the wild surge beats the shore,  
 He speaks—blue lightnings rend the sky,  
 And heaven in thunder gives reply.  
 Ne'er be those sounds, in mystery sealed,  
 To human ear on earth revealed.  
 And when that fearful sign was given,  
 He raised his dread right hand to heaven,  
 And thus the oath he swore—  
 ‘ Ye spacious skies, thou rooted earth,  
 By Him who called you into birth  
 Your destined date is o'er;  
 I swear by Him, whose sovereign sway,  
 The bright angelic hosts obey,  
 By Him who died, and lives for aye,  
 That time shall be no more.’  
 Farth trembled at the sound, but O  
 What shrieks of wailing and of woe,  
 What frantic yells of wild despair,  
 Tumultuous rend the troubled air:  
 In vain, the day of grace is o'er,  
 And love and pity plead no more.  
 Mark, where the rock-hewn cavern breaks,  
 And to his doom th' Oppressor wakes;  
 Mark, where the fear-struck Despot now  
 Dashes the diadem from his brow;  
 Beneath his foot the firm earth rends;  
 The heavens are darkening o'er him;  
 The Judge—the Sovereign Judge descends—  
 And who may stand before him?

LETTER OF ENSIGN AND ADJUTANT MORGAN ODOHERTY, INTRODUCTORY TO  
A FEW REMARKS ON THE PRESENT STATE OF IRELAND.

*Minerva Rooms, Cork, October 26th 1820.*

"MR NORTH,

"SIR, I wish to know what you meant by your observations with respect to me in your last month's Tete-a-tete with the public. I *parloined* you say, Sir, your register of your sale in Ireland, from Ambrose's. *Parloined!* By my word, my man, you presume not a little on your years, and rheumatism. Retract then this expression in your next, with all the rapidity of a race-horse, or you shall hear something more than you would perhaps find agreeable. If you wanted your accounts, you knew my address, and could have asked me for them in a letter, post paid, as you yourself say on your title-page.

"It is fact, indeed, that I took a handful of dirty papers off Ambrose's table, for purposes not worth mentioning, but I did not think them of any use; and it is lucky for you, that I have not worn the same breeches ever since, as they remained safe and forgotten in the bottom of one of the pockets, until your impertinent remark recalled them to my memory. Here then are your accounts for you, and, a great shine to be sure you can take out of them. They are well worth making such a fuss about. It is a great matter, indeed, you do in Ireland. Only fifteen hundred sold in the whole Island of Saints, from the Giants Causeway, to Capcclear, or as your correspondent Dowden has it,

"From Cork and Kerry, to Londonderry."

Look at the whole kingdom of Connaught, ignorant of your existence,—the bog of Allen disregarding you,—the great political party of the Caravats, a body as respectable in Ireland as the Whigs are in Scotland, decidedly inimical to you.—Mr Parnell of Maurice and Berghetta, the knock-me-down antagonist of the Quarterly, thinking of writing a pamphlet to discomfit you.—Charly Phillips, speaking to the men of Sligo, his *nutale solum*, against you,—and many more such weighty obstructions to your circulation, and vapour if you can. Here, I say, is what according to your account, I took from Ambrose's, *under my arm*. Matchless audacity! Under my arm!! Why Sir, I could have thrust them into a nut-shell, as easily as I could pack into the same compass the solid contents of any of Hazlitt's apologies for Hunt, or Reynolds' eulogiums on Keats.\* Yours as you deserve,

MORGAN ODOHERTY."

Such, gentle reader, is the letter we have just received from the standard-bearer; and we are sincerely sorry that we have said any thing, which he could possibly construe into an affront, and shall, (if we think of it,) cancel the obnoxious word in our next edition. Indeed, we are of opinion, that Morgan need not have been so angry, but we recollect his country and profession, to say nothing of his having probably been after his six months' tumbler. He has cooled off since, and we are on as good terms as ever, as appears by a very friendly letter of his, inclosing a most excellent article, since the date of this angry epistle. As for ourselves, we are not in the slightest degree discouraged by

the gloomy picture he draws of our Irish sale, for it is plain to see, it was written; (to use the phrase of him of the Emerald Isle,) under the potent and parallel pressure of punch and passion. We shall, therefore, say no more about the letter; but have to remark *en passant*, that our friend Odohertry's account of the preservation of our papers by the change of his breeches, is somewhat apocryphal, for we have ample reason to know, that as the wardrobe of the worthy adjutant boasts but one pair, he has not much opportunity of exhibiting a variety of other garments.

Enough of this. We shall now give a few details of the state of our Irish

\* The remaining part of Morgan's letter contained an insinuation about Professor Leslie's modesty; something about the possibility of cramming it into amazingly small dimensions; and a few bitter jibes about the North West passage article, but we cannot print such charges on so excellent an individual and hope sincerely Mr Barrow will be as merciful as ourselves.

circulation, and begin by confessing, that there is some foundation for what Morgan asserts about Connaught. The people of that ancient kingdom, are at much more civilized than the Scotsman, though they are not altogether deficient in knowledge on some valuable points. For instance, no country is superior to them in the science of punch-making, and in the liberal arts of smuggling and private stilling they may vie with the most polite nations, even those of Roscrea, Inishowen, or the West of Cork. A people with such fine capabilities cannot long remain immersed in Cimmerian gloom; they want but a stimulus to push them forward into the light; and our Magazine, gradually breaking in on them, is the very best adapted engine possible for the purpose. So convinced of this is the Belfast Society for discountenancing vice, that they have made application to us for liberty to reprint our Magazine on ballad paper, with the intention of diffusing it among the *profunum vulgus* of Western Ireland, to the entire demolition of the Shepherd of Salisbury plain, Parley the porter, the Two Wealthy farmers, the Hop Step and Leap in the Garden of Eden, and other such injurious compositions; and we are now actually negotiating the matter. When the affair is finally adjusted, a branch society will be established in Galway, to co-operate in this laudable undertaking, under the title of the Galway Association for promoting the interests of the human race, and Blackwood's Magazine. We are somewhat read in Rosecommon; Dick Martin is distributing us in those regions, impervious to the awful mandates of the law itself, yea, even in the depths of Connemara, among his rude, though ingenious vassals; and the influx of strangers into Ballinasloe, at the annual great wool-fair has made our name glorious in that district, where, indeed, Doctor French had already used his best influence to disseminate us. At the last fair it was truly edifying, to see every coach, car, chaise, jaunting car, and jingle, bringing up its complement of men, each with his Magazine in hand, and the effect it had on the untrammelled graziers was amazing. Instead of the usual hubbub about Merinos,

South Downs, Leicesters, Dexters, and other such wool-gathering terms, you could hear nothing, but dissertations on the contents of the last Number, and we are inclined to attribute the decay of the ribbon system in the county of Galway, to that circumstance. Even in Sligo we are on the rise, in spite of the oratorical opposition alluded to by Odohertry. Mr Alexander Bolton of the Sligo Journal, informed us, some time ago, that this Counsellor spoke against us in prose, and was not attended to,—that he spoke against us in verse, and was not attended to,—that he spoke against us, in that amphibious dialect, which is neither prose nor verse, the dialect of which he is the mighty master, and was not attended to. We think we heard this sentence somewhere before; but whether we did or not, we must only say that we wish Phillips well,—that we think he shewed pluck in his turn-up with the Edinburgh, some years ago, when it was in full wind, and the prime ruffian of the ring, and that we are sure, as soon as he gets a little sense, (and he is not much above forty,) he will be a friend to us after all.

Ulster, as every body knows, is so much allied to the land of Cakes, that we are naturally loved there with no common affection by all classes, except by some unfortunate Whig people, who sadly infest that fine province. In Londonderry, we are the diamond of the Diamond,\* or as Southey says, the "Gem of the gem, the living eye of fire." From Ship-gate to Bishop's-gate, we are devoured as eagerly as the rats and mice, and such small deer, were swallowed under the government of Evangelist Walker, in the siege of 1689. We suspect (on official matters we dare not speak decidedly) that the late visit of Sir Henry Torrens to his native city, was in some way connected with Ebony; but, dear public, do not on any account mention you had this piece of news from us. The archiepiscopal city of Armagh, (which we are truly sorry to see so respectable a geographer as the reverend J Goldsmith, instructing his brother barbarians of Cockney-land, to pronounce Armar,) patronizes us in a degree not to be sneezed at. The romantic promenades

\* A handsome square in Londonderry.

† In a geography, published for the sixty-first time says its title page, p. 166.

of Dobbin's walk, are to be heard melodiously resounding to the dulcet strains of *A*, while from the Black Bull, the Dog and Duck, the Coach and Horses, issue the soul-stirring lays of Odohertry, and Dr. Scott. At Belfast we are Lords of the ascendant. Dr Neilson cannot be too much commended, for introducing us as a regular text book into the institution, and the manifest improvement of that seminary, is no doubt attributable to us. We now hear of no radical toasts, no questionable sentiments coming from any one connected with that learned body, and who but we can claim the merit of this desirable alteration? In the town itself, as well as in the dependant region of Ballymacaret, we are the circulating medium of intellect. There is nearly as great a riot on the day of our appearance at the Nelson Club, as that which we have so graphically described in our last address to you, my public, as occurring on a similar occasion in the West country, i.e. Glasgow. How could it be otherwise, if Belfast be, (as that competent authority miladi Morgan asserts,) the Athens of Ireland? This claim, however, we candidly confess, we do not admit without considerable hesitation. George Falkener, we remember, was in the habit of maintaining that Attica was the Cork of Greece; an assertion he used to ground on the celebrity of Attic salt, which he shrewdly brought forward as a proof, that in the older time, the city of Minerva must have been as famous for curing provisions as in our day the goodly city of Saint Finbar. Honest Peter Paragraph's word is, on a literary question, as good as Glarvina's, if not better; for in his department, the outside of books, he was a much more accurately learned man, than she in hers, which lies on the inside; and we have heard a pretty smart controversy between a man of Belfast, and a Corcegian, on the superior validity of the decisions of these illiterate literati. In this it is not our intention to meddle, as we have good friends in both these rival flowers of the North and South.

Passing into Leinster, through Drogheda, where we are in passable repute, we come at once to the metro-

polis, where we are progressing dashingly under the superintendence of Hodges and M'Arthur. It would take us an amazing quantity of columns, to give even a sketch of all the circle's into which we make our way in the city of Dublin. The castle,—the university,—the royal Irish Academy,—the Dublin Society,—the bar,—in short, every aggregation of decent or learned men are rapturous in our applause. We never should be able to get through the proofs of attachment showered on us by these good people, with Irish profusion. A distinguished person, (it would not be delicate to mention names,) lately invited us to spend a month in a certain great house, offering at the same time, in the handsomest manner, to confer on us the honour of knighthood. We confess our vanity was not a little tickled at first with this offer; and we spent some minutes in scribbling on a dozen of visiting cards, the name of Sir Christopher North, just to see how it would look; but good sense soon resumed its wonted sway. We are too old, we think, to pick up new titles; and the recollection of Sir T. C. Morgan,\* Sir Arthur Clarke, knight of the Baths, † Sir Denis O'Neil, ‡ and some others, flashing before our eyes, quite put an end to the project. We, of course, declined it with all the politeness of a Louis Quatorze.

We, however, are seriously thinking of taking the diploma of L.L.D. offered us by Trinity. Southey has turned Doctor, and why should not we? Besides Johnson, another great periodical writer got this degree from the Irish University. We are there in high repute—fellows, scholars, sophisters, and freshmen, men of standing and gibbs are all stewing at us. In the courts you meet us—in Botany Bay we stare you in the face—at commons the clattering of the knives cannot drown our name—in the park you find us under every tree—even in the seats of the muses we are not unknown. We appear under the scarlet of the Doctors—the sheepskins of the bachelors, the gold-bedizened gowns of the *illi nobilium*—the tasselled velvet of the fellow-commoners—the bombazine of the pensioners—and the coarse stuff

\* A surgeon knighted by a Lord Lieutenant.

† An apothecary knighted by a Lord Lieutenant.

‡ A piper knighted by a Lord Lieutenant, (the Duke of Rutland.)

of the sizars. Just to show the estimation we are held in, we shall merely quote an extract of a letter from a professor of that university, respecting a late fellowship examination.

“As I predicted, the fellowship was decided by a knowledge of your learned work. The successful man missed a little in other branches, but he was facile princeps in Blackwood. \* \* \* The last question was ‘quis est homo qui stravit penitus Revieweros Edinenses?’ One answered, *Dux Wellingtonus in pugna Waterlooensi. Bene sane*, said the examiner, sed indirectè tantum. *Quis eos cominus prostravit? Tu autem Domine?*—addressing the second,—who said, *Nathaniel Gulielmus Wraxallus, Baronettus*, an answer which excited much merriment. The third was as unfortunate, in attributing it to *Thomas Morus poeta, apud vicum vulgo dictum Chalk Farm cum pistolibus suis*, on which a titter was heard among the fire-eaters; Brian Macguire, in fact, burst into a horse-laugh, and whispered something about flash in the pan. But when it came to the successful candidate, he confidently and sonorously sang out, ‘*Christophorus Northus, Arranger*,’ which was decisive. It required all the sternness of academical discipline to hinder the audience from bursting into a shout of applause at the truth and acumen of this answer.” \* \* \*

After this, we need not say any thing farther on this head. We must, however, before we part with T. C. D. return our thanks to our worthy correspondents, Dr Barrett and Mr Hincks, for their valued papers, and the amazing good-humour with which they saw themselves in print. Hincks, indeed, has left college, but he is doing his best for us in Ardtrea, and spreading our fame among the Bestians of Donegal. Time only can tell whether the new provost (Dr Kyle) will favour us as pointedly as the late one; but as he is a learned and loyal gentleman, we are inclined to think he will. Just, en passant, we may drop him a hint. We perceive some of the Irish papers bothering him to restore the historical society, suppressed by his predecessor; and we, on the contrary, recommend him to let it remain, as it is, among the things that are not. It was rather a queer appendage to a grave university. We are not now going to speak of the constant danger of its members, (in general very young men, of no experience, and warm passions,) launching into forbidden and discreditable regions of politics, or of its continual tendency to

wage war with boyish petulancy, against the superiors and the discipline of the university; though, were we in the mood, we might easily enlarge on those points. Our chief quarrel with it is, that to it may be clearly traced the origin of that horrible perversion of language which has become so characteristic of Ireland, as to be distinguished by the name of Irish Oratory. The mighty corrupters of human speech, who are the great lights of that school of eloquence, (there is no need of mentioning names,) were all trained to their hostility to common sense, and the English tongue, in the historical society—and the malady was daily becoming more contagious among its members. In this point of view, we think its suppression has been of incalculable benefit to the rising speakers of Ireland; and we hope, that no clamour will induce the new provost to restore this depot of tattered trope, and murdered metaphor, (to speak in the style of the society,) although he might obtain a little transient popularity by so doing. We know we are speaking against ourselves, for it is pretty generally understood, in the best informed circles of the college, that one of the first acts of the historicals, on their revival, would be to establish a medal, to be annually bestowed on him who would pronounce the most eloquent oration in our praise; but, in spite of this *douceur*, we must give our vote against awaking the slumbers of the society.

In the four courts, it has been remarked, that if the green-bags of the young lawyers could be scrutinized by the searching eye of a secret committee, it would be discovered, that even the fullest of them owed no small portion of its plumpness to the circumstances of containing one of our numbers; and, that it forms the entire suppellex of no small proportion. We are quoted continually in the speeches of counsel; and, it has been insinuated, (irreverently perhaps,) that we are occasionally to be found lurking on the bench. Apropos of that, Lord Norbury has said not a bad thing about us last week. A gentleman, whose name we forget, was abusing, in good set terms, that worthy individual, the *Feu Lord Maire de Londres*, in Lord Norbury's presence. Wood, my Lord, says he, is a man of dark and dangerous designs;—*Hic niger est*, as Ho-



race would say—*very black* man indeed, my Lord; and yet he is a mere block-head, an ass. *All your charges*, replied his Lordship, cannot be true; if he be, as you say, a *Black-Wood*, so far from being an ass, he must be a prime wit. Of course, we have heard better things, but it is a very fair average pun, and quite superior to the run of those you hear in the late farces, always excepting those of our good friend Theodore Hook.

We beg leave to assure Sir Richard Phillips, that there is such a county, in Ireland, as Wicklow, although that worthy knight thought proper to inform the Quarterly Reviewer of Maurice and Berghetta, that no such shire existed; and we can still farther assure his knighthood, that it is one of the most beautiful and romantic regions in the world. As the natives are no great clerks, we do not disseminate freely among them; but no party, bent on exploring the beauties of this lovely county, is considered as perfect, unless among the delicious stores of hams, neat tongues, spiced beef, cold turkeys, and other such amiable solids—and the no less to be extolled hampers of liquids sweet, from laughing champagne down to the honest extract of malt—a supply of our Magazine be not safely stowed away. We are thus read through the woods of the Dargle, along the lands of Tinnehinch, under Lord Powerscourt's lordly waterfall, in the glen of the Downs, and all up the much sung vale of Ovoca. The custom is to appoint a reader of the Magazine, while the rest of the party amuse themselves in demolishing the vittell and drink, thereby gratifying, at the same time, body and mind. It is a pleasant sort of a plan, though we own we cannot help feeling some bowels of compassion for the reader. Odoherly assures us that he had frequently volunteered that office; but verily, as the newspapers say, this report wants confirmation.

At Maynooth we are not read, which is strange, particularly, as at another Roman Catholic college, that of Carlow, we sell nearly a hundred copies. There must be something rotten in the state of Maynooth, and we request Lord Fingal to look into it without delay.

We must be brief with the rest of Leinster. In Tullamore, the capital city of the Bog of Allen, we are popular, notwithstanding the dissent of the

Adjutant. In Burr we are as well known as the Duke of Cumberland's pillar, on which, by the way, we have a pretty poem by a native of the banks of the Brosna, which may hereafter see the light. We have a brisk sale in Kilkenny—so much so, indeed, that to the old boast of that elegant city, viz. that they have fire without smoke, water without mud, sky without fog, and streets paved with marble, they have added as a proud distinction, and a population universally reading Blackwood. As we have mentioned Kilkenny, we must request Mr John Pinkerton to be so kind as to give this city a place in the next edition of his Map of Ireland: we know his having omitted it has given just offence on the spot; and we remember reading a pithy letter on the subject, in the Literary Gazette, by a native.

In the jolly province of Munster—which, after all, is the stronghold of genuine Irishism,—we have many friendly spots, but we must pass them over currente calamo. In Limerick, Alderman Watson writes us that we are doing pretty well, both in the old city, and in the more flashy brick-buildings of Newtown Pery. The only point on which the corporators and anticorporators agree, is admiration of our Miscellany, a circumstance not a little flattering to us. Through Tipperary we range tolerably well, though, we confess, not in the barony of Middlethird, where the inhabitants have taken it (we know not why) into their heads, that we have been mainly instrumental in occasioning the present depressed rate of potatoes. We request some of our friends in that quarter, Lord Donoughmore for instance, to relieve us from this odious and unjust suspicion. John Bull of Waterford—(what a magnificently sounding name that is! how applicable, either to an Englishman or an Irishman!) John Bull of Waterford gives us a good account of that city. The Waterford merchants, he says, who were formerly proverbial for being very busy doing nothing, are all now very busy reading *Maga*.

The Kingdom of Kerry is the seat of literature; the very peasants, like those of Hungary and Poland, being able to address you in Latin. You may be sure then, that we are peculiar favourites. All over the country, from Listowel, as you go through the classical city of Tralee, and thence to

the lakes of Killarney, we spread like wild fire. Down even to distant Necton, following the course of the Kenmare—the deep embayed Mayne, as Spenser calls it—our name is held in honour. Dingle rejoices in us—and some copies have even made their way into the *leonum arida natrix*—Iveragh—the birth-place of the great Daniel O'Connell. Through the negligence of the bibliopoles in Kerry, we are generally a month late in the kingdom; and the natives are laughing at the jokes of October, while they, in more favoured lands, are rejoicing over those of November. It really, sometimes, is a great inconvenience to be born a degree or two of longitude out of the way. But when we *do* arrive, the face of the country seems gladdened; it is a kind of holiday.

Beal fires for our jubilee,

Upon a hundred mountains glow.

As they are a learned people, our learned articles tickle them the most. A credible gentleman assured us, that he was at a party a short time ago in Castle-Island, where one of the company being called on for a song, gave the Latin translation of Chevy Chase, which enriched a couple of our late numbers, beginning with "*Persæus ex Northumbria*," and never pulled bridle till he came to the last line, "*Sit nobis finis bona*," to the great delight of the company. We are not over popular at Killarney; for the guides, &c. of that place find that when one of our numbers is in a boat, the visitors can hardly take an eye off it; Upper and Lower Lake, Mucross, and all the other lions of the place, being quite unheeded. We are not to blame for this: we can assure the Lake School of Cicero, that were we to see any one attending so exclusively even to ourselves among such scenes, we should certainly, addressing him in the words of the head of another kind of Lake School, exclaim,

Up, up, my friend, and quit your book; though, to be sure, there would be no need, we flatter ourselves, of bidding him (as in the poem we quote) *to clear his looks*, after the perusal of our heart-enlivening lucubrations.

In Cork—but what shall we say of Cork, except to confess our obligations to it for giving us some of the best contributors we have? There is no need of mentioning the names of Dowden, Jennings, Holt, Fogarty, and

many more too long for enumeration, who are all from that great metropolis of beef and butter; they are already consecrated to fame. They have made us amazingly popular in that city; so that we are almost the only book now read by the Corcegiens. Like their own salmon, we never go out of season there. What the Chaldee was to Scotland, the Luctus over Sir D. Donnelly was to Ireland, and particularly to Cork. It was like Aaron's sceptre—it swallowed up all other topics of conversation. Go where you would, from the red forge to Deuroche's cross, you would see the population merry or mournful, according as the jocose or pathetic mood prevailed over Number XXXVIII. A sudden flood of criticism seemed to have burst on Cork, as rapidly as a swell in the Lee. We have read much more stupid papers in the Edinburgh than were then spoken in that city in common conversation. With a natural partiality, they preferred Dowden to Lord Byron, and Jennings to Wordsworth; and though we do not quite agree with them, we own that much may be said on both sides. At the philosophicals there, it is needless to say we are adored;—as a proof of it, we shall just mention, that the customary fines for absence are always remitted if the absentee can show that he was detained by the unavoidable business of reading Blackwood. Their institution delights in us; at their library we are devoured; in the Minerva rooms, which, by the way, we can recommend as an admirable establishment, Higginson is fatigued to death in answering demands for us; and on the day of our arrival, the impatient subscribers press round Bolster's shop,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the  
brooks

In Vallombrosa.

There is a certain learned Glasgow gentleman, (we rather think he is a provision-merchant; but in this we speak with hesitation, for we would fain avoid saying any thing but what is quite right), who, a few weeks ago, visited "the beautiful city," and was so impertinent, to say the least of it, as to abuse us in the hearing of certain of our friends the inhabitants. We hereby give that profound butter-dealer a word of friendly caution—to keep a tight rein on his tongue in future, more particularly in quarters

such as this. Little do these fellows know the extent of our means of information: they had better keep an eye to themselves. Like the Baron of Bradwardine, we are cautious; but, nevertheless, "beware the bear" is an old motto and a good.

As for the towns about the county, we do as much as could be expected. Mr Fogarty has spread us in Blarney; but he has paid us there a compliment which we do not approve. He has tied one of our volumes on the famous Blarney stone, and pilgrims now kiss that volume instead of their ancient Caaba. We do not like this, we say; for it is notorious, that the Blarney stone is sacred to humbugging—a practice which we detest; and we beg our worthy correspondent to remove it *quam primum*. The Scots Greys, a superb regiment, as Buonaparte justly called them, introduce us wherever they are quartered—a circumstance to which we owe many thanks, in particular to the gallant and friendly Lieutenant, who has cheered the darkness of Bandon, by bringing us in among the worthy devourers of bacon who inhabit that ancient borough. And, to conclude our long, yet very imperfect tour through Ireland, by stopping at its *Ultima Thule*, we shall only observe, that one copy finds its way to the island of Cape Clear, where it is read every Sunday after mass, at the chapel door, by the priest who rules the islanders. He is the only man in his wave-beaten dominion who can read, and he translates any difficult passage into most admirable Irish. Such a man is an invaluable acquisition to the capers.

After all, however, it may be doubted, whether justice has as yet been done to us in the kingdom of Ireland. The only comfort we have is, that if full justice is denied to us—it is granted to every body else. We are not read so much as we deserve to be—but no other periodical work is read at all. The Irish people do not approve of Mr S. 's long elaborate articles, about conquering generals and parish churches; and they are of opinion, that whatever Ugo Foscolo's merits may be as an Italian poet, he is one of the clumsiest reviewers that ever tried the trade—more particularly when he sets about overlaying with learning a volume of airy grace and classical wit, such as Mr Frere's imitable Giants, and Mr Rose's as imitable Beasts. They do not make

due allowance, (indeed, it could scarcely be expected of them), for the disadvantages attending the process of translation, and in short, vote the whole concern a bore. Notwithstanding the immense merit of innumerable articles, therefore, it may be said, almost without a figure, that the Quarterly has never made good its quarters in that country. Miss Edgeworth indeed asserts, in her life of the Old Gentleman, that "the Edinburgh and Quarterly Review, and Blackwood's Magazine, may now be seen on the tables of the superior farm-houses"—but we suspect this is a flattering picture, and that here, as in many other passages in that work, it may be enough to believe *one third* of the statement. The invention however, if such it be, leans to virtue's side, and is besides, more indicative of genius, than any to which claim has been laid by the defunct Pentagami.

There are many circumstances which forbid us to hope, that we can at any period become the favourite work of all men of all parties in our own Island; particularly, the physical bulk of the Whig party, which is a sore stumbling block and obstacle to us in many quarters—and we have never denied it to be so. But, in Ireland, there are positively no Whigs—so few at least, that they are in no way worth mentioning. There the great division of mankind is into Protestants and Catholics, for both of which parties we have the utmost respect, and whom we hope in good time to see reconciled to each other, and living (*SAIVA TAMEN ECCLESIA ANGLICANA*), in all things, without heart-burning and bad blood. The only effectual means of serving Ireland, is the promotion of knowledge—the spreading of education—the diffusion of light; for we are well aware, that the animosities which have been kept alive among the people of Ireland, have been nursed and cherished only for the filthy purposes of a few interested demagogues; and that nothing but a little more education is necessary, to enable the whole of that generous people to see through their tricks. And, as it is, what a refreshing contrast does the state of Ireland at this moment present, to that of so many turbulent intemperate districts in England—London itself included! England has been disgraced by a Matthew Wood—and Scotland by a Joseph

Hume; but Ireland has sent forth no designing cit nor meddling surgeon, to create or inflame the wounds of popular discontent. London and Montrose are in the paws of the Radicals, but the cities of Ireland are all in the hands of staunch and true men. It is sufficient praise of itself, to say, that at this moment, the favourite public men with the people of Ireland are, Mr Charles Grant, Mr Peel, and Mr Plunkett—

“ Good men she hath in honour :—better none !”

There needs no wizard's eye to see what a share of the power of Britain must long continue to be in the hands of Irishmen, and men intimately acquainted with the spirit of Ireland; and we think as little, to foresee, that ere long, the exertions of such men as Grant and Peel, for her good, must be crowned with that success which is always deserved, and almost always achieved, when virtue and genius are combined in strenuous co-operation.

But to return to ourselves—we may safely say, that we are the ONLY IRISH MAGAZINE. In Ireland itself,

no periodical of the smallest pluck has ever been published. The Dublin is a contemptible abortion; the Belfast is dead: a few were tried in other towns, Cork for instance, but they were all miserable things, and never did one of them take firm root in the soil of the potato. As for the English periodical works—not one of them, on any side, knows any thing at all about Ireland. Their praise and their blame are equally decisive of their ignorance: whereas, we, we flatter ourselves, have shewn in this very paper such an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of that island, as may justly astonish any born Irishman, from Donaghadee to Balleydonaghan; or, if he would rather have it so, from Carnsore Point, to Bloodyfarland. And yet, this is a part of our career, on which we can as yet scarcely be said to have even entered. Let those that wish to know what's what, keep a good eye to our Irish articles the next twelvemonths. We promise them they shall not look in vain.

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#### SKETCHES OF VILLAGE CHARACTER.

##### No II.

##### *The Village Schoolmaster.*

A STRIPPLING tyrant of unyielding look—  
Unskill'd in manners—learned by the book,  
Just 'scaped the chastisement he now bestows,  
Armed in the terrors of unceasing blows—  
Here stalks the Village “ Master ”—in his school,  
Holding o'er murmuring Wights his rigid rule.

A silken handkerchief around his neck—  
Arrests attention, and commands respect—  
Adown his breast in flowing grace, it spreads,  
And vast importance o'er his presence sheds;  
A ruffled shirt—his luxury and pride  
Demands the unbuttoned waistcoat, opened wide—  
With broad-round brim, like spreading wing of hat,  
Extends his vast circumference of hat.

With air important, solemn, and devout,  
The “ Chair of Majesty ” is wheeled about;  
Its nicely balanced back a prop supplies  
To folded arms, and Heaven-directed eyes—  
“ The Prayer,” in whispers, quickly circles round,  
And silence strives to lord it over sound;  
With half-averted look, and manner sly,  
With scarcely moving lip, and watchful eye,  
Each knowing Urchin, through the crowded school,  
Commits his question—cons his grammar rule,  
Or, wisely provident of future need,  
“ Explaining lessons ”—*now essays to read:*  
This prelude o'er, a solemn pause ensues,  
As each, with darkened face, his fellow views—

Till dire suspense, to certainty gives way,  
 And up the Urchins march, their tasks to say,  
 Around the chair, the "Armed chair" of state,  
 With open books, they tremblingly await,  
 The circle widened by the master's wand,  
 On one unhappy wight, he lays his hand,  
 Who destined to *begin*—with beating heart,  
 And tear—confounded eye, essays his part.

"Well—well—and well, sir! make a little haste,  
 Look, blockhead—read; the *noun* is there misplaced;  
 But where's the *verb*, and where the *adverb*—next,  
 Was ever loggerhead so much perplexed!  
 Now into *order* put the words at once—  
 The vocative stands foremost still, you *dunce*;  
 Nay, this is past endurance, bare your *breech*,  
 And I'll instruct you in the parts of speech."

And now the "*Taws*," sad prelude of mishap,  
 Rudely alight in reckless "Mary's" lap;  
 A while she eyes the messenger of fate,  
 Then, with unfeigned reluctance, leaves her seat;  
 Around her neck, the hated badge she bears,  
 And takes her woeful pilgrimage with tears.

Poor luckless Mary! thou didst only look,  
 One little thoughtless moment off thy book,  
 Thy *Brother's* breech might warmly plead thy cause,  
 That breech which smarted sore beneath the *Taws*,  
 Thy brother's tears, and anguish-speaking moan,  
 That momentary "glance" might well atone,  
 But thou art doomed a Tyrant's rage to crave;  
 Thy youth, thy sex, thy beauty, cannot save:  
 Then *Nature* be thy friend, and let him know,  
 How many "*fountains* spring" at every blow.

#### *The Village Wedding.*

FROM house to house, with nicely papered hair,  
 Why roams each busy and ecstatic pair?  
 And why these marks of some unusual feat,  
 That hum, and bustle, through the village street?  
 Why walks the Dame in nicely-platted Toy,  
 And why, in Sunday doublet, struts the boy?  
 Why dresses Tibby, in her best attire,  
 Whilst gaping gigglement surrounds the fire?  
 His dusty visage why does labour clear,  
 And sports the evening in his newest gear?  
 A "Village Wedding," by the setting sun,  
 Already is the merriment begun;  
 Blind Davie Daw has plucked the sounding string,  
 Attuned his fiddle, and away they spring.  
 For "*Dainty Davy*," *here* the cummers cry,  
 With "*Jenny Nettles*," *there* the lads reply;  
 They set, they flap, they loudly beat the ground,  
 With closing arms, they wheel each other round,  
 The maddening music gains upon their feet,  
 So with their hands, a symphony they beat.  
 More rapture still in every reel appears,  
 They almost seem suspended by the ears,

So high they leap—so knowingly they spring,  
 With so much suppleness and breadth of fling,  
 That skinless heels and trodden toes ensue,  
 And Jamie swears, his shins are black and blue,  
 While haverel Jean her hanging stockings ties,  
 And to the dance with maddening fury flies.

Thy scraping slack, thy bow in mercy draw,  
 Have pity on the "Lassies,"—Davie Daw.  
 How swell these sides beneath the tightened dress,  
 How pants the Miller's blooming daughter Bess,  
 Fat Tibby's cheeks are blown into a flame—  
 If ought befall the Lassies, thou'rt to blame.  
 And now on Lover's knees, the Cummers sit,  
 Scorning their partners—with provoking wit  
 Backwards their heads in jeering mood they throw—  
 And what the fools are after, beg to know,  
 They flounce, they giggle, and their necks they twist,  
 And spite of all their flummery are kissed.—  
 The cheering punch goes round in caps and jugs,  
 And freely in the drink they lay their lugs.  
 'Tis tongue, and tug, and mimic flight, and squall,  
 And love, and heat, and palpitation all!

Apart upon a broader board 'tis fit  
 The wiser *few* in conversation sit—  
 Here gaucy Wives with aprons new are seen,  
 Commixed with "would-be Women," of thirteen!  
 And aged cronies bent upon their tale,  
 Fill up each pause with lengthened draughts of ale.

Again the youngsters fill the floor at once,  
 Arranged and partnered for a "Country Dance;"  
 Some "Fat Gudewife" of more than forty years,  
 Dragged to the top, to lead the dance appears—  
 In vain she struggles, scolds, protests, and tries,  
 To gain the leave, her Partner still denies  
 The "Soldiers Joy," one clamourously demands,—  
 They wheel, they caper, and they cross their hands,  
 All tongues are busy, every limb employed,  
 All time, all order, and all rule destroyed,  
 This way and that, like troubled ocean tossed,  
 All figure, plan, consistency, are lost—  
 Thus fared it *once*, ere *order* kept a school,  
 Whilst Nature lumbered in chaotic pool;  
 And struggling atoms through the dark expanse,  
 From dateless ages kept their "Country Dance."—

Now kissing seems no more of stealth but law,  
 And squeaking lassies nestle in the "straw."  
 Along the dale and up the mountain side,  
 Of noise and merriment, there drifts a tide,  
 And name to name returns, and shout to shout,  
 As onward swells the glee, and revel rout,  
 More distant still the circling echoes come,  
 As each his several way diverges "home."

Poor hapless Tibby much the Muse bewails,  
 The glee that softens and the night that veils,  
 The lying, coaxing, treacherous jeers that win,  
 Thy all of future life to woe—and sin!  
 Unhallowed Boyhood, raw, blood driven and blind  
 To all of rational that marks thy kind,  
 Oh, pause, and shiver through each boiling vein!  
 The risk contemplate—estimate the gain,—  
 Thy bark, once stranded on *that* fatal shore,  
 Thou ne'er mayst spread the swelling canvass more.

In vain we preach, in vain the truth apply,  
 With manner warm, and vice-confounding eye—  
 In vain we pour the sacramental wine,  
 And proffer to the soul the draught divine.  
 In vain the sigh, the humbled soul that speaks,  
 The drops fast coursing o'er the sinner's cheeks,  
 The fervours that exalt, the thoughts that pant,

The all that speaks the "young Communicant."  
 One "Wedding Night," with all its tipsy fun,  
 And each truth-hallowed sentiment is gone.  
 Effaced and banished every pious thought,  
 And every good resolve reduced to *nought*.  
 We need no "*Trials*"\* to corrupt the land—  
 No Surgeon candidate † for place to stand—  
 Our "penny weddings" do the thing as well,  
 And book full *many* a candidate for hell.

*Archy Tait—the Village Chronicle.*

'TWERE endless task, in numbers to relate  
 The ceaseless wanderings of old "Archy Tait"—  
 His lonesome travels thro' the trackless moss—  
 His hair-breadth accidents-adventures cross—  
 His stories frightful, meaningless, and odd—  
 Of ghostly visions on his mighty road—  
 Of voices bursting from the darksome glen—  
 "Of tumbling anemics," and of headless men—  
 Of sheeted ghosts, and death-foreboding specks  
 Of spreading lights on horse's ears and necks—  
 Of nightly rap—cluding sick man's ear—  
 But shaking every limb of nurse to hear—  
 †† Of coffins hammered at the noon of night—  
 Warning of morning job the quaking wright—  
 Of wraiths that take our form, to let us know  
 What hours of future life the fates bestow—  
 Of fires that cross the doubtful travellers' way,  
 And blaze, to lead his homeward steps *astray*—  
 And he would speak of elves, all clad in green,  
 On fairy knowe, or green-sward valley seen,  
 Their airy march has passed him on the lea—  
 The gingling steed, the peal of jollity.

Of changling Imp—he spoke, no care could rear,  
 Which backward seemed to *orp*, from year to year.  
 From morn to night some hellish trick that planned,  
 And from a nine years cradle cursed and banned—  
 Which trail'd its toad-like form around the fire,  
 Or crawled on knees and elbows through the mire,  
 At even-tide upset the milk-maid's pail—  
 Tied up the littered cattle, tail to tail—  
 Then held its sides, and yelled, to hear the roar,  
 And see the rushing milk-maid tumble o'er.  
 And he has heard the wizzard Curlers ply  
 Their gleesome game beneath a wintry sky,  
 As up the nightly Rink, the viewless stone,  
 With *sweep*, and *shout*, and *booming speed*, has gone.

Of "Brownie," he could tell, his hairy strength  
 Across the midnight hearth-stone laid at length—  
 The corn he threshed—the various work he did—  
 The peats he hurled at lazy varlet's head—  
 His hatred of deceit—the means he chose  
 To punish her who tasted "*Brownie's brose*."

Oh, I have sat from eve to early morn,  
 On Archy's endless stream of "*stories*" borne—  
 Eyed every movement—listened every sound—  
 Called into forms of *meaning* shapes around—  
 Yet, still intent to learn each tale of dread,  
 Tho' deepening o'er my cheek the *safron* spread—

\* Writte during the trial of the Queen.

† Written note for Montrose.

The fading ingle urged into a blaze,  
From every rafter seen a *Terror* gaze;  
The bounding line of light and darkness scanned,  
And sudden flight 'gainst sudden danger planned.

Rest to thy spirit "*Archy*"—peaceful rest—  
Amidst thy fellow-spirits of the blessed—  
And ne'er may'st thou, with ghostly visage come,  
Around this earth, in "*spectre* guise," to roam—  
With thy unearthly presence, to affright  
Some future wandering "*Archy*" of the night.  
JUVENALIS JUNIOR.

#### NOTES TO ARCHY TAIT.

As these stories of our forefathers, are now gradually dying away, and in a few years will in all probability entirely vanish from the creed of our peasantry, it may be as amusing, to those who consider the study of the human mind under any peculiarity of impression, as interesting, to be put in possession of a specimen of those superstitious legends, with which the memory, or rather the imagination of many an Archy, about forty years ago, was stored.—

##### "His lonesome travels through the trackless moss."

"I was daundering," said Archy, "ae misty morning, just atween day and the sun, thro' Gilchristland moss, and ay as I, gaed on, the moss seemed to spin round, and stuck to grow out o' the heather knowes before me. At last, I threw mysel down, just in a fit o' desperation, belly-flaught, on a dry tuft of ling, when—Guid shall be my witness—a pot o' fine yellow goud guineas lay peeping through the tod-tails, straught under my nose. The foul Thief, thinks I, has een a plot upon aul' Archy, but he'll cheat him, if he can; so down goes my guid aik stick into the saft peat flow, and off I sets for hame as fast as my feet could carry me. But rest I could na, and rest I did na, till, with the aul clasped Bible in my hand, I wized away west, to see what was become of the stalf and the poze, I had left behind me,—and just as I set my nose o'er the Hird knowe, a wee aboon *Deansgutt*, ye ken, and was beginning to clear my een frae the dew draps, for it was a *dawky* morning—what was to be seen d'ye think, no my single kent sticking in the mud whar I left it, but a hale regiment o' guid aik cudgels, every ane o' them as like my ane, as ae choup is like to anither. I trow I did na let ony grass grow to my heels till I was fairly housed and seated on the bink ayont the fire—and frae that day to this, my guid aik clecky has never been mair heard tell o'."

##### "His hair-breadth accidents, adventure cross."

When I was a halfpint Laddie, hirling the Guidman o' Auchincarns stirks, (Archy loquiter et loquatur.) I mind it just as well as if it war nae farer gaen than yestreen—me and ane o' the Servan-lasses—and a bonny bit fodge! red cheekit Gawky it was—used to milk the kye, like, every night regularly, about eight o'clock—weel, as I am telling ye, I was just puing away a calf, that was a wee thing countermaucious, and I'll no deny it, for I was a wee haibikit mysel in these days, gieing Jenny a bit *poons* in the bye gaun, no thinking o' ony ill eitherin Guid shall be my protection; as I thought I heard a queer un-earthly greet coming down the *shank*, and wizing ay nearer, and nearer to the byre door. Od'd I thought I should have swarfed wi' down right fear, and Jenny, silly thing, was neither to bin' nor to haud, but out o' a' reason, rinnin up and down the groupe, like a creature clean dementit. The very Kye shook at the stake, and the bits o' calfs, poor ells, war like to rout *their end*: weel close to the door cheek to be certain, it comes—and sic an' a fearful skerling as it set up, as gin it had been an aul body a' pued to pieces wi' pincers. There was no way o' escape, but by the byre door, whar the awesome creature was standing centry, an' the wee bit can'te doup was nearly burn't out, Jenny had lost a' reason, and had taken to the twenty-third psalm, an' I had said the Lord's prayer twice o'er without ony effect. There was nae time to be lost, for the very rafters aboon our heads war dirlin wi' the skirl, sae down I pu's Jenny's Kirk Bible, that, as Providence had ordered it, was lying on the byre wa' head, the guid places war a' marked wi' rose leaves, which Jenny used whiles to smell at—let nae servan' lass ever be without a Bible—and bethinking mysel' o' the power o' the word, in the guid aul times—an' saining mysel' some twa score o' times o'er wi' the open word turned towards the door, out I flew, like an' arrow out of a bow, an' out came "avoid ye Satan," in the very teeth o' the enemy. But I trow weel, frae that day to this, we never heard mair o' the "*greeting Boggle*."

##### "Of ghostly visions on his mighty road."

Let naeboddy ever try to play tricks wi' the foul thief, for he's ay sure, ae way or ither, to get the better o' them at last. It was a tempting o' Providence, and a provoking o' Satan, but what wad ye ha'e o' a young foolish laddie, ~~the~~ *the* ~~two~~ *an'* ~~thirty~~ at the time? I kent fu' weel that Will o' Drees-art-land wad be coming thro' the town-clough, after



supper-time, just to visit his Joe like; sae naething wad sair me, but I wad gie him a fright, and dressing mysel' in a bottomless sack, and rubbing my hands and face against the sides of the muckle broth pot, off I sets for the gray stane anist the town-clough. Weel, it was a clear moon-light night, but yet I canna say but I felt a wee *ecerie*.—I was but half-lins satisfied wi' my errand—down, howsomever, I claps upon the *apron o' the grey-stane*, and keeps my e'e ay wast o'er, on the look-out for Willy—but whenever I thought I saw him coming, it turned out to be either a heather-cow or a rash-bush. I had glowered till my very e'e strings war' crampit—and was just casting a look about me in a careless way, when plump upon the grimmed face and sheeted body of a brother ghost, closely seated by my elbow, my e'en cam' down. It sat a wee still, an' spak' nae—I thought the grey whin was gaun frae below me—it shook like a wabron-leaf—I had nae power either to speak or to move; it was just like a night-mare. At length, as if to relieve me from the awfu' horrors of silence, and to claim a kind o' friendly connection (the Lord be wi' us!) wi' poor Archy, it whispered in my ear these words, which I canna forget:

“Ye're come to fley, and a'm come to fley;

“We'll sit the-*giddy*, we'll sit the-*giddy*.”

They may sit here that likes their company, thinks I, (for by this time I had comie a wee to mysel') but I'll sit nae langer than I can help—sae, flinging aff the aul' sack, and putting my soul and body into the keeping o' the *Most Hie*, I was o'er the muir ere ever ye could have said “Jack Robison.” Next day the sack was found on the spot, a' torn to pieces—“the Lord be wi' us!”

“Of voices bursting from the darksome glen.”

It was rather late on a har'st night, as I was coming hame frae Croalchapel, up by the Nether Pothouse, and just snooving awa' along the woods o' Loch-dunton, whar the aul' Pyot bigs her nest—ye ken, a wee aboon the black charcoal pit—and there was neither moon nor stars—naething but a flaught o' fire every now and then, to keep the road by—when, just at the root o' the pyet-tree, and no a stane-cast frae whar I stood, I hears an awesome groaning, and sighing, and maening, as if some puir frail body had been gasping its last. Help, poor fallow, after snouking a wee about the roots o' the hazel bushes, comes back to me yowling, wi' his tail atween his feet—an' out frae amang nine nae power on earth could stir him. Yea, yea, thinks I, the aul' boy has e'en taen up his quarters in a charcoal pit the night, an' its no for nought that the glaed whistles—but, thro' the strength o' Guid, I'll set him at defiance. Sae up I gaes, firm and fearless, till I sees the figure of an aul' man in a Kilmarnock night-cap, wi' a grey-looking doublet rocking an' rowing back and forit, to and fro, under the scoug o' a hazel bush. “Ye're unco sair forfouchen, man,” says I—(for its safer ay to hae the first word o' ought ill)—“what's the matter wi' ye? that's no a guid bed for a sick body, in the *how-dumb-dead* o' a caul' har'st night.” It took nae mair notice o' me than gin I had been the aul' Pyot *jarking*. “A weel,” says I, “I sall neither mak' nor meddle wi' ye mair, but leave ye to the care o' him wha taks tent o' deil as weel as body.” I had na weel said the word, whan I thought I was dung blin' wi' a splutter o' fire, an' up the Pothouse-linn gaed the most awfu' *yelloch* I ever heard afore or sinsyne. They're a' weel keepit that God keeps, my bairn!

“Of tumbling amries, and of headless men.”

Whether the word *Amrie*, applied in the south o' Scotland, the true Saxon district, to that large square press, which being placed immediately under the *draxer*, forms a ready and convenient receptacle for broken meat, *meat basin*, with a long *et cetera* of odds and ends—has any connection with the “*amius*,” or alms, we presume not (*Jamieson vivente*) to determine. It is sufficient for our present purpose, to have made our readers conceive of this object, as large and shapeless.

“As I was coming down by the *chalar craig*, (*ὡς φετο μαντὶς ἀμυρίων*) and wearing awa' by staffy-biggan, along Maxwell's cruik, ye understand, just as I had crossed the ford, and was drawing my plaid up o'er my shoulders. The night was fearfu' dark, and rainy, what does I meet, wot ye, but a coach and six driving furiously down the very face o' the scaur. The coach was a'-set round about wi' black lamps, an' something looked out of it like a muckle black cat, just ready to jump out o' an “*amrie*” door. But ere I had breath to say, “His presence be about us.”—The vision had vanished, an' I could hear, for see I couldna, the muckle *amrie-scunning* an' o'errenning down the brae, a' the way to the Mar-burn, whar' it fizzed in the water like a red hot gad o' airn, preserve us a!”

“Of sheeted ghosts, and death-foreboding sparks.”

Aye, Sirs, my sister Jeanie's death was a sair blow to me—in spite o' a' the medicines I could apply—and I spared neither Tartar nor *Black Apple*, she boud to die, her wierboud to be dried, an' it fell to my care to see her straitgated, an' decently laid in her coffin. It was a sad sight an' a sair ane—but that was na' the warst o't after a', for the coffin at a sharp turn in the planting wiest off the spakes, an' the lid was fairly broken up, I saw my ain sister's face wi' the dead claes o'er't. My poor Jeanie was buried at last, an' hame I comes in the afternoon, an' down I sits in my lanely bield, by the ingle-check. It was a cauld hearth, an' a dowy seat atweel. There was the chair she used to sit on, There

was the Cutty still lying on the *Hud*, wi' the embers o' the last blast she drew sticking in the throat o't—every thing seemed to speak o' Jeanie. The shoon standing wi' the heels down by her bed-side, and the very cat, that rabbit itsel' contentedly on her apron tail, when she was drawing out a thread o' sae yarn. An' tho' her an' I war often no that great friends when she was living, for she had an awful tongue whiles, an' was nae ways sparing o't, I was unco was atweel, now that Jeanie was housed in the caul yerd, an' me sitting by a biez pantry, and a warm *Greishock*.—So out I stavers, for rest I could na' within.—It was like no using Jeanie weel, to enjoy ony o' this warl's comforts, and her sae lanely an' sae comfortless, beneath the drap o' an' auld ash tree. The sun was gaen down, an' I could hear the sugh o' the brumblin pool—sae down I claps cloae by the side o't, just to doze a wee, for I was a kind o' stupid.—But oh my bairns, may nane o' you ever ken my ken, that fearfu' hour, for as sure as my name's Archy, did my sister Jeanie rise out o' the black belling water, an' try to clasp me in her arms,—I gat but ae glisk o' the apparition, till it raiae high up in the air, an' gaod aff wi' the flap an' the scream of "a Lang Neckit Heron."—The Lord be wi' the just, an' keep them a' in their graves till the resurrection!"

*"Of nightly rap, eluding sick man's ear."*

I remember weel, my mother, honest woman, wha' was never in her life blamed for *leeing*—and she had been sitting up ae winter night wi' the auld Guidman o' Gilechristland, auld Crarie—ye ken—wha wore ay the red nightcap, an' prayed sae loud an' sae lang on the Quarrie Knowe; an' if he binna weel now, mony a ane may be feart, that's a sure thing;—a weel, as I was telling ye, the Guidman was a wee easier—a' the family had gane to rest—the doors war a' shut, and the dogs a' sleeping. My mother had laid down "th' Afflicted Man's Companion," with which she had read the Guidman into a sort o' dover, and had thrown hersel' back just for a giffy, to tak' a nap, in the easy chair—when skelp goes the mid-door, as if it had been fairly riven in twa, before her een. She visited the kitchen; she peeped into the pantry-door; there was not even a mouse stirring. The Guidman died *nine weeks* after, nae doubt it was a warning.

*"Of coffins hammered at the noon of night."*

There is a Wright or Carpenter, still living, with whom the author of these sketches has conversed, and who has assured him in perfect sincerity, that in his earlier days, and when he was first apprenticed to the trade, his master was wout to waken him in the night-time, that he might mark the *hammering* in the work-shop adjoining—nor did the augured event, ever of course, fail to follow!

*"To punish her who tasted Brownie's broze."*

Brownie, in more recent times, (and for his earlier history and character, consult King James's VI. *Dæmonologie*, page 126, the splendid edition 1616, by the Bishop of Winton,) was pretty generally supposed to take up his residence, during the day, in what the farmer termed his peat garret, immediately over, and in full view of the kitchen, from which commanding station, the immemorial residence of undisturbed vermin, he sent down his black messengers of admonition in the shape and substance of peat clods, upon the heads of such "servan-lassies," as seemed disposed to negligence or indiscretion. His presence, even, when not thus attested, was, at times, indicated, by the self-rocking of a cradle, or by the continued, and pendulum measured motion, from "wig to wa"—of the slack rope which generally crossed the farmer's ha', and over which were hung, in wide spreading suspense, all the loose susceptibles of the family, such as sheepskins, worsted aprons, stockings, hoshings, &c. One day, according to the record of veritable tradition, a maid-servant, who had been in the habit of preparing, and serving up Brownie's morning repast, (he being at this time very intent upon a threshing job, in the barn), whether, from mere curiosity, or from a desire (like Sancho's jesters) to please his guest, is not fully ascertained, inadvertently put the spoon, which had been used in stirring the broze, to her lips, whereupon Brownie, who did not seem altogether to relish this mark of attention, proceeded in the coolest and most civil manner imaginable, to toss her backwards and forwards, like a flying shuttlecock, over one of the barn-bawks, repeating, at every toss he made, this short monitory speech,

*"I'll karn you to sup brownie's broze."*

— REMARKS ON CAPTAIN BROWN'S LETTER TO THE LORD PROVOST OF  
EDINBURGH.\*

MR EDITOR,

I AM sensible, that you may at first sight be apt to consider the subject on which I am about to address you, as one quite unfitted for occupying any space in the pages of your journal; and yet, I hope, that when you have looked over what I now send, you will not be hasty in refusing it admission. The truth is, that at the worst you yourself can scarcely feel more averse to the discussion of the subject, than I myself should have done some few days ago; but, accident having led me to read Captain Brown's letter to the Provost, the statements therein made induced me to look further into the matter—and the result of the whole of the attention I have been able to bestow on it, has been such, that I feel very anxious to submit it to your judgment, and that of your Edinburgh Readers. There is no question that there exists at this moment, in our city, a very considerable degree of popular ferment, in regard to the affairs of the Police Establishment; that this ferment arose altogether without cause, no one who has any knowledge of the matter can venture to assert; but that it is now kept up absurdly, and that the popular feeling is egregiously misdirected, I think it is quite as impossible for any impartial person to entertain the smallest doubt. It appears to me, however, that the reluctance exhibited by some of Captain Brown's defenders, to admit the extent of abuse and indiscretion, actually discovered to have existed, within a very few months, in the management of the establishment with which that gentleman is connected, may not unfairly be numbered among the chief causes, both of this absurd prolongation and misdirection of the popular jealousy. They would have acted more wisely for themselves, and in truth, more kindly towards Captain Brown, had they shewn more willingness to perceive and punish the evils that did exist in this establishment. Had they done so, they might have exerted themselves without exciting so much general suspicion, in separating his personal cause from that of his establishment—while the mischievous ac-

tivity of those splenetic agitators, in whose hands the business now seems likely to outlive weeks and months enough of idle declamation and stupid clamour, might perhaps have been less offensively engaged on matters more distant, and, in appearance at least, more dignified.

The public, it appears to me, are very much obliged to the gentlemen, who, in the beginning of this year, directed their attention to the affairs of the Edinburgh Police—and nothing can possibly be in worse taste, than to question the purity of the motives which first engaged them in that necessary inquiry. The result of their research, has unquestionably been beneficial to the public; and this being the case, they are not altogether without excuse, even though it should be thought, that they have in the end allowed themselves to carry the matter by much too far, and to persist in looking with uncharitable eyes on persons not less free than themselves from any serious and intentional offences against the public interest. There cannot be the smallest reason to doubt, that the intentions of *almost all* who have interfered in this business, have been, and are, perfectly fair and honest. On the other hand, there would seem *ex facie*—I say no more—to be good reason for suspecting, that *all* these persons cannot stand quite so pure as might be wished *in foro conscientiae*; that in particular, the hostility of a few to Captain Brown, has not altogether rested, and does not rest on public grounds alone, but rather in feelings of a nature entirely personal to themselves; that these few have been, and are, the most active in keeping alive the popular ferment—that chiefly through them, the passions of many men have come to be excessively and ridiculously heated, in regard to a subject which has never engaged any quiet attention of their understandings;—and finally, that they can have no reason to complain, if their own behaviour be in turn scrutinized with some portion of the same severity, which they have so cruelly lavished on that of Captain Brown. And yet, I cannot think, but that in the letter

just addressed by that officer to the Lord Provost, there is a great deal too much of all this. This letter is, in my opinion, a clear and convincing performance, and cannot fail to do him great service in the eyes of the public; but I must say, there is throughout a considerable lack of modesty in the attitude he assumes; and that, defence being his sole legitimate object, he has dealt more blows and severer, than I conceive to have been justifiable, to say nothing of becoming. I have no fault to find with the statements which have been made—on the contrary, I think it was absolutely necessary that they should be made; but I do think, they might have appeared in many shapes of less questionable propriety than that of a letter from Captain Brown to the Lord Provost—a person accused (however unjustly), and acquitted (however properly), to one of the judges before whom he had been accused, and by whose sentence his acquittal had been pronounced.

I have no intention of entering at all into the particulars of Captain Brown's case; for I think no one can in conscience think himself entitled to avow any opinion concerning its merits, without having at least done Captain Brown the justice to read the full and elaborate statement of this letter—a statement to which I suspect no one, any more than myself, can offer any considerable addition. But I trust you will pardon me for directing your attention very briefly to one or two circumstances which ought to be particularly had in mind by those who have allowed themselves to take up any portion of the popular prejudice against this officer—and have ventured in any shape to express their dissent from the judgment already pronounced concerning him by the only legal and competent Tribunal. These are,

1. The great number of facts brought forward in the letter to the Lord Provost, which tend to shew that the persons most active in all the steps of procedure, anti-judicial and post-judicial, against Captain Brown, have been acting under the influence of private feelings—that they have in short been acting in this matter as *his enemies*, not as the *disinterested friends of the Public*. If it could be completely established, that

these persons had been acting thus, it might, nevertheless, be thought very possible, that Captain Brown had been in the wrong; but undoubtedly, accusations resting principally on the authority of persons so acting, would be examined by the Public with a very peculiar degree of jealousy. I am sorry to say, that from the statement of facts given in the Captain's letter, there seems to be particular reason for suspecting that Mr Thomas Allan, (the only person mentioned as taking a lead in the proceedings against Brown, whose name is likely to carry the smallest authority along with it), has really suffered himself to be influenced by motives of this description; and most unquestionably, if the statements, so well calculated to convey this impression, be in any way incorrect, it is most imperative on Mr Allan to contradict them, not by anonymous paragraphs in a newspaper, but boldly and distinctly in his own person and name.

1. Captain Brown, in the first place, mentions, that the newspaper, of which Mr Allan is editor, (the *Caledonian Mercury*), began to advert with extraordinary severity on the management of the police of Edinburgh, “after a complaint had been preferred against Mr Allan himself, by Captain Brown in the discharge of his official duty.”

2. He asserts that *fictitious* anecdotes, tending to bring the establishment into disrepute, were, after this period, inserted in great numbers in this newspaper—and that a formal censure was passed on these newspaper-reports by the Sheriff of the county, and some other Magistrates. In proof of this, he recites various anecdotes, which your readers will examine; and in other Edinburgh newspapers we must all have seen many more tending strongly the same way.

3. He accuses Mr Allan of taking many unfair advantages of his situation, as editor of this paper, to inflame the public mind against him, (Captain Brown,) pending the investigation instituted concerning the police establishment, before the court of commissioners—of which court Mr Allan was an active member. He complains very much of Mr Allan's conduct in furnishing his newspaper with *any accounts at all* of the proceedings of a

court, which would undoubtedly appear to have been a *private* one, since Captain Brown himself—who had the strongest of interests, and, as I should have thought, the strongest of claims to be present—was never admitted to know any thing of its deliberations until he read the accounts of them thus complained of in the *Caledonian Mercury*.

Now, I have no hesitation in saying, that, so far as this goes, I conceive every impartial person must completely agree with Captain Brown in disapproving, and that most strongly, of the conduct of Mr Thomas Allan. If the court was a public court, then the public had a right to be there—and, above all, Captain Brown. If it was a private court, no one could have the smallest right to make public any part of its proceedings, unless with the approbation, and under the control, of the court itself. Most certainly, Mr Thomas Allan, when he—being one of a court, consisting, I shall suppose, of thirty persons—presumed to publish, in his newspaper, accounts of what passed in this court, unauthenticated by any reference to minutes, or any other formal record—he was instituting, in his own person, a most unwarrantable monopoly, and exemplifying, most egregiously, not the liberty, but the tyranny and despotism of the press. He availed himself of his vocation as the editor of a newspaper, to inflame the public mind against an unprotected individual; and the impartial part of the community may be inclined to doubt, whether the person, who had prepared and published such reports as have lately filled the columns of his paper, might not have done well to decline continuing to act in the capacity of a judge with regard to any investigation in which Captain Brown is concerned. I shall take liberty to believe, that such things are more worthy of the *Scotsman* than of Mr Thomas Allan; and that he, on reflection, must be inclined to repent of having, by his example, given any countenance to one of the most dangerous practices to which that base of all the seditious prints has ever had recourse.

But, 4thly, Captain Brown goes on to state, that these paragraphs in the *Caledonian Mercury* were not only published in an irregular and culpable manner by Mr Allan—but that, in various instances, they betray the

strong leaning of the editor's own mind against Captain Brown. One instance he gives of this seems not unworthy of Mr Allan's attention. It appears that one of the charges made against the Captain was, that he had been implicated in a gross fraud, and that of a particularly mean character—a fraud by which a poor widow had suffered a pecuniary loss. It appears farther, that this charge was investigated by a committee, of which Mr Allan was a member, and that the report of that committee contained a most distinct and honourable acquittal of Captain Brown. Finally, it appears, that the same charge was in fact brought forward again by a Mr Stenhouse, a rhetorical baker, in a speech of his, reported by Mr Allan in the *Caledonian Mercury*. "That gentleman," says Captain Brown in his letter, (p. 116.) "in substance asserted, that a report by one of the committees would have established my privy, in some way and to some extent or other, to a *fraud*. It certainly was the duty of the editor of the *Caledonian Mercury* to report Mr Stenhouse's speech as it fell from his own lips; it happened, however, that the assertion I have just noticed was utterly disproved by the report itself, which report was signed and subscribed by Mr Allan. It is a very remarkable circumstance, that Mr Allan did not avail himself of the facilities he possessed, by stating in a separate paragraph how the fact truly stood; but that, with the means of contradiction in his power, he permitted the error of Mr Stenhouse's statement to go to the public uncontradicted." Such are Captain Brown's own words: I doubt not you will agree with me in thinking, that, if they be founded in truth, Mr Allan is not the man who ought to have made himself particularly conspicuous, by casting the first stone against any one accused of negligence.

As for the statements contained in the *Scotsman*, it would be doing them a great deal too much honour to notice them at so much length. It is only necessary to read Captain Brown's own letter in order to be convinced that the editor of that paper has all through this business been exercising himself in his old vocation—which may be described as that of drawing illogical inferences, from false facts, for wicked purposes.

II.—But I would request the only set of citizens to whom I am ambitious of addressing myself, to consider before they go any farther in this matter, the dangerous nature of the precedent which, if they do so, may be, through their means, established—of appealing, in questions of a strictly judicial nature, from the sentence of legal judges to the opinion of popular meetings on the one hand, and the statements of party newspapers on the other. Without the influence of these last, indeed, it is sufficiently manifest that no appeal to any popular meetings whatever could ever have been dreamt of on the present occasion.

It will be for those who are above the influence of such publications to consider of the propriety of combining together to prevent the malice now at work from succeeding in the infliction of farther injury on the character, or rather I should say, on the feelings, of Captain Brown. This officer has clearly and triumphantly answered every individual charge

brought against the honesty and good faith of his behaviour. He has confessed, indeed, some instances of carelessness or imprudence in his conduct,—but the reproof of his statutory superiors, might surely have been considered as a sufficient punishment for this; even although to that, had not been added, the pain and degradation of standing for so many months the perpetual object of every art and instrument of seditious rancour and vulgar abuse. The high character he has always borne as a man of perfect integrity and honour, among those personally acquainted with him, and, above all, the acknowledged and exemplary usefulness of the Police Establishment of Edinburgh, as superintended by him,—give him claims on the protection of the respectable public, which I hope are not likely to be brought forward in vain.

I am Sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. C. S.

LETTER FROM DR OLINTHUS PETRE, TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR—I have this moment read a most violent tirade against your work in the last Number of the London

Magazine; and a perfect specimen of spite, neutralized by stupidity, I must confess it to be. You are quite above the range of such paper-shot as this. He must be blind indeed, who does not see, that the virtuous indignation of the writer against the sins, negligences, and offences of your Magazine, would have slept in peace, had they not been committed by a rival, as it is probable the unfortunate scribblers about Baldwin's have the vanity to consider you to be. You may securely despise the drivelly of such people; the public, or that minute portion of the public which will take the trouble of wading through their lumbering pages, must instantly appreciate the motives of their animosity. All will allow, that their wrath is just as disinterested as the patriotism of certain aspirants for parliamentary honours, put in to obtain a calculable advantage in pounds, shillings, and pence. You may, therefore, feel very easy under the visitation.

It really is rather laughable, to read some of their charges against you.

They indeed are very indignant at the just castigation you have bestowed upon that miserable gang, to whom you have so aptly given the name of the Cockney School—a censure universally allowed to have been most deserved; and they vapour most heroically about personalities. But;

“*Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes?*”

Or, (for it is probable they will not know the meaning of the words I have quoted) who can do any thing else but laugh at such a charge, coming from a Magazine, which, during the short space of its existence, has accused Mr Wilberforce, (for whom your hypocritical antagonist meanly pretends such a reverence,) of playing “*at hawk and buzzard between character and conscience,*” of “*making his affectation of principle a stalking-horse to his pitiful desire of distinction,*” of “*being a man whose reputation costs him nothing,*” with much more such slander on that eminent person;—which has called Lord Castlereagh “*an inanimate automaton,*” and described Mr Manning, as “*combining the pertness of a school-boy with the effrontery of a prostitute;*” which has sneered at the

weakness of Mr C. Wynne's voice; Lord Holland's stammer, and even in the very number, in which one of their hacks has had the insolence to abuse you for laughing at Hunt, Hazlitt, (the very author, by the way, of the base personalities just quoted,) and others of that loathsome knot? They have, (to say nothing of their affronts to some gentlemen supposed to be connected with you, displayed in the article under my consideration, and in the braying of the ass, who occupies their lion's head,) published the impertinencies of a Cockney Scribbler, who signs himself Elia, full of all kinds of personal, and often offensive allusions to every individual who had the misfortune of being educated at the same school with himself. I could point out many more such reprehensible passages, even in the three numbers in my possession, particularly in the articles of Hazlitt and Elia; but I think I have said sufficient, to expose the sincerity of their indignation against you for personal allusions. I shall not stop to defend you, as I could on almost every point of their accusation; but as for them,—why Sir, their hypocrisy in this respect, is too thick and palpable to deceive even the most foggy-headed native of Cockaigne.

I should most certainly never have noticed the article, but that I perceive a very sounding charge has been directed against you in it, on account of a letter of mine. The disinterested critic accuses you of attacking, in every number, "a most respectable professor of the University of Edinburgh;" viz. Professor Leslie. I believe the only serious charge against that "very celebrated" man, as he takes care to call himself in the Edinburgh Review, whenever he has or makes occasion to mention his name, came from me. There might have been some trifling allusions to him in sportive or satirical verses, but these could hardly be construed into very gross offences, and were besides in a great measure bottomed on my exposure of his ignorance. And as I do not think it fair, that you should be censured for a letter written by one of whom you know nothing, and concerning whom they cannot even have made a guess, I shall just say a few words with respect to my connection with Professor Leslie.

In a work of his, treating on Arithmetic, that "celebrated" man thought proper to go out of his way to revile, in a most dogmatic and insulting manner, the Hebrew Language. I asserted, that he did not know even a letter of the tongue he had the impudence to pretend to criticize, and I proved my assertion. I leave the decision of the question to any Hebraist, to any man of common sense in the land. I proved that he was actuated by a hostility to the language of revelation, simply because it was so; and I defy any one to refute me. This unfortunate Cockney, who is lamenting over my hard treatment of the Professor, of course cannot be supposed to know any thing about the matter in dispute; but what I am saying is not the less true on that account. As I am on the subject, I may remark, that I was, at first, a little surprised to find, that in the second edition of the philosophy of arithmetic, which was announced since I had pointed out Leslie's mistake, he had not retracted the unlucky note which convicted him of ignorance; but on inspection of the work, my wonder ceased, for I perceived that the new edition was nothing more than the old one with a fresh lying title-page, and a few additional leaves; in short, only a collusion between an honest bookseller, and a doubly honest professor, to impose on the public, and get rid of the remaining copies of an unsaleable work.

Here then is the vile offence against decency as committed by me. What reason have I to respect Mr Leslie? His Essay on Heat? The matter of that work is no great affair; and the manner is so bad, that even a brother reviewer pronounces it to be execrable and "drossy." His Mathematics? There is not an original Mathematical fact of the smallest value in all his book, and his barbarous style, and vile arrangement, have done a great deal to obscure the merit of what he has purloined. I do not intend, for it would not be the proper place, to go into any detailed remarks on his geometry; but every mathematician has laughed at his droll proof of the doctrine of parallel lines, at his doctrine of ratios, at his failure in proving his very first proposition, the foundation of his system, and a thousand other such betises. Am I to bow to him

because he is an Edinburgh Reviewer? I question the inspiration of that worthy oracle;—and as to the professor's own part in its lucubrations, why, his impudent puffings of himself, and ignorant sneerings at others, have often made me liken Leslie The Reviewer to some enormous overfed pet of the parrot species, stuck up at a garret-window—and occupied all day with saying, “pretty poll—pretty poll,” to itself; “Foul witch—foul witch,” to every passer by. Look now, I beseech you, at his Article on the North-west passage!!!

What other claims to respect he possesses I know not, except his having made some neat second-rate chemical experiments, and invented some handy little instruments; but even if his claims were ten times as weighty, they should not have deterred me from speaking as I thought. A man who could go out of his path, in an inquiry on the nature of heat, to recommend an iniquitous work, and, in a treatise on arithmetic, to cast an ignorant sarcasm on the language of the Bible, or to sneer at the “*faucies*” of one of the apostles, must ever be an object of suspicion to those who hold the Scriptures in honour, and impiety in detestation. We have no assurance that he may not digress as culpably hereafter; and if he does so, it is only fair to give him warning, that I shall take care to point it out.

With grief I have perceived that many

of the young men, who go from this country to Edinburgh to pursue their medical studies, come back with their religious principles perverted, and their reverence for holy things sneered away—it would be very unjust to accuse any *individual*, of this weighty charge—but the fact is undeniable. I rejoice, therefore, whenever it is in my power, even in the most trivial degree, to show that the lights of the famous Northern sect are not infallible; that under affected knowledge gross ignorance may lurk; and that considerable intolerance may sometimes be the characteristic feature of philosophic liberality. I rejoice also, but much more sincerely, to learn, that a better spirit is arising in your famous university; and, in spite of its levity, its humour, its follies, nay, even its transgressions, I think your Magazine has been instrumental in this good work.

So much for my share in the tirade against you. The error I exposed was trifling, but it marked a bad spirit, and therefore I noticed it. If Professor Leslie or his friends be offended, let them trace the origin of it to himself. As for my part, I shall never repent of having contributed to a work which is even suspected of being supported by such names as any of those given in the article to which I am now referring. I remain, sir, yours, &c.

OLINTHUS PETRE, D.D.

Trin. Coll. Dublin.

Nov. 10, 1820.

#### THE QUEEN'S TRIAL.

THE proceedings of the last two months are worth recording, less from their peculiar circumstances, which are revolting to all honourable feeling, or from the personages in question, who are only to be looked on as degraded and despicable, than from the insight which they give into the disposition of the English Multitude.

The facts of the Queen's trial are sufficiently notorious; and, at all events, the subject is too repulsive for decency to detail. But the popular excitement—the reprobate means, that were put in force for its production—the gross partizanship to which the heads of Whiggism did not disdain to stoop—and the power exemplified of forcing back the current of justice in its highest channel—these things are

important for our experience;—they are “signs of the times.”

The dealers in that commodity of vulgar minds—prediction *after* the event—have now discovered that the whole proceeding was absurd. But if it has passed away from popular habits to think of the honour of the sitter on the throne—in better times an object of proud solicitude—was there to be no cognizance of the foulest aspersions on the national honour? Was the laugh and scorn of all Europe to be passed over as a thing not worth inquiry? Was the moral name of England to be insulted by a perpetual reference to the free and unquestioned career of its first female, through what was universally alleged to be the most barefaced and debasing licentiousness?



Were those things done in a corner? Was this royal libertinism contented to shut itself up in the privacy that diminishes the moral danger to the public, by concealing the grossness of the offence to decency? The Queen of England, according to those universal rumours, was not satisfied to lavish her reputation in the shades of Como, the modern *Caprice*. She paraded her pleasures through the Continent. Asia and Africa shared with Europe the honour of witnessing this travelling intrigue; and, whether under canvas in Palestine, or under the roof of the Haram at Tripoli, or revelling on a deck in the Mediterranean, it was still the Queen of England—the first woman of the most moral nation—the presumptive model of female manners to the country—the patroness of female virtue, and domestic decency, and the purest form of religion—it was still she that was become the common byword and contempt of Taverns and Casinos, the envy of less opulent libertinism, and the tool and plander of a family of valets and chambermaids. The stories that came crowding to England were of the most offensive and glaring deformity. At another period, the public spirit would have been loud in its demand for reparation to the insulted personal feelings of the monarch; but the revolutionary doctrine acknowledges no sensibility, but for the punishment of riot and blasphemy. To be entitled to consideration with the regenerate mind of English patriotism, a man must have attempted to uproot the throne or the faith of his country. But there was a vast, though unmoving and silent majority, who thought, and still think, those acts of the Queen deserving of the most solemn investigation; if, for no other purpose, than for a public disavowal of their being sanctioned by the mind of England. The establishment of a commission, to ascertain how far those reports might be the creatures of vulgar exaggeration, was the natural proceeding of men, who desired to be convinced before they would decide. If there is a censure to be thrown on his Majesty's Ministers, it is that they delayed bringing the offence to trial, after the evidences which they thus obtained. But the nature of those proofs was so repulsive and disgusting; it was obvious, that so purulent a tide of dis-

soluteness must be let out before the public eye, that wise and honourable men might well pause on the alternative of suffering the offence of the individual, or the injury to the public.

The Queen's declared intention of returning to England, compelled them to a determination. She palpably vibrated, between the hope of obtaining her objects here, and the fear of being visited by the tribunals.

An offer of great liberality was made, on the condition of her withdrawing from the further disturbance of the country. It is said, that this offer was kept in his pocket by one of her counsel, on whose faith in the negotiation, an unwary reliance had been placed by government. The Queen wavered, her council was alternately transferred from Milan to Geneva, and from Geneva to Milan; the offer of ministers was either totally withheld, or but partially transmitted until her arrival in France. Then again she paused, and the evil of her coming seemed to have passed away. Mr *Brougham* had waited on the king, and had come out from the audience miraculously changed in mind, overwhelmed with, as he displayed it to many a suffering circle, the unrivalled captivations of the royal manners, and—for the week—a smiling charmed convert. But the Queen was already in more tenacious hands.

Revolution had been unfortunate. The Manchester riot had failed of holding up its rank with St Bartholomew. The wholesale murder of ministers had failed, and Thistlewood in all his bloom of patriotism had perished. The Scottish insurrection had been inauspicious; Major Cartwright was under conviction; Cobbet was a beggar, and blasted with the suspicion of being a spy; Hunt lay inglorious in Hchester jail. Rebellion was hopeless. There was no stoppage in trade, no deficiency of the harvest; the bounties of fortune and nature have always been hostile to the hopes of rabble patriotism. The great cause of radical subversion was crumbling away, and even its wrecks were perishing in remote prisons, or in the monthly exportations of felony to America and New South Wales. Mr Alderman Wood was, the *ultima spes Troja*, and even he—after trying all the expedients of a desperate popularity that were to be found in visits to the low recesses of riotous guilt, in receiving the confessions of conspirators

in doing the last homage to suffering assassination on scaffolds—was rapidly sinking into that fatal obscurity, “from whose bourne” no demagogue returns.

But the possibility of making a tool of the Queen, awoke the tribe from their deep sleep on that slough of despond, and they rose with freshened energies. Her Majesty was tampered with to come to England, and the temptation was the promise of the mob. As she approached the coast, Lord Hutchinson found his ground pre-occupied by Mr Alderman Wood, and the measured movements of the royal diplomatist were turned into contempt by the gallant rapidity of the representative of the majesty of St. Giles's. Even Mr Brougham felt the mastery of this active politician, and was spurned by the presence of offended sovereignty. The name of Mr Alderman Wood has been so prominent in all matters of public disturbance for some years, that he defies all novelty of description. He is a man of no education and no talents. He is certainly the most contemptible among all the practisers on the rabble of London, since the days of Tyler and Cade. *Wilkes* is probably his model, but *Wilkes* had scholarship, manners, and considerable public ability. Wood is as helpless in public, as his cause and means are uniformly base. But he knows the arts that stir the refuse of society. If a culprit is to be hanged, he makes a parade of indignation against his oppressors, and takes leave of him at the gallows; if a mob is assembled, he takes an opportunity of riding through them, before they proceed to the day's riot, and bears off their congratulations. These are the arts only of the most miserable rascals, and it is almost burlesque to lift up this petty and struggling agitator to the dignity of being an object of public suspicion. *Demit honorem æmulus Agas!* The mere contest with such men is a degradation. But it is into such hands that the Queen flung herself without remorse and without resource.

Jacobinism never dies; it is crushed and cut up from time to time; but the seed always finds soil prepared in the profligacy and poverty and restless cupidity of the baser human mind. It can scarcely be flung upon the air, without finding a spot for its vegetation. This great evil forms the great present difficulty of legislation. A disaffected

spirit has spread through every kingdom of Europe, and by a desperate perversion of the bounties of Providence, has spread with the most comprehensive malignity, through the most prosperous and best governed of all its kingdoms. To this danger, all the old trials of administrative wisdom were but the play of children: War, to it, was but the casual burst of a storm to the earthquake. The ground sounds hollow and shakes under the foot.

The great statesman is fatigued with baffled opportunities, and the noble and benevolent minds that have struggled through good and evil report, for the public welfare, are disposed to give up the contest with this capricious and general corruption. But the vigour of government had not been carelessly exerted, and the punishment of the leading disturbers had been followed by fear and silence. The elements of mischief were not destroyed, for they live in the very breath of dissolute poverty.

The Queen in the embrace of radicalism, was equivalent to a victory. The libels which the boldest hand of rebellion dared not scatter in its own behalf, had now the sanctifying semblance of being the lawful defence of an injured woman. The grossest and most virulent paragraphs of *Cobbet* were not more atrocious than the language which this misguided individual suffered to appear as answers to addresses.

Nothing could have a stronger odour of their degraded sources than the composition of those revolutionary billets. Their outrages on common sense and grammar, were proofs that their scribes were of the populace—their principles were the common jargon of Jacobinism. It is a matter of justice, that their writers should be made accountable to the law. If they are passed over, *Cobbet* may be entitled to cry out against his prison hours;—if not, to take his action against the judge that flung him into chains.

The defiance which the queen's coming threw out, absolutely demanded some public answer. The clamorous disaffection of her rabble leaders, has made the country echo with their contempt of royal feelings. But the principles of English loyalty are not yet “thin air”—the whole fabric of that generous homage, that manly and liberal fidelity, that dignified

constitutional obedience, which, combining personal attachment with lawful honour, once turned the hearts of Englishmen to their monarch, is not quite dissolved. All England has not been baptized into the new church of the rights of the rabble. We have not changed the colour and spirit of our minds for the sallow sophistries, and grim superstitions of French democracy. There were, in this country, a vast majority, who thought that the feelings of the monarch were entitled to deference—that the same justice which should not be denied to a pauper, should not be denied to the first man of the realm.

The panegyric of the king is not the purpose of these pages—but a calmer time will find itself impelled to do honour to the forbearance, dignity, and impartiality of the sovereign, in the whole course of transactions, which might well have stirred up his indignation. But there was a duty to the nation, and that was laid upon the king's ministers. Whatever question there might have been of the national evil of bearing with the rumour of profligacy a thousand miles off, there could be but one sentiment on its danger and offence in the immediate presence of the people. Was a royal palace to be stained and infested by the presence of a court of Italian harlots and mountebanks? The example of the late queen was of the most powerful influence in sustaining the morality of England. Was every libertine female, in high and low life, *now* to find an example and an authority in the unpunished dissoluteness of her queen? Were the nation to be hourly met by some revolting repetition of the continental scenes? Was the tent at Aum to be but a rehearsal of the display on Richmond Hill?—was the royal barge to navigate the Thames for five weeks, together with the royal pilgrim, and her attendant Bergami so-fa'd by her side? or, was it to be presumed, that the miserable infatuation that had survived the snows of Inspruck, would have died away in the visitations of an English winter? Were the nobility of England to be elbowed by Italian footmen, and fabricated knights of Malta? Were the wives and daughters of the English nobility to be presented to this woman; and was their induction into courtly life to be only through the instrumentality of one whose name

was stigmatized with imputations which no woman of virtue could name? Between all this, and bringing the charges to public examination, there was no alternative. The privileges of the Queen of England, are matter not of grace but of law. She must have all the rights and honours of her virtuous predecessor, or none. And what measure of ignominy would not have justly fallen on the heads, that through fear of personal consequences, turned away from the duty that was as plain as noonday.

This measure was brought forward. Lord Liverpool has, with a spirit consistent with his whole sincere and honourable life, vindicated this proceeding for himself. It was brought forward in justice, but also in mercy. It was not a trial of the Queen, but of the charges—not a struggle between advocates, each zealous to criminate or defend—but a solemn previous inquiry, whether the crimination should stand. It was a grand jury with the great and singular advantages of an open court, and the permission to the accused to retort the evidence at the moment. The history of the process is now familiar to the public. *All the main points are now proved by the reluctant confession of the Queen's own witnesses.* Her two principal witnesses were openly declared by Lord Lauderdale to be perjured by their own showing, and were besides contradicted by men whose veracity was not impeached even by the petulance of the Queen's advocates. Amidst all the contradiction and absurdity of the other witnesses on both sides, it was proved beyond all contradiction, that the Queen, after raising her footman with suspicious celerity to the highest rank in which she could place him, had made him the companion of her private hours, in a mode that would have irresistibly obtained a verdict against her in any criminal court;—that she had given the especial superintendence of her person to this obscure individual, and that all his family were brought into her household,—with the single exception of his wife.—The voyage up the Mediterranean seemed to have been undertaken for the chief purpose of indulgence, apart from English eyes; and her Italian footman was for five weeks the solitary tent-companion of the Queen, day and night. On these grounds, an overwhelming majority of the Lords declared the charges to be

established. But the question was twofold; it involved, first, the truth of the charges; and, secondly, the political necessity for pursuing them to trial. There is an obvious distinction between the knowledge of guilt, and the risk of evil in its punishment. On this point, a great number of those who declared their full conviction of the Queen's criminality stopped. The second hearing was thus carried by only a majority of 28. The divorce clause impeded others; the majority was thus reduced to nine; and the minister, after having proved "all that the preamble of his bill contained, and after having attained, at least the one important object of marking the sense of the Lords, by a verdict of guilty, withdrew the bill.

This has been called a defeat of the minister, and a triumph of the Queen. It is as much the one as the other. It is neither. The Queen is in the state of a convict who has obtained a reprieve—the minister in that of a man, who, after having redeemed his pledges, has given up his personal opinion to public expediency. The smallness of the majority would not have justified the further proceedings against the hazards of public agitation, during the session. The division upon the expediency of punishment, would have still farther broken down the division on the guilt; and party, and popular clamour, would have been sustained in dangerous excitement till the catastrophe. But why was not this result foreseen in the introduction of the bill? The answer is, that it could not have been foreseen by any man who entertained an honourable prejudice in favour of the common sense of the English character. Three months since, it would have been an impeachment of any man's patriotism, to have stood up in the house of Lords, and dared to predict, that the whole lower population of London would have taken up the cause of a woman, solemnly and on the gravest authority charged with adultery; that the whole lower population of the country, would have echoed this monstrous and profligate clamour; that the whole press, with a few exceptions, would pledge itself to a course of ribaldry, blasphemy, and rebellion in this cause; and that the whole force and corporate mind of revolution, the crushed and maimed conspiracy against the throne, the haters of the name of royalty,

would have all at once started up, and clustered themselves round the banner of a Queen. The minister who had dared to promulgate this heretic faith, would have been assailed by all the radical orthodoxy of the house. Lord Grosvenor would have doubled his plan of conviction, and ordered the archbishop of Canterbury to fling the history of England in the prophet's face. Lord Holland would have growled exulting jacobinism at him, and quoted the heaviest paragraphs of his own defunct speeches without mercy; he would have been immersed in the diluted vinegar of Lord King's jocularity, and stood a mark for the laborious expectoration of "sound and fury" from Lord Carnarvon, that personification of "an idiot's tale;"—Lord Grey, would have sat in grim repose, "waiting his evening prey," and prepared to strike the *coup de grace*, after his victim had been sufficiently tortured by the minor avengers of the good name of England.

In fact, the cause was judged out of doors. The tribunal under the roof of the house of Lords, was a mere ceremonial; the true judgment court was in the work-shops and alehouses, and receptacles of low debauchery and haggard disaffection. This cause was decided in drunkenness and riot, and bitterness of heart and visions of blood and plunder. This was the original covenant, and it was rigidly kept. The most desperate arts were adopted to make the mob look upon the cause as their own. The walls were covered with infamous allegations against the king, the hierarchy, and the nobles. The radical newspapers were bribed into daring activity. The proceedings in the house of Lords were every morning sent among the populace in handbills, which suppressed all the truth, and magnified all the falsehood. Signatures and subscriptions were openly canvassed from house to house; and processions, with insulting banners, were the display of every week. A day's excursion, the glory of being in any mode a public personage, the vanity of being in a royal presence, led a considerable number of decently dressed exhibitors into this indecency. But every procession was for the express purpose of intimidation; and in the beginning, and towards the close of the system, when the experiment was new, and

when the resource was nearly exhausted, those pagants were alike reinforced by every rank of notorious profligacy, and common harlots and felons stalked among the foremost in those pomps of national zeal. The impression outside the House gave the key to the Queen's advocates within. Every popular shout found its response in the increased effrontery of the defence—and the counsel defied the House with a feebleness of argument and an excess of insolence unparalleled in the history of legislature, either of judicial or of legislative proceedings. The Whigs played their usual part; while the populace were fluctuating, they talked with their old pomp of indecision. But when St Giles's raised its roar, they took the tone of *St Giles's*. And the most strenuous abettors of the Queen were those whose habits led them into the most perfect cognizance of female virtue. And Lord Holt's superior memory of Italian intrigue qualified him to decide in an authoritative manner on the opportunities necessary to adultery. And the example might be extended, but for the disgusting nature of the subject. The two principal speakers, on the opposite side, formed an admirable contrast to the intemperance and feebleness of opposition. "How are the mighty fallen!"—How would the spirit of Fox, if he were now to rise from his grave, look upon the struggling and diminished remnant of the once colossal party?—its ranks abandoned by every man of honour and British feeling, and its vacancies recruited from the mob, the *Woods* and *Hobhouses*, and *Wilsons*, and *Joseph Humes*, and *Peter Moores*, and all that brainless and nameless crowd, that beggary drives into the gulph of politics.

With the Whigs the question of the Queen's guilt was transformed into a question of party. With the ministers it retained the dignity of a question of justice. Lord Liverpool's conduct has done him high honour with the rational public. He was forced more forward, on this occasion, than usual, and has distinguished himself by a possession of temper, a clearness of view, and a manly deliberation, that must give an invaluable lesson to his opponents. The mildness and moderation of this minister's manners are almost prejudicial to his public fame;

but he can speak with the power and fervour of true eloquence. No man in the House condenses more into his speech, no man brings a larger fund of information to his subject, no man in speaking maintains a more immediate communication with the mind and heart of the hearer. His style is the model of a noble and lofty sincerity. The Lord Chancellor's presidency has forced praise from all sides. Under circumstances of peculiar difficulty he exhibited great presence of mind, and the most profound knowledge. The opinion of these two men has been plain and unhesitating on the guilt of the Queen; and their opinion comes with a force which, as it seems to us, nothing can withstand but the rankest prejudice, or the most incapable folly.—What the end of the whole matter may be, time will shew. Enough has passed to make all men sick of the very name of prophesy. In the mean time, so far as the Queen herself is concerned, we think there should really be much moderation observed in all such journals as do not wish to be considered as mere party publications. In spite of all the strength of evidence that has been brought forward—in spite of all the weight of opinion which has been pronounced—it seems *likely* (to say the least of it) that we may never hear any more of this disgusting subject in any shape of authoritative nature. We do not say what we should have wished a few weeks ago; but we do say now, that we wish most heartily it were possible to bury the whole affair in utter oblivion. We fear it is not possible to do so. But, at all events, if the bad spirit and the good *must* be arrayed against each other in open warfare, we would fain have them contend on some ground where it is not absolutely necessary that victors, and vanquished, and bystanders, should all alike be defiled. If the Queen be innocent, "God bless her," say we: never was woman so injured, not by enemies only, but by friends. If she be guilty, "God pity her," we say;—and if, being guilty, the voice of the whole nation shall decree that she has already been punished sufficiently, why should we stand by ourselves, and refuse to join in her own Counsel's happy quotation—"Woman, go and sin no more?"

## MR HAYDON'S PICTURE.

MR HAYDON has just arrived in Edinburgh for the purpose of exhibiting his great Picture of Christ's Entry into Jerusalem. It is to be seen in Bruce's Room, on the Waterloo Bridge; and as the best judges inform us, with much greater advantages of light and situation than it ever enjoyed in London.

It is probable, that the absurd style of language in which this picture has been lauded by the critics of Cockaigne, may have inspired many of our readers (as we confess it had ourselves), with many doubts and suspicions; but, in order to do away with these, we are quite sure, nothing more can be necessary than a single glance at this wonderful performance itself. We have no room now, to enter upon either description or critique—indeed, had we all the room in the world, we doubt very much whether we should venture to do so. It is quite evident, that Mr Haydon is already by far the greatest historical painter that England has as yet produced. *In time*, those that have observed this masterpiece, can have no doubt he may take his place by the side of the very greatest painters of Italy.

His picture possesses, indeed, all the fire and energy of a first conception; but nothing can be more absurd than what is said in the Edinburgh Review—that it exhibits, namely, nothing more than the ground-work of a fine picture. On the contrary, we do not remember ever to have seen any thing richer than the colouring of almost the whole piece, or more perfectly brought out than its minutest details. We believe many portraits are introduced. On the left hand of our Saviour there is a fine groupe of Sir Isaac Newton, in calm contemplation—Wordsworth, with his head bowed down in sublime humility—and Voltaire, with a terrible sneer upon his countenance. The groupe, on the other side of the foreground, of the Repentant Girl brought to the Saviour by her Mother and Sister, with the Roman Centurion kneeling beside them, struck us as the most graceful conception in the whole picture.

The room contains many splendid drawings, chiefly from the Elgin Marbles, by Mr Haydon and his pupils.

## REMARKS ON CAPTAIN PARRY'S EXPEDITION.\*

THE expedition, under the command of Captain Ross, although very important and interesting, from the numerous nautical observations it made in Baffin's Bay, still did not satisfy the expectations of men of science, and the public, in regard to the *North-west Passage*. The Lords of the Admiralty, as we are led to believe, from a statement (we think a harsh one) in the Quarterly Review, were, on the whole, somewhat dissatisfied with Captain Ross's investigation of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, and were of opinion, that if a passage existed in

Baffin's Bay, it must be somewhere in that quarter. In order to determine this important geographical problem, an expedition was fitted out last year, consisting of two strong vessels, the *Hecla* and *Griper*, which were placed under the command of Lieutenant Parry. This gentleman, whose talents and feelings are worthy of the best and most glorious days of nautical enterprise and discovery, was accompanied by a chosen band of intrepid and experienced officers, and the vessels were manned by crews full of zeal and enthusiasm, and in the highest and

\* In the annexed map, we have represented Baffin's Bay, as surveyed by Captain Ross, and laid down, in a general way, the discoveries of Captain Parry, extending from Lancaster sound to Melville island.

most perfect state of discipline. Government provided every comfort and convenience for the crews embarked in this perilous undertaking; and it was universally acknowledged, that no discovery ships ever left the shores of England in a higher state of equipment.\*

They left England on the 11th of May 1819, and reached Cape Farewell, the most southern part of West Greenland, on the 14th of the succeeding June. On the 20th of June, the ships were in lat.  $64^{\circ}$  north; on the 26th June, they were beset in the ice, and, after having endeavoured, but in vain, to urge their way, during a painful detention of four days, were, at last, glad to get back again. Having reached lat.  $74^{\circ}$  north, they determined to force a passage through the barrier of ice, which they found to be eighty miles broad. Having succeeded in this, they reached Possession Bay on the 31st July; and, on the 1st August, entered in safety Sir James Lancaster's Sound, where they found the same open sea which has been described in the accounts of the former expedition. They advanced to long.  $89^{\circ}$  west, meeting with but little obstruction from the ice; and in long.  $90^{\circ}$  west, discovered two considerable islands, named Prince Leopold's Isles. But, at this point, their progress westwards was interrupted by a strong barrier of ice, extending quite across from these islands to the north coast of what Captain Parry, we understand, named BARROW STRAITS. Being thus arrested by the ice, and forced to alter their course, they now entered a great inlet, of 14 or 15 leagues in breadth, which they found extending to the southward. They sailed along its eastern coast—its middle part and western coast being blocked up with ice, as far as lat.  $71^{\circ}$  north, when their farther progress southward also was found to be impossible, the reason of the ice. In proceeding down this inlet, the magnetic attraction increased so powerfully, that the existence of the magnetic pole may be conjectured to be somewhere in that neighbourhood; probably in the lat.  $70^{\circ}$  N. and long. of  $100^{\circ}$  W.

On their return to Barrow's Straits,

it was found that the barrier of ice, extending across from Prince Leopold's Isles to the North coast, had broken up, so that the ships were now enabled to pursue their course westwards. Having reached long.  $92^{\circ}$ , they found the land on the north side of the Strait, which had been continuous, from the entrance of Sir James Lancaster's Sound, now discontinuous, owing to a great inlet. Land, however, was still seen to the westward: So the expedition continued its course in that direction. In doing so, the ships passed a number of great islands, all of them apparently surrounded with ice; from which circumstance, partial detentions were unavoidable, and their course ran in a sort of zig-zag style, from lat.  $73^{\circ}$  N., to lat.  $75^{\circ}$  N.

On the 4th of September, they were in long.  $110^{\circ}$  W.; and here they discovered an island which appeared to be larger than any they had hitherto examined, and which we understand was named MELVILLE ISLAND, in honour of the distinguished statesman, now at the head of the Admiralty. This island, we are informed, extends from long.  $106^{\circ}$  W. to  $114^{\circ}$  W. On the 8th of September, the ships reached  $112^{\circ}$  W., and were inclosed for several days in the ice. Winter was now fast approaching; the ice was rapidly encreasing, and violent north-westerly gales kept it in a constant and dangerous state of agitation.

These circumstances, of course, rendered the navigation very difficult, and began to endanger the safety of the ships. Our gallant countrymen, however, continued to contend with all these difficulties till the 22d of September, when it became evident that farther navigation was at an end for the season; and, therefore, prudence dictated their retreat to a secure haven for the polar winter. For this purpose, they returned eastward, and found a harbour in Melville Island. But the ice had already formed from eight to ten inches thick, and therefore, the crews were forced to cut a passage for three miles through the ice. The 26th of September, in short, had arrived before

\* The Edinburgh Review, with its usual good faith, says the Hecla and Griper were miserable ships, and totally unfit for their intended voyage.

they were fixed in their winter quarters in five fathoms water, and within about 200 yards from the shore. The lat. of this harbour, (if we recollect rightly, named *Winter Harbour*,) is 74 deg. N., and long 111 deg. W. Hitherto, they had never lost sight of a continuous barrier of ice to the southward, that is, from west long. 90 deg. to the extreme of Melville Island.

Every thing was soon made snug for the formidable winter of these regions. The officers and crews formed various plans for passing the dreary days, or rather nights, of the polar regions. Plays were performed by the officers for their own amusement and that of the crews; and we are told, that a melo-drama was written, having for its object the probable success of the expedition, and their ultimate return to their friends through Behring's Straits, after having planted the British flag in countries which had eluded the bold and fearless darings of a Davis and a Baffin.

*The sun disappeared entirely on the 11th November.* The thermometer was below Zero of Fahrenheit's scale, when the expedition entered *Winter Harbour*. In the month of November, the spirit of wine thermometer was 50° below Zero, and in February, the coldest month of these regions, the spirit of wine pointed to the tremendous cold of 81° and 85° below Zero. During these intense colds, our adventurous countrymen felt but little inconvenience so long as they remained under the housing of their ships. A slight covering for the ears, and a shawl around the neck, were considered as sufficient protection against the most intense degree of cold; but when the atmosphere was agitated by gales of wind, then the cold became truly dreadful and insupportable, and every one was forced to seek shelter below. Nevertheless, scarcely any accident occurred from exposure to cold; while the constant and regular exercise, which formed a necessary part of the duty of the crews, kept every one lively, and active, and free from disease. One death only took place during the expedition, and that was in the case of an individual who had contracted the disease of which he died before he left England. This poor fellow re-

poses in a solitary grave, amidst the trackless wilds of Melville Island. A little mound was erected to his memory, in a region which had never before been seen by any civilized beings, nay, the soil of which has, to all appearance, been but rarely visited by a few casual wanderers, from the most forlorn and isolated tribes of the human race.

When the sun had its greatest southern declination, a twilight was perceptible at noon in the southern horizon, affording sufficient light to read a book with difficulty. The day was like the fine clear evening of winter in our climate. The stars shone with great brilliancy, and when the moon appeared in the firmament, she shone with a beauty and splendour unknown in the more southern and temperate regions of the globe. The northern lights appeared frequently, generally of a yellow colour, sometimes green, but rarely red, and most commonly towards the south-west. It was remarked, that this brilliancy was seldom so great as in our country; no noise was ever heard to proceed from them, and the magnetic needle did not appear to be affected by their presence. But we long to know if they were visible the whole day—and what were their various forms, and motions, and transparency. The sun re-appeared on the 3d of February, after an absence of 63 days, and those only who have suffered the privation of its "glorious light" can feel and tell the rapture with which the crews hailed the first glimpse from the mast-head. They had calculated the exact period of its return, and were anxiously looking for it from the main-top.

In April, some partial symptoms of thaw appeared. By the end of May, pools and streams of water made their appearance, and shortly after, regular thaw commenced. Nearly about this time, Captain Parry, with a party of his officers and men, crossed Melville Island, and reached the sea on the opposite side, in Lat. 75° N. where they discovered another Island. They were fourteen days absent, and we have heard, made many curious observations on the forms of the hills and mountains of this Island, collecting withal, very extensively, specimens of all its



vegetable, animal, and mineral productions. *The remains of an enormous whale were found far inland, and a few huts, intimating the presence of man, were discovered by some of the party.* Vegetation had now become active; and *sorrel* was found in such quantity, as to remove all these symptoms of scurvy which had begun to make their appearance among the crew. The ice in *Winter Harbour* was also beginning to dissolve rapidly, and by the end of July, it had entirely disappeared. Yet the ships were still quite blocked up by the exterior ice. It was not till the 30th, that the outside ice began to crack;—on the 31st of July, it moved off very gently, and released the crews from their winter prison, where they had been shut up for 310 days.

On the 6th of August they reached the western extremity of *Melville Island*, situated, we believe, in Long. 114° W. where the ice was found to be very thick and impermeable. From this island new land was observed to the south-west, estimated to be 20 leagues distant; so that they may be said to have seen land as far west as Long. 118°. Many attempts were made to reach this interesting *Terra incognita*, but in vain; and the commander and his admirable crew were, with feelings of the deepest regret, forced to return, owing to the vast barriers of ice.

Having failed in this attempt to reach the south-western land, and the winter again approaching, the vessels now sailed directly eastwards, through the Polar Sea, and Barrow's Straits, into *Sir James Lancaster's Sound*, thence into *Baffin's Bay*, and by the usual track homewards.

In their progress among the islands, the officers shot a few rein-deer, ptarmigan, partridge, and hares; and the howls of the wolf were heard frequently in Melville island. Several musk oxen were killed; and, we are informed, the crews considered it, after being properly macerated, to get rid of its musky flavour, as preferable eating

to that of the rein-deer. One of the sailors, who had ventured beyond his companions in search of rein-deer, returned to the ship with all his fingers frost-bitten, from carrying his musket too long. When the fingers were plunged into cold water, ice was formed on its surface, and this continued to be the case for half an hour afterwards, as often as the fingers were plunged into it. The sailor lost five of his fingers.

From Lancaster Sound to Melville Island, the compass, we understand, was found to be totally useless, a circumstance which left to the commanders no other guides than the heavenly bodies and the trend of the land, thus at once presenting the striking spectacle of modern navigators tracking the ocean, without the compass, as was done by the mariners of old. We cannot, indeed, conceive a more striking scene than that of our discovery ships forcing their solitary course through unknown regions, surrounded with rugged, dreary, and desolate wastes, in the midst of the most appalling dangers, and *deprived of the use of the compass*.

The Hecla was forced into Leith Roads by stress of weather—a circumstance which afforded us an opportunity of conversing with the officers, and of furnishing our readers, from the recollection of their most interesting conversations, with this narrative, which, although very brief, will be found, we venture to say, not inaccurate.

From the preceding narrative, and other details in our possession, it appears,

1. That Captain Parry has discovered an opening into the Arctic Ocean, from *Baffin's Bay*.\*
2. That continuous land extends along the north side of *Sir James Lancaster's Sound*, and *Barrow's Strait*, to long. 93° west; and that, beyond this, onward to Melville Island, the land appears not continuous, but broken into islands; while, on the south side of *Sir James Lancaster's*

\* The Edinburgh Review says, that the only chance of a passage is through Cumberland Strait, and that it is vain to think of any opening into the Arctic Sea by Lancaster Sound. So much for their geographical foresight. In another of their rambling geographical articles, composed of unacknowledged shreds and patches from English, German, French, and Italian authors, there is an uncommon share of absurd vapouring about the condition of the Polar ice, all of which, although already sufficiently ludicrous and absurd, is, we understand, proved to be visionary by the observations of the present expedition. But, to say truth, we have already given the Professor his due in this Number.

Sound, and Barrow's Straits, in a westerly direction, to *Prince Regent's Inlet*, the land is continuous; beyond this inlet, land extends for a considerable way to the west, when it is succeeded by ice; and this extends onward to the lofty mountainous land, seen to the south-west of Melville Island.

3. That the land seen to the northward, extending from Barrow's Straits and Melville Island, appears to be a groupe of islands; that the land on the north side of Barrow's Strait, named by Captain Parry *North Devon*, is probably an island, being separated from West Greenland by some of the sounds at the top of Baffin's Bay; and that, probably, West Greenland itself may prove to be a great island, separated from the islands, in the line we

have just mentioned, by some of the openings at the head of Baffin's Bay.

4. Either that the land observed to the south of the east and west line we have mentioned, or of Barrow's Straits, is the coast of islands skirting the north coast of America, or that some of the masses of land may be projecting points of the great American continent.

5. Finally, That, in all probability, the land extending from Prince Regent's Inlet, through Barrow's Straits and Lancaster Sound, along the west coast of Baffin's Bay and Davis' Straits, to Cape of God's Mercy, and from this point through the great inlet at the head of Hudson's Bay, or through Cumberland Strait, may be a great island, whose western boundary may be in a line drawn from Foxes Farthest to Prince Regent's Inlet.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Distant Visibility of Mountains.*—(From the Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts):—

	Authority.	Miles	Dist.
Himalaya Mountains	Sir W. Jones	214	
Mount Ararat, from Derbend	Bruce	240	
Mounts Roa, Sandwich Islands (53 leagues)			100
Chimborazo (47 leagues)			100
Peak of Teneriffe, from South Cape of Lanzarote	Humboldt	153	
Peak of Teneriffe, from ship's deck			115
Peak of the Azores	Don M. Cagagal	126	
Tenahue	Morier	100	
Mount Athos	Dr Clarke	100	
Adam's Peak	Calcutta Monthly Journal	95	
Ghaut at the back of Tellicherry	Do.	94	
Golden Mount, from ship's deck	Do.	93	
Pulo Pera, from the top of Penang	Do.	75	
The Ghaut at Cape Comorin	Do.	73	
Pulo Penang, from ship's deck	Do.	53	

*Restoration of Paintings.*—The white used in oil-painting is generally prepared from lead, and forms the basis of many other pigments; and is extremely liable to turn brown or black, when affected by sulphureous vapours. M. Thenard, of Paris, has restored a painting of Raphael's, thus injured, by means of oxygenated water, applied with a pencil, which instantly took out the spots and restored the white. The fluid was so weak, as to contain not more than five or six times its volume of oxygen, and had no taste.

*Ripening Wall-Fruit.*—Mr Henry Dawes, of Slough, has published the result of an experiment for facilitating the ripening of wall-fruit, by covering the wall with black paint. The experiment was tried on a vine, and it is stated, that the weight of fine grapes gathered from the blackened part of the wall was 20lb. 10 oz.; while the plain part yielded only 7lb. 1 oz., being little more than one-third of the other. The fruit on the blackened part of the wall was also much finer, the bunches were larger, and ripened better than on the other half; the wood of the vine was likewise stronger, and more covered with leaves on the blackened part.

*Principles of Vegetation.*—In the first part of the fourth volume of the Transactions of the London Horticultural Society, we find an essay, by the Rev. William Herbert, detailing various experiments on hybrid vegetables, which appear to have been conducted with great care and accuracy. One inference drawn by the Rev. Gardiner from his success in producing varieties in vegetables is, that all the species of plants now existing have branched from original genera, or, in other words, that genera alone were created; and that most of those plants, which are now considered species, are no more than permanent varieties: the saving word *probable*, is indeed introduced into this hypothesis: but from the tenor of the whole paper, it should seem the author gives full credit to this favourite opinion. This conclusion, how-

ever, we cannot help thinking unphilosophical; for, on reflection, it naturally occurs, that the same creative power, which produced one individual vegetable, could, with equal facility, create a million; and that if genera in their native soils and climates produced, in the early era of the world, endless permanent varieties, at what period did this propensity to indefinite multiplication cease to act? It may be said, that new permanent varieties, or species, continue to arise at the present day, but this remains to be proved; for since plants have been described with accuracy (we mean since the time of Ray and Tournefort), what new species do we know, or even suspect, to have been produced in a native locality? That many vegetables under cultivation are apt to run into varieties, is obvious; but the varieties of plants, in a state of nature, are comparatively few in number, and these varieties are generally produced by the individuals growing in situations differing in moisture, temperature, and exposure, from the stations which are natural to them—seldom from seminal admixture; for were there no limit to the power gratuitously ascribed to the first created genera, the vegetable kingdom, long ere this period, would have become a confused and heterogeneous assemblage of hybrids, deviating, in every respect, from one of the most essential and fundamental laws of nature.

*Pompeii: Shower of Ashes.*—From a late eruption of Vesuvius, a shower of ashes fell on the now uncovered ruins of Pompeii. M. de Gimbernat, a Spanish naturalist, has compared the substances of which this recent shower is composed, with those by which the city was anciently overwhelmed. He could not find the smallest resemblance between them; inasmuch that it appears doubtful to him whether that city really was ruined by a shower of ashes. The same naturalist has observed, that within a few days after the eruption, the crater of Vesuvius was covered with crystals of sea-salt. We have always understood that the action of water was evident among the concurring causes of the ruin of Pompeii, whether it were fresh water, or consequent on any violent action of the sea. At all events, the comparison instituted by M. Gimbernat, is a laudable attention; and, properly pursued, may afford new light on the still obscure history of the calamities which had blotted out Pompeii from among the cities of the earth.

*Journey of Etymological Inquiry.*—There is nothing equal, in point of evidence, to the bringing a theory to the test of experience. Professor Hask, whose Memoir on the Origin of the Northern Languages was crowned by the Academy of Copenhagen, is at this time absent on a journey into Asiatic Russia, with the design to examine the

various idioms of that extensive country, and to determine whether there really is that resemblance between them and the Slavonian and German languages which has been pointed out by his theory. His intention is, to visit afterwards the mountains of Caucasus, the countries of Persia, and India beyond the Ganges. He allows himself three years for this undertaking. Undoubtedly, the conformity of dialects affords strong proof of the consanguinity of nations, where it can be effectively traced. To this should be added, and we hope the Professor will not overlook it, a comparison of religious opinions, rites, and ceremonies, with the influence they have had on the manners, the expressions, and the still remaining superstitions, preserved most strongly among the lower classes of the population.

\* The latest intelligence from M. Rask states his progress towards mount Caucasus, and his personal safety: but adds, that he finds himself under the necessity of waiting till certain feuds among the natives have subsided.

*Gus Lights, with Earthen-ware Reflectors.*—These reflectors, proposed by Mr Millington, are now used in the city of Bath. They are made of earthen-ware, with the common white glaze; are about eleven inches diameter, and cost about seven shillings a dozen. They not only considerably increase the light, but materially contribute to the protection of the head of the lamp, by preventing its being unsoldered, or injured by the flame.

*Discovery of the mouth of the Niger.*—The mouth of the Niger has been discovered by M. Dupuis. We understand, in addition to the information obtained by this traveller, that a gentleman in Jamaica, fond of geographical studies, by his own researches, and by the examination of negroes, arrived theoretically at the same conclusion. It would seem, that a little antiquarian lore in matters of this sort, is not unprofitable. The editor of a contemporary journal has an atlas, published in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in which the Niger is represented discharging itself by several mouths at the bottom of the great south-west bay of Africa.

*Account of Timbuctoo and Housa.*—“Our limits will not admit of many extracts from this work; but as our manufactures are on the decline, and the nation is anxiously looking out for new markets, and as we know that the mind of the country and of the government are now strongly directed to a quarter of the world, in which, at no distant period, we anticipate a great outlet for British manufactures and industry, which, if the nation loses it, the fault must be her's alone. We cannot refrain from quoting the following passage respecting the trade to Africa:

“Timbuctoo is the great emporium for all the country of the blacks, and even for Me- and Alexandria; the principal article

of merchandize are, tobacco, plattilas, beads of all kinds, cowries, small Dutch looking glasses, called in Holland *Velt Spiegels*, &c. In the Desert they buy rock salt of the Arabs, who bring it to them in camel loads, ready packed, which sells to great advantage at Timbuctoo, and in the several markets of Sudan. Shabeeny's caravan consisted of five hundred loaded camels, of which about two hundred carried rock salt.

“The returns are made in gold dust, slaves, ivory, gum sudan, and other things of lesser consideration; the gold dust is brought to Timbuctoo from Housa, in small leather bags; cowries and gold dust are the medium of traffic. The (Shereess) Muhamedan princes, and other merchants, generally sell their goods to some of the principal native merchants, taking their gold dust with them into other countries. The merchants residing at Timbuctoo have agents, or correspondents, in other countries, and are themselves agents in return. Timbuctoo is visited by merchants from all the negro countries; some of its inhabitants are extremely rich; a principal source of their wealth is lending gold dust and slaves, at high interest, to foreign merchants, which is repaid by goods from Morocco or Morocco, as Mr Jackson calls it, and other countries to which the gold dust and slaves are conveyed. Shabeeny says that gold is found about sixteen miles from Housa. We can hardly credit the description which this muselman gives of the mode of collecting it. He says they go in the night with camels, whose legs and feet are covered to protect them from snakes; they take a bag of sand, and mark with it the places that glitter with gold; in the morning they collect the earth where marked, and carry it to the refiners, who, for a small sum, separate the gold.

“Iron mines are in the desert; the iron is brought in small pieces by the Arabs, who melt and purify it; they cannot cast iron. They use charcoal fire, and form guns and swords with a hammer and anvil. The points of their arrows are barbed with iron; no man can draw the bow by his arm alone, but they have a kind of lever; the bow part is of steel, brought from Barbary, and manufactured at Timbuctoo.”

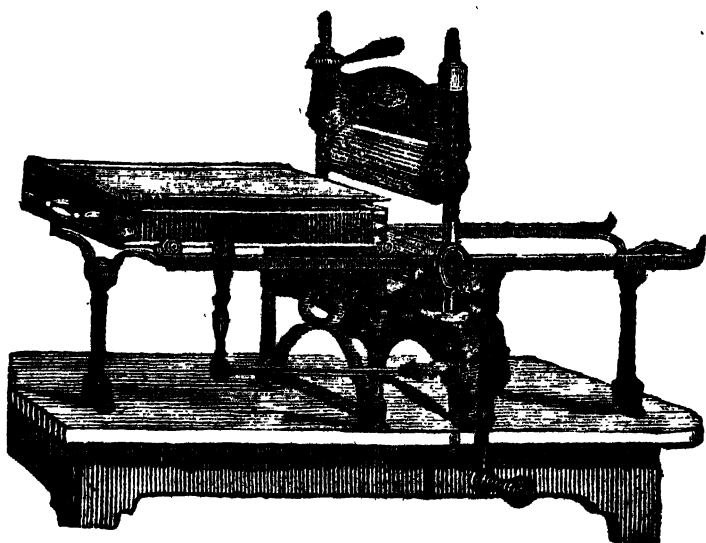
*Double Refraction.*—M. Soret has, in the *Journal de Physique*, (xc. p. 353), given two simple methods of ascertaining the double refraction of mineral substances. The apparatus for the first method is simply two plates of tourmaline, cut parallel to the axes of the crystal, and placed crossways, so as to absorb all the light. The substance to be examined is to be placed between these plates; if it be doubly refractive, the light re-appears through the tourmalines; if not, all remains dark. The second method consists in placing the mineral to be examined over a hole in a card, and examining the light transmitted through it by an achromatic prism of Iceland spar. If

the two images produced are coloured differently, it indicates double refraction.

*British Silver.*—Tuesday the 10th October, a block of silver of the value of £1,500 was smelted at Wheal Rose Mine, in Newlyn, the sole property of Sir C. Hawkins, Bart.

*Lithography.*—We are glad to find that this interesting art continues to attract the public attention in this country, and we hope ere long to see it succeed still more than it has done in Germany and France. The perfection of the machinery employed is of the greatest consequence; and we therefore take an opportunity of laying before our readers a sketch of a new Lithographic Printing Press, constructed by Mr J. Ruthven of Edinburgh, on the principle of his patent, and which answers perfectly for printing from stone. It is represented as free from the disadvantages that have hitherto attended lithographic presses, and as thus promising to render the art very generally adopted. Any degree of pressure is at once brought to bear on the stone, by means of the lever. The rol-

ler is found to clear the stone from the printing ink at each impression, and the labour of winding the bed through is much less than by the method hitherto used. By this machine a greater number of impressions may also be obtained in a day than formerly. One of them has been for some time at work at the Lithographic Establishment of Mr Charles M. Willich, No 6, Dartmouth-street, Westminster, where we have inspected it, to satisfy ourselves of its merit, and where we believe it may be seen by the admirers of this interesting art. This press has also the advantage of being applicable to copperplate printing. Upon inquiry we learnt, that at length English stone has been found to answer the purposes of lithography. In the above establishment it has been used with perfect success for Transfer Lithography, in which branch it is even thought to be superior to the German stone. The press from which the sketch has been made is intended for printing from stones 10 inches by 15 inches. It is extremely neat, and works with great facility.



*Agriculture, &c.*—M. Cadet de Vaux has lately recommended, as an important and useful innovation, the reaping of corn before it is perfectly ripe. This practice originated with M. Salles of the Agricultural Society of Beziers: grain thus reaped, (say eight days before it is ripe) is fuller, larger, finer, and is never attacked by the weevil. This was proved by reaping one half of a piece of corn field, as recommended, and leaving the other till the usual time. The early reaped portion gave a hectolitre of corn more, for half a hectare of land, than the later reaped. An equal quantity of

flour from each was made into bread: that made from the corn reaped green gave seven pounds of bread more than the other, in six decalitres. The weevil attacked the ripe corn, but not the green. The proper time for reaping is when the grain, pressed between the fingers, has a doughy appearance, like crumb of bread just hot from the oven, when pressed in the same way.

It has long been believed that leaves of the elder-tree put into the subterraneous paths of moles, drive them away; but it is not so generally known, that if fruit-trees, flowering shrubs, corn, or vegetables, be

wiped with the green leaves of elder branches, insects will not attach to them. An infusion of elder leaves in water is good for sprinkling over rose-buds, and flowers subject to blights and the devastations of caterpillars.

If pieces of woollen rags be placed in currant-bushes or other shrubs, &c. it is found that the caterpillars uniformly take shelter under them in the night. By this means thousands of these leaf-devouring insects may be destroyed every morning, by removing these traps, with their tenants, at an early hour, and replacing the rags for the destruction of others.

Horse-dung, clay, sand, and pitch-tar, form a composition, which, when applied to the trunks and stems of fruit-trees, after they are properly cleaned, prevents that spontaneous exudation called gumming, which is very injurious to the growth of trees.

*Knight's opinion in regard to Oak.*—Mr Knight is of opinion, founded on actual experiment, that oak timber would be much improved, if the tree, after being barked in the spring, was permitted to stand till the following winter.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### LONDON.

In the press, a new edition of the Rev. T. H. Horne's Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in four vols 8vo. As the third volume will consist principally of new matter, it is intended to print an extra number of copies of that volume, for such purchasers of the first edition as may order the same on or before January 1, 1821. No more extra copies will be printed than are actually ordered.

The new satirical novel, entitled *Edinburgh*, by the author of *London*, or a Month at Stevens's, will shortly appear.

In the press, an Account of the most memorable Battles and Sieges since the fall of Troy, with a view of their consequences on the moral condition of mankind; by Mr J. Hallison.

A new edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, illustrated with 24 coloured engravings by T. Rowlandson.

The *Feuds of Luma and Perollo*, a romantic tale of the sixteenth century; in four volumes.

*Scheming*, a novel, from the pen of a person of fashion.

Illustrations of the Geology, Antiquities, and Scenery of the Shetland Islands, with a geological map and other engravings; by Dr S. Hibbert.

*Divine Meditations and Holy Contemplations*, by the late R. Sibbes, D.D.

The *Universe*, a poem; by the Rev. Robert Maturin, author of *Bertram*, &c.

Two volumes of *Practical Sermons*; by Dr Abraham Rees.

Miss Bengier will shortly publish the *Life of Anne Boleyn, Queen of Henry VIII.* being the first of a Series of Historical Female Portraits.

A new edition of the *Odes and other Poems of Henry Neale*.

The *Conchology of Great Britain and Ireland*, arranged according to the Linnæan method; by Thomas Brown, Esq. F.R.S.E.

In preparation, the private and confidential Correspondence of Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, during the reign of King

William III.; never before published; illustrated with historical and biographical narratives from original documents; by the Rev. Archdeacon Cox.

An Account of a new method of making dried Anatomical Preparations; by Mr Joshua Swan.

*Society and Solitude*, a novel; by Innes Hoole, Esq.; in 3 vols.

A new and improved edition of the *Hermit* in London.

The Prospectus of a new work, to be called *Physiognomical Portraits*, to consist of plates and letter-press.

*Intellectual Powers*, by Mr Martin of Liverpool.

A History of the Zodians, an ancient people; by Rev. T. Clarke, author of the *Wandering Jew*.

In the press, an original work, by Mr James Jennings; designed to contain a concise account of every thing most necessary and useful both in science and art; embracing the most recent discoveries and improvements in Agriculture, Chemistry, Domestic Economy, Gardening, Medicine, Moral Philosophy, &c. It will extend to about 1100 pages in octavo.

A new edition of the *Clerical Guide*, or *Ecclesiastical Register*, corrected throughout with great care.

The *Portfolio*, an original miscellany; to be published every two months.

A *Practical Treatise on the Nature, Management, and Improvement of Country Residences, Rural Scenes and Objects*; by Mr Pontey, author of "The Profitable Planter and Forest Pruner."

The *Books of Genesis and Daniel* defended against Count Valney and Dr Kicis; by John Overton.

An *Essay on the Medical Application of Electricity and Galvanism*; by Mr Price, surgeon and electrician.

A new and improved edition of *Cherphiloud's Book of Versions, or Guide to the French Language*; also a new edition of the *Key*.

A Treatise of the Law of Common Recoveries, containing the whole modern theory and practice of Conveyancing; by a Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn.

Vindiciæ Hebraicæ; a Defence of the Hebrew Scriptures, as a vehicle of revealed religion; in confutation of Mr Bellamy's attacks on all preceding translations, and on the established version in particular; by Hyman Hurwitz.

The Crucifix exchanged for the Cross, illustrated in the memoir of Miss Margaret Leader, of Dublin.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

### COMMERCIAL REPORT.—Oct. 12, 1820.

**Sugar.**—THE market for sugar has for some time continued in a dull unsatisfactory state. Appearances within these few days, however, indicate more activity, and rather an advancement in price. As the stock is much reduced, and no supplies to be looked for of any importance during the next months, it may be fairly inferred, that sugar will advance in price. At the present rate of the market, it can never pay the planter, and consequently his debts to the mother country must remain undischarged, (perhaps increased) and his demands for all kinds of stores and supplies be greatly reduced, thereby further depressing the commerce of this country. The season for exportation being past, the demand for refined goods is exceedingly limited. **Cotton.**—The market for this article is in a languid state. The importations have been very considerable, which, added to the very large stock formerly on hand, leaves a supply still superior to the demand. While this continues to be the case, the market must remain without any material improvement in price. A considerable quantity has, we understand, been purchased of late in London, and shipped for America, where it will no doubt bring a better price than in the British market. This occurrence shews, in a strong light, the derangement of this branch of trade, when we perceive cotton that has been brought from the East Indies to Britain returned from thence to China, as to a better market. **Coffee.**—The market for coffee for some time continued very dull. There has been, however, a little improvement of late both in the demand and in the price, but whether that is to be permanent, or prices still further to increase, it is not easy to determine. The transactions in the European market must entirely regulate this. **Corn.**—The grain market continues very flat and dull, and sales can with difficulty be effected at reduced prices. The present prices cannot nearly defray the cultivator of the soil. The fruit market, in every kind, also continues very dull. Oil and tallow are still on the decline, and the markets heavy. Brandy is advanced in price, and maintains that advance. The market for Geneva remains stationary. The price of rum has sunk unusually low, in consequence of which, some demand has been evinced chiefly, we pre-

sume from speculation. It is scarcely possible that this article can sink lower. At the present value it will not pay the planter the expense of making, and the loss to those who are forced to take it in payment in the colonies, and ship it to this country, in order to meet their engagements, must be severe.

The manufacturing districts are decidedly more prosperous, and for the labouring population, compared with this period last year, the improvement is very considerable. We would fain hope, that this improvement would be permanent, and that no such severe distresses as those which have been experienced, will again visit the manufacturing part, or indeed any part of our population. The advices from some foreign markets are more favourable, and it is to be hoped these will progressively improve. Still new markets are those from which the greatest and most extensive relief can be procured. These are in our power, and we hope will not be much longer unoccupied.

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Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 10	14	—	—	—	—	—	—
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	34	35	—	—	—	—	37s	38s
Montreal ditto, . . .	41	46	37	38	38	40	40	42
Pot, . . .	38	44	32	32 6	34	34 6	32	40
OIL, Whale, . . . tun.	£27	24	23	24	—	—	£25	—
Cod, . . .	84	(p. bri.)	—	—	—	—	26	—
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	—	8½	7½	8	0 6	0 8	8d	(0d)
Middling, . . .	6½	7½	6½	6½	0 4	0 5½	5d	7
Inferior, . . .	6	6½	5	6	0 3½	0 3½	4	4½
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	1 0½	1 0½	0 3½	1 0	—	—
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 10	2 1	1 10	2 0	0 10	1 10
Good, . . .	—	—	1 7	1 9	1 5	1 6	1 4	1 10
Middling, . . .	—	—	1 6	1 7	1 2	1 4	—	—
Demerara and Berbice, .	—	—	1 3	1 5	1 1	1 4	1 1	1 2
West India, . . .	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 10	0 11	0 10	1 0
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	1 4	1 4½	1 2	1 3	1 0	1 2
Mananham, . . .	—	—	1 4	1 5	1 0½	1 1½	1 0	1 2

## Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 24th Oct. 1820.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock,.....	—	—	216½ 17	216 15
3 per cent. reduced,.....	—	—	66½ ½	66½ ½
3 per cent. consols,.....	66½ ½	67½ ½	67½ ½	67½ ½
3½ per cent. consols,.....	—	—	75½ ½	75½ ½
4 per cent. consols,.....	—	—	84½ 5	85 ½
5 per cent. navy ann.,.....	102½ ½	103½ ½	103½ ½	104 ½
Imperial 3 per cent. ann.,.....	—	—	—	—
India stock,.....	—	217½	—	—
— bonds,.....	18 19 pr.	23 25 pr.	25 26 pr.	25 26 pr.
Exchequer bills,.....	2 1 pr.	4 6 pr.	4 6 pr.	4 5 pr.
Consols for acc.,.....	66½ ½	67½ ½	67½ ½	67½ ½
American 3 per cents.,.....	71	70	70	—
French 5 per cents.,.....	—	74 fr. 75 c.	—	—

*Course of Exchange, Nov. 10.*—Amsterdam, 12 : 6. Antwerp, 12 : 8. Ham-  
burgh, 37 : 6. Frankfort on the Maine, 155. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Bourdeaux,  
26 : 0. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 36. Lisbon, 50½. Oporto, 50½. Gibraltar, 30½. Leg-  
horn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Malta, 45. Naples, 38½. Rio Janeiro, 54. Dublin, 6½ per  
cent. Cork, 6½.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. New Douh-  
loons, £3 : 15 : 6. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½. New dollars, £0 : 4 : 10½.  
Silver in bars, stand. £0 : 4 : 11½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 23d of  
September, and the 24th of October, 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Anderson, J. London, merchant  
Austin, T. J. Gregory, and J. Hutton, Bath, haberdashers  
Avison, J. Bridgehouse, Yorkshire, grocer  
Bidmead, J. D. Chalford, broad-cloth manufacturer  
Bidwith, T. Bagginswood, Stoteston, Shropshire, farmer  
Bonser, H. Belle Sauvage-yard, Ludgate-hill, victualler  
Bosher, W. Aldersgate-street, wholesale jeweller  
Calvert, I. Hedden, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner  
Castley, R. Friday-street, Cheapside, warehouseman  
Clarke, G. St John's-street, shoe-maker  
Clayton, P. Waterloo-place, Pall Mall, saddler  
Cope, W. Chillington, crato-maker  
Emson, R. Leaden, Essex, brewer  
Fiegehen, J. G. jun. Wood-street, Cheapside, glass-dealer  
Field, J. Pickett-street, Strand, linen-draper  
Forster, W. Strand, silversmith  
Gidley, E. Dover-street, Piccadilly, dress-maker  
Gilbert, M. and R. Tideswell, Derbyshire, linen-draper  
Griffiths, G. Cursitor-street, jeweller  
Grumwell, F. jun. Leeds, cheesemonger  
Harris, J. and C. Cooper, Bristol, wool and cloth-factors  
Hart, G. Cheltenham, stone-mason  
Herbert, W. Overbury, Worcestershire, farmer  
Houghton, G. Hercules-buildings, Lambeth, carpenter  
Jeremy, C. Acce-lane, Chapham, linen-draper  
Jones, T. and E. Powell, Wrexham, grocers  
Koster, T. Liverpool, merchant  
Latham, J. Abington, grocer  
Lee, J. Horsleydown-lane, Southwark, lighterman  
Leech, J. and J. Hinchcliffe, Cateaton-street, wholesale hosier  
Leigh, R. Stanley, dealer in ale and porter  
Lovelock, S. Bristol, baker  
Mardon, W. East Budleigh, Devon  
Marriott, R. Pickering, carrier  
Martin, T. Bristol, linen-draper  
Meakin, W. Locksall, Staffordshire, grocer  
Miller, G. Watling-street, carpet agent  
Morley, D. Cock-pur-street, boot-maker  
Morton, A. Lower Thames-street, fish-factor  
Nation, J. Gosport, victualler  
Norris, C. and R. Bury, cotton spinners  
Parkes, W. Birmingham, line-dealer  
Paul, H. Old Change, carpenter  
Payne, J. D. Reid, and T. Hall, Norwich, bone-lasene-manufacturers  
Perkins, R. Lynnington, Hants, grocer  
Pitt, J. Cirencester, wool-stapler  
Portlock, R. Andover, coach-maker  
Redhead, J. M. Rotherhithe, merchant  
Reynolds, W. late of the ship Orient, master mariner  
Roach, J. Plymouth Dock, stationer  
Sabine, H. Finchurch-street, druggist  
Seaman, C. and G. Etheridge, Norwich, goldsmiths  
Shirley, R. Buckler-bury, carpet-manufacturer  
Small, W. jun. Lower East Smithfield, butcher  
Smith, T. H. Chancery-lane, tailor  
Smith, J. jun. Rainsgate, carpenter  
Smith, J. H. Bristol, auctioneer  
Smith, J. Balkmle, Yorkshire, flax-spinner  
Stapard, W. Norwich, manufacturer  
Stickland, S. Budleigh, Salterton, Devon, dealer  
Sutton, J. sen. Barlestone, Leicestershire, butcher  
Thomas, J. and J. Tabell, Oxford-street, linen-draper  
Thompson, J. Norwich, merchant  
Thornton, H. Rood-lane, upholster  
Tunnicliffe, G. and J. Stone, grocers  
Waidie, J. and S. Dalton, manufacturers  
Weston, M. Wellington, Somerset, mercer  
Willet, G. Owen's-row, Islington, picture-frame-maker  
Wilson, J. Swanton, Morley, Norfolk, farmer  
Winwick, J. Bathwick, Somerset, money-scrivener  
Woolcot, C. F. High Holborn, window-glass cutter  
Young, T. Cheltenham, fish-monger

# ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st October, 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Braidwood, Francis, tacksman of Collalu Quarry, and stone-merchant, residing in Edinburgh  
 Creighton, James, spirit-dealer, Glasgow  
 Ferguson, James, banker and writer in Stewarton  
 Gavin, Peter, ship-chandler, Leith  
 Gordon, Patrick, stationer and paper-dealer, Glasgow  
 Lindsay, A. & J. flour and grain-dealer, Glasgow  
 Lover, Mrs Mary, late china-dealer in Edinburgh, now in Leith  
 Macintosh, Arthur, bookseller, Inverness  
 McAlpin & Fisher, brick-makers, Glasgow  
 McIver, John, nursery and seedsman in Muthill, Perthshire  
 Paterson, M. & Co. fire-brick manufacturers, Port Dundas, near Glasgow  
 Sanders, John, cooper and fish-curer, Leith  
 Sutherland, John, of Northfol, merchant, Dunfermline  
 Torrance, James, grain and spirit-dealer, Glasgow

## DIVIDENDS.

Dobson, James, drysalter, Glasgow; a dividend 29th October  
 Laird, J. & Co. merchants, Greenock; a dividend of 3s. per pound, 2d November  
 Lumsden, J. merchant in Dysart; a dividend 10th November  
 McCoul, J. & Sons, merchants, Glasgow; a dividend 15th November  
 Macgibbon, Edmund, merchant in Glasgow; a dividend 21st November  
 Peacock, Robt. & Sons, merchants, Paisley; a dividend of 3s. 4d. per pound, 27th November  
 Penman, Andrew, bookseller, Glasgow; a dividend 8th December  
 Pollock, A. & J. cotton-yarn-merchants, Paisley; a dividend 11th November  
 Robey, George, merchant in Anstruther; a dividend 27th November  
 Smith, J. & Co. booksellers at Peterhead; a dividend 7th November

## EDINBURGH.—NOVEMBER 1.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st.....39s. 0d.	1st.....22s. 0d.	1st.....19s. 0d.	1st.....22s. 0d.
2d.....31s. 0d.	2d.....21s. 0d.	2d.....17s. 6d.	2d.....20s. 0d.
3d.....23s. 0d.	3d.....19s. 0d.	3d.....16s. 6d.	3d.....19s. 6d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 11 : 3 per boll.

Tuesday, October 31.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s 5d. to 0s 7d.	Quartern Loaf . . .	0s. 9d. to 0s. 10d
Mutton . . . . .	0s. 4d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	0s. 10d. to 0s.
Lamb, per quarter .	2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s.
Veal . . . . .	0s. 6d. to 0s. 9d.	Salt ditto, per stone,	16s. 0d. to 0s.
Pork . . . . .	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb. . . .	1s. 0d. to 0s.
Tallow, per stone . .	8s. 6d. to 9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen . .	0s. 0d. to 1s.

## HADDINGTON.—NOVEMBER 10.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st.....40s. 0d.	1st.....00s. 0d.	1st.....00s. 0d.	1st.....20s. 6d.	1st.....21s. 0d.
2d.....31s. 0d.	2d.....00s. 0d.	2d.....00s. 0d.	2d.....18s. 0d.	2d.....18s. 0d.
3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....15s. 0d.	3d.....15s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 8 : 11d. 11-12ths.

## London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st.....40s. 0d.	1st.....00s. 0d.	1st.....00s. 0d.	1st.....20s. 6d.	1st.....21s. 0d.
2d.....31s. 0d.	2d.....00s. 0d.	2d.....00s. 0d.	2d.....18s. 0d.	2d.....18s. 0d.
3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....15s. 0d.	3d.....15s. 0d.

Seeds, &c.

Must. Brown.	12 to 15	Hompspeed .	48 to 56
—White . . . . .	11 to 15	Linseed crush.	56 to 63
Tares . . . . .	8 to 9	New for. Seed	70 to 76
Turnip, White	17 to 20	Ribgrass . . .	18 to 44
—New . . . . .	0 to 0	Clover, Red . .	42 to 74
—Yellow . . . .	20 to 24	—White . . . .	50 to 106
Crabapple, new	60 to 65	Coriander . . .	16 to 20
Canary, new . .	84 to 88	Trefoil, . . . .	30 to 72

New Rapeseed, £38 to £40.

## Liverpool, Nov. 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st.....40s. 0d.	1st.....00s. 0d.	1st.....00s. 0d.	1st.....20s. 6d.	1st.....21s. 0d.
2d.....31s. 0d.	2d.....00s. 0d.	2d.....00s. 0d.	2d.....18s. 0d.	2d.....18s. 0d.
3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....00s. 0d.	3d.....15s. 0d.	3d.....15s. 0d.

Seeds, &c.

Must. Brown.	12 to 15	Hompspeed .	48 to 56
—White . . . . .	11 to 15	Linseed crush.	56 to 63
Tares . . . . .	8 to 9	New for. Seed	70 to 76
Turnip, White	17 to 20	Ribgrass . . .	18 to 44
—New . . . . .	0 to 0	Clover, Red . .	42 to 74
—Yellow . . . .	20 to 24	—White . . . .	50 to 106
Crabapple, new	60 to 65	Coriander . . .	16 to 20
Canary, new . .	84 to 88	Trefoil, . . . .	30 to 72

*Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 4th Nov. 1820.*

Wheat, 57s. 6d.—Rye, 36s. 6d.—Barley, 28s. 1d.—Oats, 21s. 0d.—Beans, 38s. 1d.—Pease, 39s. 4d.  
Oatmeal, 22s. 4d.—Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE temperature during the month of October, has been gradually, though slowly, on the decline. At the beginning of the month, the maximum was about 56, and the minimum 43, towards the end the former was but a few degrees above 40, and the latter several degrees below it. On the 9th the thermometer sunk to the freezing point, and on the 28th half a degree below it, but on several other days the ground was covered with hoar frost. The barometer, during the first 10 days, stood above 30 inches, after the 15th it was seldom so high as 29. For the first fortnight there was no rain, with the exception of a slight shower on the 1st, but after the 15th it rained frequently, and sometimes very heavily. The state of the hygrometer has been much the same as during the month of October last year, but as the temperature is this year lower by about 2 degrees, the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere has been considerably less. It is generally understood, that the mean temperature of the last 10 days of October, is a near approximation to the average temperature of the whole year. This season the former must be the lower of the two by at least 3 degrees. The temperature of spring water is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  degrees below what it was in October 1819. The average of the daily extremes is again less than that of 10 morning and evening.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

*Extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.*

OCTOBER 1820.

Means.		Extremes.	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
Mean of greatest daily heat, . . . . .	Degrees. 49.5	Maximum . . . . . 5d day	Degrees. 56.0
..... cold, . . . . .	59.1	Minimum, . . . . . 28th, . . . . .	51.5
..... temperature, 10 A.M. . . . .	46.3	Lowest maximum, . . . . . 29th, . . . . .	41.0
..... 10 P.M. . . . .	15.3	Highest minimum, . . . . . 5d, . . . . .	10.0
..... of daily extremes, . . . . .	44.3	Highest, 10 A.M. . . . . 5d, . . . . .	51.0
..... 10 A.M. and 10 P.M. . . . .	44.8	Lowest ditto . . . . . 29th, . . . . .	58.0
..... 1 daily observations, . . . . .	41.5	Highest, 10 P.M. . . . . 5d, . . . . .	50.0
Whole range of thermometer, . . . . .	523.5	Lowest ditto . . . . . 11th, . . . . .	58.0
Mean daily ditto, . . . . .	10.4	Greatest range in 24 hours, 4th, . . . . .	20.5
..... temperature of spring water, . . . . .	48.6	Least ditto, . . . . . 6th, . . . . .	5.0
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 51.) . . . . .	Inches. 29.455	Highest 10 A.M. . . . . 4th, . . . . .	Inches. 30.500
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 51.) . . . . .	29.455	Lowest ditto, . . . . . 17th, . . . . .	28.505
..... both, (temp. of mer. 51.) . . . . .	29.455	Highest 10 P.M. . . . . 5d, . . . . .	30.195
Whole range of barometer, . . . . .	7.985	Lowest ditto, . . . . . 15th, . . . . .	28.575
Mean ditto, during the day, . . . . .	.125	Greatest range in 24 hours, 11th, . . . . .	.780
..... night, . . . . .	.153	Least ditto, . . . . . 5d, . . . . .	.015
..... in 24 hours, . . . . .	.258	HYGROMETER.	
HYGROMETER.		HYGROMETER.	
Rain in inches, . . . . .	Degrees. 2.295	Leslie. Highest, 10 A.M. 2d, . . . . .	Degrees. 56.0
Evaporation in ditto, . . . . .	1.200	..... Lowest ditto, . . . . . 24th, . . . . .	1.0
Mean daily Evaporation, . . . . .	.039	..... Highest, 10 P.M. 14th, . . . . .	19.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A.M. . . . .	16.0	..... Lowest ditto, . . . . . 22d, . . . . .	2.0
..... 10 P.M. . . . .	11.1	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 6th, 4th, . . . . .	48.0
..... both . . . . .	13.5	..... Lowest ditto, . . . . . 10th, . . . . .	28.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M. . . . .	37.7	..... Highest 10 P.M. 14th, . . . . .	11.0
..... 10 P.M. . . . .	37.1	..... Lowest ditto, . . . . . 11th, . . . . .	30.0
..... both, . . . . .	37.4	..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M. 14th, . . . . .	94.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M. . . . .	76.2	..... Least ditto, . . . . . 21st, . . . . .	56.0
..... 10 P.M. . . . .	81.5	..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 22d, . . . . .	97.0
..... both, . . . . .	78.8	..... Least ditto, . . . . . 14th, . . . . .	71.0
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M. . . . .	.165	..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 14th, . . . . .	.229
..... 10 P.M. . . . .	.161	..... Least ditto . . . . . 21st, . . . . .	.117
..... both, . . . . .	.163	..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 22d, . . . . .	.198
		..... Least ditto, . . . . . 11th, . . . . .	.126

Fair

rainy days, 11. Wind west of Meridian, 15; east of meridian, 16.

**METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.**

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Baron	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		The r	Baron.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Oct. 1	M. 41 E. 47	29.677 .790	M. 51 E. 51	W.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	Oct. 17	M. 36 E. 45	29.569 .404	M. 46 E. 45	N.	Rain.
2	M. 40 E. 49	.910 30.193	M. 51 E. 52	W.	Ditto.	18	M. 37 E. 45	.650 .993	M. 45 E. 45	N.	Rain foren. fair aftern.
3	M. 101 E. 50	.326 .382	M. 51 E. 54	W.	Dull, but fair.	19	M. 51 E. 39	.894 .616	M. 43 E. 43	Cble.	Frost morn. fair day.
4	M. 46 E. 52	.352 .395	M. 53 E. 53	W.	Mild.	20	M. 55 E. 40	.385 .865	M. 42 E. 11	Cble.	Rain foren. fair aftern.
5	M. 37 E. 45	.302 .255	M. 51 E. 52	W.	Fair.	21	M. 35 E. 39	.985 .972	M. 42 E. 15	W.	Fair.
6	M. 10 E. 48	.218 .128	M. 51 E. 53	E.	Rain morn. fair day.	22	M. 53 E. 40	.389 .501	M. 41 E. 52	E.	Rain all day.
7	M. 41 E. 49	.115 29.999	M. 51 E. 51	F.	Fair.	23	M. 58 E. 45	.680 .648	M. 45 E. 45	W.	Dull, but fair.
8	M. 12 E. 49	.999 30.129	M. 50 E. 49	E.	Fair.	24	M. 51 E. 41	.450 .158	M. 43 E. 45	W.	Rain morn. fair day.
9	M. 10 E. 46	.102 .182	M. 48 E. 48	E.	Frost morn. dull day.	25	M. 55 E. 36	.660 .866	M. 41 E. 45	W.	Fair.
10	M. 55 E. 41	.990 .892	M. 47 E. 47	W.	Frost morn. fair day.	26	M. 52 E. 39	.834 .576	M. 45 E. 45	Cble.	Dull, but fair.
11	M. 33 E. 1	.612 .812	M. 47 E. 48	Cble.	Fair.	27	M. 51 E. 45	.701 .104	M. 45 E. 15	N.	Rain.
12	M. 50 E. 58	.788 .766	M. 46 E. 49	N.W.	Frost morn. fair day.	28	M. 55 E. 41	.277 .552	M. 45 E. 45	W.	Dull, but fair.
13	M. 55 E. 40	.781 .777	M. 45 E. 46	Cble.	Dull, but fair.	29	M. 50 E. 37	.101 .896	M. 41 E. 11	S.E.	Fair foren. rain aftern.
14	M. 53 E. 46	.201 .209	M. 44 E. 45	S.	Ditto.	30	M. 59 E. 42	.299 .147	M. 42 E. 12	S.	Fair.
15	M. 37 E. 45	.530 .150	M. 47 E. 39	S.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	31	M. 52 E. 39	.215 .259	M. 41 E. 41	S.	Ditto.
16	M. 36 E. 47	.626 .138	M. 47 E. 45	S.	Dull & cold.	Average of rain, 2.656 inches.					

**APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.**

**CIVIL.**

Mr William Miller, of Edinburgh, is appointed type-founder to His Majesty for Scotland.

**ECCLIASTICAL.**

The Rev. Principal Haldane, of St Mary's College, has been admitted first minister of the church and parish of St Andrew's, in room of the late Principal Hill.

The College of Glasgow has elected the Rev. Matthew Leishman, probationer, to be minister of the parish of Govan.

**MILITARY.**

Capt. Blake, h. p. 6 Carr. Bn. to be Major in the Army 4 June 1814  
 — T. H. Harrison, R. Art. to be Maj. in the Army 12 Aug. 1819  
 — S. Kirby, R. Art. to be Maj. in the Army do.  
 — C. de Havilland, 8 F. to be Maj. in the Army do.  
 R.H.G. T. P. Cosby, Cornet by purch. vice Dashwood, prom. 28 Sep. 1820  
 5 Dr Genl. Cadet T. B. May, from R. Mill. Coll. Cornet by purch. vice J. May, ret. 5 Oct.  
 11 Bt. Lt. Col. Childers, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Duggens, ret. 21 Sept.  
 Cornet Crole, Lieut. vice Jordan, dead do. 20  
 14 Bt. Lt. Col. Percy, Maj. by purch. vice Brotherton, ret. 22 Dr. Oct. 12  
 Lieut. Charlton, Capt. by purch. do.  
 Cornet Goach, Lieut. by purch. do.  
 22 Bt. Lt. Col. Brotherton, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Travers, ret. Oct. 12  
 Lt. Taylor, Capt. by purch. vice Vernon, ret. Jan. 2  
 Cornet Kierulff, Lieut. by purch. do.  
 Lord Francis Conyngham, Cornet by purch. vice Harrison, prom. Sept. 21  
 2 F. G. Ensign and Lieut. Shawe, Lieut. and Capt. by purch. vice Baynes, ret. Oct. 5  
 — Cornwall, from h. p. Ensign and Lieut. by purch. do.

2 F. Ensign Waring, Lieut. vice Glasston dead do.  
 O. Robinson, Ensign do.  
 10 Ensign Shinkwin, Adj. and Lieut. vice Allen, prom. 9 Feb.  
 17 Hosp. Assist. Trigance, Assist. Surg. vice Ardley, 71 F. 12 Oct.  
 18 Lieut. St George, Capt. by purch. vice Maxwell, ret. 21 Sept.  
 Ensign Campbell, Lieut. by purch. do.  
 R. La Touche, Ensign by purch. do.  
 26 Lt. Brookbank, from 21 F. Capt. by purch. vice Tripp Oct. 12  
 41 Ensign North, Lieut. vice Russell, 10 R. Vet. Bn. Sept. 21  
 B. Browne, Ensign do.  
 46 Ensign Sutherland, from 87 F. Ensign, vice Carroll, cancelled Oct. 5  
 Lieut. Purcell, Adj. vice Madigan, res. Adj. only Feb. 11  
 47 Bt. Maj. Hutchison, Maj. vice Molesworth, killed in action Dec. 5, 1819  
 Lieut. French, Capt. do.  
 J. D. Brown, Ensign do.  
 Ensign McCarthy, Adj. vice French, prom. do.  
 53 Bt. Maj. Giles, Maj. vice Fehrzen, dead Jan. 20  
 Ensign Taggart, Lt. vice Fitz-Gerald, dead Feb. 11  
 W. Krefling, Ensign do.  
 54 Lieut. Col. Macbean, fin. h. p. 99 F. Lieut. Col. vice Calvert, cancelled Oct. 5  
 57 Lieut. Oulton, Capt. vice Dix, dead do.  
 Ensign Brown, Lieut. do.  
 61 R. I. Coghlan, Ens. vice A. Grieve, dead Sept. 28  
 62 Bt. Lt. Col. Roberts, Maj. vice Goodridge, dead Oct. 5  
 Lieut. Eaton, Captain do.  
 Ensign Mansell, Lieut. do.  
 G. Danerum, Ensign do.  
 63 Ensign Donathorne, Lt. vice Place, prom. do.  
 C. Estridge, Ens. vice Coleman, ret. do. 1



- 65 F. Gent. Cadet J. A. Walker, fm. R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Donnithorne do. 5  
T. Coleman, Qua. Master, vice Johnstone, dead do. 4  
Surg. Stewart, from 71 F. Surg. vice Burrell, dead do. 12
- 67 As. Surg. J. French, from Med. Staff, As. Surg. vice Greig, cancelled Sept. 28
- 71 As. Surg. Ardley, fm. 17 F. Surg. vice Stewart, 65 F. Oct. 11
- 57 J. M. Ogilvie, Ensign, vice Sutherland, 46 F. do. 5  
As. Surg. Mouat, fm. 21 Dr. As. Surg. vice Robson, h. p. 21 Dr. March 21
- 88 Ensign Clarke, Lt. vice Hilliard, 4 R. Vet. Bn. Oct. 19
- W. H. Hartopp, Ensign by purch. do.  
Ensign W. J. King, Lt. vice Moulson, dead Jan. 29
- 90 Ensign Stuart, Lieut. Sept. 28  
F. White, Ensign, vice Newton, 8 R. Vet. Bn. do. 21
- G. C. M. L. W. S. Johnston, Ensign, vice Stuart do. 28  
Lieut. Munro, Adj. vice Crawford, 8 R. Vet. Bn. May 11
- 2 W. I. R. As. Surg. Haskins, fm. Med. Staff, Surgeon, vice Murray, h. p. Sept. 28  
Hosp. As. MacLachlan, As. Surg. vice O'Beirne, appointed to Staff Oct. 12
- Medical Department.*  
Dr. Nicoli, Surg. to the Forces, Dep. Insp. of Hosp. in Africa only Oct. 12, 1820  
Surg. J. Elliot, fm. h. p. Surg. to the Forces, vice Dunkin, 14 h. p. Sept. 28  
— Headfoot, Lta. h. p. Sicilian R. Surg. to the Forces do.  
Asst. Surg. O'Beirne, fm. 2 W. I. R. As. Surg. to the Forces, vice Haskins, 2 W. I. R. Oct. 12  
— W. Doherty, Hosp. As. Surg. to the Forces, vice MacLachlan, 2 W. I. R. do.
- Additions and Alterations too late for insertion in their respective Places.*  
1 L. Gds. Lieut. J. Hall, from h. p. 6 Dr. Lieut. vice Manners, each Oct. 15, 1820
- 5 D. Gds. — Mercer, from 70 G. vice Hughes, exch. do.  
4 — Griffiths, from h. p. 79 F. Qua. Mast. vice Cochrane, 14 h. p. do.  
16 Dr. — Baker, Capt. by purch. vice Weyland, exch. do.  
— Cornet Twiss, Lieut. by purch. do.  
Sir T. W. White, Bl. Cornet by purch. do.
- 1 F. Lieut. Billing, Capt. vice Galbraith, 4 Vet. Bn. do.  
Ensign Bruce, Lieut. do.  
W. H. Church, Ensign do.
- 2 Lieut. Hair, Capt. vice Williamson, 8 Vet. Bn. do.  
Ensign Proctor, Lieut. do.  
J. B. Dalway, Ensign do.
- 22 Capt. French, from 52 F. Capt. vice Hervey, exch. do.
- 24 Lieut. Wall, from h. p. 40 F. Lieut. vice Gray, exch. do.  
Ensign Cornwall, from 58 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Brookshank, 26 F. do. 19
- 28 Capt. Magennis, from 37 F. Capt. vice Moriarty, h. p. 71 F. do.  
— Rist, from h. p. 37 F. Capt. vice Burton, exch. do.
- 37 — Fox, from h. p. 30 F. Capt. vice Cox, exch. do. 18  
— Barralther, from h. p. 71 F. Capt. vice Macneus, 28 F. do. 19
- 38 H. Guinness, Ensign, vice Cornwall, 24 F. do.  
50 Lieut. Patterson, Capt. vice Mitchell, 7 Vet. Bn. do.  
Fusign Tudor, Lieut. do.  
J. B. Ross, Ensign do.
- 63 Lieut. Douglas, from h. p. 68 F. Lieut. vice Percival, exch. rec. diff. do.  
70 — Hughes, from 5 Dr. G. Lieut. vice Mercer, exch. do.
- 71 Ensign —, Capt. by purch. vice Horton, 8 F. do.  
G. Stuart, Ensign, by purch. do.  
C. A. —, Ensign, by purch. vice Arbuthnot, 14 F. do. 19
- 75 F. Lieut. Baldwin, from h. p. 14 F. Lieut. vice Payne, exch. do.  
81 — Horton, from 71 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bowles, ret. do. 5  
Ensign Oakley, Lieut. vice Armstrong, 10 Vet. Bn. do. 19
- 82 E. Harrison, Ensign do.  
Capt. Hervey, from 22 F. Capt. vice French, exch. do.
- 87 Lieut. Carroll, Capt. vice Turner, 10 Vet. Bn. do.  
Ensign Reade, Lieut. do.  
R. R. Harris, Ensign do.
- 90 Capt. Paget, from h. p. 31 F. Capt. vice Wilby, exch. do.
- 4 R. V. B. — Galbraith, from 1 F. Capt. vice Mackay, cane. do.  
7 — Mitchell, from 50 F. Capt. vice Odlum, cane. do.  
8 Bt. Maj. Williamson, from 2 F. Capt. vice Fairclough, cane. do.  
10 Capt. Turner, from 87 F. Capt. vice Browne, cane. do.  
Lieut. Jones, from h. p. 60 F. Lieut. vice Eagar, cane. do.
- Medical Department.*  
As. Surg. Ramsay, from h. p. As. Surg. to the Forces, vice French, 67 F. do.
- Exchanges.*  
Capt. Chitty, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Captain Teulon, h. p. 30 F.  
Lieut. Gale, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Barwell, h. p. 1 Dr.  
— Lieut. Hollingsworth, from 14 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Davis, h. p. 22 Dr.  
— Clarke, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Maxwell, h. p. 24 Dr.  
— Bruce, from 35 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Douglas, h. p. 66 F.  
— Armstrong, from 55 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Troward, h. p. 31 F.  
— McAnally, from 90 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Outley, h. p. 84 F.  
— Anderson, from 1 W. I. R. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hallday, h. p. 3 W. I. R.  
Cornet and Sub-Lieut. J. Hall, from 1 Life Gds. with Cornet C. Hall, h. p. 6 Dr.  
Ensign Robertson, from 55 F. 24 Lieut. Daly, Rifle Brig.  
— Stretch, from 38 F. with Ensign Conolly, h. p. 11 F.  
— Mathewson, from 54 F. with Ensign Pattison, h. p. 14 Afr. Corps.  
— Baitcock, from 81 F. with Ensign Douglas, h. p. 57 F.  
Qua. Mast. Johnstone, from 60 F. with Qua. Mast. Kiens, h. p.
- Resignations and Retirements.*  
Lieut. Col. Diggins, 11 Dr.  
— Travers, 22 Dr.  
Capt. Vernon, 22 Dr.  
— Baynes, 2 F. G.  
— Maxwell, 18 F.  
— Tripp, 26 F.  
Cornet J. May, 3 Dr.  
Ensign Coleman, 65 F.
- Appointments Cancelled.*  
The Exchange between Lieut. Col. Daniel, 54 F. and Lieut. Col. Culvert, h. p. 72 F.  
— Ensign Carroll, 46 F.
- Superseded.*  
Paymaster O'Connor, 11 P. he having deserted from his Regt.
- Deaths.*  
Maj. Gen. Kersteman, Roy. Eng. Sept. 21, 1820  
Lieut. Colonel Goodridge, 62 F. Halifax, Nova Scotia Aug. 25  
Captain Dix, 57 F. Dublin, Sept. 14  
— Crow, h. p. 56 F. at Mary Vale, Newry June 30  
— Sir James McIntosh, Bt. h. p. 71 F. Jan. 21  
Lieut. Glasson, 2 F. Demarara July 20  
— Moulson, 69 F.  
— Bird, Royal Invalids, Alston, Lincolnshire Aug. 26  
— Ross, late 5 R. Vet. Bn. March 3  
— Trotter, h. p. 51 F. Sept. 4  
Ensign Adolphus Greave, 71 F. Spanish Town, Jamaica July 31  
— Carter, h. p. 15 F. Liverpool Feb. 21, 1820  
— Moore, h. p. 60 F. Portobello  
Paymaster Tomlinson, 28 F. Corfu Aug. 16  
Colwell, h. p. 4 F. Oct. 1  
Surgeon Burrell, 65 F.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

Aug. 2. At Malta, the lady of Captain Robert Tait, R.N. a son.

17. At Basseterre, Island of St Kitts, the lady of James Hay, Esq. of the Customs, a son.

Sept. 21. At Leith, Mrs Stewart, Constitution-street, a daughter.

22. At Downhill, county Derry, Ireland, the lady of James Robertson Bruce, Esq. a son.

23. The lady of John Somerset, a son.

25. At Mylnefield-house, Mrs Mylne, of Mylnefield, a daughter.

26. At Luton Park, Lady James Stewart, a daughter.

— At Southampton, the lady of George Holmes Jackson, Esq. of Glenmore, a son.

27. At Maxpoffie, Mrs Scott, younger of Raeburn, a daughter.

28. At 9, Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Bell, a daughter.

Oct. 1. At Durie, Mrs Christie, a son.

5. At Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, Mrs James Moncrieff, a son.

— At Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Inglis, a daughter.

6. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir George Sitwell, Bart. of Roushaw, in the county of Derby, a son and heir.

— At Glengarry-house, the lady of Colonel McDonnell of Glengarry, a daughter.

7. At Corsbie, Newton-Stewart, the Hon. Mrs Montgomerie Stewart, a daughter.

— At 13, Catherine-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Powell, a daughter.

9. At Hill-end, Greenock, the lady of Capt. Barwick, of the 9th, or Cameronian Highlanders, a son.

12. Mrs William Alexander, 59, Castle-street, Edinburgh, a son.

13. The lady of Duncan Robertson, Esq. of Caronvale, a son.

— At Queen-street, Edinburgh, Lady Elliuor Campbell, a daughter.

— At Aberdeen, Mrs Fumden of Tilwhilly, a daughter.

14. In Northumberland-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Capt. Hodgson, R.N. a son.

15. The Duchess of Newcastle, a son.

— In Charles-street, Berkeley-square, London, Lady Sophia, wife of James Macdonald, Esq. M.P. a son.

16. At Grange, Mrs Cadell, a son.

— At Seaton, Mrs Ballant, a son.

— At Millburn Tower, Mrs Hamage Liston, a daughter.

— At his house, in Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the lady of Thomas Matland, younger of Dundrum, Esq. a son.

— At Clifton, the lady of Major-General Macleod, a daughter.

— At Holtenham, Lady Catherine Halkett, a son.

17. At Brimingham, the lady of Major Carnichael, of the 6th dragoon guards, of a son and heir.

18. At Pemuck-house, Lady Clerk, a son.

19. At Cramond-house, Mrs Hope Johnstone of Annandale, a son.

— Mrs James H. Ross, Dundas-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

— Mrs W. Fernier, Albany-street, Edinburgh, a son.

20. At Bank-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Rymer, a daughter.

21. At Southsea, the lady of Sir James Alexander Gordon, K.C.B. R.N. a daughter.

22. At Lord Belgrave's house, in Grosvenor-square, London, Lady Belgrave, a daughter.

24. In Great King-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Leonard Horner, a son.

27. At the house of his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, in Audley-square, London, the lady of Colonel Fitzlarence, a daughter.

28. The wife of Andrew Elder, a farmer's servant in Penicuik, East Lothian, of three fine boys, who with the mother are doing well.

29. In Charlotte-square, Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Dundas of Dundas, a daughter.

30. In Montague-place, Russell-square, London, the lady of Captain William Forrest, a daughter.

31. Mrs Hutchins, George-street, Edinburgh, a daughter.

Nov. 2. At 7, Albany-street, Edinburgh, the lady of James Wilson, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

4. At Dundas-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Colonel Robertson of Haidernig, a daughter.

5. At Edinburgh, the lady of Philip Hays, Esq. of Balmakewan, a son.

— At James-place, Leith, Mrs Robert Dudgeon, a son.

Latelly—at 114, George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Captain Menzies, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

Jan. 1. At Government-house, Calcutta, Major A. Lindsey, of the artillery, to Miss Flora Loudoun Mackenzie, daughter of the late Donald Mackenzie of Hartfield, Esq.

March 22. At Meerut, in the East Indies, Lieutenant George Brooke, of the horse artillery, to Catherine, niece of Dr Cochran, late President of the Medical Board, Calcutta.

Sept. 25. At Swannmore-house, the seat of Alexander Shearer, Esq. by special license, the Right Hon. Hans Francis, Earl of Huntingdon, to Eliza Mary, widow of the late Alexander Thistlethwaite, Esq. of Hampshire, and eldest daughter of the late Joseph Bettesworth, Esq. of the Isle of Wight.

30. Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone, third son of the Honourable William Elphinstone, to Diana Maria, daughter of Charles Clavering, Esq.

Oct. 2. At Bankelhor-street, b. the reverend Dr Anderson, Alexander Hector, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Agnes Melville, daughter of Mr Patrick Mackay, merchant, Edinburgh.

— At Voggie house, Warren Hastings Anderson, Esq. second son of David Anderson, Esq. of St Germans, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Dewar Esq. of Voggie.

3. At Amelia Bank, Dundee, by the Rev. H. Horsley, Adam Hunter, Esq. M.D. surgeon, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late John Kirkcaldy, Esq.

5. At Edinburgh, the reverend Alexander Duncan, Dundee, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Grieve, Nicolson-square.

6. At County Bank, Peter Cameron, Esq. in the service of the Hon. East India Company, to Mary Ann Allan, third daughter of Mr William Allan, Comedy Bank.

9. At Cannochy, Mr Andrew Armstrong, surgeon, grenadier guards, to Jean, eldest daughter of Mr Fergus Armstrong, Cornerhouse.

— At Kemyshall, William Goldin, writer in Dumfries, to Janet, eldest daughter of Robert Dinwoodie, Esq. of Kemyshall.

10. At Crookston-house, by the Rev. Dr Peddie, James Craig, Esq. of Eccles, W.S. to Agnes, second daughter of John Borthwick, Esq. of Crookston.

16. At Mary-la-bonne New Church, London, Captain Lewis Mackenzie, Royal Scots Greys, to Nancy, only daughter of the late Samuel Forrester Bancroft, Esq.

— At Balmynouth, Mr George Menzies, engraver, Edinburgh, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr James Clerk, Balmynouth.

17. At Hospital-field, Capt. Fyfe, R.N. to Henrietta Elizabeth, third daughter of the late David Hunter, Esq. of Blackness.

— At Henderside Park, Captain George Edward Watts, R.N. to Jane, youngest daughter of George Waldie, Esq. of Henderside, Roxburghshire.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Smith, baker, Kirriemuir, to Agnes, daughter of Mr Hunter, Fountainbridge.

24. At Leith, Benjamin Pillmer, Esq. to Mrs Gwynne, widow of the Rev. Frederick Gwynne.

— In George's-square, Edinburgh, William Downie Gillon, Esq. to Miss Scott of Sinton.

25. At Edinburgh, George William Treman, Esq. of York, and of the York-and-Leicester regiment of horse, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Joseph Stanton, Esq. of Bugarshiels.

At Wakefield, William Campbell, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh, to Jane, second daughter of Hugh Cleghorn, Esq. of Stravith.

26. At Leith, the reverend James Campbell, minister of Traquair, to Mary, daughter of Matthew Comb, Esq. brewer.

28. At Edinburgh, Mr David Irving, to Miss Laing, daughter of the late Mr Charles Laing, of Canobie.

30. At Gordon Hall, Aberdeenshire, Gideon Cranston, Esq. of Xerox de la Frontera, in Spain, to Salvadora, eldest daughter of James Gordon, Esq. of the same place.

— At Edinburgh, Alexander Spiers Crawford, Esq. 79th regiment, or Cameronian Highlanders, to Margaret, eldest daughter of John Mitchell, Esq. Pitt-street.

31. At Montrose, Alexander Lindsay, Esq., second son of the late James Fullerton Lindsay Carnegie, Esq., of Boysack, to Amy, daughter of Alexander Cruickshank, Esq., of Stracathro.  
 Nov. 1. At Inverary, John Stewart, Esq., of Achnashinain, to Margaret, daughter of John Campbell, Esq., of Craignure.

## DEATHS.

April 5. At Calcutta, one of the most amiable and universally respected ladies of the settlement, Mrs Robert Campbell.

May 2. At Madras, Sebastian Holford Greig, Esq.

7. At Samarang, Java, John Polwarth, Esq.

19. On his passage from Bombay to England, William George Burrell, M. D., surgeon of the 65th regiment of foot, son of the late Mr William Burrell, merchant in Edinburgh.

Aug. 11. On board His Majesty's ship Tartar, Howard, third son of Colonel Sir Howard Douglas.

17. In Jamaica, Hugh Walker, Esq., of Carron Hill.

Sept. 7. At Wickham, in her 19th year, Miss Georgiana Jane McDonald, eldest daughter of Dr McDonald, royal navy.

9. At Ratham, near Chatham, George, eldest son of Sir James Malcolm, of the royal marines.

13. At Bourdeaux, where she had gone for the recovery of her health, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr George Lyon, Edinburgh.

22. At Lasswade, Mr William Pedie, late of Mains of Dolla.

— At Chapel-street, Grosvenor-place, London, Catherine, daughter of the late Right Honourable Lady Janet, and Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart., of Balaskie, Fifeshire.

29. At her house, Wellington-place, Leith Links, Ann Armstrong, wife of Mr Alexander Barnett, and only sister of the late reverend John Armstrong, A. M.

30. At Glenburn-hall, Thomas Ormiston, Esq.

— At the Hirsle, Seigneur Guستنelli, at a very advanced age.

Oct. 1. At Buckton-house, Lady Rolle.

— At Bognor, Sussex, Harriet, youngest daughter of Lord Spencer-Chichester, deceased, and Lady Harriet Chichester.

— At Edinburgh, after a few days illness, James, youngest son of James Irvine, Esq., of Quebec, Lower Canada.

— At his house, Melville-street, Edinburgh, Charles Magpherson, Esq., late Inspector-General of Barracks for North Britain.

3. At Gateshead, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the Honourable Mrs Smith, sister to the Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Hutchinson.

4. At Stockbridge, Miss Margaret Irving, second daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Irving, 70th foot.

6. At Dundee, at the advanced age of 95, Miss Susanna Lyon, daughter of the late William Lyon of Carse, Esq., advocate, and grand-daughter of the late Lord Carse, one of the senators of the College of Justice.

— At Whitelung-house, John David, aged ten months, son of the reverend David Baxter, minister of the parish of Lilliesleaf.

— At Edinburgh, Helen, daughter of Thomas Bell, Esq., Wharfedale Place.

7. At the Manse of Sengulgar, the reverend W. Rankine, minister of that parish, in the 69th year of his age, and 33th of his ministry.

18. At his house, 15, Nelson-street, Edinburgh, Mr John Ramsay, of the Customs.

— At Duddington, John Hamilton Dundas of Duddington, Esq.

9. At Currie, Walter Brown, Esq., of Currie.

10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Liddell, wife of Thomas Bell, Esq., Wharfedale Place.

11. At Castle-drae, Fifeshire, Margaret, third daughter of the late Mr William Mitchell, accountant, Bank of Scotland, Dunfermline.

— At Dalkeith-house, William Cuthill, Esq.

— At Tweedside Lodge, Peebles, Mrs Grace Elizabeth Selon, relict of Mr John Bartram, writer in Edinburgh.

— At his house of Hill Top, Staffordshire, James Kerr, Esq., aged 65.

— At Woolf, Charles Scott, Esq., of Woolf.

12. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Miller, wife of Mr William White, merchant, Leith.

— At Nether Barns, William Anderson, Esq., late of Jamaica.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Ranken, relict of Mr David Allan, plumber in Edinburgh.

11. At London, in the prime of life, after a few days illness, Mary Stewart Mackenzie, youngest daughter of Mr Mackenzie, banker in Inverness.

— At Glasgow, Isabella Duncanson, daughter of the late Thomas Duncanson, merchant, Falkirk.

— At Hermitage Brae, Elizabeth Brown, spouse of James Wishart, merchant, Leith.

13. At Cheltenham, Mary, the wife of Major Patrick Campbell, late of the 52d regiment.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Janet Blair, wife of Kenneth McKenzie, M. D., second daughter of the late William Blair, Esq., W. S.

16. Mrs Hagar, sen. of Bantaskine.

— At his house, Clerk street, Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Phillip, baker; and at the same place, on the 20th October, Mrs Janet Inglis, his wife.

— At Bermondsey, London, John Millar, M. D., only son of Mr John Millar, Canongate.

17. At Edinburgh, Miss Janet Buchanan, youngest daughter of the late John Buchanan, Esq., of Letham.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr James McLachlan, student in divinity.

— At Snuchland, after a few hours illness, Mr John Ronaldson, aged 63.

19. At Leith, Mrs Ann Bango, relict of the deceased Mr Alexander Balfour, cabinet-maker, Kinghorn.

— At her house, in Prince's-street, Edinburgh, Mrs Grace Ramsay, relict of the late David Ramsay, Esq., Craighill.

— At Strathaven, the reverend Dr John Scott, minister of that parish.

20. At Ratham, Kent, Jane Oliver, Lady of Sir James Malcolm, royal marines.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Findlay, writing-master and accountant, South Bridge.

— At J. Graham-street, Edinburgh, Miss Lucy Lister, aged 17.

21. At Tweed Green, Peebles, Mr's Stirling, daughter of the late Alexander Stirling, Esq., merchant in Glasgow.

22. At his son's Cottage, Altrive Lake, Yarrow, Mr Robert Hogg, at the advanced age of ninety-two.

— At Home Lacy, Herefordshire, her Grace the Duchess of Norfolk.

— At his house, Buccleuch Place, Mr Peter Anderson, merchant and general agent.

— At Aberdeen, Captain Hector McLean, formerly of the 42d regiment, and late Regt Highlanders.

23. At 34, Castle-street, Edinburgh, Miss Margaret Muat, of Lasswade Hill.

— At his house, Hill-place, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Pyper, linen-draper.

— At his house, Yardsheads, Mr John Johnston, late baker in Leith.

25. At Gilmore-place, Edinburgh, James Tant, Esq., late of the Bahamas.

27. At Newmarket-walls, near Montrose, in the 91th year of his age, Patrick, second son of the late reverend John Webster, minister of Inverarity.

27. At Leney, Catherine Leish, daughter of the late John Hunter Spreull Crawford, Esq., of Cowdonhill.

— At St Patrick-square, Edinburgh, Isabella Crawford, wife of Mr J. P. Lurchen, R. N., and daughter of Mr William Crawford, landsurveyor.

— At Glasgow, Dr Patrick Cummin, professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Glasgow.

29. At Edinburgh, in the 82d year of his age, the reverend John Touch, D. D., late minister of the Chapel of Ease, St Cuthbert's, to which charge he was inducted in 1766.

31. At Hawick, aged 89, Mr James Oliver, merchant there.

Nov. 1. At St Ninians, near Wooler, H. H. St Paul, Esq., M. P., one of the representatives of the borough of Berwick.

2. At his house, in Hanover-street, Edinburgh, Mr John Cockburn, late baker there.

Latidj—At Annetto Bay, Kingston, Jamaica, of the yellow fever, Alexander, youngest son of the late Mr Alexander Pew, Leith.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## EDINBURGH:

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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No XLV.

DECEMBER 1820.

Vol. VIII.

ON THE LITERARY CHARACTERS OF BISHOP WARBURTON AND DR JOHNSON.

THE two greatest men of the last century in our national literature, the greatest in comprehensiveness of mind and variety of talent, were undoubtedly Bishop Warburton and Dr Johnson. For a long period of time, they exercised a kind of joint domination over the republic of letters—a dominion which, in the former, chiefly arose from the hardy and unshrinking defiance of public opinion he exhibited, backed by extraordinary intellectual force and vigour; and, in the latter, had its origin in the universal awe and veneration his genius and character had excited. In the one, it was a tribute which fear of an immediate consequent castigation compelled all to pay; in the other, it was an homage more voluntary, because less enforced, to powers of the highest magnitude, and virtue of the most unblemished purity. The one, accounting dissent from his favourite theories as a crime of the blackest dye, punished all non-conformists to the idol he had set up with a most merciless measure of pains and penalties; while the latter, possessing, indeed, not less of haughtiness and irritability, but more of prudence, had the good sense to leave to public opinion his justification against the attacks of his enemies. This joint and equal literary supremacy, notwithstanding that it was occasionally disturbed by frequent murmurings of jealousy in the former, and growlings

of fearless opposition in the latter, continued, without being shaken by intestine division, till the former had lost, in inanity and dotage, his great mental acuteness and strength,—and thus the latter had, by the departure of his rival, become the sole literary potentate of his country. Time, however, which as frequently consigns to neglect the meritorious productions of literature, as it showers down an increase of fame on the compositions of deserving genius, has long since quieted the bustle which the pen of Warburton always excited in his lifetime; and his name, once numbered amongst the mighty of the earth, has been for sometime subjected to a partial if not total neglect. As the Roman Catholic church treated the bones of Wickliffe with contumely, whom, living, they could not overcome; so the public seem determined to revenge upon Warburton, when dead, the contempt they experienced from his haughtiness, and the unwillingly-paid devotion which he enforced to his powers when living. And in the length of time which has elapsed from the period of his decease to the present day, many a kick has been inflicted on the dead lion by animals who could not have dared to approach him while capable of defending and revenging himself.\* Popular hostility, as well as private, ought, however, to give place to candid examination

\* Amongst these, see one Watkins, the author of a book called *Anecdotes of distinguished Characters*; who, in a note to the work, would fain persuade us that Warburton was merely a man of great and extensive reading, without intellect, acuteness, or wit.

and allowance; and when exercised against a deserving subject, will only, in the end, reflect disgrace upon itself for an unworthy exercise of power. The fame of Warburton must, therefore, at length experience a renewal of its brightness; and though perhaps shorn of some of its beams, will receive its merited due at the hands of posterity. A very different effect has time had over the fame of his great competitor: its only influence has been in showering down additional lustre on the name of Samuel Johnson, and giving to it that fixed and permanent basis and foundation which it is only for posterity to bestow. The best proof which can be given of the extensive circulation of his writings, is the visible effect which they have had over literature and criticism; and the incontestable assistance they have afforded to the great march of the human mind: while the works of Warburton stand unnumbered amongst the standard productions in theology and criticism; and his great work, the *Divine Legation*, remains, to use the words of Gibbon, "a monument crumbling in the dust of the vigour and weakness of the human mind." As there is, I believe, no writing extant in which the merits of these extraordinary men have been made the subject of comparative criticism, though certainly the most alike in the peculiarities of their mental character of any of the literary worthies of their age, the most equal in force of intellect and universality of power,—an examination and inquiry into their respective talents and characters may not be without its particular benefit. It will, at least, be of use in displaying how far it is possible for abilities the most splendid to seduce their possessor to extravagance in the search for originality; and how transient and momentary is the fame of paradoxical ingenuity, when compared with that which rests on the immobility of established truth!

To the peculiar education of Warburton, may be ascribed most of the peculiarities of his character. Himself, at first, an obscure provincial attorney, undisciplined in the regular course of academical study; and refused, when he had even risen to celebrity, a common academical honour; owing none of the varied exuberance of his knowledge to professors or professorships, to universities or colleges;

he naturally cherished a secret dislike to the regular disciplinarians of learning; and it was, at once, his delight and his pride to confound the followers of the beaten path in study, by recalcitrate and variously sparkling erudition—to oppose himself to whole cohorts of the standard corps of literature, in the confidence of his own individual power; to strike out new paths in learning, and open new vistas in knowledge, with the rapidity of an enchanter; to demolish the old and stationary structures of theology and literature, and overturn them from their foundations, for the purpose of erecting his own novelties in their stead, which supplied what they wanted of solidity, by speciousness and splendour; and to dazzle and astound the supporters of established principles and maxims, by combating them with a force of reason, and strength of logic, which was, perhaps, as unexampled as it was audacious. His learning and his mental powers were equally established without assistance, and his haughtiness loved to shew how his inbred mental vigour had triumphed over difficulties. From the same source arose both the excellencies and defects of his character. No pruning hand had ever been exerted to remove the excrescences which had been generated in his mind, and to tame and sober the wildness and extravagance with which it was so often overshadowed. Thus his intellect rose up in rough and unshorn mightiness, and with it the pullulating seeds of sophistical ingenuity which grew with its growth, and strengthened with its strength, till at last he became an inveterate and radical system-monger, and his mind a repository, where every subject in theology, criticism, or literature, had an hypothesis ready prepared for it. Nor less powerful in its influence, on his character, was the first reception he met with in literature,—in the universal war, which seemed, at his first rise, to be proclaimed against him. That his innovating and paradoxical spirit should procure him many adversaries, was hardly to be doubted, but, as if the hypotheses he advanced were matters of established belief, he resented every departure from them, as a departure from truth itself; and his ungovernable haughtiness, and impatience of contradiction, flamed out in angry defiance against his opposers,

and overwhelmed them with an overpowering torrent of scurrility and abuse, which was served by an inexpugnable force of argument, and strengthened by an unequalled promptitude of wit. From these primary circumstances, his mind received an indelible impression; and from his first advance to greatness, to his last approach to imbecility, he was the same, and unchanged; the same constructor of systems, the same desperate controversialist, the same dogmatical decider, the same determined oppugner of whatever authority had sanctioned in theology, or common sense established in taste. The resources of his ingenuity were not exhausted by time—the severity of his pen was not composed by age—and Lowth, on whom his last attack was made, was no less fated than his first antagonist, Tillard, to receive the overflowings of his gall.

The character of Dr Johnson was, perhaps, not less influenced by external circumstances, but they had much less influence on the purely intellectual part of it. If the early difficulties through which he struggled, in conjunction with the original irritability of his system, gave a strong tinge of morosity to his character, that morosity was not communicated entire and unsoftened to his writings. It did not form a constituent and essential part of his compositions—a kind of perpetual and inseparable quality of the mind—nor was the same itch for controversy so completely engrafted into, and connected with it. He had not any of that foolish knight-errantry which leads forth its votaries to renew, in the intellectual arena, the ancient feats of personal prowess, and individual strength; and which would sally forth, manfully dealing its blows to the right hand and to the left, careless on whom they fell, and regardless what side they injured, for no certain purpose, or visible design, save to manifest the mightiness of its own strength. He did not vainly and ridiculously oppose himself to the world, for he well knew, that he who takes the world for his opponent, is sure, in the end, not to win; and that, at last, his consolation will only be that of Nathaniel Lee in the madhouse. "The world thinks me mad, and I think them so, but numbers have prevailed over right." He did not concern him-

self to answer every trifling and foolish attack which ignorance and malignity might make upon him, for he well knew, that to do so is but to give duration to objects in themselves insignificant; and which, otherwise, would be speedily forgotten. The only controversial compositions he has left behind, are his letters to Jonas Hanway; and in these, there is such a spirit of good-humoured placidity, as completely to prove, that controversial rancour formed no part of his disposition. Possessing, from his long intercourse with mankind, and deep insight into manners and men, much more practical good sense than his great rival, and entertaining a much greater habitual regard for established institutions, he was not so desirous of leading the multitude from the road they had frequented to new-formed paths of his own. He had too much reverence for what bore the semblance of truth, to wish to discredit its supporters; or, by making attempts to beautify its outward appearance, to run the hazard of undermining its foundation in the end. With an equal portion of that ingenuity and novelty of fancy which gives new colours to every subject, and brings to every theme new and unacknowledged accessions of mind, he had too much intellectual solidity to delight in framing hypotheses which could not communicate to the mind that satisfaction on which he loved to repose—and without the power of giving which all theories are but empty triflings. He had too much soundness in his taste to split into systems and quarter into subtleties the unchanged and unchangeable principles of nature, or to convert into intricate and interwoven propositions the plain and unerring dictates of reason. His devotion to truth was too strong to suffer him to deceive others—his judgment too sound to allow him to be deceived himself—whether the deceit was introduced by the reveries of a fervid imagination, or the insinuating dexterity of self-love. He is once reported to have said, "How great might have been my fame, had not my sole object been truth;" and the fixed foundation on which his fame now stands, may be considered as some reward for his immediate self-denial.

If we proceed to compare their respective intellects, it will, perhaps, be



rather difficult to adjust the balance of superiority. "In the first, great characteristics of genius, unbounded comprehension of mind, and receptability of images—in the power of communicating, to mental matter, that living energy and alimental nourishment—that intellectual leaven which gives it the capacity of being kneaded and worked up into an exhaustless diversity of shapes and figurations—in the power of extracting and drawing forth all that human reason, when bent to any given point, can educe—in the power of conceiving mighty plans in the mind without destroying, in the grasp of the whole, the beauty and the symmetry of the parts—in these first and foremost requisites of genius, the endowments of both seem very evenly divided, though the balance, if at all, preponderates on the side of Johnson. He had, certainly, more of the vivifying mind of a poet—more of that brightness of imagination which clothes all objects in a vesture of splendour—more of that fervid fulness which deepens and swells the current of thought—but not more of the boundless expansion and versatility of mind—not more of the variegated exuberance of imagery, or expatiating ubiquity of fancy. He had, perhaps, not so much of that wide sweep of intellect, which, like a drag-net, draws all within its reach into its capacious reservoir of illustration, and which diminishes and contracts the resources of ingenuity by its extraordinary power of exhaustion; nor had he any part of that fiery fervour, that indomitable vehemence, which blazed forth in Warburton; with which he could burst through every bondage, and overcome every obstacle; which it was impossible to withstand in its attacks, or delay in its course; and which, like the burning simoom of the Arabian deserts, absolutely devastated and laid waste the regions of literature, with the sultriness of its ardour, and the unquenchableness of its flame.

In logical strength and acuteness—in the faculty of seeing immediately the weak side of an argument, and exposing its fallacy with clearness and force—in those powers which Dr. Johnson has called the grappling irons of the understanding—each was superlatively pre-eminent; and it would be difficult to decide which is the superior. Both great masters of the science

of reasoning—endowed with that penetration of discernment, which in a moment pierces through the sophistications of argumentation, and unravels the mazes of subtlety with intuitive quickness and precision—they were yet considerably different in the manner in which those talents were displayed. In Johnson, the science of reasoning has the appearance of being more a natural faculty; and in Warburton, more an artificial acquirement. The one delighted in exhibiting it in its naked force and undivided power—the other was fonder of dividing it into distinctions, and reducing it into parts. The one delighted to overwhelm and confound—the other rather to lead into intricacies, and puzzle with contradictions. The one wielded his weapons with such overpowering strength, that skill was useless, and art unnecessary—the other made use of them as an experienced fencing-master, whom great natural strength, joined with much acquired skill, render irresistible. In the one, the first blow was generally the decider of the combat—in the other, the contest was often more protracted, though the success in the end not less sure. It was the glory of the one, to evince at once his power, and, by a mighty blow, to destroy the antagonist who assailed him—while it was at once the delight and pride of the other, to deprive his opponent gradually of every particle of armour and weapon of defence; and when he had riven away every obstacle and protection, exultingly and mercilessly to despatch him.

In real and true taste, Johnson was unquestionably the superior. Discarding all those systems of criticism which had so long fettered and confined the efforts of talent, he first established criticism on the basis and foundation of common sense; and thus liberated our future Shakspeares from those degrading chains and unworthy shackles, which custom had so long allowed the weak to impose upon the strong. His critical decisions—wherever personal hostility did not interfere, and wherever his want of the finer and more delicate perception of inanimate or intellectual beauty did not incapacitate him from judging correctly—are, and ever will be, incontestable for their truth, and unequalled for their talent, and carry with them

that undeniable authority and weight, which nothing can question or withstand. Had he been, perhaps, a little less prejudiced, and a little more largely gifted with that fine feeling, which is as necessary to form a great critic as a great poet, he would certainly have been entitled to take a higher place in the province of criticism than any man who went before, or shall hereafter succeed him. Of this true taste, in Warburton there was a most lamentable deficiency: with an equal lack of the more delicate and imaginative qualifications for critical judgment, he possessed none of that sound discriminative power, and unerring rectitude of tact, which so eminently distinguished Johnson. The bias of his mind in criticism seems totally perverted and warped, and the obliquity of his critical judgment is often as unaccountable as it is amazing. A great part of this is owing to the bigotted adherence which he placed in the systems of the French critics, so popular in England in the beginning of the last century; and a much greater, to his own unconquerable propensity for adjusting and fashioning every thing according to the decrees of some standard hypothesis which had taken possession of his mind, and on which, like the bed of Procrustes, he racked and tortured every unfortunate subject, till he had reduced it, by a process of dislocation, into some conformity with his theories. His fondness for Dr Bentley, and Dr Bentley's style of criticism, was also another drawback in his qualifications: from him he derived that inextinguishable rage for emendation, which has descended, like the prophet's mantle, from critic to critic in succession; and, indeed, what Bentley has performed upon Milton, Warburton has no less scrupulously performed upon Shakspeare, though perhaps, with much more acuteness and ingenuity, in the exercise of his editorial capacity. For wanting this emendatory ardour—or, as he would call it, this critical *zeal*—he despised Dr Johnson; though, for his superabundance of it, Dr Johnson might much more justly have despised him. To Warburton, criticism was little else than ingenuity in inventing fresh varieties of the text, and dexterity and plausibility in their explanation. An author, chosen for the subject of critical illustration, was to him

nothing else than a lamb led out to the slaughter, for the purpose of trying the sharpness of his knife; or an anvil, by frequently striking which his commentator might elicit scintillations and sparkles of his own. If he ever shines, it is always at the expense of his author. He seems utterly incapable of entering into the spirit of his text—of identifying himself with his subject—of losing his own individuality and consequence in his author and his author's beauties. He had none of that true and refreshing spirit of criticism, which pours down a fresh radiance on the withering beauties of antiquity, and discloses new graces wherever its illuminating splendences are thrown, and which, like the skilful varnisher of some ancient painting, renews and renovates, in the subject, its brilliancy and richness of colouring, without altering the character of its loveliness, or impairing the symmetry of its proportions.

With the power of wit, both were almost equally gifted; and the precise nature and description of that wit was in both pretty nearly the same. It was not that delicately gentle and refined species which distinguished Addison, and which gave an almost evanescent air to the humour of his pages—but that coarse and forcible strength of wit, or rather humour, which it is impossible to withstand, and which breaks upon an adversary as a torrent impetuous and overwhelming—absolutely stunning and confounding with its vehemence, its energy, and its force. Those who wish to see this species of wit in its highest perfection, cannot be better referred than to the controversial writings of Warburton, or of Dr Bentley, from whom Warburton adopted his style in controversy. It was this overflowing and vigorous possession of wit which rendered Johnson so powerful in conversation, and enabled Warburton in controversy to defy the hosts of enemies who assailed him. Of those enemies, many were more exactly learned as to the point in question than himself—many equally sound reasoners—and, what is of no small advantage in reasoning, had a much better cause to defend, but they were all in the end worsted, defeated, and put to flight, by the auxiliary sallies of his wit, which came forth in volleys as unexpected as they were irresistible. That this species of wit should fre-

quently be coupled with scurrility, was what might readily be anticipated—it was totally destitute of delicacy, and had no refinement or polish. It perhaps cannot better be described, than by comparing it with the wit of Addison, to which it was, in all its shapes, totally dissimilar. The one was a weapon infinitely more powerful—though the other required much more of dexterity and science in its application. The former was much more the instrument of a barbarian—the latter of a civilized combatant. The one was more fitted for the lighter skirmishes of intellectual warfare, and softened courtliness of social intercourse—the other more adapted for those contests, where no quarter is given, and no indulgence is expected. In the one, wit was so highly polished, as frequently to lose its effect—in the other, it was often so coarse and personal, as to defeat its very purpose. In the one, it is the arch smile of contemptuous scorn—in the other, the loud horse-laugh of ferocious defiance. The one was more fitted for the castigation of manners—the other better adapted for the concussion of minds. The wit of the former was, like the missile of the Israelite, often overcoming, from the skill with which it was thrown—and that of the latter, the ponderous stone of Ajax laid hold of with extraordinary strength, and propelled with extraordinary fury. In short, the wit of Addison, when compared with that of Warburton and Johnson, was what the polished sharpness of the rapier is to the ponderous weight of the battle-axe, or as the innocuous brilliancy of the lightning, to the overpowering crash of the thunderbolt.

In poetical genius and capability, it would perhaps be unfair to compare them. What Warburton has written in verse, was merely the first juvenile trying of his pen, and therefore hardly could hope to rival the mature and laboured poetical compositions of Johnson; yet we may doubt whether, if Warburton had written more of poetry, he would have written better, or ever risen above mediocrity in the efforts of poetical talent. Of those higher qualifications of imagination and sensibility, which every true poet must possess, he was, as well as Johnson, utterly destitute; but he had not, like Johnson, a mind stored with a rich fund of poetical images, or a nice

perception of harmony in sound, or melody in versification. His translations are merely the productions of a school-boy, and such productions as many a school-boy would be ashamed to own. He seems to have possessed no ear attuned to the harmony of numbers—no fondness for the music of rhyme, or the march of periods. In this department of genius, therefore, he was utterly inferior to Johnson, who, if he did not possess the fine eye and highest exaltation of a poet, could clothe every subject he descended upon with sonorous grandeur of verse, and gorgeous accompaniments of fancy.

In the beauty of style, and the ornaments of language, Johnson, it is well known, was most immeasurably superior. His writings have given an increase of correctness and purity, a transfusion of dignity and strength to our language, which is unexampled in the annals of literature, and which corrected, in their influence on our dialect, the diffused tameness of Addison, and the colloquialism of Swift. Whatever nearer approaches have been made to perfection in our language, have all been established on the foundation of his writings; and, perhaps, it would not be exceeding the bounds of justice to affirm, that more is due to him in the refinement of the English tongue, than to any man in any language or in any country, with the single exception of Cicero. If his own style itself is not the best model in our language, it is from it certainly that the best model must be formed; and, whoever shall in the end attain that summit of perfection, it will be from the copious fountain of Johnson that his materials must be supplied. Of the graces and elegancies of diction, Warburton, on the contrary, had no conception: his thoughts were turned out in the dress which lay nearest to his hand; and often their multiplicity was too great to allow him time to find for each a proper and suitable covering of expression. To harmony in the structure of cadences, or splendour in the finishing of sentences, he was utterly void of pretension, and was, moreover, totally destitute of the power of selection or choice of words. Yet, he cannot justly be accused of neglect or contempt of the beauties of style, for no one altered more incessantly, or altered to less purpose, than Warbur-

ton. In one of his letters, he acknowledges, that there are many thousand corrections and alterations merely of language in the second edition of his *Julian*; and, to my own knowledge, there are no less than 20,000 verbal corrections in the several editions of his *Divine Legation*, almost every one of which has no other effect than to render that worse which before was bad. He compared himself, in his alterations, to the bear who licks into form its shapeless offspring: but, with little felicity of comparison, for his alterations, though they always bring down and reduce to tameness the original nervous force of the expression, have seldom the effect of adding to its elegance or removing its infirmities. Very different, in this respect, was Johnson's character in writing, who is, like *Shakspeare*, hardly ever known to have altered or corrected his productions after publication; and whose mastery of diction was such, that it immediately brought, at his command, the best and most appropriate language which his subject required. The answering power of his expression, were always exactly proportioned to the demand of his thought: there is never any incongruity of this kind perceptible in his writings; what he thought strongly, he could express forcibly and well; and what he had once written, became fixed, and fixed, because it was impossible for alteration to improve, or correction to amend it. The greatest fault, perhaps, in his style, is the want of flexibility—the want of variety adapted for every varying occasion: it was too uniform to alter—it was too stiff to bend—its natural tone was too high to admit of a graceful descent—the same was the expression, and the same the pomposeness, of language, whether he descanted as a moralist, or complained as an advertiser: whether he weighed in his balance the intellects of *Shakspeare* and *Milton*, or denounced, with threats of punishment, against the person or persons, unknown, who had pirated a paper of his *Idler*. In Warburton's diction, which was uniformly faulty, it is needless to expatiate on any particular faults; we may, however, mention that it was overrun with foreign idioms, and exotic phraseology, and that it particularly abounds in *Gallisms*, which almost disgrace every

sentence. In both, the style doubtless took its tincture from the peculiar complexion of their minds; and while in the one it swelled into majestic elegance and dignified strength, in the other, it broke out into uncouth harshness, and uncultivated force.

In extent of learning, in profundity and depth of erudition, Warburton may justly claim the superiority. Nothing more illustrates the different characters of these great men, than the different manner in which their reading was applied. In Johnson, acquired learning became immediately transmuted into mind—it immediately was consubstantiated with its receiver; it did not remain dormant, like a dull and inert mass in the intellect, unaltered and unalterable, but entered, if I may use the expression, into the very core and marrow of the mind, and became a quality and adjunct of the digestive power; it was instantaneously concocted into intellectual chyle—his mind had more the quality of a grinding engine, than a receiver; every particle it absorbed became instinct with vital life—like the power of flame it consumed all approximating substances. In Warburton, the power of digestion was certainly disproportioned to the insatiability of appetite:—what he could not retain, he was therefore obliged immediately again to eject, and he did again eject it, but not in its received and original state, but altered in its outward form and semblance, and mouldered up into some glittering and fantastical hypothesis, some original and more alluring shape, as different from its first condition as is from the crawling caterpillar the butterfly which expands its golden wings in the air. The defects of his digestive faculty, were amply supplied by his power of assimilation, which, spiderlike, had the faculty of weaving innumerable webs and phantasms out of the matter which was presented to it, and disguising and recasting into some other outward appearance those morsels which were too hard to retain, and too ponderous to swallow. Such indeed was the voracity of his appetite, that he refused nothing which offered itself; and the wide gulf of his intellectual appetite, often reminds us of the *Boa Constrictor*, after it has swallowed the *Rhinoceros*, as it lies in gorged and

torpid fulness, stretched out in all its giant length on the ground. This difference in the perception and application of knowledge, was distinguishable in every production of these great men; it is perceptible from their earlier works to their latest, and being occasioned by the peculiar construction and formation of their mental faculties, it formed the character of their minds; and, therefore, continued, without receiving alteration, from their first years of authorship to their last. In Johnson, therefore, learning, when received, might more properly be called knowledge; it was stripped of its superfluous and unnecessary parts—it was winnowed of its chaff, and deposited in the receptacles of thought, while, in Warburton, it was like clay thrown into a mould ready prepared for it, for the purpose of forming materials for building up to their measureless height the countless edifices of his fancy.

In that practical knowledge of, and insight into human nature, which forms the chief qualification for the moralist, and the writer on men and manners, Johnson was greatly superior to Warburton. The former had acquired his knowledge in the tutoring school of adversity; and the long and dreary probation he had to serve before he attained to competence and success, had given him a sound and piercing view into life and human nature, while the haughtiness of the latter formed a kind of circle about him, which prevented his mingling with the crowd, and deriving, by universal converse and acquaintance, an universal and comprehensive knowledge of man. He was also a more prejudiced and less unbiassed spectator of mankind, continually referring their causes of action, not to the acknowledged principles of experience, but to some pre-conceived and ready-fabricated theory of his own, with which he made every deduction to square in and quadrate, and to whose decision he referred the settlement of all the various anomalies and phenomena which distract the inquirer into human nature. Otherwise was the knowledge of Johnson formed. He was no speculatist in his views of mankind; what he had learned, he learned from practical experience; commented upon with extraordinary accuracy and penetration of discern-

ment; and what he had once learned, his judgment was too sound to permit him to warp, and his love of truth too great to allow him to conceal.

In private life, the character of Warburton was distinguished by the same kind of bold openness and unshrinking cordiality; the same livid warmth in his enmities and friendships; and the same impatient haughtiness and dogmatical resolution which stood forth displayed in his writings. No one communicated to his productions more of his own personal character, or drew his own full length so admirably in his works. After a perusal of what he has written, his character lies in all its native colours before our eyes, and we hardly want the intimacy of a personal acquaintance to be fully and thoroughly masters of his peculiarities. What he thought, he dauntlessly and fearlessly expressed. Disguise he hated, and subterfuge he despised. He who was the enemy of Warburton, was sure of bold, honest, and manly hostility; he who was his friend was equally certain of the full participation of all the benefits of assistance and protection. It was one of his maxims, both in his public and private character, "He who is not with me is against me." He hated a neutral worse even than an enemy; to him indifference was worse than decided dislike; imperturbable placidity more disagreeable than a storm. Pass over his opinions or his productions without giving any decided opinion as to their justice or their merits, and he would immediately number you amongst the list of his foes, and let loose upon you all the torrent of his mingled scurrility and wit. This fervid warmth of temper frequently overpowered the cooler dictates of his reason, and to this we may perhaps ascribe that high and overstrained excess of praise which he showered down upon the productions of his friends; for of flattery we cannot justly accuse him: he would have disclaimed what he conceived implied fear. One exception, however, must be made to this remark, and that is, the case of Bishop Sherlock, whom, during his life, Warburton extravagantly praised, and, after the death of that prelate, not only expunged from his writings every syllable of commendation, but paraphrased him in the Dunciad of his

Divine Legation with the utmost contumely and contempt. For neglect of his clerical duties, Warburton has been lashed by the unsparing hand of a relentless satirist, whose pictures are often less of true resemblances than hideous caricatures; but the suffrages of many must overpower the testimony of one; and it has been almost universally agreed, that in the discharge of the social relations of life, his conduct was equally faultless and exemplary. The character of Johnson has been so often pourtrayed, and, through the admirable delineations of his biographers, is now so well known, that it would be useless to attempt to describe it. He had certainly more habitual reverence for what he conceived to be truth; was more rigid in his morality, more servid in his piety, than Warburton. He had not less perhaps of pride and haughtiness, but his pride was more lofty, his haughtiness more independent. He could not bend to greatness, nor stoop to rise as Warburton certainly could do, and sometimes did. His character, while it was much more dignified than that of Warburton, had not the same mixture of impetuosity and warmth, and thus he was prevented from falling into those excesses which the former could hardly avoid. Both had a certain portion of intolerance in their dispositions, but in Johnson that intolerance was exerted against the opponents of that creed he had received from others, while in Warburton it was directed against the questioners of theories of his own. In the one, it was prejudice unminged—in the other, it was always prejudice co-operating with vanity. Upon the whole, perhaps, the character of Warburton, notwithstanding its dictating and dogmatical insolence, was the most attracting of the two. There is, notwithstanding all its effervescences and excesses, a generous fervour, a kindliness of soul, an enthusiastic warmth about it, which induces us to like him in spite of ourselves, and to which we can forgive whatever is disgusting in his scurrility or revolting in his pride.

To bring my observations on the characters of these great men to a close,—in Warburton, the distinguishing faculty was a fiery and ungovernable vigour of intellect, a restless and irrepressible vehemence of mind, an unquenchable and never-dormant principle

of action, which required continually some fresh matter to work on—some fresh subject to exercise its power—some new and untried space to perambulate and to pass through: it was an ever-working and operating faculty, an ever-moving and resisting principle, which it was impossible to tire or tame. There was nothing like rest or slumber about it: it could not stagnate; it could not stop: it was impossible to weaken its energies, or to contract their operation. No matter was too tough for its force, no metal too unamenable for its strokes.

Such was the elasticity of its constitution, that it could not be broken; such was its innate and surpassing resistibility of temperament, that it could not be overwhelmed. Entangle it with subtleties, and it immediately snapt asunder its bonds, as Sampson burst the encompassing cords of the Philistine. Bury it with learning, and it immediately mounted up with the brilliancy and rapidity of a sky-rocket, and scattered about it sparks and scintillations, which lightened the whole atmosphere of literature. It was this volatility of spirit, this forcible and indomitable action of mind, this never-tiring and never-weakening intellectual energy, this bounding and unceasing mental elasticity, which serves to distinguish Warburton not only from Dr Johnson, but also from all the characters who have ever appeared in literature; and it is to the self-corroding effect of these qualities, that his alienation of mind at the latter period of his life is undoubtedly to be attributed. \*

The mind of Johnson, on the contrary, was utterly devoid of all that intellectual activity and elasticity which Warburton possessed. There was about it an habitual and dogged sluggishness, an inert and listless torpor, a reluctance to call forth its energies and exercise its powers; it slumbered, but its slumbers were those of a giant. With more of positive force when called into action, it had not the same principle of motion, the same continual beat, the same sleepless inquietude and feverish excitement. It lay there like the leviathan, reposing amidst the depths of the ocean, till necessity drove it out to display the magnitude of his strength. The one waited quietly in its den for food, while the other

prowed about continually for prey. To the latter, inaction was impossible; to the former, voluntary exertion was unknown. Solidity and condensation were the qualities of the one; continued vigour and pliability the characteristics of the other. The one as a machine, was more clumsy in its movements; the other, more light and unincumbered, but less effectual in its operation; the forces of the one were more scattered, the resources of the other less alert. In Warburton, there was a boundless fertility of vigour, which ripened up into all the rankness of rich luxuriance. In Johnson, the harvest of intellect was not so spontaneous, nor perhaps its fertility so great; but when once raised, it never required the hand of the weeder, but rose unmingled with tares. The genius of one, like a cascade, threw up its water in the air, which glistened in the sun, and shone with the variety of ten thousand hues and colourings; while the talents of the other never exerted themselves, without joining at the same time utility with splendour. The one, like the Gladiator of Lysippus, had every nerve in motion, and every muscle flexible with elasticity; while, in the other, like the colossal statues of Michael Angelo, all was undivided energy and bursting strength.

Such were the characters of these great men, of whom it is difficult to decide which was the greater, or which

possessed in a greater portion those qualities which give a title to intellectual supremacy. The fame of Johnson will hereafter principally rest on his productions, as a moralist and a critic; while that of Warburton, when again revived, will as certainly be raised on the foundation of his theological writings. Whatever may be thought of the truth of some of his theories, or the unseemliness of some of his attacks, it is impossible to deny that his Alliance and Divine Legation are the most splendid, the most original, the most ingenious defences of our ecclesiastical establishment, and of revelation itself, that ever man constructed. On these, as on the sure and unchangeable evidences of his powers, his admirers may depend for his reception with posterity; with whom, when the name of Johnson, rich in the accumulated tributes of time, shall hereafter be accounted the mightiest amongst those "who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth;" then, shall the name of Warburton, also, purified from the stains which have obscured and sullied its lustre, be numbered amongst the brightest lights of the Protestant church—amongst the greatest of those who have adorned it by their genius, or exalted it by their learning, a worthy accession to the mighty fellowship and communion of Episcopius, Chillingworth, and Hooker.

C. R.

# SEMINORÆ BIOGRAPHICÆ.

## No. II.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

Leighton Buzzard, 1st Nov. 1620.

DEAR SIR,

MY performance of posthumous justice to QZX., my late deceased and much-deplored friend, has been somewhat interrupted by a short absence from the peaceful privacy I enjoy at Leighton Buzzard. Your ready compliance, however, with my desire, that these biographical jewels should not lie locked up in a bibliothecary cabinet, has made me feel that I am enabled to be a faithful executor to QZX.'s fame. By being evulgate in your Magazine, these are no longer *folia Sybillina*; they shall not float about unfixed, at the mercy, not only of air, but of fire and steel. Had they not found such a receptacle, they might perhaps (when my enraptured eye shall no more pore upon them, and my protecting hand shall fail to guard them) have experienced the fate of many of their ill-starred predecessors. The erudite labours of him who was di-

at the faggot with the old plays of the Herald Warburton, and have provoked as many imprecations as they have done upon the incalculably expensive frugality of some notable house-maid, who might reason as Warburton's servant did—that to devote to the kindling of a fire old and scribbled paper, is far better than so to employ that which is still clean and stout. And although those MSS., whose contents you shall have made public, will become thereby, as the great Dr Bentley said, nothing more than *sucked oranges*, yet am I even more than well-content, since (to continue the metaphor) your confecti<sup>o</sup>nary still has elaborated their juice into a rich candied extract, and expanded its flavour so widely, that all the world may now have a taste of it. Thus then the stamp of perpetuity is put upon QZX.'s work; for the multiplicity of your impressions (only think what a proud statement you made in October of your well-deserved popularity at home and abroad!) raises it beyond the reach of casualty.

I am much grieved, however, to hear that the document, which purports to have come from Mr Kirby, is apocryphal—and I fear some slur is thrown upon me, as if I were capable of knowingly sending you supposititious matter. Can it be necessary to assure you, that it came into my hands exactly as all the rest did? It was delivered to you in equal good faith with all the rest. There is no one of the MSS. which I inherit bearing a fairer or honest<sup>er</sup> look about it. It must be apocryphal, I grant; but as I am incapable of bearing a share in imposing literary forgeries upon the world, so neither will I allow the character of QZX. to be impeached on this head. He is clear of attempting to delude any one. And the only way of accounting for it (if it be an imposition) is, that, in the eagerness of my friend to obtain intelligence, he laid himself open to the despicable waggery of some witting. For I need not inform you, nor bid you therefore beware, that there are certain persons who are much given to that vain and foolish figure of rhetoric called *ironia*; they use it not only in conversation, but also in their writings, and pretend in this way to correct those whom they accuse of dullness and pedantry,—so attacking, in a most unwarrantable way, the staid and operose pioneers of literature. Sometimes these banterers wage their fickle war against the practisers and abettors of cockney affectation, pertness, and vulgarity—against the compilers of catch-penny publications—against ignorant meddlers in politics, and various others, whom they tax with folly or presumption; and although there may be just reason for censuring many of these persons, yet, Mr Christopher, I wholly disapprove of this way of unending them. Since, in the first place, I always believe what I read exactly as the plain words appear on the paper. I should as soon take myself or you for an imaginary character, as suppose that apparent praise was meant for reproof; or that what bears the open signature of some well-known writer was merely a squib wearing his mask to make him ridiculous. I am a straight forward matter-of-fact person, and this bye-play confounds me. I am led into a snare by it. And, secondly, this practice tends to most material errors; for, to take an example, as QZX.'s collections may possibly be digested into real history, a false document thus creeping in may usurp the place of truth,—and a fictitious fact may be palmed upon the world, and become the parent of innumerable erroneous inferences. Since, then, Mr Kirby has declared that he is not the author of the letter in question, (though I would that he had made an affidavit of it,) it shall be branded with the mark of apocryphal; and if he has a copy of the authentic letter which he probably sent QZX., and will transmit it to you, I make no doubt you will insert it in some supplementary manner, that the integrity of Mrs Clinker's biography may be unimpaired.

Really this business has made me so suspicious, that I am half inclined to doubt the genuineness of every letter from a fresh correspondent. Since your 12d No. came out, I have received a pressing request that I will publish no more lives in Mr Blackwood's Magazine; and the writer offers to bring them out in a separate publication. He says they shall appear periodically with other flourishing works which he publishes, namely, his Journal of Voyages and Travels, and his Journal of Novels; and he thinks they would tell well under the title of the Journal of Lives, or Monthly Biographer. He is pleased to abuse your Magazine, and say, "It is a wonder that the possessor of such curiosities could think of producing them in a venal, servile, corrupt vehicle



of the canting crew who preach legitimacy, and who have basely shut up that frank, noble-minded, liberal, unprejudiced, but, alas ! now deeply-injured man, who was just on the point of becoming the regenerator of Europe." He signs himself R. Phillips. Now, can this letter have come from the sapient knight of Blackfriars, whose primitive diet has acquired for him the honour of being called Sir Pythagoras ? or is it a forgery in that great man's name ? I profess myself inclined to believe that it is an imposition ; for it can hardly be presumed, that a man, who, like Sir Richard, busies himself in refuting Sir Isaac Newton, should condescend to such unphilosophical matters, and such radical slang. But whether it be a falsity or not, I reply not to the writer. It shall still be your part, Mr Christopher, to place the garland of literary renown on QZX's bust. No other shall interfere in this matter, since you did it at my first request so readily and so gracefully.

This present *fasciculus* will be, I hope, as much approved as the former—I am, &c.

GILES MIDDLESTICH.

MR RICHARD GOSSIP, VULGARLY CALLED DICKY GOSSIP.

SYNOPSIS. Richard, illegitimate son of Margaret Gossip, chambermaid at the Salutation Tavern, born 1st April, 1735, his putative father was Jasper Quidnunc—ran on errands till ten years old—employed in a barber's shop in Seven Dials—in 1759, sets up trade as barber in the Barbican—marries Prudence Higgins, by whom he had one daughter, Tabitha, who survived him—finds the access to news in London the cause of his neglecting his business—removes in 1791 to the village of Jadsby, where he officiated not only as shaver, but also as apothecary, carpenter, and dentist—died in 1801, aged 66.

DOCUMENTS. TYP. "My grandmother," by Prince Hoare, Esq. London. 8vo. 1806.—Works of the City Poet, 2 vols. 1778.—MS. Journal of Philip Vapour, Esq.—An original autographic Bill and Note.—Letter from John Oldbuck, Esq.—Register of birth, marriage, and burial. (penes me Q.Z.X.)

[My friend begins with all Mr Gossip's speeches, and with the famous song, whose chorus ends with " Dicky Gossip is the man," from " My Grandmother," which is in the shape of a farce ; although it cannot be doubted, that the real Dicky Gossip was the basis of the character there introduced. Unless, however, Mr P. Hoare can assure us of the authenticity of the words, (and possibly some Boswell or Spence noted them down,) I shall be content to refer your readers to the printed work. The marrow of them is found in the synopsis,]

G. M.

Odes by Q. Horatius Flaccus, and the City Poet of 1788.

AD THALIARCHUM.

*Dum seras hyems, voluptati indulgendum.*

Vides, ut alta stet nive candidum  
Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus  
Silvæ laborantes, geluque  
Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco  
Large reponens ; atque benignius  
Deprome quadrimum Sabina,  
O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere ; et  
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro  
Appone ; nec dulces amores  
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas.

Donec virent sanitas abest  
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et aræ  
Lenæque sub noctem susurri  
Composita repetantur hora :

TO DICKY GOSSIP.

*While he thinks of tittle-battle, not to forget  
his wiggyery.*

Do you see that stately caxon,  
Which looks with all its whiteness,  
Like a bush o'erlaid with snow ;  
And the curls, which range below,  
Stand stiff in frosty brightness.

Come, melt some sweet pomatum—  
And, for powder do not stint us ;  
Draw your irons from the stove ;  
And, Dicky, quickly move,  
To make my old wig as portentous,

Don't ask of to-morrow's matters,  
Since them, nor you, nor I, know ;  
Mind your shop, my boy, nor spurn  
From customers, to earn,  
For scraping their muzzles, their rhine.

Show yourself a wise wig-maker,  
For sure you've enough to handle,  
As long as folks don't wear  
Their own untrimmed grey hair,  
Without heeding the whispers of scandal.

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo  
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,  
Pignusque dereptum lacertis  
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Yet ah, those ears so itching !  
My muse can not restrain 'em ;  
Should a laugh come from the street,  
Comb and razor you would quit,  
Nor longer could your fingers retain 'em.

I grieve to say, that I cannot find out who the city poet of London was in 1788. In former times, John Taylor, Elkanah Settle, and Thomas Shadwell, acquitted themselves finely in that office. Nor can I learn that the place is filled up at present ; the persons who occasionally come forward being voluntary, and not official performers. It is due to the young gentleman mentioned in No I. to say, that the discovery of the resemblance between the English and Latin ode is his ; they are now printed, therefore, in juxta-position, for the benefit of the curious, as indeed it is surprising, that two poets of such different ages should have hit on ideas so much alike. Q.Z.X.

*An Extract from the Private Journal of the late Philip Vapour, Esq.*

Tuesday—Low-spirited, cursed low—but not determined whether to shoot myself, drown, or go to Sir Matthew's. A fool of a fellow, who calls himself Dicky Gossip, came to shave me—never heard such a prater in my life ; his tongue ran at such a rate, that I could get nothing from him but tattle. Souffrance did nothing but ejaculate *Quel babillard !* He put me in a passion, and I forgot my blue devils.

Thursday—To my infinite surprise, I found that my loquacious barber is the very person acting as my apothecary. The fellow, however, is amusing ; and his boasts of being as much *au fait* in medicine as in shaving, are laughable enough, particularly as his gabble is unfailing, continuous, fluent

upon every topic, and equally pertinent upon all, or rather impertinent.

Monday—Florella's trick has made me a happy fellow ; but who should the carpenter be that fitted up the sliding pannel, which enabled her to appear as the picture of her grandmother, but my redoubted barber and apothecary Dicky Gossip ! He has a fourth occupation ; I wonder I did not want him in that department, as they say tooth-ache is symptomatic of being in love—for the chattering rascal is a dentist also. Well may he sing, as Souffrance tells me he does—

For this trade or that,

They all come as pat as they can ;

For shaving and tooth-drawing,

Bleeding, cabbaging, or sawing,

Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, is the man.

AUTOGRAPHIC BILL AND NOTE.

*The Worshipfull Mr Alderman Pentwaezle.*

1787.

*Dr to R. Gossip.*

Jan. 4.	For a new tie wigg	- -	£8	8	0
Feb. 6.	Item for a powder puff	-	0	2	6
Mar. 17.	Item for a brown scratch		3	3	0
25.	Item for a quarter's shaving		0	10	6
			£12		4 0

WORSHIPFULL SIR,

I SHOULDN'T have sent your worship's bill, only as you desired me, I thought your worship would like to know, as how Captain Pursy, of the Train-bands, fell down in a fit just now, at Mr Mudge's door—I can step up with the particlars in a minute, if your worship pleases. Also, Mrs Morrison's marriage with Mr Cruickshank's is broke off—some say that he trod upon her

cat's tail, and others, that she has found out that he has another wife alive. If I can know for a sartainty, I will be with your worship in a minute. Your worship's old wigg is in pipes, and will be baked to-morrow. The day after next the address is to be carried up to the King, by the Common Council. I hope your worship will go—nobody's head shall be better or more handsomely dressed—and I am your worship's poor servant, to command,

R. D. GOSSIP.

*Letter from J. Oldbuck, Esq. to QZX.*

*Monkbarns, 7th July, 1806.*

SIR,—I have applied to my barber, Jacob Caxon, according to your request, about the master of whom he learnt his notable art of torturing dead hair, and scraping chins, and bald pates. Not being acquainted with you, I do not venture to guess whether the information, which I have drained from his paucity of brains, will be looked upon as important—*suum cuique*. Caxon's mind has barely room for the entertainment of ideas arising from things present with him, and none hardly for those that are past. All he recollects is, that Dicky Gossip, who was his Magnus Apollo in the Barbican, in London, had a greater fondness for uttering news than for removing beards—that he was ambulatory rather than sedentary—and more inclined to pry into the secrets, under a wig, than to comb that useful appendage itself. The only specific fact pertaining to your hero, with which Jacob's memory seems charged is, that Gossip once cut sheer through a gentleman's cheek, to his grinders, in shaving him, because he, the said Dicky, could not forbear watching the progress of a matrimonial dispute, in the opposite house; and, as it terminated in a leg of mutton being thrown out of the window by a vixen, before Dicky had completed his operation with the razor, so two catastrophes were simultaneous; the husband lost the promise of his dinner, and the *shavee* found, on rising from under Rd's hands, two fissures in his face, through which he might,

if he pleased, put his dinner into his mouth. This noticeable fact “lies like a substance” upon Jacob's mind—and on jogging his memory three times—three times have we stumbled upon it, and upon nothing else. And now, if this is of use to you, learned sir, you are heartily welcome to it. Your apologies, for intruding inquiries upon a stranger, are unnecessary. The importance of what I can communicate, proves the propriety of your having made researches in this quarter. Doubtless, you cannot always get such an equivalent as the present, for your outlay in postage. If you ever publish your work, I shall have great curiosity to see it; but beg for time to deliberate, before I make myself responsible as a subscriber to it; I am not at all ambitious that my name should be addressed as authority for what I have here supplied you with.\* With much respect for so painstaking a man of letters as you are, for one who seems determined, not only to fish the great ocean of literature, but to catch the very sprats and shrimps in every creek of it,—I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

JONATHAN OLDBUCK.

P. S. If you have any beggar's life in hand, I crave to recommend, as a most useful coadjutor, Mr Adam or Edie Ochiltree, a gentleman of these parts, for he has made that branch of biography his particular study, and has devoted a considerable part of his life to it.†

\* This suggestion of Mr Oldbuck's modesty could not be complied with, as his communication would, in that case, fail of being sufficiently verified. QZX.

† This matter prevents us from inserting the copies of the Parish Register Certificates, which they shall be forthcoming if any doubt arises. C. N.

## STANZAS WRITTEN IN A PARK IN SURREY, OCTOBER, 1820.

THE earlier frosts had long begun  
 Their work on ev'ry tenderer tree,  
 And nearly banished, one by one,  
 Blythe summer's tints of greenery ;  
 For every bough's extremity  
 Turned slowly to an alien hue ;  
 'The ashes faded to a yellow,  
 The limes became all sickly fallow,  
 And tawney-red the hawthorns grew.

The beeches' gloss fled fast away,  
 And left them brown as iron ore ;  
 And e'en the old oak's outer spray,  
 Marks of this nightly searing bore ;  
 And yester eve, the frequent shower  
 Shrouded the moon in wat'ry gloom,  
 And drench'd the branches drooping low ;  
 And now, a more relentless foe !  
 Hoarse wind of Autumn thou art come !

By the loud uproar of the din,  
 Pour'd thro' yon swaying avenue ;  
 Whose arching clms, to one within,  
 Appear some huge cathedral view ;  
 And by those flickering leaves that strew  
 The late uncumber'd tracks of deer—  
 And by that tossing pine, which fast  
 Stoops like some drifting shallop's mast,  
 Hoarse wind of Autumn thou art here !

See how the deer are crowding round  
 Yon group of patriarchal oaks,  
 Whose wide extended limbs rebound  
 Against the blast's assiduous strokes :  
 The dappled herd, with anxious looks,  
 And heads all earthward bending move,  
 To pry where auburn acorns rest  
 New shaken from their cups above,—  
 And glean a rich autumnal feast.

Aye, wind of autumn, wild and rude  
 Thou com'st to rend, with ruthless hand,  
 The sickening foliage of the wood ;  
 For all that spring, with nurture bland,  
 Of mild and tepid breezes fann'd—  
 And fed with balmy dew and shower ;  
 And all that summer's sunny sky  
 Disclosed in rich maturity,  
 Must sink before thy wasting power.

Thy hands are busy, noisy blast,  
 In stripping each discolor'd tree,  
 Of shoals of leaves which flutter past—  
 Their ruin this, but sport to thee.  
 And though thy violence we see,  
 Now tearing down a load, and now,  
 But what would fill an infant's hand ;  
 Yet ere thou goest, each tree shall stand  
 With trunk unveil'd, and leafless bough.

Yet no—the oak and beech shall still  
 Hold to the south some garland acre,  
 Nor lose these hard-kept honours till  
 The winter-wind, thy wild compeer,  
 Roar still more loudly in the ear.  
 And see, the holly stands secure,  
 It scorns you both, defies your bluster,  
 Nor loses leaf, nor coral cluster,  
 Unless for christmas garniture.

Like leaves from some deciduous tree,  
 Since youthful fancies fall away,  
 Oh, may I like yon holly be,  
 And gain those stabler tastes, which stay !  
 Nor, as life's seasons change, decay !  
 May I accomplishments possess,  
 To make me—like the holly bower—  
 Retain a cheering leafiness,  
 Yea, even in age's wintry hour.

H.

PROLOGUE SPOKEN BEFORE A PRIVATE THEATRICAL PERFORMANCE IN  
 MANCHESTER.

HIGH o'er the drama's visionary scene  
 The goddess Fancy rules—its fairy queen :  
 She o'er its new created worlds presides,  
 And all the movements of its magic guides.  
 Our hearts, bewitch'd, submissive own her sway—  
 Beat as she prompts, and, as she wills, obey.

- Call'd by her power, and by her influence led,  
 The stage, new peopled, swarms with mighty dead ;  
 The great of old a charnel revel keep,  
 And Kings and Cæsars issue from their sleep ;  
 Her boundless flights no limits can restrain,  
 And time resists, and space obstructs, in vain ;  
 She, mighty mistress, each defect supplies,  
 And grants us all that sterner Truth denies.
- Since then, the votaries of her scenic power,  
 We stoop to linger in her favourite bower ;  
 Since early moved, and, hearkening to her call,  
 We worship Fancy in her fairy hall ;  
 Respect the power whose ministers we stand,  
 And pay the tribute of th' applauding hand ;  
 Be Reason's cool control awhile resign'd,  
 And give to Fancy's day-dreams all the mind.

And thou, bright power, in whose exhaustless mine  
 The many-colour'd gems of genius shine ;  
 At whose command new light-form'd Ariels rise,  
 And new Titanias greet the wondering eyes ;  
 Be present while we thus thy rites display,  
 And light us with thy rain-bow beaming ray :  
 So shall our work reveal the hand divine,  
 And prove us worthy offerers at thy shrine.

## THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES.

## RESPONSIVE NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE can assure Mr Gilbert Modiwart of Dunmailing, that he is quite mistaken in supposing that any legal interdict has been fulminated against the Ayrshire Legatees. The suspension last month of the Pringle correspondence was altogether owing to the absence of Mr M'Gruel, who was called to the island of Arran, to attend Mrs Fakite, a rich Glasgow manufacturer's wife, who was residing at Lamrash, for the benefit of sea-bathing, having been for some time before liable to eat more, as she said herself, than did her good. By the aid of a regimen, which he prescribed, she greatly improved in her health, without impairing her corpulency, which we mention to his professional credit. For a lean Glasgow lady would be a phenomenon totally unaccountable, considering the manner of living encouraged in that opulent city. Our readers will be pleased to hear, that Mr M'Gruel, in his letter, explaining the cause of the interruption which had taken place in his communications, mentions, that he spent the time of his visit to Arran in a most agreeable manner, the Miss Fakites being highly accomplished young ladies, particularly Miss Meg, the second daughter, who wallops the Highland fling with a true mountain grace, and can actually play reels on the pianoforte with very little of that peculiarity which may be called the Glasgow musical accent, and which we have heard, scandalously, it is true, described as the dead rattle in the throat of a murdered strathspey.

We are much at a loss to understand what Senex means, and we beg he would be more explicit. It is impossible that we can judge of our correspondents otherwise than by the temper and style in which they address us. We should certainly never have imagined, that the author of the letter from Greenock, signed James Thegite, attempted to impose upon us, for it was written in a calm dispassionate gentlemanly manner; and had all the marks of the most respectable authenticity.—Senex, we are inclined to think, is himself under the influence of some delusion, or rather we suspect he has tried to play off a shallow trick on us, for his letter bears the Port-Glasgow postmark, and is evidently written in a most confounded passion, though he affects to be all gentleness and candour.

What Themistocles of Paisley says, concerning the beautiful gardens and pular monster in the menagerie of Mr John Love, may be all perfectly true, but, as the Pringle family do not appear to have visited that town, we see not how we could introduce the subject, unless Mr M'Gruel should have occasion to take a jaunt that length. We must, however, be permitted to observe, that the signature *Themistocles* is so indicative of that radical spirit which has been rather too strongly manifested in and about Paisley, that we wish our correspondent would assume some other name.

Dr Rowat of Ayr, has fallen into the greatest mistake possible, in thinking it necessary to contradict to us the report that he had been left a legacy by Colonel Armour. For his sake, we wish it had been the case, especially as we have been informed by our regular correspondent in Ayr, that his practice has greatly fallen off since he committed that unfortunate and fatal error, attended with such dreadful consequences to the late Provost Haddock.

Once for all, we beg to tell our Irvine friend, that we will not be plagued with him. He may think what he pleases, and say what he chooses, but the Pringle correspondence speaks for itself. As for A. B. of Glasgow, he is below contempt. The poor man may go dancing mad between the Cross and the Blackbull inn; but, all the noise that he can make, will only help to augment the interest we have excited. We can easily believe, that he has touched neither turtle soup, nor hunc punch, this season. He, we are confident, does not move in the urbane sphere of the great West Indians. But more of him anon.

It is with sincere pain, that we find the writers in a paltry publication, which is hardly known beyond the limits of Cockaigne, are in the greatest consternation and alarm, lest we should fall upon them. We

beg to assure them, we have no such intention; and, if they will only have the condescension to send us their names,—for celebrated as they are among themselves, they are quite unknown here—we shall take care not to admit into our pages any thing that might tend to lessen their insignificance.

## THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;

*Or, the Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

## No. VI.

As the spring advanced, the beauty of the country around Garnock was gradually unfolded: the blossom was unclosed, while the church was embraced within the foliage of more umbrageous boughs. The schoolboys from the adjacent villages were, on the Saturday afternoon, frequently seen angling along the banks of the Lugton, which ran clearer beneath the church-yard wall, and the hedge of the minister's globe; and the evenings were so much lengthened, that the occasional visitors at the manse could prolong their walk after tea.—These, however, were less numerous than when the family were at home, but still Mr Snodgrass, when the weather was fine, had no reason to deplore the loneliness of his bachelor's court.

It happened that, one fair and sunny afternoon, Miss Mally Glencairn, and Miss Isabella Todd, came to the manse. Mrs Glibbans and her daughter Becky were the same day paying their first ceremonious visit, as the matron called it, to Mr and Mrs Craig, with whom the whole party were invited to take tea, and for lack of more amusing chit-chat, the Reverend young gentleman read to them the last letter which he had received from Mr Andrew Pringle. It was conjured naturally enough out of his pocket, by an observation of Miss Mally's. "Nothing surprises me," said that amiable maiden lady, "so much as the health and good humour of the commonality. It is a joyous refutation of the opinion, that the comfort and happiness of this life depends on the wealth of worldly possessions." "It is so," replied Mr Snodgrass, "and I do often wonder, when I see the blithe and hearty children of the cottars frolicking in the abundance of health and hilarity, where the means come from to enable their poor industrious parents to supply their wants."

"How can you wonder at any sick things, Mr Snodgrass, do they not come from on High," said Mrs Glibbans, "whence cometh every good and perfect gift. Is there not the flowers of the field, which neither card nor spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these?"

"I was not speaking in a spiritual sense," interrupted the other, "but merely made the remark, as introductory to a letter, which I have received from Mr Andrew Pringle, respecting some of the ways of living in London." Mrs Craig, who had been so recently translated from the kitchen to the parlour, pricked up her ears at this, not doubting, that the letter would contain something very grand and wonderful, and exclaimed, "gude saki's let's hear't—I am unco fond to ken about London, and the King and the Queen; but I believe they are baith dead noo."

Miss Becky Glibbans gave a satirical keckle at this, and shewed her superior learning, by explaining to Mrs Craig the unbroken nature of the kingly office. Mr Snodgrass then read as follows:—

## ANDREW PRINGLE, ESQ. TO THE REV. CHARLES SNODGRASS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,  
You are not aware of the task you impose, when you request me to send you some account of the general way of living in London. Unless you come here, and actually experience yourself what I would call the London ache, it is impossible to supply you with any adequate idea of the necessity

that exists in this wilderness of mankind, to seek refuge in society without being over fastidious with respect to the intellectual qualifications of your occasional associates. In a remote desert, the solitary traveller is subject to apprehensions of danger, but still he is the most important thing "within the circle of that lonely

waste ;" and the sense of his own dignity enables him to sustain the shock of considerable hazard with spirit and fortitude. But, in London, the feeling of self-importance is totally lost and suppressed in the bosom of a stranger. A painful conviction of insignificance—of nothingness, I may say, is sunk upon his heart, and murmured in his ear by the million, who divide with him that consequence which he unconsciously before supposed he possessed in a general estimate of the world. While elbowing my way through the unknown multitude, that flows between Charing Cross and the Royal Exchange, this mortifying sense of my own insignificance has often come upon me with the energy of a pang, and I have thought, that after all we can say of any man, the effect of the greatest influence of an individual on society at large, is but as that of a pebble thrown into the sea. Mathematically speaking, the undulations which the pebble causes, continue until the whole mass of the ocean has been disturbed to the bottom of its most secret depths and farthest shores ; and perhaps, with equal truth it may be affirmed, that the sentiments of the man of genius are also infinitely propagated ; but how soon the physical impression of the one is lost to every sensible perception, and the moral impulse of the other swallowed up from all practical effect.

But though London, in the general, may be justly compared to the vast and restless ocean, or to any other thing that is either sublime, incomprehensible, or affecting, it loses all its influence over the solemn associations of the mind when it is examined in its details. For example, living on the town, as it is slangishly called, the most friendless and isolated condition possible is yet fraught with an amazing diversity of enjoyment. Thousands of gentlemen, who have survived the relish of active fashionable pursuits, pass their life in that state without tasting the delight of one new sensation. They rise in the morning merely because Nature will not allow them to remain longer in bed. They begin the day without motive or purpose, and close it after having performed the same unvaried round as the most thorough-bred domestic animal that ever dwelt in manse or manor-house. If you ask them at

three o'clock where they are to dine, they cannot tell you ; but about the wonted dinner hour, batches of these forlorn bachelors find themselves diurnally congregated, as if by instinct, around a cozy table in some snug coffee-house, where, after inspecting the contents of the bill of fare, they discuss the news of the day, reserving the scandal, by way of desert, for their wine. Day after day their respective political opinions give rise to keen encounters, but without producing the slightest shade of change in any of their old ingrained and particular sentiments.

Some of their haunts, I mean those frequented by the elderly race, are shabby enough in their appearance and circumstances, except perhaps in the quality of the wine. Every thing in them is regulated by an ancient and precise economy, and you perceive, at the first glance, that all is calculated on the principle of the house giving as much for the money as it can possibly afford, without infringing those little etiquettes which persons of gentlemanly habits regard as essentials. At half price the junior members of these unorganized or natural clubs retire to the theatres, while the elder brethren mind their potations till it is time to go home. This seems a very comfortless way of life, but I have no doubt it is the preferred result of a long experience of the world, and that the parties, upon the whole, find it superior, according to their early formed habits of dissipation and gayety, to the sedate but not more regular course of a domestic circle.

The chief pleasure, however, of living on the town, consists in accidentally falling in with persons whom it might be otherwise difficult to meet in private life. I have several times enjoyed this. The other day I fell in with an old gentleman, evidently a man of some consequence, for he came to the coffee-house in his own carriage. It happened that we were the only guests, and he proposed that we should therefore dine together. In the course of conversation it came out, that he had been familiarly acquainted with Garrick, and had frequented the literary club in the days of Johnson and Goldsmith. In his youth, I conceive, he must have been an amusing companion ; for his fancy was exceed-



ingly lively, and his manners altogether afforded a very favourable specimen of the old, the gentlemanly school. At an appointed hour his carriage came for him, and we parted, perhaps never to meet again.

Such agreeable incidents, however, are not common, as the frequenters of the coffee-houses are, I think, usually taciturn characters, and averse to conversation. I may, however, be myself in fault. Our countrymen in general, whatever may be their ad-

dress in improving acquaintance to the promotion of their own interests, have not the best way, in the first instance, of introducing themselves.—A raw Scotsman contrasted with a sharp Londoner, is very inadroit and awkward, be his talents what they may; and I suspect, that even the most brilliant of your old class-fellows have, in their professional visits to this metropolis, had some experience of what I mean.

ANDREW PRINGLE.

WHEN Mr Snodgrass paused, and was folding up the letter, Mrs Craig, bending with her hands on her knees, said, emphatically, "Noo, Sir, what think you of that?" He was not, however, quite prepared to give an answer to a question so abruptly propounded, nor indeed did he exactly understand to what particular the lady referred. "For my part," she resumed recovering her previous posture—"For my part, it's a very caldrife way of life, to dine every day on coffee; broth, and beef, would put mair smeddum in the men; they're just a whin auld fogies that Mr Andrew describes, an' no worth a single woman's pains!"—"wheeshit, wheeshit, mistress," cried Mr Craig; "ye mauna let your tongue rin awa with your sense in that gait." "It has but a light load," said Miss Becky, whispering Isabella Todd. In this juncture, Mr Micklewham happened to come in, and Mrs Craig, on seeing him, cried out, "I hope Mr Micklewham ye have brought the doctor's letter—He's such a funny man! and teaches off the Londoners to the rums."

"He's a good man," said Mrs Glibbans, in a tone calculated to repress the forwardness of Mrs Craig—but Miss Mally Glencairn having, in the meanwhile, taken from her pocket an epistle which she had received the preceding day from Mrs Pringle, Mr Snodgrass silenced all controversy on that score by requesting her to proceed with the reading. "She's a clever woman, Mrs Pringle," said Mrs Craig, who was resolved to cut a figure in the conversation in her own house—"She's a discreet woman, and may be as godly too, as some that mak mair wark about the elect." Whether Mrs Glibbans thought this had any allusion to herself is not susceptible of legal proof, but she turned round and looked at their "most kind hostess" with a sneer that might almost merit the appellation of a snort; Mrs Craig, however, pacified her, by proposing, that before hearing the letter they should take a dram of wine, or prece her cherry bounce—adding, "our maister likes a been house, and ye a' ken that we are providing for a handling." The wine was accordingly served, and, in due time, Miss Mally Glencairn edified and instructed the party with the contents of Mrs Pringle's letter.

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MRS PRINGLE TO MISS MALLY GLENCAIRN.

DEAR MISS MALLY.

You will have heard, by the peppers, of the gret hobbleshow heer aboot the Queen's coming over contrary to the will of the nation; and, that the King and Parlelament are so angry with her, that they are going to put her away by giving to her a bill of divorce. The doctor, who has been searchin the scriptures on the okashon, says this is not in their poor, although she was found guilty of the fact; but I tell him, that as the King and Parlelament of old took upon them to change our

religion, I do not see how they will be hampered now by the word of God.

You may well wonder that I have no ritten to you about the king, and what he is like, but we have never got a sight of him at all, whilk is a gret shame, paying so dear as we do for a king, who skurely should be a publih man. But, we have seen her majesty, who stays not far from our house heer in Baker street, in dry lodgings, which, I am creditably informed, she is obligated to pay for by the week, for nobody will trust her; so you see what

it is, Miss Mally, to have a light character. Poor woman, they say she might have been going from door to door, with a staff and a meal pock, but for ane Mr Wood, who is a baillie of London, that has ta'en her by the hand. She's a woman advanced in life, with a short neck, and a penit face; housomever, that, I suppose, she canna help, being a queen, and obligated to set the fashions to the court, where it is necessar to hide their faces with pent, our Andrew says, that their looks may not betray them—there being no shurer thing than a false-hearted courtier.

But what concerns me the most, in all this, is, that there will be no coronashon till the queen is put out of the way—and nobody can take upon them to say when that will be, as the law is so dootful and endless—which I am verra sorry for, as it was my intent to rite Miss Nanny Eydent a true account of the coronashon, in case there had been any partiklars that might be servisable to her in her business.

The doctor and me, by ourselves, since we have been settit, go about at our convenience, and have seen far mae farlies than baith Andrew and Rachael, with all the acquaintance they have forgathert wi'—but you no old heads canna be expertit on young shouthers, and they have not had the experience of the world that we have had.

The lamps in the streets here are lighted with gauze, and not with crusties, like those that have lately been put up in your toun; and it is brought in pips aneath the ground, from the manufactors which the doctor and we have been to see—an awful place—and they say as fye to a spark as pootier, which made us glad to get out o't when we heard so;—and we have been to see a brew-house, where they mak the London porter, but it is a sight not to be told. In it we saw a barrel, whilk the doctor said was by

gauging bigger than the Irvine muckle kirk, and a masking fat, like a barn for mugnited. But all they were as no-thing to a curiosity of a steem-ngine, that minches minch collops as natural as life—and stuffs the sosogecs itself, in a manner past the poor of nature to consiv. They have, to be shure, in London many things to help work—for in our kitchen there is a smoking-jack to roast the meat, that gangs of its own free will—and the brisker the fire, the faster it runs; but a potatoe-beetle is not to be had within the four walls of London, which is a great want in a house; Mrs Argent never hard of sick a thing.

Me and the doctor have likewise been in the houses of parliament, and the doctor since has been again to heer the argolbargotting about the queen. But, cepting the king's throne, which is all gold and velvet, with a croun on the top, and sturs all round, there was nothing worth the looking at in them baith.—Howsomever, I sat in the king's seat, and in the preses chair of the House of Commons, which, you no, is something for me to say; and we have been to see the printing of books, where the very smallest dividual syllib is taken up by itself and made into words by the hand, so as to be quite confounding how it could ever read sense.—But there is ane piece of industry, and thoroughgalaty I should not forget, whilk is wives going about with whirl-barrows, selling horses flesh to the cuts and dogs by weight, and the cats and dogs know them very well by their voices. In short, Miss Mally, there is nothing heer that the hand is not turnt to; and there is, I can see, a better order and method really among the Londoners than among our Scotch folks, notwithstanding their advantages of edicashon, but my pepper will hold no more at present, from your true friend,

JAMIE PRINGLE.

THERE was a considerable diversity of opinion among the commentators on this epistle. Mrs Craig was the first who broke silence, and displayed a great deal of erudition on the minch-collap-engine, and the potatoe-beetle; in which she was interrupted by the indignant Mrs Glibbans, who exclaimed, "I am surprised to hear you, Mrs Craig, speak of sick haubles, when the word of God's in danger of being controverted by an act of parliament. But, Mr Snodgrass, dinna ye think that this painting of the queen's face is a Jezebithical testification against her?" Mr Snodgrass replied, with an unwonted sobriety of manner, and with an emphasis that showed he intended to make some impre-

sion on his auditors—"It is impossible to judge correctly of strangers by measuring them according to our own notions of propriety. It has certainly long been a practice in courts to disfigure the beauty of the human countenance with paint; but what, in itself, may have been originally assumed for a mask or disguise, may, by usage, have grown into a very harmless custom. I am not, therefore, disposed to attach any criminal importance to the circumstance of her Majesty wearing paint. Her late Majesty did so herself." "I do not say it was criminal," said Mrs Glibbans, "I only meant it was sinful, and I think it is." The accent of authority in which this was said, prevented Mr Snodgrass from offering any reply—and a brief pause ensuing, Miss Mally Glencairn observed, that it was a surprising thing how the doctor and Mrs Pringle managed their matters so well. "Aye," said Mrs Craig, "but we a' ken what a manager the mistress is—she's the bee that mak's the honey—she does not gang bizzing aboot, like a thriftless wasp, through her neighbours houses." "I tell you Betty, my dear," cried Mr Craig, "that you shouldna make comparisons—what's past is gane—and Mrs Glibbans and you maun now be friends." "They're a' friends to me that's no faces, and am very glad to see Mrs Glibbans sociable in my house, but she need nae hae made sae light of me when she was here before"—and, in saying this, the amiable hostess burst into a loud sob of sorrow, which induced Mr Snodgrass to beg Mr Micklewham to read the doctor's letter, by which a happy stop was put to the further manifestation of the grudge which Mrs Craig harboured against Mrs Glibbans for the lecture which she had received, on what the latter called "the incarnated effect of a more than Potipharian claught o' the godly Mr Craig."

*The Rev. Dr Z. Pringle to Mr Micklewham, Schoolmaster and Session-Clerk, Garnock.*

DEAR SIR—I had a great satisfaction in hearing that Mr Snodgrass, in my place, prays for the Queen on the Lord's Day, which liberty to do in our national church is a thing to be upholden with a fearless spirit, even with the spirit of martyrdom, that we may not bow down in Scotland to the prelatic Baal of an order in Council, whereof the Archbishop of Canterbury, that is cousin-german to the Pope of Rome, is art and part. Verily the sending forth of that order to the General Assembly was treachery to the solemn oath of the new King, whereby he took the vows upon him, conform to the articles of the union, to maintain the Church of Scotland as by law established, so that for the archbishop of Canterbury to meddle therein, was a shooting out of the horns of aggressive domination.

I think it is right of me to testify as much through you to the Session, that the elders may stand on their posts to bar all such breaking in of the episcopalian boar into our corner of the vineyard.

Aunt the Queen's case and condition I say nothing; for be she guilty, or be she innocent, we all know that she was born in sin and brought forth in iniquity—prone to evil, as the

sparks fly upwards—and desperately wicked, like you and me, or any other poor Christian sinner; which is reason enough to make us think of her in the remembering prayer.

Since she came over there has been a wonderful work doing here, and it is thought that the crown will be taken off her head by a strong handling of the Parliament; and really, when I think of the bishops sitting high in the peerage, like owls and rooks in the bartisans of an old tower, I have my fears that they can bode her no good. I have seen them in the House of Lords clothed in their idolatrous robes, and when I looked at them so proudly placed at the right hand of the King's throne, and on the side of the powerful, egging on, as I saw one of them doing in a whisper, the Lord Liverpool, before he rose to speak against the Queen, the blood ran cold in my veins, and I thought of their woeeful persecutions of our national church, and prayed inwardly that I might be keepit in the humility of a zealous presbyter, and that the corruption of the frail human nature within me might never be tempted by the pampered whoredoms of prelacy.

Saving the Lord Chancellor, all the other temporal peers were just as they

had come in from the crown of the causeway—none of them having a judicial garment, which was a shame; and as for the Chancellor's long robe, it was not so good as my own gown; but he is said to be a very narrow man: what he spoke, however, was no doubt sound law; yet I could observe he has a bad custom of taking the name of God in vain, which I wonder at, considering he has such a kittle conscience, which, on less occasions, causes him often to shed tears.

Mrs Pringle and me, by ourselves, had a fine quiet canny sight of the Queen out of the window of a pastry baxter's shop, opposite to where her Majesty stays. She seems to be a plump and jocose little woman; gleg, blithe, and throwgaun for her years, and on an easy footing with the lower orders, coming to the window when they call for her, and becking to them, which is very civil of her, and gets them to take her part against the government.

The baxter in whose shop we saw this, told us that her Majesty said, on being invited to take her dinner at an inn on the road from Dover, that she would be content with a mutton-chop at the King's Arms in London,\* which shews that she is a lady of a very haunely disposition. Mrs. Pringle thought her not big enough for a queen; but we cannot expect every one to be like that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, whose effigy we have seen preserved in armour in the Tower of London, and in wax in Westminster Abbey, where they have a living-like likeness of Lord Nelson, in the very identical regimentals that he was killed in. They are both wonderful places, but it costs a power of money to go through them, and all the folk about them think of nothing but money; for when I inquired, with a reverent spirit, seeing around me the tombs of great and famous men, the mighty and wise of their day, what department it was of the abbey—"It's the eighteen-pence department," said an uncircumcised Philistine, with as little respect as if we had been treading the courts of the darling Dagon.

Our concerns here are now drawing to a close; but before we return, we

are going for a short time to a town on the sea-side, which they call Brighton. We had a notion of taking a trip to Paris, but that we must leave to Andrew Pringle, my son, and his sister Rachel, if the bit lassie could get a decent gudeman, which may be will cast up for her before we leave London. Nothing, however, is settled as yet upon that head, so I can say no more at present anent the same.

Since the affair of the sermon I have withdrawn myself from trafficking so much as I did in the missionary and charitable ploys that are so in vogue with the pious here, which will be all the better for my own people, as I will keep for them what I was giving to the unknown; and it is my design to write a book on alms-giving, to shew in what manner that Christian duty may be best fulfilled, which I doubt not will have the effect of opening the eyes of many in London to the true nature of the thing by which I was myself beguiled in this vanity fair, like a bird ensnared by the fowler.

I was concerned to hear of poor Mr Witherspoon's accident, in falling from his horse in coming from the Dahnailing occasion. How thankful he must be that the Lord made his head of a durability to withstand the shock which might otherwise have fractured his skull. What you say about the promise of the braird gives me pleasure on account of the poor; but what will be done with the farmers and their high rents, if the harvest turn out so abundant. Great reason have I to be thankful that the legacy has put me out of the reverence of my stipend; for when the meal was cheap, I own to you that I felt my carnality grudging the horn of abundance that the Lord was then pouring into the lap of the earth. In short, Mr Micklewham, I doubt it is o'er true with us all, that the less we are tempted, the better we are; so with my sincere prayers that you may be delivered from all evil, and led out of the paths of temptation, whether it is on the high-way or on the foot-paths, or beneath the hedges, I remain, dear Sir, your friend and pastor,

ZACHARIAH PRINGLE.

\* The honest Doctor's version of this bon-mot of her Majesty is not quite correct; her expression was, "I mean to take a chop at the King's Head when I get to London."

"THE Doctor," said Mrs Glibbans, as the schoolmaster concluded, "is there like himself—a true orthodox Christian, standing up for the word, and overflowing with charity even for the sinner. But, Mr Snodgrass, I did not ken before that the Bishops had a hand in the making of the Acts of the Parliament; I think, Mr Snodgrass, if that be the case, there should be some doubt in Scotland about obeying them. However that may be, sure am I that the Queen, though she was a perfect Deliah, she has nothing to fear from them; for have we not read in the Book Martyrs, and other church histories, of their concubines and indulgences, in the papist times, to all manner of carnal iniquity. But if she be that noghty woman that they say"——"Gude safe's," cried Mrs Craig, "if she be a noghty woman, awa' wi' her, awa' wi' her—wha kens the cantrips she may play us!" Here Miss Mally Glencairn interposed, and informed Mrs Craig, that a noghty woman was not, as she seemed to think, a witch wife. "I am sure," said Miss Becky Glibbans, "that Mrs Craig might have known that"——"O ye're a spiteful deevil," whispered Miss Mally, with a smile to her; and turning in the same moment to Miss Isabella Todd, begged her to read Miss Pringle's letter—a motion which Mr Snodgrass seconded chiefly to abridge the conversation, during which, though he wore a serene countenance, Mr M'Gruel informs us he often suffered much. Indeed, says our worthy Kilwinning correspondent, when I saw him after that meeting, he said very earnestly, that he hoped he had committed no sin so bad as to require such an expiation, as to dree penance as the pastor for life of the parish of Garnock. And in this an early observation of Mrs Glibbans received some confirmation; for when she saw him first in the pulpit, she said to Miss Mally Glencairn, who was sitting beside her in the minister's pew, that she thought him overly genteel for a gospel-preacher. However, she was convinced to the contrary when she had heard him, and confessed "that a clergy might maintain the word of truth, though he preached with a fine style of language."

*Miss Rachel Pringle to Miss Isabella Todd.*

MY DEAR BELL,  
I AM much obliged by your kind expressions for my little present. I hope soon to send you something better, and gloves at the same time; for Sabre has been brought to the point by an alarm for the Yorkshire Baronet that I mentioned as shewing symptoms of the tender passion for my fortune. The friends on both sides being satisfied with the match, it will take place as soon as some preliminary arrangements are made. When we are settled, I hope your mother will allow you to come and spend some time with us at our country seat in Berkshire; and I shall be happy to repay all the expenses of your journey, as a jaunt to England is what your mother would, I know, never consent to pay for.

It is proposed that, immediately after the ceremony, we shall set out for France, accompanied by my brother, where we are to be soon after joined at Paris by some of the Argents, who I can see think Andrew worth the catching for Miss. My father and mother will then return to Scotland; but whether the Doctor will continue to keep his parish, or give it up to Mr Snodgrass, will depend greatly on the

circumstances in which he finds his parishioners. This is all the domestic intelligence that I have got to give, but its importance will make up for other deficiencies.

As to the continuance of our discoveries in London, I know not well what to say. Every day brings something new, but we lose the sense of novelty: were a fire in the same street where we live, it would no longer alarm me. A few nights ago, as we were sitting in the parlour after supper, the noise of an engine passing startled us all; we ran to the windows—there was haste and torches, and the sound of other engines, and all the horrors of a conflagration, reddening the skies. My father sent out the footboy to inquire where it was; and when the boy came back, he made us laugh, by snapping his fingers, and saying the fire was not worth so much—although, upon farther inquiry, we learnt that the house in which it originated was burnt to the ground. You see, therefore, how the bustle of this great world hardens the sensibilities, but I trust its influence will never extend to my heart.

The principal topic of conversation.

at present is about the Queen. The Argents, who are our main instructors in the proprieties of London life, say that it would be very vulgar in me to go to look at her, which I am sorry for, as I wish above all things to see a personage so illustrious by birth, and renowned by misfortune. The Doctor and my mother, who are less scrupulous, and who, in consequence, somehow, by themselves, contrive to see, and to get into places that are inaccessible to all gentility, have had a full view of her Majesty. My father has since become her declared partizan, and my mother too has acquired a leaning likewise toward her side of the question; but neither of them will permit the subject to be spoken of before me, as they consider it detrimental to good morals: I, however, read the newspapers.

What my brother thinks of her Majesty's case is not easy to divine, but Sabre is convinced of the Queen's guilt, upon some private and authentic information which a friend of his, who has returned from Italy, heard when travelling in that country. This information he has not, however, repeated to me, so that it must be something very bad—we shall know all when the trial comes on. In the meantime, his Majesty, who has lived in dignified retirement since he came to the throne, has taken up his abode with rural felicity in a cottage in Windsor Forest; where he now, contraining all the pomp and follies of his youth, and this metropolis, passes his days amidst his cabbages, like Dioclesian, with innocence and tranquillity, far from the intrigues of courtiers, and insensible to the murmuring waves of the fluctuating populace, that set in with so strong a current towards "the mob-led queen," as the divine Shakespeare has so beautifully expressed it.

You ask me about Vauxhall Gardens;—I have not seen them.—They are no longer in fashion—the theatres are quite vulgar—even the opera-house has sunk into a second-rate place of resort. Almacks balls, the Argyle rooms, and the Philharmonic concerts, are the only public entertainments frequented by people of fashion—and this high superiority they owe entirely to the difficulty of gaining admission. London, as my brother says, is too rich, and grown too luxurious, to have any exclusive place of fashion.

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able resort, where price alone is the obstacle. Hence the institution of these select Aristocratic assemblies. The Philharmonic concerts, however, are rather professional than fashionable entertainments; but everybody is fond of music, and therefore, everybody, that can be called anybody, is anxious to get tickets to them, and this anxiety has given them a degree of eclat, which I am persuaded the performance would never have excited had the tickets been purchasable at any price. The great thing here is either to be somebody, or to be patronized by a person that is a somebody; without this, though you were as rich as Croesus, your golden chariots, like the comets of a season blazing and amazing, would speedily roll away into the obscurity from which they came, and be remembered no more.

At first when we came here, and when the amount of our legacy was first promulgated, we were in a terrible flutter. Andrew became a man of fashion, with all the haste that tailors, and horses, and drivers, could make him. My father, honest man, was equally inspired with lofty ideas, and began a career that promised a liberal benefaction of good things to the poor—and my mother was almost distracted with calculations about laying out the money to the best advantage, and the sum she would allow to be spent. I alone preserved my natural equanimity—and foreseeing the necessity of new accomplishments to suit my altered circumstances, applied myself to the instructions of my masters with an assiduity that won their applause. The advantages of this I now experience—my brother is sobered from his champaign fumes—my father has found out that charity begins at home—and my mother, though her establishment is enlarged, finds her happiness, notwithstanding the legacy, still lies within the little circle of her household cares. "Thus, my dear Bell, have I proved the sweets of a true philosophy; and, unseduced by the blandishments of rank, rejected Sir Marmaduke Towler, and accepted the humbler but more disinterested swain, Captain Sabre, who requests me to send you his compliments, not altogether content that you should occupy so much of the bosom of your affectionate,

RACHEL PRINGLE.

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"Rachel had ay a gude roose of hersel'," said Becky Glibbans, as Miss Isabella concluded. In the same moment Mr Snodgrass took his leave, saying to Mr Micklewham that he had something particular to mention to him. "What can it be about?" inquired Mrs Glibbans at Mr Craig, as soon as the helper and schoolmaster had left the room; "do you think it can be concerning the Doctor's resignation of the parish in his favour?" "I'm sure," interposed Mrs Craig, before her husband could reply, "it winna be wi' my gude will that he shall come in upon us—a pridefu' wight, whose saft words, and a' his politess, are but lip-deep; na, na, Mrs Glibbans, we maun hae another on the leet forbye him." "And wha would ye put on the leet noo, Mrs Craig, you that's sic a judge?" said Mrs Glibbans with the most ineffable consequentiality. "I'll be for young Mr Dirlton, who is baith a sappy preacher of the word, and a substantial hand at every kind of civility." "Young Dirlton!—young Deevilton!" cried the orthodox Deborah of Irvine; "a fallow that knows no more of a gospel dispensation than I do of the Arian heresy, which I hold in utter abomination. No, Mrs Craig, you have a godly man for your husband—a sound and true follower; tread ye in his footsteps, and no try to set up yourself on points of doctrine. But it's time, Miss Mally, that we were taking the road; Becky and Miss Isabella, make yourselves ready. Noo, Mrs Craig, ye'll no be a stranger; you see I have no been lang of coming to give you my countenance; but, my leddy, ca canny, it's no easy to carry a fu' cup; ye hae gotten a great gift in your gudeman. Mr Craig, I wish you a gude night; I would fain have stopped for your evening exercise, but Miss Mally was beginning, I saw, to weary—so gude night; and, Mrs Craig, ye'll take tent of what I have said—it's for your good." So exeunt Mrs Glibbans, Miss Mally, and the two young ladies. "Her bark's war than her bite," said Mrs Craig, as she returned to her husband, who felt already some of the ourie symptoms of a henpecked destiny.

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 SNATCHES OF VILLAGE CHARACTER.

## No III.

*Helmorran.*

WHILST vice parades her front in open day,  
Nor finds contempt companion of her way;  
Whilst darkness veils the nightly-prowling thief,  
And skulking malice baffles all belief;  
Whilst children lisp in oaths of dreadful name,  
And steal, and *stare*, beyond the reach of shame;  
Whilst radical confusion rules the hour,  
Which speaks Queen Caroline's degrading power,  
And men are maddened to the last extreme,  
Nor reckon blasphemy nor treason shame;  
If nature fails in such provoking times,  
Even indignation must have vent in rhymes!

*Helmorran*, great in every deed of ill,  
In inclination only greater still,  
Be thou my theme! in all thy motley show  
Of ragged crime and variegated woe;  
Stand forth supreme of every sister band,  
Thy scorn, contempt, and bye-word of the land.  
Lo! have thy sins for vengeance sued aloud,  
And long has slept the lightning in the cloud;  
Now let the guilty tremble—in his ire  
Heaven speeds a tempest of vindictive fire.

On wretched day has crept the coward night,  
And screened her deeds of darkness from the sight;  
Forth issuing now, with noiseless step and breath,  
The sons of Belial track their fearful path.  
This to the barn-yard feels his miscreant way,  
And this the hen-roost destines as his prey;

This wanders far in quest of plunder store,  
Whilst *this* steals boldly from his neighbour's door.

Hast thou with care adorned thy pleasure-ground,  
And made an Eden of thy fields around?  
Cut into clumps and waving swells thy lawn,  
And graced thy paddock with the fearful fawn?  
Canst thou set watch for those who shun the light,  
Or bind in bonds the Demons of the night?  
Avert the weapon, whose accursed use  
Is mangling devastation and abuse?

Thy poultry own thy unremitted care,  
And geese and turkeys fatten on their fare;  
Thy ducks and chickens crowd thy kitchen door,  
And noisy gabblings speak thy feathered store.  
With lock and bar thy peopled roost protect,  
Thou canst not stem that bleeding turkey's neck,  
Restore the wing by well-aimed malice broke,  
Nor speak protection to thy limping flock!

One favourite dog, by age and worth endeared,  
Recalls the memory of a name revered—  
A father's kindly unremitted love—  
A tender mother's now in heaven above;  
Around his every motion time has cast  
Deep-rooted recollections of the past;  
The well known *cough*, and head of silver hair—  
The chapter folded down, and conned with care—  
The time, the place, the incidents that *were*.  
Upon thy hearth he takes his daily bed  
Of matted fleece, by thy own fingers spread;  
In circling movement folds his shaggy paws,  
And yawns his languor with distended jaws.  
Around his couch thy menials move with care,  
All thy affection share, or seem to share;  
The very housemaid plies a cautious broom,  
And treads more softly through the dusted room.  
Though, all unapt for motion, forth he creep,  
To stretch a tedious interval, and sleep;  
Though visionless he eat his wonted meal,  
Without or recognisance or appeal,  
Refuse the "bit" bestowed in action bland,  
And scarcely deign to lick the giver's hand;  
The time has been, when with *thy* changing eye,  
His *own* had gleamed or sorrowed in reply;  
From forth thy opened door he'd shot away,  
In antic gambol and unceasing play,  
Made all thy lawn re-echo to his tale,  
And chased in very sport his circling tail!  
His sports are numbered, all his meals are past,  
Doomed to receive a *poisoned* meal at last!

Around thee blooms the purple heather-hell,  
And daisies spread their cups along the dell;  
The fox-glove reddens on thy scented banks,  
And blue-bells hang their heads in graceful ranks;  
The starry-headed clover sprinkles o'er  
Thy green-sward pasture-ground with snowy shower:  
Amidst these sweets, and o'er that honeyed lea,  
Through gayest noontide summer hums the bee;  
From flower to flower, with note of tiny swell,  
He culls provision for his winter cell,  
With loaded thigh ascends the sunny day,  
And homeward speeds his heaven-conducted way;



Ill-fated wanderer of thy cherished *hive*,  
 What means can care pursue, can art contrive !  
 What engine set, the spoiler's steps to stay,  
 Which bears at noon of night thy *store* away !

Whence have these cows their food, that seem so sleek,  
 And by the highway-side a pittance seek ?  
 These horses, can they labour *thus* on nought,  
 For whose support no *provender* is bought ?  
 The neighbouring farmer—for he knows full well—  
 Could solve the problem, if he *dared* to tell.

Such are thy deeds, Helmorran ! such thy shame  
 Befitting well thy far-detested name !  
 The actors next we sing in order due,  
 And from perplexing numbers cull a *few*.

### *The Village Cobbler.*

BEHIND that door, by every filth defiled,  
 Where live in common, parent, sow, and child,  
 The Cobbler sits, in cap of greasy hue,  
 And plies, with frequent rap, the bungled shoe ;  
 His snuffy nose a sniv'ling cadence lends,  
 And still at every *rap* the *drop* descends,  
 O'er hand and *seam* a blackening plaster throws  
 Which owns the origin of Parent *Nose*.  
 And here his sulky mate, on tripod stool,  
 O'er noisy wight exerts Pythonic rule—  
 Of infant Brat the glowing bottom plies,  
 With *help* responsive to its ceaseless cries,  
 Bans, scolds, and capers, till her husband's strap  
 Around her shoulders walks, with sobering slap !

The veriest Imp, which scarce can mark its feet,  
 Will curse its fellow, or its mother cheat,  
 Deny the truth with shame-untroubled eye,  
 And, though convicted, give the truth the lie,  
 Scream o'er the Screamer, at its topmost pitch,  
 And scatter filth about, and spread the *itch* !

### *The Village Magdalene.*

URGED by that word, which hell might not gainsay,  
 Seven devils passed from Magdalene away ;  
 But yonder village hut contains a dame,  
 Of whose default *eight* human devils came.  
 On weekly market nights, as Farmers pass,  
 Beneath the movings of the stirrup glass,  
 Their path she crosses, on their woodland way,  
 And deeds are done, for which the simple pay.  
 All now are fathers, impotent or strong,  
 Or those who did, or those who meant her wrong.  
 A childless husband pays the silence smart,  
 Deep cursing barrenness within his heart.  
 A father bribes, with pious care, the dame,  
 And from an injured spouse conceals the shame.  
 Such proofs of early manhood proud to see,  
 The son admits the wily wanton's plea,  
 Whilst Bell is paid for all her *labours* past,  
 And chouses son and father at the last.

*Holy Jamie.*

COME, holy Jamie, come, with all thy store  
 Of canting phrase and hypocritic lore !  
 Thy voice in favour of thyself be raised,  
 The saint, the father, and the man be praised.  
 Thou canst not covet, till the psalm be sung ;  
 Thou canst not jest, the Scripture on thy tongue ;  
 Thou canst not meditate, in fervent prayer,  
 To cheat the needy of his scanty fare !  
 Yes ! thou mayst slyly covet, scheme, and cheat,  
 Each impious jest and slanderous tale repeat.  
 Thy fate is fixed, thy destiny secure,  
 " For to the pure in heart, all things are pure !"  
 And lives there 'neath a garb of heavenly show,  
 One reptile hypocrite of earth below,  
 Who dare betray his master's sacred name,  
 And bring e'en holiness itself to shame !  
 The Infidel, the veriest Debauchee,  
 Stands higher in the scale of " Man " than he !

*Father Sycophant.*

OLD Father Sycophant, stand out to light,  
 And self-condemned in injured virtue's sight ;  
 Hast thou not whispered in a certain ear,  
 What cost the houseless widow many a tear ?  
 Laughed at thy patron's jests, though trite and stale,  
 And " excellent " exclaimed at every tale ?  
 His trees, his lawns, his breed of cattle lauded ?  
 And up to heaven his " politics " applauded ?  
 Oh ! I have marked thee bend, and scrape, and stand,  
 Thy hat low dangling from thy better hand,  
 Yes-ing and No-ing to the great man's will,  
 And with his changed opinion veering still.  
 Have I not seen thee in a " Priest's " attire,  
 Mixing with holy flame unholy fire ?  
 ' His Lordship was at church, you marked, to-day ;  
 ' And how, my dearest, did I preach and pray ?  
 ' Her Grace was most attentive, I could see—  
 ' She scarcely turned her lovely eyes from me ;  
 ' And Lady Ann an angel tear-drop shed,  
 ' I'll get a Gown when Lady Ann is wed ;  
 ' But I must dress for dinner at the hall—  
 ' ' I'm not at home,' should any neighbour call ;  
 ' The poor are always sickening—can't they die ?  
 ' Reserve for supper-time the pigeon-pie."  
 As crows the cock, so chirps the chicken brood :—  
 ' Were ever gentle folks so very good ?  
 ' And, dear Papa, my Lady called to-day,  
 ' And ask'd my sister Suky to a play ;  
 ' Such real attentive folks I never saw—  
 They are so very kind, my dear Papa.  
 And, dear Papa, how very much we need  
 Society, Papa—we do indeed,  
 ' Except the ' Russels,' nobody have we  
 ' Worth pinning down a ribbon end to see,  
 ' A set of low-bred country farmer folks—  
 Big-bosom'd Jennies, bullet-headed Jocks—  
 With now and then the Laird o' Spittal Miln,  
 Whose face is ever recking like a kiln.

" It was but t'other day that ' Clodpole' dined  
 " With us, Papa,—he bullock'd, bull'd, and swin'd,  
 " And so belaboured us with ' fork and knife,'  
 " I thought I should have died, upon my life.  
 " And then they're so familiar—just conceive  
 " How any mortal can at all behave,  
 " When ' Calf-head,' from his whisky, nods at me,  
 " And passes with a grinning ' Miss, how d'ye?'  
 " And Jock Guidfallow's daughter curtsseys low,  
 " And how we all are ' living,' begs to know!"  
 Thus aped Sir Frog, the bullock in the stank,  
 And from his brother Frog indignant shrank,  
 Till, ready to explode, by sheer inflation,  
 He learn'd, too late, to know his proper station!

#### The Village Wit.

ROB SHANKLAND was a light and limber blade—  
 Smart in his dress—a tailor to his trade;  
 To him Dame Nature, in a merry hour,  
 Gave all the smart endowments in her power—  
 Nor grudg'd the number of her various gifts,  
 But graced him, like a cat, with many shifts:  
 Rob was a Wit, as every neighbour knew—  
 Yet Rob could argue long, and reason too.  
 On Fiddle he performed with wondrous skill,  
 And on the Flute he fingered better still;  
 At Quoits, or Putting, he could brag the place.  
 And, if he ran, he always won the race.  
 Rob loved a wedding—dearly loved a fair,  
 Where'er the fun was hatching, Rob was there.  
 His voice was queer—his very look was droll;  
 Of every social club Rob was the soul—  
 Could ape a neighbour's manner, voice or gait;  
 Grind razors on the outside of a plate†  
 With solemn, wrinkled, sacerdotal face,  
 Pour forth the fervour of a " Highland grace;"  
 Or rave you Daggerwood in " cloud-capt towers;"—  
 So vast the compass of his social powers.

Not deeply read in books or Roman lore,  
 Rob learned the Rudiments, but learned no more—  
 Had figured far through Hutton's various rules,  
 Read all Collections that are still in schools.  
 Letters of every kind he could indite,  
 And if the *Lover* could, he could write,  
 Of slighted faith the fatter due express—  
 For sweet-heart glow with sweet-heart tenderness;  
 Old Aunty Kate he could assist to tell  
 How she her late-come groceries should sell,  
 To profit by the bargain. Could there be  
 A youth more useful, more alert than he?

\* " Fork and knife," " butter and bread," " cheese and bread," " milk and bread," *et pleræque similia* are Scotticisms; and, consequently, amongst what we term " well educated people," they are sibboleths, or tests of vulgarity. The rationale upon which this peculiarity of idiom proceeds, is evidently to be traced up to the habits of that class of people who, having made use of knives and bread, and other common necessities and conveniences of life, long ere they could make other less essential acquisitions, were disposed to place that object first in the order of colloquial arrangement, which was in fact the *most rare*, and therefore appeared to them the most valuable, *verbum sat*. This observation might be greatly, and even grammatically, extended.

† This feat is performed by placing a plate edge-ways under the blade of a razor—so as to represent a Cutler's wheel at work, accompanying this demonstration, all along, by a hissing noise, such as the action of grinding produces, through the teeth.

But customers were pressing—could not stay—  
 They had been long put off from day to day ;  
 They liked his wit—his talents they admired :  
 But these were not the qualities required.  
 Rob promised—broke his word—again transgressed—  
 I sated to rest at home, but could not rest—  
 Became impatient of restraint, and swore  
 He'd fairly kick the custom to the door—  
 Absconded—listed—crossed the Stygian shore.

### Jedediah.

PIREYIAN MINER, slave, and beast at once,  
 In everlasting midnight takes his stance ;  
 The guilty-convict, fastened to the oar,  
 Of ease and happiness can taste no more—  
 The hapless victim of the fickle fair  
 Nor quiet hope, nor liberty must share ;  
 Even Tyranny will sleep upon a throne,  
 And Prisoners of state forget to groan ,  
 “ *Dissenting Minister*,” in village placed,  
 By prejudice opposed, by whim caressed,  
 I smiled like by every friend or foe—  
 This is the highest pitch of human woe

A day was named—the choice behoved to fall  
 On “ Jedediah,” now a second Paul ,  
 Of meek humility he plays the part  
 In all the mimicry of studied art ,  
 Consults his hearers, smiles, and looks abroad,  
 Has revolutions, wrestles with his God—  
 The lingering spirit may not quit the clay,  
 It may not part, till Jedediah pray.  
 From house to house he travels full of grace,  
 Lays and converses, pries in every place  
 But when on Sabbath hour he lifts his hand  
 Comes softly down his chin and flowing band —  
 His eyes up-fixed on Heaven's topmost tower,  
 In all the steady stretch of mystic g'ner—  
 His voice attuned to fervour's solemn whine,  
 The *pitch* inhuman, but the *ough* divine,  
 A crowd so vast his ministrations draw,  
 They seek accommodation on the “ *Lau*.”  
 Around his tent they squat—they groan—they sleep—  
 Awaked at intervals, they sigh, they weep ,  
 And as he coughs,\* with soul stirring groan,  
 Again they start, again they sigh, they moan !

\* God forbid if the sincerely pious, or the truly Evangelical Preacher, should not understand me here. The Ministers which belong to the Scottish Secession, are in general men of great moral integrity, considerable learning, and very extensive efficacy, as Bible, and consequently, as useful Preachers. Indeed, I do not know what *might* now become of the Mother Church without them ; for though she assuredly retains a supremacy in all the great essentials of a national establishment, it must be confessed that she requires to be looked after, for she has a kind of natural infirmity about her, which strongly induces sleep ; and having sunk for water, amidst the depths of worldly wisdom, her pitcher is not always stored with the most wholesome beverage, nor are her children always so ready as she would wish, to use it. But, the force of this observation, as well as the allusion to which it is attached, may be better understood by a Tale.

Mr Aiken, of illustrious record, in the county of Dumfries, and more immediately in the parish of Morton, where he officiated as clergyman some forty years ago, being, from peculiar circumstances, rather unpopular as a preacher, was led to regard the “ Jedediahs” of his neighbourhood rather with a jealous eye. One Sabbath morning, his man-servant, John—for, in these comfortable times, wherever there was a parish

Such fervent transports may not, cannot last,  
This weeping—sighing—groaning—overpast—  
As snow in summer melts—they melt as fast.

Now Jedediah—waked to misery, finds  
The galling littleness of little minds—  
The Elder's sage advice, " 'tis duty calls,  
" And he must speak on whom the duty falls,  
" He is full sorry—sore alarmed of late,  
" To count the scanty offering from the plate,  
" Should this continue—those who preach may feel,  
" The empty seats—in many a scanty meal !"

Amidst the vulgar, doomed his life to lead,  
From starving villagers to reave his bread ;  
Their eyes to brave, through every morning walk,  
And live from eve to eve—the village talk—  
His doctrines moulded to the varying taste ;  
In vain attempts to please, his health to waste ;  
To float—the barge—by every wind beset—  
Such is unhappy *Jedediah's* fate !—

### *The Tailor's Wife.*

THE Tailor's wife ! avaunt, ye peaceful few ;  
Her voice will pierce your very temples through ;  
The Tailor's wife ! these words, of direful sound,  
Spread consternation through the village round—  
Awake the drum, arouse the trumpet's blare,  
And shake with dissonance the startled air.  
Let asses Bray—attack the swelling gong,  
And pour a tempest through my maddened song !  
The Tailor's wife, in wild tornado, comes !  
Mute are the trumpets, silent are the drums ;  
On zephyr wings the eastern music floats,  
And asses Bray through more melodious throats.

Minister, there was likewise to be found a male-servant to saddle and unsaddle the minister's horse, to help his mistress off and on, to ride behind his master to the neighbouring Sacraments, to clean his boots, and officiate as gardener—Well—one Sabbath morning, Mr Aiken's *Man*, John, for *Man* was the honourable and appropriate designation by which this clerical appendage was known all over the parish. John, then, presented himself in his Master's presence, charged with a kind of half-suppressed, half-articulated request, that he might go, that day, as every body else, except the Beddal, was going, to a "*Whig*" Sacrament at no great distance. Mr Aiken, who, though "*quo ad sacra*" an inefficient member, was by no means either an ignorant, or an ill-tempered Man, seemed to consider his request for a little, and then assuming a more cheerful look, replied, That, upon one condition, and upon that alone, could he bring himself to consent to John's request, and this condition was, that John should bring him home, what he termed a "*note*" of the sermon. When John, rather late in the Sabbath evening, had resumed his chair by the kitchen fire, the Minister, as was quite customary in these homely days came "*Bur*" the house to receive John's report of the action sermon. This John readily agreed to give, by the aid however, as he was a "*wee dry*," of a bottle of beer. This request being complied with, John proceeded immediately to groan and to cough, and to clear his throat, as if about to commence some lengthened speech. "*Go on*," said the Minister, impatient to hear what was a coming. "*Go on*," answered John, "*why have not I been going on these five minutes past, for I am sure Jedediah in five hours gave us little thing else.*" "*Bring John another bottle of beer, Peggy*," said Mr Aiken, retiring at the same time with a satisfied aspect, in which something betwixt a smile and a laugh was with difficulty suppressed. Another anecdote is recorded of this same Man John. He had been sitting for some time by "*Jedediah's* tent," on the Sacramental occasion above alluded to ; and the text had been some time read out, and the Minister had spoken for a considerable time at his subject, when an old Woman, who, either from a deficiency of hearing, or from absence, had not heard the text read, applied to John for information in these terms ;—whispered into his ear—" *whar's his grun—whar's his hie* ?"—"*Grun*," says John, "*he has nae grun—he's summing !*" If the reader cannot apply all this, I cannot help it.

She comes ! she treads ! in all her furious sway ;  
The dogs run backwards to accede her way ;  
The solid earth, beneath her sounding feet,  
With inward palpitation seems to beat.

Now, woe to thee, O less than mortal wight !  
Scarce ninth-part " Man," in such a woeful plight,  
What can avail thee now, thy wonted jeers,  
'That cut with all the keenness of thy *shears*—  
Thy mirth-provoking, rage-allaying wit ?—  
These qualities, alas ! avail thee not.  
In vain thy throne of more than Turkish pride,  
The sceptre Lap-board resting at thy side ;  
Thy primate *Goose*, by public zeal inspired,  
Against thine enemies to fury fired ;  
Thy needle *Ministers*, of sharpest steel,  
That stitch the garments of the commonweal ;  
Thy life-guard *Prentices*, that speak thy power—  
Avail thee nothing in this trying hour.  
The storm drives onward with increasing force,  
Nor may'st thou brook its brunt, nor stem its course ;  
Down on thy knees, ask pardon, *Snip*, and tell  
The sovereign sway of all-subduing " Bell ;"  
And to each *mated* lord a lesson give,  
How lie in harmony and peace may live,  
Avert the tear of injured *pride*, and prove  
The unresisting tool of wedded love.

Oh, dared the poet half his mind explain,  
What arts are used a husband to retain  
In bondage. With what woe and wail,  
What fume, fret, sulk, our fortress they assail,  
How they will scold—and should we silence keep,  
For very rage, how they will sob and weep—  
Misfortunes father on our heads, and see  
With after-thought, unto futurity ;  
Instruct us of our danger when 'tis o'er,  
Affirm they prophesied it all before ;  
For God knows what, how they will threap and thraw,  
Forget the subject, false conclusions draw ;  
Then lord it o'er us, with a mighty air,  
And scarcely grant us, in our home, a chair.  
Oh, dared he *thus* the wedded dames to brave,  
What power could cover, what repentance save ;  
And *He* who penned the treasonable lay,  
Might ne'er forget it till his dying day !

#### *The Smith's Wife.*

By copious draughts, and jarring disputes fired,  
From whisky-shop the reeling Smith retired ;  
His wife, pre-doomed to feel a Tyrant's hand,  
And dread the thunder of his harsh command,  
With beating heart his tottering footsteps hears,  
Whilst broken curses murmur in her ears,  
Each quaking imp discerns th' approaching woe,  
And feels, in every step, a coming blow.

Oh shame to manhood—blot on nature's plan,  
And only in thine outward form a Man !  
Shamed by the fiercest brute that roams the plain ;  
The Tiger loves, and is beloved again ;  
The fierce Hyæna—" fellest of the fell"—  
In soft connubial amity will dwell.

She shrinks at thy approach, whose broken heart  
In all thy varied fortunes bore a part ;

And even now, beneath this load of ill,  
 That broken-hearted woman *loves* thee still—  
 Clings to the arm that strikes her—bathes thy bed  
 With tears for thee and for thy Infants shed.  
 Could I with magic art thy crime pursue,  
 And visit on thy head the vengeance due,  
 No vulture should be sent to tear thy heart,  
 Nor shouldst thou need to play Ixion's part,—  
 No Christian torture rack thy writhing frame,  
 Nor hellish Imp pursue thee through the flame,—  
 But, doomed to dree a long protracted life,  
 I'd *match* thee fairly with the "Tailor's Wife!"  
 Oh woman! injured, basely scoffed, and scorned,  
 With all but immortality adorned,  
 Where'er thy destiny has fixed thy fate,  
 Or in the cottage, or the hall of state,  
 Thy proudest boast, than all thy charms more dear—  
 Is "Patience," in the state we picture here.

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### The Village Sabbath.

THE Sabbath sun has mounted in the east,  
 But still the Villagers are sunk in *rest*.  
 This is the day of *rest* the slumberer knows—  
 A day of listless lounging and repose;  
 So, to begin the *duties* of the day,  
 It best befits to sleep the morn away.

The second \* bell has rung. His breakfast o'er,  
 "Sam" takes his Sunday station at the door—  
 With idle comrade idler talk sustains—  
 Of king, or lord, or minister, complains.  
 Whilst many a puff-narcotic bears along  
 Some public grievance, or some private wrong,  
 Ungartered stockings—buttonless array—  
 In tattered uniform—proclaim the day.

Too late to dress, and far too late to shave,  
 Soap, time, and trouble, Sam resolves to save.  
 "He care for Parson's preaching!—he can look  
 With more advantage on a Sunday book,  
 With Willison or Boston, he may see  
 The marrow-marked of true divinity,  
 E'en, standing where he stands, amidst his door-way,  
 Obtain from Wellwood's pen 'a glimpse of glory';  
 Of holy Ambrose, read the Gospel page,  
 Or, with his 'Devils,' doubtful combat wage;  
 With Bunyan's 'Christian' journey on his road,  
 And reach at last the 'City of his God.'"  
 Thus reasons *he*, whose Sabbath hours of prime  
 Are lost in negligence, or spent in crime.

Forth comes the Landlord of the village inn—  
 His breath still loaded with his breakfast giu—  
 On stoney settle thrown, the known retreat  
 Of all the Sunday stragglers of the street,  
 He sits, the centre of the gathering crowd,  
 And swears his tale, and tells his jest aloud:  
 "God's curse! I cares not, or for Laird or Leddy,  
 I pays my rent, and always 'has the ready'  
 When Gauger calls. It was but t'other day  
 I paid a good two hundred pounds away—

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\* In country parishes the church bell is rung thrice, at 8, 10, and 12, when the congregation meets.

These taxes are the devil—so come here,  
And we shall taste *my Wife's own bottle cheer.*"

Straight, in obedience to his kind desire,  
To *Landlord's* glass these auditors retire;  
And, hence resolved such kindness to *repay*,  
In sottish dissipation waste the day.  
Thus then are nursed, and nurtured into crimes,  
The lawless "*Ragamuffins of the Times* †"—  
The *Sergeant's* prey, who scours the crowded street,  
With which, to fill the Ranks, to man the Fleet;  
The houseless Vagrant, eager to obtain,  
By stealth or force, by any method, gain;  
He who in banishment is doomed to pine,  
Or to the injured laws his *life* resign;  
A Christian Sabbath, early spent in sin,  
Here all the sufferers' miseries begin.

How sad the tale of sweet *Eliza's* wrong—  
The woeful burden of my closing song,  
Her image on my heart I still retain,  
And picture all her loveliness with pain.—  
A noted Laird of thirty acres good,  
Above the village rank, her *Father* stood;  
One only daughter shared a *Parent's* love,  
The beauteous semblance of a *Saint* above;  
Full eighteen summers o'er her head had passed,  
And each had found her lovelier than the last,  
When *William* proffered, profligate and bold—  
With seeming truth his artful passion told,  
Demanded leisure all his tale to say,  
And fixed his visit for the "*Sabbath-day*."  
There needs no lengthened phrase to paint the woe  
Which from one *little slip* may often flow,  
An *absent* Father, and a ruined Child—  
A perjured Lover, and a Maniac wild—  
Distraction's Gorgon dream, and poisonous cup—  
A *Parent's* dying groan to sum it up!

JUVENALIS JUNIOR.

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JAMES BARRY, THE HISTORICAL PAINTER.

Few artists have begun their career with fairer prospects of success than the late Mr Barry, whether we consider the natural strength of his mind, his indefatigable industry in acquiring knowledge, or the powerful assistance which he derived from friends, whose capacity to instruct and direct him seem to have been equalled only by their zeal for his advancement. These united advantages also occurred at a time when the situation of the country was perhaps more congenial to the arts than at any former period: when they were fostered and patronised by persons of rank and fortune, and protected by the sovereign. Under auspices so peculiarly favourable, it does not, at first, seem easy to account for

the failure of a man endowed with Barry's acknowledged talents and genius. The perusal, however, of his writings, and particularly of his private correspondence, solves the difficulty; and the causes of his unhappy existence, and obscure death, may be gradually traced to the original obliquities of his mind, which pursued him to the last, and defeated the expectations of those affectionate friends, who honoured his talents, and liberally supplied his early necessities.

In commenting on the writings and character of this extraordinary man, we shall speak of him with that indulgence which his situation appears to demand—well assured, that we shall find an apology, in every generous

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† We hereby disclaim all allusion to the Times newspaper.—En.



mind, for drawing a veil over infirmities which must be regarded as the offspring of a wounded spirit, and a deranged intellect. From his childhood, indeed, Barry appears to have possessed a large share of vanity and presumption, and an irascibility of temper nearly unexampled. This entire confidence in his own strength and abilities naturally engendered a contempt for those of his contemporaries, and led him to grasp at more than he could compass. Eminence in any particular art or science appeared too confined a field for the extensive range of his ambition. He wished to excel in all, and, as too frequently happens in similar cases, skimmed the surface of every thing, and made himself master of nothing; so that those powers which, if steadily employed on one pursuit, might have ensured him the highest excellence, were frittered away, and rendered unproductive, by the multiplicity of objects to which they were directed. The fatal effects of this unfortunate versatility were early foreseen by Mr Burke; but the evil was already too deeply-rooted to admit of remedy, even from the mild warnings of that profound searcher into human nature.

"You," (says this great man,) "whose letter would be the best direction in the world to any other painter, want none yourself from me, who know little of the matter. But as you were always indulgent enough to bear my humour under the name of advice, you will permit me now, my dear Barry, once more to wish you, in the beginning at least, to contract the circle of your studies. The extent and rapidity of your mind carries you to too great a diversity of things, and to the completion of a whole, before you are quite master of the parts, in a degree equal to the dignity of your ideas. This disposition arises from a generous impatience, which is a fault almost characteristic of great genius. But it is a fault, nevertheless, and one which, I am sure, you will correct—when you consider that there is a great deal of mechanic in your profession, in which, however, the distinctive part of the art consists, and without which the first ideas can only make a good critic—not a painter.—Vol. i. p. 87."

The sage advice of this most excellent friend, though united with that of Richard and William Burke, appears to have been disregarded. Bar-

ry, indeed, frequently acknowledges the truth of their admonitions with gratitude and humility; but without allowing them to make any alteration, either in his habits or his disposition. He still continued to persevere in his old course, and though not insensible to the kind instructions of his patron, seemed daily to be departing in practice from them more and more widely. Without judgment and discrimination, he struck into his own devious rout, from which he could not be persuaded to depart; but he followed it with vigorous footsteps; and though it failed of conducting him to the ultimate object of his pursuit, he made many discoveries in his wanderings, which, if properly noticed, may serve as landmarks to guide others into the unerring road, which it was his hard fate to approach but never to attain. The singularity of his opinions, and his rough and violent manners, joined to the unhappy irritability of his disposition, created him many enemies, even in the commencement of his career; yet it ought to be remembered to his advantage, that he probably owed the larger proportion of his foes as much to that lofty independence of character, which could admit of no compromise between feeling and interest, as to his individual frailties. What he felt strongly he strongly expressed—in a manner often unjustifiable, and generally too incautious for his own welfare and repose. This threw him into the power of his opponents, who, well aware of the superiority of his understanding, set themselves to discover the weaknesses of his character, and quickly learned to play upon his most prominent defects. Under such circumstances, it is melancholy to observe how unconscious Barry always seems to have been of the real nature of his situation, and the fatal consequences to which a perseverance in such conduct must inevitably lead. It never occurred to him that his own forbidding manners might have a share in promoting the neglect and aversion which he experienced; and he was even so blind to the defects of his disposition, that he actually appeared to consider himself as having reached the acme of patience and forbearance.

\* The Works of James Barry, Esq. Historical Painter, late Professor of Painting in the Royal Academy, &c. &c.; containing his Discourses at the Royal Academy, Observations, Remarks, &c.: together with his Correspondence, and some Account of his Life. 2 vols 4to. L., 5s.

"It is a great pity that he (Hussey) did not perceive the possibility of gathering roses out of that path which his enemies sowed with thorns for him. Of this I am so clearly convinced, that had I a friend or brother to send here, and could have any dependance upon the strength and firmness of his mind, I would wish him, of all things, to be thrown into the same situation that I have experienced, where his mind might grow strong by the exercise opposition will give him; and his conduct require to be so guarded and watched as to give opportunity to weed out all the asperities of his disposition. His knowledge of men and the world would be much, and the knowledge of his profession more. All these advantages may be had in such a situation as you know well; and it has been my endeavour to turn it to as good an account as my portion of ability would allow." —Vol. i. p. 171.

That a man, who could think and write in this manner, should, during his whole life, have neglected to adopt the precepts which he so strongly appreciated, and so judiciously enforced, is indeed to be lamented; but Barry was irreclaimable. His early vanity and turbulence of spirit were strengthened by the obstacles which he encountered in his progress; his temper became gradually hardened by opposition; the advice of his friends daily reached his heart with increased difficulty; and even the salutary admonitions of Mr Burke, contained in the following most beautiful and prophetic warning, appear to have shared a similar fate.

"Until very lately, I had never heard any thing of your proceedings from others; and when I did, it was much less than I had known from yourself—that you had been upon ill terms with the artists and virtuosi in Rome without much mention of cause or consequence. If you have improved these unfortunate quarrels to your advancement in your art, you have turned a very disagreeable circumstance to a very capital advantage. However, you may have succeeded in this uncommon attempt, permit me to suggest to you, with that friendly liberty which you have always had the goodness to bear from me, that you cannot possibly have always the same success, either with regard to your fortune, or your reputation. Depend upon it, that you will find the same competitions, the same jealousies, the same arts and cabals, the emulations of interest and of fame, and the same agitations and passions here, that you have experienced in Italy; and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have just the same effects on your interest—and be your merit what it will, you will never be employed to paint a picture. It

will be the same in London as at Rome, and the same in Paris as in London; for the world is pretty nearly alike in all its parts: nay, though it would perhaps be a little inconvenient to me, I had a thousand times rather you should fix your residence in Rome than here, as I should not then have the mortification of seeing with my own eyes a genius of the first rank lost to the world, himself, and his friends—as I certainly must if you do not assume a manner of acting and thinking here totally different from what your letters from Rome have described to me. That you have had just subjects of indignation always, and of anger often, I do no ways doubt. Who can live in the world without some trial of his patience? But believe me, my dear Barry, that the arms with which the ill dispositions of the world are to be combated, and the qualities with which it is to be reconciled to us, and we reconciled to it, are moderation, gentleness, a little indulgence to others, and a great deal of distrust of ourselves,—which are not qualities of a mean spirit, as some may possibly think them, but virtues of a great and noble kind, and such as dignify our nature as much as they contribute to our repose and fortune; for nothing can be so unworthy of a well-composed soul as to pass away life in bickerings and litigations—in snarling and scuffling with every one about us. Again and again, my dear Barry, we must be at peace with our species—if not for their sakes, yet very much for our own. Think what my feelings must be, from my unfeigned regard to you, and from my wishes that your talents might be of use, when I see what the inevitable consequences must be of your persevering in what has hitherto been your course ever since I knew you, and which you will permit me to trace out to you before-hand. You will come here, you will observe what the artists are doing, and you will sometimes speak a disapprobation in plain words, and sometimes in a no less expressive silence. By degrees you will produce some of your own works. They will be variously criticised; you will defend them; you will abuse those that have attacked you; expostulations, discussions, letters, possibly challenges, will go forward; you will shun your brethren—they will shun you. In the mean time, gentlemen will avoid your friendship for fear of being engaged in your quarrels; you will fall into distresses which will only aggravate your disposition for farther quarrels; you will be obliged, for maintenance, to do any thing for any body; your very talents will depart for want of hope and encouragement; and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined." Vol. i. p. 155.

Barry appears, by his reply, to have felt the full force of the friendship and kindness here expressed; but as it is usual with him, when making acknowledgments of this nature, to en-

ter also into a defence of his own conduct, it may fairly be concluded, that he never thought it such as called for the animadversions of his patron. The uniformly good temper, however, with which he bore the advice of his friends, furnishes a convincing proof that his haughty spirit could be softened by kindness and sincerity; indeed, almost all his letters abound in those little traits which discover an affectionate disposition, and a frank and open heart: and we cannot but doubt the reports of "the early perfidy" of the man who manifests the sentiments of filial and fraternal affection, contained in the following letter to his parents, vol. i. p. 152.

"My dear Father and Mother! can I believe that my poor brother Jack should die amongst you, and no one think of making me acquainted with it; the satisfaction and hopes you have had from his careful sober conduct and application, which I so often joyed to find in your letters, interested me ten thousand times more about him than his being my brother. Poor Jack! he was the last of the family that I parted from, and amongst the last of those I would part with, and his death has blasted almost all the hopes I had of being useful to the family, as the business he was bred up to, and his sober conduct, gave me great expectations of his being able to put in practice some matters of architecture, which my residence in Italy gave me opportunities of taking notice of; but this is all over, and it seems you have another son remaining, who is of a very different cast; can this be Patrick, and is it possible, that his own future prospect in life, the death of his poor brother, the situation of his parents in their decline, can work no other effects upon him? But this is not all, my father thinks of making his will; what can occasion this? For God's sake, let such of you that are living, my father, mother, my two brothers, (since I have only two), my sister and my uncle John, write their names at least to a letter directed to me at the English coffee-house in Rome, by the return of the post. I leave Rome in the latter end of January, and shall make but a very short stay in Venice, of a fortnight or three weeks, what if my father writes to me on the receipt of this, I shall either receive it at Rome, or a friend of mine who is here will send it after me to Venice. My mind has some little ease in seeing that excellent man, Dr Sleight, interest himself about my father and family. Good God! in how many singular and unthought of ways has the goodness of that gentleman exerted itself towards me. He first put me upon Mr Burke, who has been under God all in all to me; next he had desires of strengthening my connexion with Mr Stewart, which

is the only construction I could make of the friendly letter which I received from him in London, and afterwards, he is for administering comfort to my poor parents. I shall, with the blessing of God, be in England about May next, and I hope there is no need for me to mention to one of my father's experience in the world, how necessary it is to be armed with patience and resignation against those unavoidable strokes of mortality, to which all the world is subject; as we advance in life, we must quit our hold of one thing after another, and since we cannot help it, and that it is a necessary condition of our existence, that ourselves and every thing connected with us, shall be swallowed up in the mass of changes and renovations which we every day see in the world; let us endeavour not to embitter the little of life which is before us, with a too frequent calling to mind of past troubles and misfortunes; and if ever God Almighty is pleased to crown my very sincere and intense application to my studies, with any degree of success in the world, I am sure the greatest pleasure that will arise to me from it, will be the consolation it will give my dear father, mother, and friends,—your affectionate son,

J. B."

The correspondence between Mr Barry and his early friends, had the same result which terminated every event in which this unfortunate man was concerned. Of the circumstances of his disagreement with Mr Burke, we have no knowledge, except that which is derived from a perusal of his works; but if the whole truth be told by the Editor, we are far from agreeing with him, that Mr Burke's share in the dispute, evinces either forbearance or "signified moderation;" on the contrary, we think that there is a soreness and a bitter strain of sarcasm in his letters, utterly uncalled for by the occasion, and sufficiently galling to wound a much less irritable spirit than the writer must have been aware poor Barry possessed; indeed, we are of opinion, that if moderation be shewn on either side, it is on that of the latter. The interest, spirit, and instruction of the epistolary part of the volume before us, terminates with the name of Burke; the subsequent correspondence contains little worthy of notice. Instead of the eloquent and profound observations of that great man, the playful brilliancy and affectionate familiarity of his brother, and the sound and masculine sense of Reynolds, we are condemned to wade through the sickening productions of patrons without generosity, and connoisseurs without discrimination; even

Barry himself becomes vapid and trifling, his letters respecting his own works are crowned with egotisms, and never did inordinate appetite for praise appear to such melancholy advantage as in these motley effusions of distempered vanity. Nor is our attention greatly relieved by the sketch of his "genius and learning," with which this part of the work concludes. Barry is unfortunate in every instance, and in few more so than in the person who has undertaken to edit his works. His advocates, indeed, have generally done him more injury than his detractors. The virulence of the latter induces every good and feeling mind to sympathise with the unhappy victim; but the indiscriminate panegyrics of his friends are so extravagant, that they provoke opposition from the excess of their absurdity. It would not be difficult to select many instances of this injudicious conduct, but we shall content ourselves with the following, which will serve to justify our assertions, and prove the utter incompetence of the editor to the task which he has undertaken. To waste a single remark on it, would be to insult at once the taste and understanding of our readers. After observing that it was Barry's "principal object" to supply the deficiencies of Michael Angelo and Raphael in the "beau ideal" of their forms, the editor says,

"Is Barry the artist who has supplied this most important desideratum? has he approached the perfection of the Greek Antiques, in the beau ideal? He may go farther, and ask, has he, in no instance, improved on that supposed perfection? Any of these questions answered affirmatively, (and they cannot all be denied), will entitle him to rank as a master; by this term is meant an artist who has advanced the progress of his art by his skill and invention; who has advanced a step, and that step an important one; and, whether the writer may be accused of ignorance and presumption or not, he affirms, that neither Michael Angelo, nor Raphael, nor the eminent masters who have followed them, have produced, for truth, science, beauty, character, and expression, any figures that equal, much less excel, the angelic guard, in the picture of *Elysium*, the youth on horseback, and group of the *Diogenides*, in the *Olympic Games*—the three figures of *Jupiter*. *Juno* and *Mercury*, in the picture of *Pandora*; the *Adam* and *Eve*; or, for exquisite ideal beauty in the female form, his *Venus*, in which, if he has not rivalled the *Venus de Medicis*, he

has, at least, avoided what he thought a defect in the ideal beauty of that statue, the visible marks of maternity. This exquisite ideal, which, from the Greek statues, he is the first who has transferred on Canvas, was the forté of Barry, for which his scientific and poetic mind amply qualified him; for the mechanic of colouring, though what he has adopted seems always appropriate to his subjects, he is not so famous; but it cannot be said to be defective, unless the tinsel and glare of less accomplished artists should be preferred to it."

Where was this gentleman's prudence, when he consented to expose himself and his departed friend in so lamentable a manner? and in what school did he acquire his notions of art? The figures of *Jupiter*, *Juno*, &c. in the picture of *Pandora*, never surpassed by any production of the two greatest geniuses that ever adorned the art, and the *Venus* rising from the sea, which many of our readers will remember at Barry's sale in Pall Mall, actually held up as the rival of the *Venus de Medicis*. The colouring too, of these pictures, together, we presume, with that of the pictures in the *Adelphi*, cannot be said to be defective!!! Surely this gentleman must have been educated in that part of Germany where, we have been credibly informed, the visual organs are so singularly constructed, that they cannot discriminate between red and green, for on no other principle can we account for his extraordinary "ignorance and presumption;" but we will leave him to the enjoyment of his own refined taste and critical discernment.

We have dwelt the longer upon Barry's correspondence, because it conveys a just idea of his character—and to the generality of readers will prove far the most interesting part of his works. With respect to the remainder, it embraces so many subjects, so strangely and incoherently treated, that, with the exception of the "*Lectures*," and the "*Inquiry into the Causes*, &c." we shrink from the task of regular investigation. His practical remarks frequently discover strong sense and excellent feeling, but they are commonly insulated, and require sounder intellect and a more methodical hand than Barry possessed, to arrange and turn them to advantage.—We proceed to his professional character and opinions. It may appear a bold and hazardous assertion, but it,

nevertheless, strikes us, that the structure of Barry's mind was less adapted for painting than for almost any other pursuit. He appears never to have loved and followed the art for itself alone, nor to have possessed that steadiness and expansion of mind necessary for its successful cultivation, but merely to have considered it as a fit means to accomplish his ambitious views.

Finding that it failed to procure him the immediate honours which he had anticipated, he seems, after making one strong and enthusiastic effort, to have retreated in sullen indolence from the world; his inherent love of a profession, in which his expectations had been deceived, proved insufficient to induce a perseverance in the art, and prevented his seeking distinction by less legitimate means. Hence we find him courting attention by fulsome panegyrics on himself, and wasting his time in miserable disputes with the society, or still more miserable engravings from his own pictures.

Instead of endeavouring to rally the powers of his mind, and increase the portion of *faux* which he had justly acquired from the exhibition of his labours at the Adelphi, he stopped short in his course, and lived, if the expression be allowable, upon the principal of his reputation. This stock, as he made no subsequent efforts to augment it, gradually diminished, and left him, in his old age, forgotten, and almost unknown. In censuring Barry, however, as an indolent man, we are far from wishing to be understood literally; few men, probably, were ever more constantly employed, or spent less time in absolute idleness or dissipation—but there is a species of application which, from the want of a determinate object, is perhaps more inimical to advancement in art, and more destructive of excellence, than inattention, or even downright indolence. There are occasions, when the idle and dissipated, unable to stifle the sense of reflection and shame, have roused from their lethargy, and started into energy and life; but when the force of the mind is frittered away in unconnected pursuits, the matter becomes altogether hopeless, for activity itself proves an insuperable bar to advancement. Barry appears to have been precisely in this situation; he gained a kind of half-

knowledge of the parts of his art, and of various other matters, though he neither knew how to apply his desultory acquirements, nor bring them to bear on any definite object. This natural defect of his mind was strengthened and confirmed by his habits, and the circumstances of his situation; and, perhaps, it may be extremely doubtful whether he had ever any distinct view of that great style of art, concerning which he says so much, and in which he has executed so little.

Judging from his writings, as well as from such of his pictures as have come within the scope of our observation, we should conclude, that his mind was not sufficiently expansive to comprehend the magnificent systems upon which many of the great masters formed their works. This seems evident from the manner in which he speaks of the productions of Raphael and Michael Angelo, many of which, he confesses, he “laid aside,” merely because he could not “reconcile them with the rigid Greek examples by which he would square his conduct,” page 208, vol. i. Indeed, he seems completely to have mistaken the perfections for which he ought to have looked in the works of these extraordinary men. No figures of Michael Angelo or Raphael can probably be considered as standard forms, or, in this respect, be brought into competition with the works of antiquity; but as instruments of grandeur and sublimity, or vehicles of character and pathos, they have never been rivalled. Instead of employing himself in measuring the respective figures, and in ascertaining how far their proportions might vary from the antique standard, he would have been occupied to much greater advantage, if, following the liberal and enlarged instructions of Reynolds, he had devoted his attention to the study of the Vatican, and particularly to the Cappella Sistina, and had spent his time in “considering by what principles that stupendous greatness of style is produced,” page 85, vol. i.

“Endeavouring,” continues Sir Joshua, “to produce something of your own on these principles, will be a more advantageous method of study than copying the St Cecilia in the Borghese, or the Herodias of Guido; which may be copied to eternity without contributing one jot towards making a man a more able painter. If you neglect

visiting the Vatican often, and particularly the Capella Sistina, you will neglect receiving that peculiar advantage which Rome can give above all other cities in the world. In other places, you will find casts from the antique, and capital pictures of the great painters, but it is *there* only that you can form an idea of the dignity of the art, as it is *there* only that you can see the works of Michael Angelo and Raphael. If you should not relish them at first, which may probably be the case, as they have none of those qualities which are captivating at first sight, never cease looking till you feel something like inspiration come over you, till you think every other painter insipid in comparison, and to be admired only for petty excellencies."—*Ibid.*

It was in this light that Sir Joshua beheld these astonishing productions, and that he wished Barry to study them. Unfortunately he either neglected to avail himself of the advice, or was incapable of profiting by the example. During his stay in Italy, he appears to have been occupied chiefly in making mechanical drawings from the antique, by the help of a delineator; a mode of study which, as it neither exercises the hand nor the eye, is extremely injurious to the accuracy of both. Such a practice too, by lulling the mind to security, and flattering it with the semblance of employment, saves the trouble of thinking, and greatly tends to annihilate that energy which competition with great excellence often inspires. That Barry indeed ever felt any considerable portion of enthusiasm, is somewhat problematical; we do not remember many traces of it in his works; and whatever may have been his resolution on beholding the Stanzas of the Vatican, "of breaking a spear with Raphael, on his own ground," he certainly failed of his purpose in his picture of Pandora, and his work upon human culture at the Adelphi. As to the former, it is affronting both to the memory of the artist and to common sense, to consider it as a picture at all; it is at best a crude and unfinished production, and this circumstance alone ought to shield it from criticism. With regard to the latter, we are far from wishing to depreciate the grandeur of the plan, the excellence of many of the figures considered individually, or the intrepid and independent spirit with which it was undertaken and finally accomplished. It was assuredly a great ef-

fort, and the attempt alone ought to entitle the author to an eminent station in the rank of British artists; but whatever may be his merits in these and other respects, the pictures are certainly deficient in some of the qualities most essential to the perfection of the great style, particularly in composition and expression. Invention he has rarely discovered, his single figures being generally little more than imitations of the antique statues, without their correctness, and his groupes not only unconnected among themselves, but appear to have no more intercourse with the surrounding objects than the unfortunate knights condemned to wander in the enchanted domains of Ariosto. This fault prevails throughout the whole series, but particularly in the crowning of the victors at the Olympic Games, which in other respects is the best picture; considering, however, the nature of the scene, the supposed situation of the actors, and the immense field opened for an endless variety of expression, we have seldom seen any production which partook less of enthusiasm and the fire of genius. The whole is coldly and unfeelingly arranged, and gives no idea of an assemblage of human beings. When we first looked at the picture, a chilling sensation came over us, somewhat resembling that which many of our readers may have experienced in the death-like and uncomfortable stillness of a wax-work exhibition. With all its defects, however, and with many absurdities in the design (on which it is unnecessary to dwell) the work is certainly one of the greatest attempts that has been made in this country. No one can behold it, without perceiving, that it is the production of a mind richly fraught with the stores of antiquity, which it could occasionally call forth and employ to advantage; with respect to colouring, chiaroscuro, and what is called the management of a picture, the defects of Barry are, we believe, too obvious to escape the notice of any one, except the editor of his works. They are such as we should have supposed would be the faults of a man, apparently so insensible to the immense powers of Rubens, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, in these very important departments of the art; yet this strangely inconsistent being, had a just veneration for the

works of Titian; and to judge from his writings, appears to have entered into most of his excellencies. The following observation, upon the principles on which that artist commonly conducted the light and shadow of his pictures, strikes us as highly judicious.

"A general reflection which I have made on Titian's works is, that he keeps as much as possible the light and shadow from halving his figures. He avoids putting one half of the leg or the arm in the light, and the other in the shadow, which is practised by others. Titian supposes his light, generally speaking, to be near the centre of his picture, or rather near the point of sight, by which means, the shadows are projected into the *fondos*, and upon the extremities of his figures. When he brings in a shadow, it occupies a large space, it covers a whole limb, from the knee down, &c. His light is one, and his shadows one, (which is an excellent rule;) and, as he always takes care to link all the shadows together, ingeniously, and as he does the same with his lights, the strongest lights are near the centre, and the strongest and broadest dark always in the extremity of his picture." Vol. 2, p. 51.

His remarks however upon Titian's mode of painting, are by no means to be always relied on; and we are inclined to believe, that the artist who should follow his instructions, would find it somewhat difficult to produce the brilliant and rich effects of that great master with such colours as umber, "black, and burnt, and unburnt ochres;" that hand too, must indeed be a practised one, which, with a single dead colour and a few subsequent touches, can produce the truth, solidity, and exquisite finish, which distinguish the works of Titian above those of almost every other master.—That a man of Barry's versatility and want of method should have fallen into these and other errors, ought not perhaps to excite our surprise, when we reflect, that some very able commentators on his works have, amidst a variety of sound and perspicuous observations, introduced some doctrines of a very different description, and have endeavoured to establish principles utterly subversive of the higher departments of painting. But possibly these writers may imagine, that they are doing a service to mankind, by depreciating an art which, though it has hitherto been considered as one of the greatest efforts of hu-

man intellect, is, in their opinion, utterly incapable of conveying either "religious, moral, or political instruction." How far this assertion may be just, we shall not stop to inquire, yet we cannot help thinking that many a youthful Athenian has been warmed by the picture of the hero of Marathon conducting his followers to glory, and has caught, at the moment, that noble spark of enthusiasm, which might subsequently prompt him to merit, by his actions, an equal portion of the praise and veneration of his countrymen. Our own times have furnished an instance applicable to the present occasion; and few Britons, we believe, can behold the late Mr West's death of Wolfe, without feeling deeply affected by the impressive lesson, and powerfully stimulated to imitate the illustrious example. The same observations may be made upon religious subjects; and however Mr Barry may have failed in his attempt, it is evident, from the suffrages of all who have visited Italy, that Michael Angelo and Raphael, by their noble productions in the Vatican, have advanced the cause both of morality and religion. Nothing indeed can be of more essential service to a feeling and reflecting mind, than those elevated thoughts and solemn musings, which the serious contemplation of such works irresistibly inspires. In their presence, time and space seem to vanish before us, and we feel ourselves transported into the society of those who greatly "fought, and spoke, and sung," till, catching a portion of that noble enthusiasm which animated them, and directed their energies, we feel the mind become enlarged, and ready to share in their trials and their sufferings, to participate in their glory and renown. These are sensations which cannot be too frequently nor too variously excited, and it is to the glory of painting, that, with the exception of poetry, she awakens them in a more intense and lively manner than perhaps any other art or science. To multiply the means of excitement, should form one grand object with every wise and enlightened government; and accordingly we find, that in the brightest periods of human history, the arts, and particularly the imitative arts, have been fostered and cultivated with peculiar care and at-

tention, not because, in the strict sense of the word, their productions were merely "pleasing" to the eye, but because they recorded the achievements of warriors, statesmen, and philosophers, and perpetuated the memory of departed greatness. An art however like painting, which is addressed chiefly to the feelings and the passions, we are aware, may be perverted to the most hateful and dangerous purposes, and become, in the hands of vice, the instrument of seduction and depravity: Yet, let us not thence conclude, that it may not also be applied to the noblest and the best designs. Like every other human pursuit, it is liable to vicious application, but, for this reason precisely, were others wanting, it is peculiarly incumbent upon us not to depress it below its proper station, by stripping it of all its dignity and brightest ornaments. So long as the art shall be looked upon with admiration and respect, so long will men of liberality, intellect, and genius, feel disposed to devote themselves to its study. The instant, however, when it shall be considered as the instrument of mere sensual gratification, it will become the trifle of the hour, and its professors will be classed with those whose talents are confined to the mimicry of the stage, or the amusing efforts of the fiddler and the opera dancer.

These ideas of art and of its professors, were already too prevalent to need support from the commentators to whom we have alluded. We are aware indeed, that there is a certain description of persons in this country, to whom these doctrines may appear highly just and salutary, and it would not be difficult, (were it within the sphere of our function) to point out some among them, who not only think that "want" is a necessary stimulus to improvement in the art, but also, that artists in general ought never to aspire even to the comforts and decencies of life, but should confine their ambition to the limits of their painting garret, the delights of their profession, and the ample rewards of posthumous fame. All this, we can assure our readers, however enthusiastical and delightful in theory, is not quite so agreeable when reduced to practice. It is true, indeed, that *affluence* may, and we believe generally

does produce, an inactivity and indolence very detrimental to the progress of genius, but *absolute want* and misery are yet more destructive of its advancement. Few occupations demand closer attention or require more incessant application, than the study of painting—in order to produce any thing excellent in the art, it is indispensably necessary, that the mind should be calm, and capable of devoting itself to the object exclusively which it has in contemplation; it should be in good humour with itself, and have no "rating cares" to harass and perplex it, like those which are attendant upon the victims of poverty and misfortune. Perhaps, from the very nature of his profession, a painter is peculiarly alive to the mortifications of neglect and disappointment, for in general, he is a man of strong passions and of irritable feelings, and possesses almost constitutionally, a decided taste for the elegancies of life.

"Seul il suffiroit pour faire sa propre misere, en se livrant indiscrettement aux attraitis divins de l'honnête et du beau, tandis que les pesantes chaines de la nécessité attachent a l'ignominie." This taste is fostered and encouraged by the habits of his life, and by his necessarily mixing in the polished circles of the higher classes; hence, acquiring a relish for that fascinating society which, when wit and education are blended with high birth and refined manners, possesses charms for those who have once experienced it, which render every other comparatively tasteless and insipid. Unfortunately, however, the enjoyment of these refined pleasures is unavoidably attended by a correspondent draft upon the pocket of the painter, who, in order to be admitted to such society, must live like a gentleman, or be frequently exposed to that species of reception which is not very agreeable to a man of feeling and spirit. Now, though the *necessary* expenses of a person, so situated, may not appear very enormous to those accustomed to live in affluence, yet, to gentlemen condemned to take up their abode in the aerial apartments we have mentioned, it becomes a very serious affair; to refuse, however, the invitations of patrons, or to decline mingling in their society, would prove the worse alternative; would, in fact,



be giving up at once every chance for the artist bettering his situation, and would tend only to expose him, like poor Barry, to the ungenerous persecution of his enemies, and to the unfeeling sarcasms of frigid and illiberal criticism. Thus circumstanced, should he persevere in his profession, an artist is almost compelled to speculate upon the slender patrimony he may possess, or upon the future supposed success of his own exertions. Unhappily, in a country like this, where pictures are considered generally more as articles of *merchandise* than as works of art, such speculations are rarely productive. It is true indeed, that immense sums are annually expended upon pictures in this country, one quarter of which, if applied with taste and discernment, would prove more than equal to raise the art and its professors to every thing which their most sanguine votaries could desire; but, as these sums are now directed, they have a much greater tendency to promote the chicanery and charlatanism of the picture-dealer, than to encourage the exertions of the neglected painter, who too frequently witnesses that opulence lavished upon the disfigured remnants of former ages, which, if sparingly only administered to his necessities, would cheer his hopes, and animate his exertions, to the production of works that might rival eventually those of the most enlightened periods of antiquity. Under these mortifying circumstances, the majority of our painters have passed the larger portion of their lives; many have sunk in the contest, oppressed by anxiety and want, and in an early grave have sheltered a wounded spirit and a broken heart—while the success of those who have been more fortunate, has been little better than a gleam of sunshine gilding the evening of a tempestuous day.

The fact is, we are apt to do every thing too much in the spirit of trade; ancient pictures are bought at exorbitant prices, not so much from any intrinsic excellence which is perceived in them, as from the hope of converting them into means for obtaining money. On these occasions, it is neither the interest of the subject, nor the excellence of the design, nor the beauty of the colouring, that stamps a value upon the picture; but the name and celebrity of the painter; the

number of hands through which it has passed, and the various anecdotes connected with its history; while the more modern production, which possesses none of these advantages, is doomed, for a season, to neglect and oblivion: we say, for a season, because we are fully persuaded that, sooner or later, *great* excellence will force its way into notice, and triumph over the caprices of ignorance and fashion: unhappily, however, this triumph, as in the case of Wilson, may come too late, when the artist has shrunk into "still unconsciousness," and become alike insensible to the voice of fame and the cravings of necessity. Sometimes indeed, through adventitious circumstances, a living painter, of very inferior excellence, may become the idol of the day; but this species of ephemeral distinction, resting on no solid foundation, is as rapidly dissipated as it was acquired; the public relapses into its natural apathy, or engages in the pursuit of some new wonder, who is abandoned in his turn.

Such must ever be the state of painting and its professors, in a country where the encouragement is circumscribed within the narrow limits of commercial speculation, where the public possesses little taste, or real knowledge to direct its judgment, and still less of that warmth and enthusiasm which prompted the elegant and enlightened characters of the 15th century, to foster and support the youthful attempts of a Raphael, or an Angelo. Nor was the patronage of these illustrious protectors of genius confined solely to employment and pecuniary assistance, but was extended to objects of at least equal importance: they received the artist into their private friendship; and, by the attentions and honours with which they loaded him, gave him an eminent rank in society, and taught him to appreciate justly his own importance, and the dignity of his profession.—Some little deference also, in these old-fashioned times, was shewn to the professional judgment of artists, who were very naturally conjectured to possess rather more acquaintance with the subject, which had occupied exclusively the study of their lives, than those who had only casually considered it as an accomplishment or an amusement. It was left, as it should.

to the sagacity and modesty of the present day, to discover, "that artists are not always the least fallible judges in their own art,"—and that "Sir Joshua Reynolds was a remarkable instance" of this fact. Into the truth or falsehood of such an assertion, we shall not now enter, but we own we could have wished, that rather more convincing evidence had been adduced in its support, than the circumstance of his placing some pictures in his gallery that *were* not original! Need we observe, that the motives which induce artists to purchase pictures, are of a totally different complexion from those which influence the picture-dealer? Or, that it is of very trifling import to the former, whether a picture be painted by this or that hand, provided it possess excellence, from which some valuable hint or instruction may be gathered? No one, indeed, ever knew to seize and improve such advantages better than Sir Joshua himself; from an halfpenny picture or an indifferent woodcut, he has often been known to form the ground-work of some of his most successful productions; and it appears to us, therefore, to be something worse than rashness to doubt whether this distinguished artist, "derived most benefit or injury" from the old pictures which he kept in his painting room, as occasional objects for reference.

We should not have dwelt at such length on many of the foregoing topics, had we not perceived that, under the pretext of reprobating the eccentricities and failings of Barry, the art itself and its professors are insidiously attacked. Like most other bodies of men, painters have their singularities and frailties; the worst, however, we know of them, arises from their mutual jealousies and unworthy bickerings among themselves; perhaps also, in order to obtain popularity or a temporary advantage over their rivals, some of them may be apt to sanction by their authority the impositions of the picture-dealer, and of the various empyrics of the day. These practices are indeed unworthy of men engaged in the pursuit of a liberal and honourable profession. It may, however, be offered in excuse, if not in complete justification, that necessity, rather than inclination,

too often prompts their conduct on such occasions.

Many respectable artists pursue a widely different course; but we are sorry to remark, that their success in life has seldom been proportionate with the integrity of their principles. Among the foremost of them we place the unfortunate Barry; for as such we must consider him, although at the end of a most laborious life, he probably had "accumulated" the enormous sum of L.2,700. It is easy for those who are rolling in affluence to talk of the "comforts" with which this miserable pittance could "amply supply" the necessities and infirmities of a persecuted and forlorn old man; but if the means of gratifying almost every human desire have not extinguished all generous feeling in the breasts of his detractors, we would wish them to reflect upon the sacrifices and severe privations by which even this slender subsistence must have been accumulated, and to mitigate the asperity with which they have treated the memory of a man whose genius and misfortunes ought at least to have insured him respect, and the undisturbed possession of an humble grave.

Indeed, we know of nothing in the life of Barry, whatever may have been insinuated to his prejudice, which can justify severe animadversion. His eccentricities and his faults were too palpable and of too disagreeable a nature to make their example contagious; while the vigorous energy of his mind, and the estimable qualities of his heart, render his character, in some points, worthy of imitation rather than of censure. We have already had occasion to notice the apparent warmth of his filial piety and fraternal affection; and many of his letters bear an equally honourable testimony to the sincerity of his friendship, and the frankness of his disposition. His integrity and intrepid independence of spirit are no less conspicuous throughout the greater part of his writings, and reflect a kind of dignity upon his character, of which neither the malevolence of his enemies, nor the extravagancies of his own vanity, can deprive it. With all his faults, both as a painter and as a man, his reputation has already survived that of many of his more successful rivals, and will probably continue to exist while ta-

lents and genius hold their just rank in the estimation of mankind.

One of Barry's most prominent defects was to attempt carrying every thing by *storm*. His hasty spirit was too impetuous to wait for the slow progress of taste in a country where, according to the opinion of a connoisseur\* no less amiable than accomplished, the perseverance and genius of even Raphael himself would probably have failed of obtaining encouragement. When, however, we consider Barry's circumstances through nearly the whole of his life, we ought not, perhaps, to censure him too severely for the impatience and irritations into which he was often betrayed, nor feel surprised at the strain of invective in which he was apt to vent his disappointed hopes. From his earliest years his notions with respect to money transactions, appear to have been singularly rigid and correct; and his high and haughty spirit must frequently have suffered severely from the pecuniary obligations to which necessity compelled him to submit. An honourable anxiety to avoid every thing of this nature, induced him to circumscribe his wants, and rather

to endure the evils of poverty than forfeit his valued independence; till, at length his penurious habits, which originated in distress, became natural to him after the absolute necessity for persevering in them had ceased. This appears to be the fair way of accounting for the extreme wretchedness in which he lived, and sufficiently explains the motives of his conduct, without having recourse to the uncharitable suppositions, that he wished to "exhibit himself as a martyr," and that he "mortified himself in the hope of mortifying others;" but whatever his errors or failings may have been, his continual disappointments and unhappy life have more than expiated his offences, and ought to entitle him to the commiseration of every feeling heart, for "when a great mind falls,"

"The noble nature of Man's gen'rous heart  
Doth bear him up against the shame of ruin,  
With gentle censure using but his faults,  
As modest means to introduce his praise—  
For pity, like a dewy twilight, comes  
To close th' oppressive splendour of his day,  
And they who but admired him in his  
height,

His altered state lament, and love him fall'n.

*Basil, by Joanna Baillie.*

The late William Lock, Esq. of Norbury Park.

#### SIR HAROLD.

A DAY of strife hath fled;  
The azure mantle of Twilight falls;  
The field is strewed with dead;  
But the cross is planted on Salem's walls!  
In vain the Sultan cried,  
'Mid the boiling fight, for the prophet's aid;  
And on, with swords allied,  
Rushed the hosts of the Christian undismayed!

He laid him down to die,  
At the foot of an aloes, a wounded knight,  
Beneath the chilly sky,  
And the fading traces of western light:—  
With desolating force,  
The night-wind moaned 'mid the forest gloom:  
And, in its sweeping course,  
Uplifted the depth of his raven plume.

In garb of green, a page,  
Alone, o'er his dying master hung,  
His anguish to assuage,  
And cool the thirst of his burning tongue;  
The frequent falling tear  
He dashed in vain from his eyes of blue;  
As the knight, he loved so dear,  
His painful breathing aye shorter drew!

Said the knight, "When war is done,  
 And to Europe the vessels retrace the sea,  
 Then bear this pledge to one—  
 The only one that may weep for me!  
 Oh! tell, that, as I sighed,  
 This broken pledge to my heart was pressed;  
 Oh! tell, that ere I died,  
 I hung o'er her magic name, and blessed!"

"Pardon," exclaimed the page—  
 "If love will pardon to love allow;  
 Ella of Hermitage  
 Forsook her kin, to be with thee now!—  
 He turns his dying eyes,  
 Sir Harold, and gazes on that sweet face;—  
 To speak in vain he tries,  
 Then sank like lead in a last embrace!"

She pressed her cheek to his,  
 To his as cold as the marble stone;  
 And with one long, long kiss,  
 Her heart had broke, and her spirit was flown!  
 In the shade of the aloes tree,  
 In death united, the lovers lay;  
 And many a tear fell free,  
 O'er their graves, at the dawn of day;

And lovely o'er the tomb,  
 Where, side by side, those lovers repose,  
 Commingling their perfume,  
 A rose of England and Sharon grows;  
 And, on the boughs above,  
 When fades in the west the parting light,  
 The dirge of faithful love  
 A bulbul hymns to the ear of Night.

A.

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ADELINE. A BALLAD.

THE night was dark, the thunder rolled,  
 In torrents the rain was pouring;  
 The lightning flash'd—'twas to unfold  
 The breast of the ocean roaring:—  
 Then, from the tower, gazed Adeline  
 On the tempest's wild commotion,  
 And dim blue lights were seen to shine  
 Afar on the foaming ocean!

Alas! she sighed, that one so dear,  
 Should toss on the faithless billow,  
 While thousands, void of doubt and fear,  
 Repose on the downy pillow;  
 Hark!—'tis the distant signal gun  
 And lo! as the lightning flashes,  
 The crowds on yonder deck that ran,  
 As the sinking vessel crashes!

No more she saw—no more she heard,  
 For darkness begirt the ocean,  
 Save the dismal wail of frightened bird,  
 Or the yeasty waves' commotion,  
 Till morning woke; and, on the beach,  
 Did Adeline's eyes discover,  
 Beneath her tower, within her reach,  
 The pale, pale face of her lover!

Hark ! from her lattice to the brecre,  
 How mournfully sweet she is singing !  
 Now gazing wistful o'er the seas,  
 And ever her white hands wringing :  
 From festal bower, since that dread hour,  
 Hath Adeline's smile departed,  
 And thus she sighs, at evening hour,  
 The song of the broken-hearted !

She was a star of beauty rare,  
 O'er the brow of a twilight mountain ;  
 A flower that spreads its bosom fair,  
 By the side of a vernal fountain :  
 There came a cloud, and veiled the star,  
 From earth its light is banished ;  
 There rose a flood, and, in the jar  
 Of waters the young flower vanished !

## DEATH.

WHEREVER it may hap, however spring,  
 Under whatever covert or disguise,  
 Even unto the judgment of the wise,  
 Death is an awful, a terrific thing !—  
 The tempests beat on time's ungentle shore,  
 Who would not rather risk his shuddering form  
 Within a fragile bark, and brave the storm,  
 Than sink beneath the waves, and be no more ?  
 Cold, cold and clammy, is the hand of death,  
 And dark the mansion that it leads us to !  
 Where, as the night-wind sighs, its baleful breath  
 Disturbs the sombrous, melancholy yew.  
 But, is not death the omega of care ?  
 Aye, but we die, and go we know not where !

A.

## HORN DANICÆ.

## No II.

*Corregio—A Tragedy.*

By ADAM OEHLENSCHLAGER.

We have already introduced the great Danish poet to our readers by abundant quotations from one of the best of these tragedies, which he has devoted to the stern genius of the heroic north. The "Hakon Jarl" may be taken as a very fair specimen of the better Danish and Scandinavian pieces of Oehlenschlaeger, and yet we hope, in due time, to satisfy our readers that, although all closely resembling that noble tragedy in general form and execution, the "Hagbarth and Signa," the "Axel and Walburg," and the "Palnatoke," are well worthy of being studied, analyzed and ad-

mired, each of them for the sake of merits peculiar to itself alone. In the meantime, however, we must proceed to redeem a pledge already given, by attempting a slight sketch, (for we fear after all it will be little more) of a tragedy, composed so far as we can judge, upon a set of principles as remote as may well be imagined from those exemplified in the northern tragedies we have mentioned, devoted certainly to the illustration of a set of characters and manners altogether different from any thing introduced in them, and yet from the beauty of its conception, the felicity of its execu-

tion, but above all, from the exquisite touches of Nature scattered with a careless hand of lavishness over its dialogue, is well entitled to be classed among the most brilliant productions of Adam Oehlenschlaeger, well entitled withal to be appealed to as furnishing another decisive proof, how compatible is the utmost depth, with the utmost versatility of genius. Those who are acquainted with the *Minor Poems*, and the *Tales* of the author, will recognise, without difficulty, new traces of the same profound impression, which these had already shown to have been made on his mind, by the events, or rather by the meditations of his journey to Italy.

The true object of the poet, in this piece, seems to have been the embodying of his own main conceptions concerning the character of the artist-mind; and when we have said this, we have assuredly said enough to stimulate the curiosity of our readers. They, however, who expect to find, in this great poet's delineation of poets, (for painters and poets are the same beings,) any thing to strengthen themselves in the adoption of any one favourite theory, will be much disappointed in the result. Oehlenschlaeger is too great a man to have only one conception of greatness. He conceives of that essence as existing and exemplified in a thousand different modes—depicts all these existences and exemplifications with the same hand of candour, love, and admiration. What can be more different than the two characters of the fiery, irritable, self-ruling, all-impelling, majestic, Michael Angelo, on the one hand—and the drooping, morbid, self-distrusting, disputing, melancholy, gentle Antonio Allegri da Correggio, on the other? What can be more different, from either of these, than the calm, judicious, and temperate, yet energetic, luxurious, and most generous Giulio Romano? And yet, who shall say, in the personal character of which of these three men, the Pictorial Genius, common to them all, found its most useful appliances? It is from seeing and thinking of such differences, and such resemblances, that genius should derive its noblest lessons of confidence—and that criticism, should derive its most abiding lessons of liberality and candour.

The piece opens with a view of the  
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village of Correggio, in which the artist, destined one day to appropriate and immortalize its name, is engaged in painting a *holy family*; his wife Maria sitting for the Madonna, and his son Giovanni for the St John, while, in the form of the Saviour, he attempts to realize the highest and the loveliest *ideal* of his own imagination. This painting is designed for the gallery of a nobleman of Parma—by name Octavian—who has been seized with a sinful passion for the wife of the painter. The Count communicates this evil passion to the innkeeper of the village, (by name Baptista,) who acts as his steward over an estate in that neighbourhood—A man who has, from various sources of jealousy, become the bitter enemy of the amiable artist—and who would gladly assist in any plan likely to terminate in the disturbance of his most envied domestic happiness.

While these, however, are conspiring to destroy the domestic peace of Correggio, the fearfulness and despondency of his own mind, even at the very time when he is executing the most admirable of his masterpieces, are more than sufficient to render him unhappy in himself. At the moment when he is busy with finishing, although almost in heartlessness and despair, the picture he has just sold to Count Octavian, it happens that a carriage breaks down in passing through the village, and the two persons travelling in it are obliged to remain all day at the inn of Baptista. They sit drinking after dinner before the gate of the inn, which is the house of Correggio, one of them proposes to repair to the church of the village to see some ancient pieces of Giotti and Cimabue, which he had heard were there. This person turns out to be Giulio Romano. But his companion, who is no other than Buonarroti, refuses to leave his wine for any such purpose, and in the conversation which ensues, expresses great contempt for almost every thing in art, except what has been done by himself in one way, and Raphael in another. Giulio at last leaves him and goes to the church. While he is absent, Michael Angelo observes Correggio at work, and inquires of the innkeeper concerning him; but the answers of Baptista, although apparently laudatory, are in fact little calculated to give Michael

any great notion of the village artist. Baptista, however, wishes he should go over and look at Correggio and his works, and to this he agrees. But the cunning innkeeper deals insincerely with both parties; and when they meet, his remarks have prepared each to treat the other rather uncivilly. The consequence is, that Michael Angelo's irritable temper carries its possessor very far from the right tone of conversation—and that at length he abuses the works of the stranger in a style of great violence.

We may imagine what effect these bitter reproaches produce in the sensitive mind of Antonio da Correggio, when he learns from Baptista, that they had been uttered by the lips of the greatest master of the age. At home, in his retirement, it is thus that the young painter soliloquises over the disappointment of all his hopes, for such is to him the discovery, (so he considers it) that his powers are incapable of doing any thing great in the art to which he has devoted all his thoughts. It will be observed, that his soliloquy is interrupted by the entrance of his wife, who essays to comfort him. We are to suppose, that after Buonarrotti has uttered his bitter words and departed, Correggio, having learned his name, stands for some moments gazing on his own work in utter confusion, and then says,—

*Ant. (Alone. He sets down the picture, and seems confounded.)*

Is this a dream? Or has indeed the great And gifted Buonarrotti been with me? And such his words! Oh, were it but delusion!

*(He sits down, holding his hand over his face, then rises up again.)*

My brain whirls round—And yet I am awake!

A frightful voice has broke my sleep—"A Bungler!"

Such name, indeed, I never had believed That I deserv'd, if the great Buonarrotti Had not himself announc'd it!

*(He stands lost in thought.)*

On my sight Rose variegated floating clouds—I deemed That they were natural forms, and eager seiz'd

The pencil to arrest their transient beauty— But lo! whate'er I painted is no more But clouds again—a many-colour'd toy, Wherein all nobler attributes of soul Are sought in vain—even just proportion's rules

Are wanting too!

*(Mournfully)* THIS I had not suspected!

From deep internal impulse—with pure heart,

Have I my self-rewarding toil pursued; When at the canvass placed, methought I kneel'd

Even at the everlasting shrine of Nature, Who smil'd on me, her favoured votary, And glorious mysteries reveal'd. But oh, How have I been deceived!—*(A pause.)*

I well remember,

When but a boy, I with my father went To Florence on the market-day, and ran Alone into St Lawrence church, and there Stood at the graves of Giulio and Lorenzo; Contemplated the immortal imagery,— The Night, the Day, the Twilight, and Aurora,

All in white marble cut by Buonarrotti; My stay was brief, but on my heart the impression

Was deep and lasting; I had then beheld The high *UNIQUE*,—the noblest works of art!

All was so strange—so beautiful and great, And yet so dead and mournful; I rejoic'd When I came forth and saw once more the fields

And the blue sky. But now again I stand Beneath the cold sepulchral vault. The forms,

So fugitive of light and cheerfulness, Are vanish'd all away. Shuddering I stand Before the Twilight, and the Night—despised—

Forsaken!

*(Much moved.)*—Well! henceforth I paint no more!

Heaven knows 'twas not from vanity I laboured,

But rather as the bees erect their cells, From natural impulse—or the birds their nests.

If this is all a dream, then he shall once, Yet once more, not in anger, but with calm And tranquil dignity, such as his Art Has on Lorenzo's tomb pourtrayed, confirm My sentence—Then farewell ye cherished hopes!

Then I am still a poor and humble peasant! Aye,—with a conscience pure and peaceful—still,

I shall not mourn, nor sink into despair. If I am not a painter, yet my lot Is neither mean nor abject—if this great And far-famed Angelo should so denounce me,

Yet would an inward voice, by Heaven inspired,

The assurance give, "Thou art not base nor guilty!"

*Mar. (enters.)* How's this, Antonio? Thou art melancholy.

Thy picture's thrown aside—"Tis strange indeed,

To find thee unemployed when thus alone.

*Ant.* Maria, dearest wife, my painting now

Is at an end.

*Mar.* Hast thou then finished quite?

*Ant. (Painfully, and pressing her hand.)* Ay, child—quite finish'd!

*Mar.* How is this? Oh, heaven,  
Thou weep'st, Antonio!

*Mar.* Nay, not so, Maria.

*Ant.* Dear husband! what has happened  
here? Oh, tell me!

*Ant.* Be not afraid, Maria. I have  
thought

On many things relating to our life;  
And I have found, at last, that this pursuit,  
By which we live, brings not prosperity;  
So have I, with myself, resolv'd at once  
To change it quite.

*Mar.* I understand thee not!

*Ant.* Seven years ago, when from thy fa-  
ther's hand,  
I, as my bride, received thee; can'st thou  
still

Remember what the old man said, "An-  
tonio,  
Leave off this painting. He who lives and  
dreams

Still in the fairy world of art, in truth,  
Is for this world unfit—your painters all,  
And poets prove bad husbands; for with  
them

The muse usurps the wife's place; and in-  
tent

On their spiritual children, they will soon  
Forget both sons and daughters."

*Mar.* Nay, in truth,  
He was an honest faithful heart. Methinks  
Such to those useful plants may be com-  
pared

That grow beneath the earth, but never  
bloom

With ornamental flowers. No more of  
this!

*Ant.* "Be," said he then, "a potter  
like myself—

Paint little figures on the clay, and sell  
them!

So, free from care, live with thy wife and  
children,

And unto them thy time and life devote!"

*Mar.* He saw not that which I then  
lov'd in thee,

Thy genius and thy pure aspiring soul!

He knew not that thine art, which he de-  
spised,

Had shar'd my love, and was itself a bless-  
ing!

*Ant.* My child, full many things have  
been believed

That were not true. Thy hopes have all  
been blighted!

*Mar.* Antonio! wilt thou force me to be  
sad?

*Ant. (embraces her.)*

Thou art an angel!—I have found thee still  
In every state contented. But too well  
I know thy hopes were blighted. Nor  
have I

To thee given up the emotions of my  
heart,

But wasted them in visionary strife,

And fugitive creations. What I gain'd  
Has partly on dear colours been expended:

And for the rest, I have not manag'd  
wisely.

At times we liv'd in superfluity,  
But oftener scarce could meet the calls of  
want—

So has thy tender heart enough been tried,  
It shall no more be thus! we shall not  
strive

For that which is impossible, nor waste  
This life in feverish dreams. I shall re-  
nounce them,—

Step back into obscurity,—henceforth  
I may not be an Artist,—but will learn  
The duties of a husband and a father!

*Mar.* Thou can'st not be an Artist!—

Then no more

Can Art survive upon this earth!

*Ant.* Dear wife,

Thou lov'st me?

*Mar.* Aye—because I know thee wholly.

*Ant.* Thou smil'st so sweet and innocent-  
ly—mark you,

How that unmeaning imp is grinning there?  
(*Pointing to the picture.*)

*Mar. (perplexed.)* Antonio?

*Ant.* Now I see the faults. Oh, where-  
fore

Have I not had ere now some faithful  
friend

Who might have shewn them to me? For  
I feel

Within me the capacity to mend them!

*Mar.* Oh Heaven! what means all this?

*Ant. (interested, and contemplating the  
picture.)*

It seems to me,

As if in that poor picture there were still

Something not wholly so contemptible—

Not colour only—no—nor finishing—

Nor play of light and shade—but some-  
thing too

Of SOLEMN and SUBLIME!

*Mar.* Nay, what has happened?

Antonio—pray thee—tell me!

*Ant.* He shall once—

Once more confirm his sentence. He has  
*twice*

Thundered it forth, but yet my condemna-  
tion

Must be a *third* time utter'd—I shall then  
Paint cups and be a potter!

*Mar.* Who has been here?

*Ant. (with dignity)*

The great and far-famed MICHAEL AN-  
GELO.

*Mar.* And—He—HE said these things?

*Ant.* Be quiet child:

We shall await the *third* time. From that  
world

Of cherish'd dreams and magic imagery,

I may not willingly be torn away!

Yet once more for my sentence! Then  
henceforth,

I shall renounce them all, and for my  
share,

Strive but for art to blazon crockery-ware!

Thus ends the second act. At the  
beginning of the third, Antonio, still



under the same depression of spirits, is discovered in his painting room, still occupied in finishing the picture, which he had sold to Count Octavian. He is now surprised by a visit from Giulio Romano, who is just returned, full of the highest admiration, from the church, in which, instead of what he expected, he had found some of the new masterpieces, and among others, the famous NIGHT of Correggio. The gradual change from dependency, to renewed hope and confidence in the mind of Correggio, as produced by the applauses of Giulio Romano, is brought out with a degree of sensibility and psychological accuracy, which cannot be too much commended. As we doubt not that this dialogue will prove interesting, we shall transcribe it entire. But first, another glimpse of Corregio in his solitude.

Now, there wants but the varnish ! Ha ! that veil

Will be far too transparent. From all eyes, Oh might it be withdrawn ? Oh why was I, By want compelled to sell it ? Was it not Deception thus so large a sum to gain, By such a worthless labour ? Yet Octavian Himself survey'd the picture ; and the price On his own judgment offered. I then said, It was too much. (*Taking a pencil*)

Yet here, amid the grass, I shall paint one pale Hyacinth. That flower,

When beauteous maidens die, adorns their tomb.

For me the lovely form of HOPE has now Declined in death ; and for her sake shall I, For the last time here plant one flower ! But then,—

How shall I live if I must paint no more ? For Art has like the breath of Heaven become,

A requisite of life ? (*A pause.*)

Well, be it so !—

Let the long week in manual toil be spent, I or wife and child ! The Sunday morning still

Remains mine own. Then, once more on my sight,

The smiling Iris with her sevenfold bow Will rise in wonted beauty. I shall draw, And groupes compose again,—and colour them,

All for mine own delight. To say the least, 'Tis but a harmless luxury, and my pictures,

Will yet adorn our cottage walls, and please Maria and the boy, who love them too !

When I am gone, and travellers wander here,

They will not look on them unmoved ; for

Are they like Michael Angelo.—Perchance

It may be said, this man at least aspired, And had true love for Art.

(*Giulio Romano enters.*)

*Giu.* Here now he sits, The man by Heaven inspir'd,—painting again Some picture that shall fill the world with wonder.

Oh, how I long to speak with him ! Yet patience !

I shall by gradual steps prolong my joy. Am I awake ? What have I seen ? How Giulio ?

Must thou from Rome to this poor village come,

To find the second Raffaele ? 'Tis, indeed, Wondrous and unexpected ! In the city, Schools and Academies we build, and princes

Aid all our efforts,—Even from infancy Our eyes are fixed on models, and our hands

Are exercised ; but when at length arrives The brilliant opportunity to prove The powers that we have gained, what are we all

But *scholars* ! Not indeed of praise unworthy,

Good specious IMITATORS ! If, once more, True genius is to shew itself on Earth, It blooms not in the hot-house. All such aid

That Amaranthine flower disdains. In woods,

And wilds, by the free breath of storms pervaded,

It flourishes, by chance implanted there, And by supernal powers upheld. We gaze With veneration on our ancient masters, And deem that genius has its *acme* gained, And died with them. But while, all un-  
wares,

We mourn its loss, lo ! suddenly it springs,

Fresh, youthful, vigorous, into life again, Demanding admiration ever new !

How wondrous that those visitants divine, That must illumine our Earth,—so oft are born

Even in the humblest cells of poverty !

(*Antonio, (still at the picture.)*)

Stand there, thou little pale blue Hyacinth— Thy hues betokening death !

*Giu.* He looks indeed, Like the fair forms that he delights to paint, Mild, amiable, and sensitive. But care And sadness mark his features—The fine hues,

That to the cheeks of others he imparts, Bloom not upon his own.—

*Ant.* (*turning half round.*)

There comes again

A stranger visitant ! (*They mutually salute.*)

*Giu.* Forgive me, Signor,

If I disturb you !—But how could I leave This place, till I that wondrous artist knew, Whose works adorn it ?—

*Ant.* Then—you meet—ah Heaven, But a poor melancholy man !

*Giu.* How's this?—

Has the bright sun that must the world illumine,

Even for himself nor light nor warmth?

*Ant.* Thy looks

Are friendly, stranger!—And I do believe

Thou dost not mock me. Yet, unconsciously,

Thou wound'st me deeply. Sun indeed!—

If thou

Knew'st but the darkness of the soul that dwells here!—

Not even one star gleams through my rayless night!—

*Giu.* Nay—from thy NIGHT\* beams forth resistless glory,—

That with the radiance of immortal fame

Will one day circle round thee—Signor, I pray,

Thy name?—

*Ant.* Antonio Allegri.

*Giu.* 'Tis well—

ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO!

How can this name sound strange unto mine ears,

That shall ere long on all tongues be familiar?—

I have indeed beheld thy NIGHT, Antonio, There, in the church. What thou would'st represent,

Thou hast thyself perform'd—a miracle!— Through the deep gloom of earthly life shines forth

Light to rejoice the shepherds;—and like them,

I stand amazed before you—powerless quite To explain the wonders that I look upon.

Veiling my dazzled eyes, and half in doubt, If all that I behold is not delusion!—

*Ant.* Oh, Signor—'tis indeed delusion all!—

Thou art a man of honour—and thou lov'st Our art—but let me venture thus to say— I know too well what Art should be!

*Giu.* Thy words

Perplex me, Signor.

*Ant.* I have been indeed

Through many a year a riddle to myself.

*Giu.* Thou art in all things inconceivable—

How has thy genius bloom'd thus all unaided?—

How has the world and thine own worth to thee

Remain'd unknown?—

*Ant.* But for example now, How deem'st thou of this picture?

*Giu.* How shall words

Express my feelings?—If I say 'tis NOBLE, What have I said?—Till now, Raffaello's

Madonna

Had all mine admiration—in my heart, She ruled alone. But now, once more,

MARIA,

Another and the same, smiles out upon me;—

With more of woman's tenderness and love

Maternal—less of queenly dignity.

Raffaello indeed has earthly forms endowed With grace divine—but thou hast brought

from Heaven

Ethereal spirits, here, in mortal frames

Submissively to dwell!

*Ant.* (Anxiously.)

But then, indeed,

Are there no faults?—

*Giu.* Where so much is achieved, Faults have no room to exist. In the full bliss

Of superfluity—who would complain,

Because he has not all?—

*Ant.* But what—I pray you—

What here is wanting?—

*Giu.* All that is required

To form a master-piece, is here. It lives, And breathes instinct with life divine—by depth

Of meditative reason plann'd—by all The powers of genius—feeling—industry; Brought to perfection. Who would ask for more?

*Ant.* So much for praise—but tell me now the faults?

*Giu.* Thy genius now where fails—even where the powers

Of Art are wanting—or where memory wandered—

Thou hast by some peculiar strength of soul—

Some fine ideal energy—bestowed

A charm even on the faults—which I might say,

Is all thine own—but here too thou resemblest

Raffaello—our great precursor.

*Ant.* Yet once more—

I pray you point out all my faults; you know not

How gladly I from you would hear of them!

*Giu.* Well, then—the mere Anatomist might say

There are defects of drawing in this picture!

*Ant.* Now—for example?

*Giu.* The foreshortening here Is not quite accurate. The child's limbs appear

Too round; the contour is too full. But then

You love such blooming graces;—and for this,

Avoid the harshness of reality.

*Ant.* Once, once more, Signor—then I breathe again.—

How deem'st thou of the smile upon these lips—

The virgin's smile, and then the child's?

*Giu.* In them,

I find no fault. Original, but lovely!

*Ant.* Not then “unmeaning,” “imp-like,” “honey-sweet?”†

*Giu.* So have I to myself, in summer dreams,

Painted the smiles of angels.

\* Alluding to the celebrated picture.

† Alluding to the criticism of Michael Angelo.

*Ant.* Thus, O Heaven!  
Have I too dream'd!

*Giu.* And art thou mournful now,  
Because thou hast so nobly triumph'd here?

*Ant.* Nay, I am sad, because I have so  
long  
Myself deceived.

*Giu.* Signor, thy words again  
Become inexplicable.

*Ant.* Stranger, in truth,  
Thou hast according to mine own heart  
spoken;

And it consoles me that there are on earth  
Yet men, and honourable wise men too,  
That in the self-same path have been de-  
ceiv'd.

And yet I more admire the judgment true,  
Which on my faults has been pronounc'd.

And *there*  
Thou hast not err'd; but, like a genuine  
friend,

Hast in considerate gentle tones reprov'd  
me.—

Now, truly, such discourse, so full of know-  
ledge,

Would inexpressibly rejoice my heart,  
If I had not (Ah! had I known it sooner!)

Even this day learn'd too truly, that my  
labour

Is worthless all and vain!

*Giu.* Who told you this?

*Ant.* Even the most gifted artist of our  
age—

Great Michael Angelo.

*Giu.* I could have guessed it;  
This is but like him. Truly now I find  
That broken wheel still whirls within his  
brain.

*Ant.* Nay, I had first by levity provoked  
him.—

A man who dwells here—a strange hu-  
mourist—

By whom too oft I am disturb'd, had  
come,

And told me that the traveller who sat  
At table in his house, was but a dauber,  
A rude companion, who had injur'd him,  
And spoke on all things without aught of  
knowledge—

Then I receiv'd him, not with that respect  
That he so well deserv'd. He spoke to me  
Drily and in a grumbling tone; to which  
I made him jestingly a careless answer;  
Then he was angry;—"Bungler!" "mean  
and base!"

Such were to me his epithets. Misled  
By a vain love of splendid colouring,  
He then declared that I would never gain  
True greatness or true beauty in mine art.

*Giu.* (*vehemently.*) Rightly he spoke!

Thou wilt not; for thou hast  
Already, by the immortal works that fill  
The high Sixtine chapel, won the wreath  
victory!

*Ant.* Ah! dear Sir!

*Giu.* Think'st thou,  
That like a blind man I have spoke of Art?  
err! thou hast err'd. 'Tis true, I am  
indeed

No peerless master—far less Angelo;  
But yet I am a man—a Roman too;  
No Caesar—yet a Julius. I have learn'd,  
As thou hast done, what Art should be;  
the great

And far-fam'd Raffaele Sanctio was my  
master,

And still his deathless spirit hovers o'er me!  
I too may have a voice in such decision!

*Ant.* O Heaven! you are then GIULIO  
ROMANO?

*Giu.* I am.

*Ant.* Thou art Romano, the great master,  
And Raffaele's favourite?

*Giu.* That I was.

*Ant.* And thou  
Say'st I am no pretender?—

*Giu.* I do say,  
Since Raffaele Sanctio's death, there has not  
lived

A greater artist in our land than thou,—  
ANTONIO ALLEGRI DA CORREGGIO!

Soon after this point in the dia-  
logue, Michael Angelo enters to in-  
form his friend, that their carriage is  
now repaired, and that they may set  
forward on their journey. Giulio Ro-  
mano (Correggio having retired), takes  
this opportunity of convincing the  
great Michael, how rashly and un-  
justly he has censured one, who, in  
reality, is worthy of the highest  
admiration. This dialogue occupies  
eight pages; and Buonarrotti, becom-  
ing fully aware of his error, wrecks,  
in the first place, his vengeance on  
Baptista, (who unluckily for himself  
appears at that moment, and who had  
first prejudiced his guest against the  
character of Correggio.) After beating  
this miscreant off the stage, he holds a  
dialogue with Giovanni, and after-  
wards with his mother. Of his con-  
versation with the latter, we shall  
transcribe the following specimen.

*Giov.* There comes my mother.

(*Maria enters.*)

*Mich.* Aye indeed? How lovely!  
I trace at once the likeness to Maria.\*

*Giov.* Mother, here is a stranger gentle-  
man,

He gave me sugar plumbs.—Look here!

*Mich.* Madonna,  
May I then hope forgiveness.

*Mar.* Noble Sir,  
I thank you for your kindness. (*To Giov.*)  
Hast thou thank'd

This Gentleman?

*Giov.* I thank you.

*Mar.* Nay, what manners!  
Go, make your bow—say, noble Sir—

*Mich.* I pray you,  
Let him have his own way, nor by forced  
rules

Check the pure flow of nature, that directs  
him.

\* Referring to the picture which he has just been contemplating.

*Mar.* Then you love children, Sir—

*Mich.* Not always. Yet I love your son. You live here?

*Mar.* Aye Sir—there, You see our humble cot.

*Mich.* Antonio, The painter is your husband?

*Mar.* Aye; dear Sir.

*Mich.* Is he in real life so amiable, As in his works he has appeared? If so, You are a happy wife.

*Mar.* Signor, his works Shew but the faint reflection of that sun Of excellence that glows within his heart.

*Mich.* Indeed?

*Mar.* Aye truly.

*Mich.* Still you seem not glad, Nor cheerful. Yet, an honest active husband,

A beauteous wife, and a fine child,—methinks,

Here is a paradise at once complete!

*Mar.* Yet something, Alas! is wanting.

*Mich.* What?

*Mar.* Prosperity And worldly fortune.

*Mich.* Are not beauty then, And genius, in themselves an ample fortune?

*Mar.* In many a flower is hid the gnawing worm; My husband has been ill—is irritable, And each impression moves him far too deeply.

Hence, even to-day unlucky chance befell him.

*Mich.* I know it, Buonarroti has been here, And has offended him.

*Mar.* Nay, more than this,— He has renewed his illness.

*Mich.* Nay perchance, He has but spoke the truth. For Angelo Told him he was no painter. And who knows?—

He is an artist of experience, And may have said the truth.

*Mar.* And if from Heaven An Angel had appeared to tell me this, I could not have believed him!

*Mich.* Indeed! Are you so confident?

*Mar.* Nay, Sir—In truth, The sum of all my confidence is *this*, The knowledge, that with my whole heart I love

Antonio. Therefore, all that he has done, Is with that love inseparably join'd, And therefore, too, his works are dear to me.

*Mich.* Is this enough? You love, yet know not how To ground and to defend that preference?

*Mar.* Let others look for learning to defend Their arguments. Enough it is for us

On pure affection's impulse to rely.

*Mich.* Bravo, Madonna!—you indeed rejoice me;

Forgive me if I tried you thus a while. So should all women think! But now, for this

Affair of Michael Angelo; he bears

A character capricious—variable:

This cannot be denied; yet, trust me still, Good in the main. Too oft, indeed, his words

Are like the roaring of the blinded cyclops, When the fire rages fiercely; yet can he Be tranquil too; and even in one short hour,

(Like the wise camel with her provender) Think more than may well serve him for a year.

The fierce volcano oft is terrible, Yet fruitful too; when its worst rage is o'er, The peasant cultivates the fields around, Whose fruits are thereby nourished and improved;

The fearful gulf itself is decked with flowers And wild-wood—and all breathes of life and joy.

*Mar.* I do believe you.

*Mich.* Trifles oft give birth Even to the most important deeds. 'Tis true

The mountain may have born a mouse—in turn

The mouse brings forth a mountain. Even so,

The clumsy trick of a malicious host Set Angelo at variance with your husband. One word begets another: for not love Alone, but anger, and rash violence too, Make blind their victims.

*Mar.* Sir, you speak most wisely.

*Mich.* Now listen—Angelo commanded me

To visit you; I am his friend—and such Excuse as I have made, he would have offered.

His ring, too, for a proof of his respect, He gives Antonio; and intreats him still To wear it as a pledge of his firm friendship. They will yet meet again: Antonio soon Will better proof receive of Michael's kindness,

If he has influence to advance your fortune. [*Exit.*]

*Antonio enters.*

*Ant.* Maria, dearest wife, what has he said?

*Mar.* The stranger gentleman?

*Ant.* Aye—Buonarroti.

*Mar.* How? is it possible? was it himself?

*Ant.* Aye, aye—'twas he—great Michael Angelo;

O'er all the world there lives not such another!

*Mar.* O happy day! Now, then, rejoice, Antonio!

He kissed our child, and kindly spoke to me. This ring he left for thee; he honours, loves thee,

And henceforth will promote our worldly fortune.

*Ant.* Can this be possible? Romano then Was in the right.

*Mar.* He loves and honours thee.

*Ant.* And this fine ring in proof—Ha! then, Maria,

He has but cast me down into the dust,

To be more proudly raised on high. O Heaven,

Dare I believe such wondrous fate? But come,

Let me yet seek this noble friend; with tears

Of gratitude embrace him; and declare That we indeed are blest!

Mar. At last I too

Can say that Buonarroti judges wisely,  
And henceforth bloomis for us a PARADISE!  
[Exit.]

(As they retire, Baptista crosses the stage, and overhearing the last words, says,)

Then be it mine to bring perfection due,  
For Paradise requires a SERPENT too!

The fourth act opens in the Count's palace at Parma, with a dialogue between Octavian and the perfidious Baptista, who acts as his land-steward. The Count takes this opportunity of disclosing fully his plans for the seduction of Maria, and his indifference towards Celestina, a young lady of high rank and accomplishments, whom, through the advice and influence of her father, he expects very soon to lead to the altar. Of Celestina he says, Even like her name, she is divine and saint-like—

If, as a Christian, I must therefore love her,  
Yet, being but a man, the solace too  
Of earthly love is needful. This proud beauty

Gleams on me like a cold and wintry sun:  
She is too wise, too pure, and too sublime;  
If she consents, is doubtful; but, if so,  
'Tis but through filial duty she is led—  
Affection for her father, not for me.

In the fourth page of this dialogue, they perceive Antonio approaching, through the garden, with his picture, and retire. In the next scene he comes alone into the gallery, bearing the picture on his shoulders, which he now sets down, exhausted by fatigue. We shall transcribe the whole of his soliloquy, although it is almost impossible to translate it closely, and at the same time to preserve the spirit of the original.

Ant. Here am I then arrived at last!  
O Heaven,

What weariness oppresses me! the way  
As been so long—the sun so hot and scorching.

Here all is fresh and airy. Thus the great  
Rejoice all luxuries; in cool palaces,  
As if in rocky caverns, they defy  
The summer's heat. On high the vaulted roof

Ascends, and pillars cast their shade below;  
While in the vestibule clear fountains play  
With cool refreshing murmur. Happy they

Who thus can live! Well, that ere long  
shall be

My portion too. How pleasantly one mounts  
On the broad marble steps! How reverently  
These ancient statues greet our entrance  
here!

(Looking into the hall and coming forward.)

This hall indeed is noble! How is this?

What do I see! Ha! paintings! 'Tis indeed  
The picture gallery. Holy saints! I stood  
Unconsciously within the sacred temple.

Here then, Italia's artists! hang on high  
Your wondrous works, like scutcheons on  
the tombs

Of heroes, to commemorate their deeds!

What shall I first contemplate? Woodland  
scenes—

Wild beasts of prey—stern warriors, or  
Madonnas?

Mine eye here wanders round, even like a  
bee

Amid a thousand flowers! I see too much!  
My senses all are overpowered—I feel  
The influence of imperial power around me,  
And in the temple of mine ancestors  
Could kneel and weep!—Ha! there is a  
fine picture!

(Going nearer.) Nay, I have been deceiv'd,  
for all indeed

Are not of equal worth. But what is there?

Aye, that indeed is pretty! Till this hour,  
I have not seen its equal. An old woman

Scouring a kettle; in the corner there  
A cat asleep; with his tobacco-pipe,

The white-hair'd boy meanwhile is blowing  
soap-bells.

I had not thought such things could e'er  
be painted!

It is indeed a pleasure to behold  
How bright and clean her kitchen looks!

and lo!

How nobly falls the sunlight through the  
leaves

On the clear copper kettle! Is not here  
The painter's name upon the frame? (reads.)

"Unknown.

But of the Flemish school." Flemish?  
Where lies

That country? 'Tis unknown to me. Ha!  
there

Are hung large pictures of still life, flowers,  
fruit,

Glasses of wine, and game. Here, too, are  
dogs,

And many-coloured birds. Aye, that in-  
deed

Is rarely finish'd. But no more of them.

Ha, ha! There's life again! Three reve-  
rend men,

With anxious looks, are counting gold.  
And here,

If I mistake not, is our Saviour's birth;

And painted by Mantegna—aye, 'tis so.

How nobly winds that mountain-path along!  
And then how finely those three kings are

group'd,

Before the virgin and the child! Another,

As if to meet in contrast, here is placed;

Intended well, but yet how strange ! That

OR  
Is resting with his snout upon the virgin !  
And the Moor grins so laughably, yet kindly !  
The child, meanwhile, is stretching out his  
arm

For toys drawn from that casket. Ha, ha,  
ha !

'Tis one of Albert Durer's, an old German !  
Thus, even beyond the mountains these are  
men,

Who are not ignorant of art. Ah, heaven !  
How beautiful that lady ! how divine !  
Young, blooming, sensitive ! How beams  
that eye !

How smile those ruby lips ! and how that  
cap

Of crimson velvet, and the sleeves, become  
her !

(*Reads.*) " By Leonard da Vinci." Then,  
in truth,

It is no wonder. He could paint indeed !  
How's this ?

A king almost in the same style—but yet  
It must have been a work of early youth.  
No, this (*reading*) we find is " Holbein."

How I know not ;  
Yet to I conardo he bears much resemblance,  
But not so noble nor so manly.

Wonder I recognise you well, good friends,  
Our earliest masters. Honest Perugino,  
How far'st thou with thy sameness of green  
tone,

Thy repetitions, and thy symmetry ?  
Thy St Sebastian too ! Thou hast indeed  
thy share of greatness ! Yet a little more  
Of boldness and invention had been well.

There throne the Powers ! There, large  
as life, appears

A reverend man, the holy Job ! Ha ! this  
Has nobly been conceived, nobly fulfilled !  
'Tis Raphael surely : (*reads.*) " Fra Bar-  
tholomæa."

Ah ! the good monk ! Not every priest, in  
truth,

Will equal thee ! But how shall I find time  
To view them all ? Here, in the back-  
ground, hangs

A long green curtain. It perchance conceals  
The choicest picture. Thus I must behold,  
I see Count Octavian comes.

(*Withdraws the curtain from Raphael's  
picture of St Cecilia.*)

What do I see !

'Tis the divine Cecilia ! There she stands,  
Her hand upon the organ. At her feet  
Lie meaner instruments confused and broken ;  
But, silently, even on the organ too,  
Her fingers rest, as on her ear from heaven  
The music of the angelic choir descends !  
Her fervent looks are fixed on high ! Ha !  
this

No more is painting—this is POETRY !  
Here is not only the great artist shown,  
But the great HIGH-SOUL'D MAN ! The  
sanctifies

Of poetry by painting are expressed.  
Such, too, were my designs. In my best  
ours

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For this I labour'd !

(*Octavian enters, and Correggio, without  
salutation or ceremony, runs up to  
him and says.*)

Now, I pray you, tell me  
This painter's name ?

(*Pointing to the picture.*  
*Oct. (coldly.)* 'Tis Raffaele.

*Ant.* I AM THEN  
A PAINTER TOO !

After this follows a very beautiful  
dialogue, which we regret not having  
it in our power to transcribe, (as we  
must leave sufficient room for the  
greater part of act fifth.) The Count  
gradually explains to Correggio his plan  
of prevailing on the latter to reside  
with his wife and child in the palace.  
But as he betrays, at the same time,  
the nature of his *real* motives for pro-  
posing this arrangement, an opportu-  
nity is afforded to Correggio for de-  
scribing, in such manner, his own  
domestic happiness, and the love which  
subsists between him and Maria, that  
the Count (who believed the latter to  
be in reality neglected by her hus-  
band), suddenly expresses, in a fine  
and energetic speech, the regret and  
self-condemnation which he now feels  
for having meditated the destruction  
of so much virtue and happiness.  
Finally, he renounces all his designs ;  
and after directing Antonio to apply  
to his steward, Baptista, for the price  
of the picture, and meanwhile to pass  
away the time in looking at the con-  
tents of the gallery, retires.

Antonio being thus left alone,  
utters another fine soliloquy—at the  
commencement of which, he expresses  
violent resentment, but at length rea-  
sons himself into tranquillity, by re-  
flecting on his own superiority, in all  
intrinsic attributes, to the nobleman,  
whose importance wholly depends on  
the adventitious circumstances of birth  
and fortune. Finally, he has recourse  
to the principles and rules of religion,  
which admit not the spirit of revenge ;  
and being under the necessity of wait-  
ing for Baptista, he endeavours once  
more to pass away the time, by look-  
ing at the pictures ; but the various  
agitations of mind which he has this  
day undergone, joined to fatigue of  
body, begin already to overpower him.  
He is no longer able to enjoy the pre-  
sence of that magnificence, for which  
he had formerly so often sighed. His  
sight is dim, his limbs totter, and  
though he wishes to leave the palace  
as soon as possible, yet he is obliged

first to resolve on sitting down to rest  
He takes a chair therefore in a corner  
of the hall, and after struggling in  
vain with his increasing lassitude, falls  
asleep.

The noble minded Celestina and her father Ricordano, now enter the apartment, and, without observing Correggio, enter into a long conversation, unfolding an underplot, which alone might be sufficient to give interest to the play. It appears, that Ricordano had promised to Count Octavian's late father, shortly before his death, to try every method in his power to bring about a marriage between his own daughter and the son and heir of his friend. This promise he now urges on the attention of Celestina, who declares, in the most unequivocal terms, the utter indifference or dislike with which she regards the Count. The visionary and enthusiastic character of Celestina, is in this dialogue finally brought out.—Failing in other arguments in favour of Octavian, Ricordano endeavours to interest his daughter, by the promised possession, (among other riches) of that picture-gallery, whose contents she so much admires. Even by this also, she remains unpersuaded; and concludes, by commissioning her father to go forthwith to the count, and intimate to him her disapproval of his addresses, begging however to be allowed, as a friend and sister, to continue her visits to him, (or rather to her favourite pictures.) Being now left alone, she utters a very beautiful soliloquy, which occupies three pages. Before it is concluded, she observes the sleeping Correggio,—becomes intuitively aware (from his appearance, and that of the new picture which is placed beside him) of his real character. She resolves, therefore, to place on his head a laurel wreath, with which, (as an act of homage to Raphael,) she had intended to adorn his picture of St Cecilia. As soon as she has accomplished this purpose, Antonio awakes.—Celestina hastily retires, and he comes forward with the following speech.

*Ant.* Where am I now?—Ha! this dim hall indeed

Is not Elysium!—All was but a dream!  
Nay—not a vision surely—but a bright  
Anticipation of eternal life!  
Methought I stood amid those happy fields,  
More beautiful far than Dante has portrayed them—

Even in the Muses' consecrated grove,<sup>1</sup>  
Hard-by their temple, on tall columns rear'd,  
Of alabaster white and adamant,  
With proud colossal statues fill'd, and books.  
And paintings.—There around me I beheld  
The illustrious of all times, in every art.  
The immortal Pheidias with his chizel plied  
On that gigantic form of Hercules,  
The wonder of all ages. Like a fly,  
He sat upon one shoulder; yet preserved  
Through the gigantic frame proportion just,  
And harmony Appelles, smiling, dipt  
His pencil in the ruby tints of morn,  
And painted wondrous groupes on floating  
clouds,

That angels forthwith bore away to heaven.

Then Palestrina, at an organ placed,  
Had the four winds to aid him, and thus woke

Music, that spread its tones o'er all the world,

While, by his side, Cecilia sat and sung.—  
Homer I saw beside the sacred lout;—  
He spoke, and all the poets crouded round him.

The gifted Raphael led me by the hand  
Into that listening circle. Well I knew  
His features, though his shoulders now  
were decked

With silvery seraph wings. Then from the circle

Stept forth the inspiring muse—a matchless form,

Pure as the stainless morning dew,—and bright,

Blooming, and cheerful, as the dew-sprent rose.

Oh never, on remembrance, will it fade,  
How with her snow-white hand this lovely form

A laurel wreath then placed upon my head—

“To immortality I thus devote thee!”  
Such were her words. Then suddenly I woke;

It seems almost as if I felt the crown  
burr on my brows.

(*Puts his hand to his forehead, and takes off the wreath.*)

Oh heaven! how can this be?

Are there yet miracles on earth?

(*At this moment, Baptista enters with Nicolo, the latter bearing a sack of copper coin. Antonio runs up to them for explanation, and says*)—

My friend!

Baptista, who has been here?

*Bapt.*—Ask'st thou me?

How should I know? Lo! here we bring the price

Given for thy picture by our noble lord!  
You must receive the sum in copper coin.  
So 'tis most fitting that a nobleman  
Should to a peasant pay his debts.

To Correggio's earnest entreaties to receive the price, or even part of it, in silver, Baptista only replies with bit-

ter denunciations of enmity, on account of the disgrace which, on Correggio's account, he has endured from Michael Angelo,—and rejoices in anticipating, that the object of his hatred will be unable to bear the fatigue of carrying home the sack of copper coin, and will the more readily fall a prey to Nicolo, or his own son Francis, by whose aid he means to waylay our hero, and rob him of the money, but more especially of the valuable ring, the gift of Buonarrotti. Above all, however, his favourite object is the murder of Correggio. After the departure of the latter, bearing the sack on his shoulders, the fourth act concludes with Baptista's instructions to Nicolo for this diabolical purpose.

The scene of the fifth act is in the forest between Parma and the village of Correggio. It opens with the soliloquy of Valentino, an old robber—of a figure and character such as Salvator Rosa or Palamede would have delighted to draw. He stands before a large oak tree, which has been converted into a kind of sylvan chapel, by the care of Sylvestro the hermit, whose cottage is also seen in the back ground. On the stem of this tree, properly defended by frame-work, &c. from the weather, Sylvestro has placed the picture of St Magdalene, which he had obtained from Antonio. On one side of the scene rises, amid the rocks, a clear spring of water, which winds itself in a rivulet through the forest. In the speech of Valentino, (who is captain of the band,) his mind appears to be tinged with a strong sense of religious duty, or superstition; and now, in his old age, he begins to regret the transactions of his past life. All this naturally leads to a dialogue with Sylvestro the hermit, who happens then to come out of his cottage. Their conversation is soon interrupted, however, by some of Valentino's band, who enter with Francisco, (the son of Baptista,) against whom, for many reasons, they have conceived a violent enmity, and whom therefore they have resolved to put immediately to death.—To this act of summary justice Valentino instantly agrees; but is interrupted by the entreaties of Sylvestro, whose persuasions, however, might have but little efficacy, were it not that Valentino's eyes are accidentally

directed to Correggio's picture of Magdalene, which, it seems, he has never seen before. As if struck by some miraculous influence, he exclaims, that it is no picture but St Magdalene herself, and submitting at once to his own devotional and superstitious impressions, he commands his people to let Francisco go; who is therefore allowed to retire; but Sylvestro first informs him, that the picture to which he thus owes his life is the production of his father's poor and oppressed neighbour, Antonio Allegri. After the departure of Francisco, Nicolo (who belongs to the band of Valentino) enters and discloses his scheme of robbing and murdering the artist, whose picture has just now been the object of so much admiration. With vehement expressions of indignation, Valentino reproves him for having conceived such a purpose, of which he commands him, on pain of death, instantly to renounce all thoughts. The robbers then all retire together, and (Sylvestro having also left the stage) Correggio once more enters alone, carrying the sack of copper coin on his shoulders, which (perceiving the spring of water) he throws down utterly exhausted. On his head he still wears the laurel wreath given him by Celestina at Parma.

*Ant.* I can no more—my strength is all exhausted;  
Yet, Heaven be praised, here flows a cooling spring;  
If I had but a cup! My hat perchance—  
But that was left in Parma—not to be  
Usurper of this wreath—Yet in my power  
One way remains—

*(Lifting water with his hand.)*

Ah! this assuages not  
But even increases thirst—By feverish heat  
And weariness, I am o'erpowered. Oh still  
Could I but reach my home to bring my love  
This hard-won treasure! When the night  
comes on,  
And I return not—how, alas! will then  
Maria grieve! Ha! now my sight is dim—  
My temples burn—

*(He takes off the wreath.)*

Yet this is fresh and cool—  
"To immortality I thus devote thee!"  
But immortality till after death  
Begins not! Ha! my heavenly visitant,  
Were *thus* thy words intended? Who comes  
here  
That sings so cheerfully? 'Tis, methinks,  
Lauretta,  
Our neighbour's daughter, come to milk her  
goats  
Still in the field.



(*Lauretta enters.*)

*Law.* Am I not right? In truth,  
There sits Antonio!

*Ant.* Welcome, fair Lauretta.

*Law.* Are you then come at last? Your  
wife, Maria  
Has sorely vexed herself at your long ab-  
sence.

*Ant.* Indeed I had not strength to come  
more quickly.

*Law.* You are fatigued by the long walk.  
No wonder!

*Ant.* Dear child, will you assist me now,  
and bring  
A draught of water in your pitcher there.  
I have no cup.

*Law.* How have you lost your hat?

*Ant.* 'Twas left, forsooth, in Parma.

*Law.* And what now

Is on your head? A laurel crown! Ha!  
this

Becomes you well. Who gave it you?

*Ant.* Mine angel visitant!

*Law.* Ah! thus you men of genius, in  
your dreams  
Forget all sober truth. If I must wed,  
It shall not be an artist—who would soon  
Forget his wife!

*Ant.* Nay child—thou can'st not say  
That I forget Maria!

*Law.* Now then drink,  
Even to thy heart's content.

(*Gives him water.*)

Cool are the streams

That flow from caverns in the world beneath.

*Ant.* I thank thee, kind Rebecca—and for  
this

Will paint a husband for thee!

*Law.* Aye, forsooth?

*Ant.* Now must I go; but I am very  
weak. (*He sinks down again.*)

*Law.* Then rest here yet awhile. With  
young Giovanni,  
Maria went to meet you. They will soon  
Be here, and will go home with you.

*Ant.* I know not why—my heart is sore  
oppress'd.

*Law.* You are too melancholy, sir. This  
comes

Of painting saints and penitents. But rest  
Awhile beneath this tree, and I shall sing  
A song to thee, whose burden with the scene  
Around us well accords.

*Ant.* Sing on, dear child.  
It will revive my spirit.

*Law.* (*singing.*)

1.

The fairy dwells in her rocky hall.  
The pilgrim sits by the water-fall.  
From the tow'ring cliff to the gulf below,  
The foaming streams rush white as snow.  
"Sir Pilgrim, I pray thee, listen to me:  
Jump into the whirlpool, my bridegroom  
to be!

2.

Thy soul from its bondage be mine to untie,

Then through the wild forest together we'll  
hie.

Thy limbs in the tide shall I blanch white  
as those,

Which thy loving embraces ere long shall  
enclose,

When deep in my chamber of rest thou art  
laid,

And the bright crystal waters foam over  
thy head," &c. &c.

In the rest of the song, which con-  
sists of three more stanzas, Lauretta  
describes the death of the pilgrim. A  
fairy, or enchantress, with golden  
hair, comes out of the fountain, and  
gives him drink, which turns to poi-  
son. A cold shivering runs through  
his frame; he dies; and henceforth  
his spirit haunts the forest. Antonio,  
whose illness now every moment in-  
creases, interprets the whole as a pro-  
phesy of his own fate. In the speech  
which follows, occurs one of these  
passages for which the poetry of  
Oehlenschlaeger is so remarkable.  
From a systematic love of simplicity,  
his ordinary style, it must be con-  
fessed, appears occasionally low and  
flat; and this remark is much more  
applicable to the "Correggio," than to  
any of his other productions.

This apparent *platitude*, however,  
is like a rough ore, in which the dia-  
mond brilliancy of such passages as  
that beginning,

"How beautiful this evening is!"

in the following quotation, appears to  
more advantage, and becomes indeed  
irresistibly affecting.

*Law.* (*Having ended her song.*)

But it grows late, and I must leave you now,  
And milk my goats. Farewell! Maria soon  
Will come with Giovanni.

*Ant.* Many thanks!

*Law.* No need of thanks! (*Exit.*)

*Ant.* No need! Thou say'st the truth!  
A frightful song it was! a song of death!  
An exultation from the powers of darkness!  
This weed Italia has not rear'd within  
Her flowery bosom! Light-hair'd Lom-  
bardess!

This gift of prophecy thou from thy mother,  
And she from hers, inherited; thus, on-  
ward,

Until the chain stops with that ancestress,  
That hang'd herself in rage, because her  
husband,

Barbarian as he was, had lost the battle!  
She said "Farewell!" not, as we should  
say, "Live well!"

She reach'd to me the drink, the deadly cup!  
She wash herself the golden-hair'd enchantress.

\* *Leben sie wohl*, a common expression in Germany and Denmark.

The shuddering run through all my limbs  
—By Heaven!

I have myself inspired and realized  
The song that she but sung in jest!

(*A pause. He then says, more tranquilly, and with a smile.*)

Ha! thus,  
Like every wavering flame of earthly fire,  
Our fancy, for the last time at its close,  
Beams up *once more* in brightness. Be it so!  
I tremble not! If this girl were the fairy,  
So then no less that lovely form, that crown'd  
My head in Parma, was the Heavenly Muse!  
Then is Maria, too, no hapless widow!  
She is the true and sanctified Maria!  
Giovanni, too, remains no helpless orphan,  
But, sent from Heaven, a messenger of love,  
That, with his *agnus-dei* staff, should here  
Follow the blest Maria—even mine Art,  
All to the glory of our holy Faith,  
To perfect and to guide! Aye, be it so!  
(*More cheerfully.*) How beautiful this evening is! how blue

That sky! how cool the breezes that now fan

My temples with their angel wings! Behold,  
A light shower falls in the east—while from the west,

The sinking sun paints on the southern sky  
The loveliest rainbow! Oh! how joyfully  
The radiant *green* of hope, from the *blue* \*  
depth

Of everlasting space, beams out upon me!  
It seems as if, in my departing hour,  
For the last time the sacred seven-fold hues  
Shone forth, to invite me from this twilight sphere

Unto the home of their eternal mother,  
The pure unclouded light!

(*Taking the sack.*)

I lift thee up,  
Thou heaviest load of life, for the last time,  
Thou hard and merciless Mammon! Evermore

The soul's worst foe, but most of all, when now

Her strugglings are not earthward. Thou, indeed,

Had'st thy revenge on me. The narrow gains

That Art obtain'd for me have ever been  
A weary load. Now shall I live without thee!

Oh come, Maria—my Giovanni, come!

One moment only for a last farewell!

Oh Heaven, this last of earth's poor blessings grant me,

And I shall part in peace!

(*Exit.*)

(*Maria enters from the opposite side, with Giovanni—the latter having his agnus dei staff in his hand.*)

Giov.—Wherefore, dear mother,  
Is not my father come?

Mar.—He will ere long  
Be here, my child. In Parma he had much

Of business to detain him.

Giov.—'Tis, indeed,  
Already dark, dear mother. I'm afraid—

Mar.—Afraid, Giovanni? Nay, this may not be.

Whoe'er is free from crime needs not to fear

The darkness more than daylight.

Giov.—Lo! even now,  
The sky was all so beautiful and serene—  
The sportive clouds, in various hues bedight,

Play'd o'er the hemisphere. But all are vanished.

The sun sinks low; nay, he is gone already,

And but a long line of deep red remains.

Mar.—But see'st thou not, even through the entangled boughs,

That beautiful aspect gleaming?

Giov.—'Tis the moon!  
Her light begins when thus the sun retires;  
Her mild pale beams refresh the weary heart.

(*Sitting down by the spring of water.*)

Ha! there's "Forget-me-not!" How frequent here

It grows amid the grass. Mother, shall I  
Gather and twine a wreath of these fine flowers,

Ere yet my father come?

Mar.—Do so, dear child:  
Beguile thy weariness with plucking flowers.  
What can'st thou better?

(*Giovanni goes out.*)

Mar. (*alone.*)—Foolish heart! Why thus

All frightful apprehensions must thou cherish?

Wherefore must horrid phantoms rouse up thus

Imagination's powers? Misfortune yet  
I have not ascertain'd. But if it comes,  
Where can I turn, alas! for consolation  
But to the self-same powers of mind that now

Combine against me?

Laur. (*singing as she enters.*)  
"Thy soul from its bondage be mine to untie—

Then through the cold wood together we'll hie," &c.

Ah! Maria here?

I thought you would appear ere long.

Mar.—Lauretta!

Have you then seen Antonio?

Laur. Aye indeed—

I gave him drink and sung to him.

Mar. Oh Heaven!

Where is he now?

\* In the poetical nomenclature of the Germans, *green* is ever emblematic of hope, and *blue* of constancy, &c.

*Lawr.* (*Antonio is seen at a distance.*)  
See there he comes again!  
Now this indeed is fortunate! Methinks  
You are both lovers still—not married people!

Therefore, your meeting must not be disturb'd—  
Besides 'tis late—therefore, farewell Maria!  
Good rest, Antonio!

*Mar.* (*Antonio enters pale and blood-stained.*) Dear Antonio!

*Ant.* (*throwing down the sack.*) Maria!  
there is money—thus have I

Once more for a brief space supplied the calls  
Of want to thee and our poor boy. But now,  
I can no more! Henceforth may Heaven  
support you!

*Mar.* Antonio! Oh ye blessed saints!

*Ant.* Methinks

Thou art my wife again—is it not so?  
Alas! too truly a poor hapless widow—  
Yet Heaven be prais'd—the visions wild  
are gone,

My brain no longer throbs with feverish  
heat—

*Mar.* But thou art pale and bleeding.

*Ant.* Therefore child

My wild delusions have all past away—  
The remnant of life's crimson tide that still  
Flows in my veins is tranquil.—Thus I  
know

It was Lauretta that now parted from thee—  
No fiend—no fearful Atropos!

*Mar.* Antonio!

*Ant.* And thou—thou art my wife—  
Giovanni here

My son—no supernatural guests on earth,  
That suffer not and cannot sympathize!  
Alas! too deep and truly will you suffer!

*Mar.* Have mercy, Heaven!

*Ant.* Despair not! Give me now —  
One kiss—the last on earth—our marriage  
yet  
Shall be renew'd in Heaven—fear not  
Maria!

[ *Mar.* Oh, must all hope end thus? Oh,  
no, Antonio.

*Ant.* So must it end dear child—what  
bonds on earth

Can last for ever? If a few short hours  
Sooner or later—is it not the same?  
True 'tis a bitter moment—yet no more  
Than but a moment—and oh think, Maria,  
That moment leads to immortality.  
Oh! my beloved, wilt thou then promise me  
To bear this dispensation? that no tears  
As of a painful sacrifice shall flow,  
But tears of kindness, sympathy, and love,  
—as rejoice the heart?

*Mar.* Then part in peace!—  
promise this!

*Ant.* In Heaven's name be it so!  
Where is my son?

*Mar.* (*calling him.*)

Giovanni! He is gone  
To gather flowers.

*Ant.* To deck his father's coffin!

Go now Maria to Sylvestro here;

He shall attend me in my dying hour.

*Mar.* He sleeps—yet must I go?

*Ant.* Aye child—I pray you,  
He will soon come.

*Mar.* I hasten, yet I tremble.

*Ant.* Love, why delay'st thou?

(*Maria kisses his forehead, looks to  
heaven, and says.*)

*Mar.* Well, I go. Ere long  
We meet again.

*Ant.* (*Looks at her affectionately, and  
presses her hand.*)

Aye, surely—'tis indeed  
Short separation!

(*Giovanni enters.*)

Come now, Giovanni!

Dear child, what hast thou there?

*Giov.* Wild flowers, my father.

A little garland of "Forget me not!"

*Ant.* Thou little innocent! Poor helpless  
orphan!

Heaven will protect thee!

*Giov.* Nay, dear father, thou

Wilt still protect me!

*Ant.* Kneel down, child.

*Giov.* (*he kneels.*) Now, father!

*Ant.* Dear child, take then thy father's  
blessing! More

I cannot give thee. But in his last hour

A father's blessing hath much influence!

*Giov.* Thou art so pale, dear father!

*Ant.* I am tir'd.

Now must I rest until thy mother comes.

(*He lies down.*)

*Giov.* Aye, sleep, my father; I shall  
watch by thee.

(*Sitting down beside Antonio.*)

My father sleeps—what has he on his head?

A laurel wreath? Well, I shall give him  
mine too.

This, when he wakes, will please him and  
my mother!

(*Placing the garland on his father's head.*  
*Baptista enters with Franciscus.*)

*Bapt.* But know'st thou truly to describe  
the picture

That rescued thee?

*Fran.* Aye, twas a Magdalene!

And nobly painted—

*Bapt.* With long auburn hair—

Blue dress—a scull—and book?

*Fran.* Aye, so it was;

And by Antonio painted.

*Bapt.* He has then

Rescued thy life, while I—Well, that in-  
deed

Is not fulfill'd—

*Fran.* Who lies here, pale and bleeding?

A child beside him?

*Bapt.* Where?

*Fran.* (*pointing.*) See'st thou not? There!

*Bapt.* (*crossing himself.*) Protect us,  
Heaven!

*Fran.* How's this? How pale thou art!

*Bapt.* Is it Antonio's body?

*Fran.* Aye, my father.

Come, we shall see!

*Bapt.* Madman! what rage is this?

See'st thou not how an angel watches him?

*Fran.* 'Tis but a boy!

*Bapt.* Thou'rt blind. It is an angel,  
Who with his crossier threatens us! Away!

*Fran.* Nay, father!

*Bapt.* Come, I say!—Not even hope  
Is left to me,—he threatens us again.

*Fran.* You are deceived.

*Bapt.* Home, home, I say! 'Tis late!  
The cold night breezes freeze my vitals.  
Home!

There sickness waits me,—yet, 'tis but a  
fever,  
And if in dreams thou hear'st me speak of  
blood

And murder, heed it not, 'tis but delirium!  
*Fran.* Father!

*Bapt.* 'Twas but indeed by chance, I say,  
That he thus rescued thee in the same  
hour,

Wherein I had devoted him to death.

He threatens us again! Then let us fly!

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Sylvestro and Maria enter.*]

*Mar.* O, my Antonio! Am I not too  
late?

*Giov.* Silence, dear mother! for my father  
sleeps.

*Mar.* Nay! 'tis all o'er! My love; my  
life is gone.

*Giov.* What thus afflicts you mother?  
Wherefore weep'st thou?

My father sleeps, for he was tired. Ere long,  
He will rise up again.

*Mar.* Dear child,—dear angel!

Antonio's son,—my only solace now!

*Syl.* Nay, dear Maria, moderate your  
grief,

Nor thus affright the child, for he believes  
His father sleeps.

*Mar.* O blissful thought! And I  
Believe this too. Through innocent lips  
thus Heaven

Addresses us. Aye,—he but sleeps—ere long  
We shall sleep too,—and wake again in  
Heaven.

*Syl.* Aye surely!

[*Maria sits down and weeps; Giovanni  
remains quietly beside the body. Syl-  
vestro stands anxiously looking at them.  
A messenger suddenly enters, and says  
to Sylvestro, who stands between him and  
the body.*]

*Messenger.* Who knows the right road  
to Correggio?

*Syl.* Straight onward friend.

*Mess.* Perchance you know the painter,  
Antonio Allegri?

*Syl.* Aye—what of him?

*Mess.* Hither I come as his evangelist.—  
Henceforth his fortune is secure.

*Syl.* I know it—

He lacks no farther aid.

*Meph.* How then? You heard  
Already?

*Syl.* What?

*Meph.* The duke of Mantua

Has called him to his court. There shall  
Antonio,

Distinguished and rewarded, henceforth  
hold

His place in the Duke's household, for to-  
day

Giulio Romano and great Buonarrotti  
So well his cause have pleaded, that his

Highness  
Sent me at once, that I might bring

Antonio  
To-morrow with his wife and child to

Mantua.  
*Sylv.* Yet early as thou com'st, it is too

late.  
*Mess.* How so?

*Sylv.* There lies the martyr, fallen al-  
ready

Beneath oppression's blows and poverty.

*Mess.* I'st possible?—Already gone!—Is  
that

Antonio?  
*Sylv.* Aye—that was Antonio—

But many a year will come and pass away,  
Ere in our world it can be said again—

There is Antonio.

*Mess.* Oh! I do believe you.  
*Sylv.* Salute your master from us with

due homage—  
Say to him 'twas *humane* to listen thus,

When artists for their hapless brother sued,  
Yet warn him that it had been nobler far,

If he himself spontaneously had prized,  
And aided that high soul that now hath fled,

Ere chance and other men made known  
too late

The treasure now for ever lost.  
*Meph.* Alas! poor man! neglected thus

to perish!  
*Sylv.* Bewail him not—the now reward-

ed saint!  
His weary head is now reclin'd. But lo!

The simple garlands that his brows en-  
twine,

The wreath of GLORY, and REMEM-  
BRANCE,—These

I tell thee, will be green and flourishing.  
When golden crowns in dust are fallen un-

heeded.  
*Meph.* I do believe thee. He was truly

great.  
*Giov.* (*weeping*)

My father sleeps not—no—no!—he is dead!

*Sylv.* Weep—my poor child, for thou  
hast cause to weep;

And thou, Maria, weep with me—The world  
Has cause of admiration, not of sorrow—

For in his works he still survives on earth,  
The noblest model for all times to come!

But we have lost a Husband—Father—  
Friend!

That all the world could not compensate—  
Still,

In Heaven we meet again!  
*The curtain falls.*

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

SIR,—If the following narrative be worth a place in your Miscellany, it is very much at your service; otherwise no harm will be done, as you are at perfect liberty to consign it to the flames. It relates to a book, which has at various times made some noise in the world, and of which a translation (or pretended translation) fell into my hands some two or three years ago, by the death of a relation, by marriage—a mercantile man, shrewd and sagacious, I have been told by those who knew him, but I believe without any pretensions to authorship or learning. I have had it copied from the original MS. with all its errors of orthography, &c. which you will correct or retain as you think best. Of the contents of the book itself, I think it best to observe a total silence. The narrative inclosed forms a sort of preface to it. Whoever was its writer, he seems to have been somewhat tainted with the principles which it is the natural tendency of such a work to encourage; for he has the meanness, it will be seen, to join in committing an act of dishonesty, and the impudence to avow it. If the tract itself be rightly fathered on Peter de Vignes as its author, Pierre did not go without his reward. The loss of bodily sight, which, as every reader of Dante knows, (*Inferno* canto 13.) the vengeance of his master Frederic inflicted on him, seems a sort of just compensation for the mental blindness which he endeavoured to inflict upon others; and perhaps, before despair drove the poor wretch, as it afterwards did, to suicide, he may have reflected, that it was at least impolitic to undermine the value of a book, which, among other doctrines, teaches us “to put no confidence in princes.” I am, Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

A. B.

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*De Tribus Impostoribus.*

It is upwards of 400 years since the world first began to talk of this little treatise, which, from its bare title, has been all along judged impious, profane, and worthy of the flames; not that any one of those censors had ever read it. Now I indeed, having actively perused and attentively examined it, am enabled to pass upon it this judgment; and one may venture to assert, that it is written with all the circumspection that the subject-matter would admit of, to a man thoroughly persuaded of the falsity of those things which he attacked, and protected by a powerful prince, by whose order he wrote.

Scarce has there appeared any one learned person, whose religion has been suspected, or thought equivocal, but he was immediately made to be the author of this treatise.

Averroes, a famous commentator on the works of Aristotle, and celebrated for his erudition, is the first who has been placed upon this list. He flourished about the middle of the 12th century, the period of time when the *Treatise of the Three Impostors* was first

talked of. He was neither a Christian, whose religion he treated as a mere impossibility; nor a Mahometan, since they followed, as he used to style it, a religion fit only for swine. In short, he quitted the world like a philosopher, that is to say, without having adhered to the opinions of the vulgar. Now, was not this sufficient to get him proclaimed an enemy to three religions which he had contemned?

Giovanni Boecacio, a learned Italian, of a jovial, merry disposition, and consequently no friend to, nor fit for bigotry, lived in the middle of the 11th century. A certain fable of the three kings, which he ventured to insert in one of his performances, was looked on as a plan of that execrable book, whose author was sought for a long time after his death.

Michael Servetus, who, through the merciless persecution of Calvin, was burnt alive at Geneva, had not already written enough against the Trinity and the Redeemer; but it was thought necessary still to augment the catalogue of those impious books of his, by inserting also this now in question.

Stephen Dolet, a printer at Paris, and one who was ranged among the learned, (being condemned to the stake in 1543 as a Calvinist, (which he bore with a courage and resolution equalling the intrepidity of primitive martyrs,) was on that score deemed to merit, as a wicked wretch, and be esteemed the author of the book *De Tribus Impostoribus*.

Lucilio Vanini, a Neapolitan, was, at the instigation of his enemies, condemned as an atheist to the fire by the parliament of Thoulouse. It little availed him to produce proofs to his judges, how firmly he believed a God and Providence. He was charged to be, if not the writer, at least the receiver, of the book aforesaid; as have been Ochimo, Postel, Pomponne, Poggio, Campanello, &c. all having held opinionous condemned by the church of Rome.

The many things which celebrated names have been ascribed to this book, have excited the curiosity of the great and have made much after it, and I have seen a great abundance of copies of it, though I was only a collector of antiquities, or a collector of manuscripts; yet I accidentally met with the very treatise at a time when I had not the least thought of it or its author.

Certain affairs having occasioned my going to Frankfort upon the river Main, in April 1706, a fortnight after the book was first held there, I found a friend at the shop of Frecht, a Lutheran doctor. Being at Frecht's house, I desired him to accompany me to the shop of a German bookseller, to serve me as interpreter. By the way we met with a certain Jew, whom we took along with us. Being come to the bookseller's, whose warehouse was extremely well stocked with all kinds of printed books, we were examining his catalogue, when we saw come in a German officer, who asked the bookseller, if he did not design, in the name of all the devils, to conclude the bargain he had begun? otherwise he would go and agree with some other bookseller.

My friend Frecht knowing him, whose name was Tausendorf, saluted him, and renewing their acquaintance, took occasion to inquire what the affair was between him and the bookseller? Tausendorf replied, that he

had a couple of manuscripts, and a very ancient book, whereby he wanted to raise a small sum of money, to fit him out for the approaching campaign, and the bookseller and he differed about 80 dollars, offering him only 450, whereas he insisted on having 500 for those three books. So large a sum for only two manuscripts and a little old book, raised our curiosities. Frecht, therefore, asked the officer if he might not have a sight of those pieces. Immediately Tausendorf drew out of a great pocket he had in his surt-out coat, a parchment bundle, bound about with a yellow silk twist, in which were the three books. The Jew and I, who hitherto had been only spectators of what had passed, drew near to Frecht, who had them, and was going to look over them in another part of the shop.

The first opened was a printed book in Italian, the title whereof had been torn; instead of which had been written, *Specchio de la Bestia Triumfante*. The impression of this book did not appear to be of any great antiquity. I believe it is the same piece the English version of which Toland caused to be printed some years ago, and which carried so high a price. This title had no date, nor any name of either author or printer.

We thence passed to the second, which was a manuscript in Latin, and without a title. On the first was this inscription, in large capitals, *Othoni Illustrissimo amico meo Charissimo, F.I.S.D. &c.* The work begins with a letter or epistle, whereof the translation is at the end of this dissertation.

The third manuscript was also in Latin, without a title. It begins with the words of Cicero, in his first book *De Natura Deorum, Qui Deos esse dice-runt, &c.*

We made no long stay on the Italian book, which our Jew, who was well versed in that language, amused himself with in running over, and found that it contained satirical strokes against religion, and likewise arguments to form a complete system of atheism.

But it was the other manuscript concerning which we had heard so many problematical discourses, as of a work proper to destroy whatever relates to such religions as are grounded upon revelations and miracles, which alone monopolised all our attention,

and seemed to us extremely fit to illuminate and clear up those multitudes of different histories which have been published on this famous and important subject. This induced Frecht to take aside his friend Taussendorf, and having cautioned him not to make any abatement in the sum of 500 rix-dollars, which he demanded of the bookseller for those three pieces, we quitted the shop, and went away directly to Frecht's house; and he, in order to procure an opportunity of passing a more leisurely examination on that MS. of the Three Impostors, immediately sent for wine, when, requesting Taussendorf to inform us how and by what means those books fell into his hands, he acquainted us, while he was, to his own share, emptying six bottles of old Moselle, that after the victory at Hochstet, and the Elector of Bavaria's flight, he chanced to be among those who entered Munich, and even the palace of his Electoral Highness, wherein, after traversing the apartments, he went into the library, and there accidentally cast his eyes on this packet or bundle, whose parchment coat and silk string made him fancy it might contain papers of consequence, or some very curious book; and so he could not resist the temptation, but crammed it into his pocket, and found afterwards that he was not quite deceived in selecting it from such a number of other books.

This recital was accompanied with so many military digressions, and with such a quick succession of bumpers, that the liquor having at length begun to attack the brain of this champion, Frecht, who, during all these interruptions, was poring over the manuscript, run the hazard of exposing himself to a refusal, and requested his friend to leave with him the little tract till the morrow.

Taussendorf being somewhat intoxicated with swallowing so much wine, which hindered him from making serious reflection, did not refuse Frecht's request. But yet, on agreeing to lend him his manuscript, he exacted from him a solemn oath, that he would not either copy it himself, nor get it copied by any other; which assurance having been given him, he delivered the manuscript into Frecht's hands, saying, he would call again for it on the Sunday following, when he intended to empty a few more bottles

of that same wine, which he found very much to his palate and liking.

No sooner had our obliging officer left us, being on Friday night at ten o'clock, but Frecht and I set about deciphering the MS., which was an octavo, and only of twenty single leaves, excluding the letter which introduces it, but written so close, and in so small a character, without any points, stops, or breaks, and withal, so crowded with abbreviations, that we were hard put to it to pick out the sense of its first page in two hours.

But having at length somewhat accustomed ourselves to that piece of conjuration, the reading became much easier, and more familiar to us; when we found the contents so very rational, and the subject handled with such care and perspicuity, that both of us grew extremely desirous of obtaining a copy; and to this purpose, used much Jesuitical equivocation. He told me, at length, that without falsifying the oath taken, *ad mentem interrogantis*—respecting his meaning, it is probable, that Taussendorf's intention, in extorting the oath not to copy the book, was only that we should not actually transcribe it, but that his opinion was, we might very safely make a translation.

This method of his, seemed to me not over and above equitable; however, the strong desire I had to be possessed of this rare and celebrated treatise, made me consent to the expedient, considering withal, that I myself had not given Taussendorf either oath or promise, not to translate or transcribe his MS.

The French version, which we took in hand, was completed on Saturday towards midnight, and having some time after revised our performance at leisure, we took each a fair copy.

Taussendorf fetched away his book, which he disposed of for 500 rix-dollars to the same bookseller, who was commissioned to purchase it by a Prince of the House of Saxony, who knew of its having been conveyed away out of the Munich Library, when, on the defeat of the French and Bavarians at Hochstet, possession was taken of that city as aforesaid.

Thus have I related how this book came into my hands. Abundance of people would much rather we could have produced the original; but our abilities would not admit our making

such a purchase; and besides, the bookseller who bought it, had a precise order from the said Saxon Prince not to spare any cost to procure it, in case he could discover where it was. This made him give so great a price for it to Taussendorf, who in a few days went abroad, having treated us in his turn.

Let us now treat of the origin of this book and its author, of which no true account could have been given but by considering the book itself, of which the epistle at the beginning of it, which we remarked to be in a handwriting different from that of the book, may afford some sort of light into this matter, as it goes addressed to the illustrious Otho.

The capital city of Bavaria, where this manuscript was found, and that name Otho, joined together, do sufficiently authorise the conjecture of its having been addressed to Otho, Duke of Bavaria, surnamed the Illustrious, who was grandson of Otho the Great, Count of Shiren and Wiselsbach, from whom the Bavarians and Palatine House deduce their origin. The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, made him a donation of Bavaria, as a recompense for his singular fidelity to him, having taken it from Henry the Lion to chastise him for his inconstancy, and having sided with his enemies. Lewis the First succeeded his father Otho the Great, and having been disquieted in the possession of Bavaria by Henry the Lion, he left it to his son Otho, the Illustrious, who secured to himself that dominion, by marrying Henry the Lion's daughter, about the year 1260. When Frederic the Second, Emperor of Germany, returned from Jerusalem, where he had been to war against the Saracens, after his being excommunicated by Pope Gregory the Ninth, who persecuted him even in Syria, where, by his intrigues, he hindered the Imperial army from obeying that monarch, whose patience was at length so tried and worn out, that, at his return home, he went and besieged this Pope at Rome, after having ravaged all the circumjacent provinces; nor was the peace, which he afterwards struck up with him, of any long continuance, and was followed by such a violent animosity between this Emperor and that Pontiff, that it ended only with the breath of the latter,

who bursted with mere envy and rage, to see Frederic triumph over him, despise his vain fulminations, and even expose him terribly, by enumerating his enormities in sarcastical verses, which he got dispersed all over Germany, Italy, and France.

Otho, the Illustrious, not unmindful of the obligations which his family had to that of the Emperor, espoused Frederic's cause, and remained firmly attached to his interest, notwithstanding the many vicissitudes of that monarch's fortune.

These historical facts, the truth whereof is incontestible, are quite proper to support our conjecture, that the copy of this treatise was addressed to this Otho the Illustrious, our opinion being, that the meaning of these two capitals, F. J., which are followed by S. D., and those preceded by the words *Amico meo Charissimo*, at the head of that epistle which introduces this piece, cannot be any other than *Fredericus Imperator Salutem dicit*. The result of which must be, that the tract in question was addressed to Otho the Illustrious, by the Emperor Frederic the Second, son of Henry the Sixth, and grandson of Frederic Barbarossa, who, succeeding them in the empire, did likewise inherit their hatred to the Roman Pontiff.

What reader is there, who, having perused the history of the Western Church, and the Chronicle of the German Empire, does not retain in his memory, with what pride and insolence Pope Alexander the Third trode on the neck of this very Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, when he went to solicit him for peace. And who can be ignorant of the mischiefs which the Holy See (as they style it) procured to the son of that monarch, Henry Sixth, against whom his very wife took up arms, at the Pope's instigation? But finally, when Frederic the Second assumed the same resolution, which he had remarked in his father and grandfather, he found raised against him a Gregory the Ninth, who united in his own breast all the gall and bitterness of the Alexanders, the Innocents, and the Honorius's, against Imperial Majesty.—One carried fire and sword into every quarter, the other plied his thunderbolts of excommunication like a very fury. Over and above all which, they



mutually defamed each other with biting satires, and the cruellest invectives.

This seems sufficient to maintain the conjecture, that it was by command of this Emperor, irritated against Religion by the enormous vices of its high priest, and of such as were the creatures and members of his pontifical court, that *Doctissimus ille vir*, of whom mention is made in the epistle, directed *Othoni Illustrissimo*, did compose this treatise, which consequently owes not its birth to any inquiry after truth, but a spirit of hatred and implacable animosity.

A still greater confirmation of the preceding conjecture will be to take notice, that this book was never heard of till the reign of this emperor, and that it was fathered upon him even in his life-time; in so much, that Peter de Vignes, his secretary, thought himself obliged to dissipate this rumour in one of his letters, and to re-tort the calumny on the enemies of that monarch his sovereign, who had been loaded with it in order to make him odious.

There remains then nothing for us to do, but to make some inquiry who was the *doctissimus vir*, with whom Otho the Illustrious had discoursed on this subject of the Three Impostors, and who had methodized the same in this treatise. Certain it is, that its date or epoch being such as we have been proving it, cannot be attributed to any one of those who have been taxed with being its author, since (Averroes only excepted, who died before Frederick was born) all of whom lived a long while, nay, even whole ages after this tract was composed. We cannot, however, deny, but that it will be much more difficult for us to discover this author, than to mark out the time when the book itself began to exist. But on which side soever we turn ourselves, we shall not be able to meet with any one upon whom it may with more probability be fixed, than upon the before cited Peter de Vignes.

If we had not his treatise *De protestate imperiali*, his epistles suffice to demonstrate how very zealously he sided with Frederick the II. whose secretary he was, in his resentments against the Holy See.

They who have written concerning him, as Sigonius Trithemius and Ri-

naldi, drew so advantageous a picture, both of his learning and parts, that all this, put together, is doubtless very favourable to our conjecture, and particularly when he mentions this book in his epistles, sharply reproaching his master's adversaries with their falsely spreading the report, then current, of this prince's being the Author. For, from hence we may infer, that he himself had the greatest share in the composition, and that the great pains he took to destroy this malignant rumour, was a mere effect of his apprehension or dread, lest the accusation, in case it gathered strength by continuing much longer to pass from one to another, might at last drop from the monarch and light upon the secretary, who most apparently was a much properer person to pen such a piece, than was a great and martial emperor, constantly busied in feats of warfare, and often attacked with thunder from the Vatican. In short, than a prince, who, though a gallant personage, had little leisure to be a casuist; not like Peter de Vignes, who had allowed himself all the time and application necessary to perfect his studies, and who owed his post and the affection of his sovereign, to his great fund of erudition.

Now, from all this it may be readily concluded, that this little book was composed since the year 1230, by order of the emperor Frederick the II. in hatred to the court of Rome, and that there is very great probability that Peter de Vignes, that monarch's secretary, did compose it by his command.

This is the sum of what I judged necessary for me to advance in the front of this tract, in order to give some tolerable idea of its history, and withal, to prevent its being any longer attributed to persons who perhaps never thought of it.

#### THE EPISTLE.

*Frederic the Emperor, to the most illustrious Otho, greeting.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND.—I took care to get copied out the treatise, which I ordered to be composed and digested on the Three famous Impostors, by that most learned man with whom you discoursed on the same topic in my closet; and though you did not ask me for it, I nevertheless made haste to send you the manuscript, well

knowing how ardently you long to peruse it. So I am persuaded nothing can afford you greater satisfaction, except indeed it should be the joyful tidings of my having utterly crushed my cruel and inveterate enemies, and that my foot was actually on the Romish Hierarchy's throat, whose skin is not yet tinged red enough with the blood of so many millions of men, whom her fury has sacrificed to her abominable pride. Rest assured, that I shall neglect nothing in order one day to convince you of my absolute triumph over her, or my determination is to perish in the pursuit; for what reverses soever

I may undergo, the world shall never behold me kneeling at the feet of that strumpet like my predecessor. I hope for all things from my sword, and from the fidelity of the members of my empire; your counsel and assistance will contribute not a little to my success, though nothing in nature would so effectually bring all about, as the finding means how to inspire all Germany with the sentiments of this book; that is easy to be wished; but where are the men capable of putting in execution such a project. I recommend to you our mutual interest. Live happy, and I shall always be your friend.  
F. I.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LESS FAMILIAR LATIN CLASSICS.

No III.

*Seneca, the Tragic Poet.*

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

THERE seems to have been some confusion respecting the origin of the tragedies which bear the name of Seneca. Whatever may be thought of their style, they seem to be too voluminous for a forgery of the middle ages. The hypothesis of modern fabrication may be plausible when applied to the Elegies of Gallus; but to believe that some obscure monk should succeed in palming upon the world a collection of ten tragedies, requires the imagination of a Pere Hardouin. It has been by a hasty guess, probably, that they were first attributed to the philosopher Seneca. That a man should write a tragedy, of which he himself is one of the *dramatis personæ*, appears a strange thing. To obviate this improbability, some commentators appear to hold that Seneca (that is to say, L. Annaeus Seneca) was the author only of three or four of these plays, and have added a Seneca Tragicus as the author of the rest. Others have adopted three authors for them—Seneca, Seneca Tragicus, and an unknown hand. All of these hypotheses are liable to objection. The tragedies, whoever may be their author, are written throughout in one style. That style does not possess the superabundance of point and antithesis which is peculiar to Seneca the philosopher. It is as improbable, too, that the tragedy of Octavia should have been written in Nero's lifetime, as that his tutor should be the author. The style of these productions, indeed, includes far too little of the artificial for the *age of Seneca*. Flatness is their characteristic. They have little passion, and less novelty of thought—little point, and little felicity of metaphor. That sort of snip-snap dialogue, in which the interlocutors keep up a "keen encounter of their wits," and play at battledore and shuttlecock in alternate lines, occurs in them, but scarcely so often as it does in the Greek tragedies. The Hercules Furens and the Troas are, I believe, thought the best. The *Œdipus*, however, is the best subject; but the author had to steer clear of Sophocles, whom, after all, it is evident, he had in his eye. It will not be objected, I presume, to the chorus given below, that it does not, like the Greek, include the regularity of strophe, antistrophe, and epode. The *lyric measures*, into which the

translators of the Greek tragedies have turned their chorusses, would really seem, in our present ignorance of ancient music, to be a gratuitous trouble. It is by far the most probable supposition, that the chorus was performed in a manner resembling our recitative; and, for this, lyrical regularity is quite unnecessary.—I am, &c.

T. D.

P. S.—I must beg to echo Mr O'Fogarty's pathetic remonstrance on the subject of incorrect printing. In verse it is absolutely excruciating; and I have more than once yearned for an opportunity of giving your compositor a practical exposition of the—

“Cynthia aurem  
Vellit et admonuit——.”

You will tell us, that there are blunders in MS. as well as in print; and I believe, after all, you have your own troubles.

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CHORUS.

ŒDIPUS. ACT I.

*The Chorus laments the Pestilence which afflicted Thebe.*

I.

Offspring of ancient Cadmus, gen'rous race,  
Your destinies have seen their end; ye die.—  
A tongueless desert shall your city lie—  
A godless temple—a forsaken place.  
—Behold! a fate, no martial glories grace,  
Strikes down thy soldiers, Bacchus, erst who bore  
Thine all-victorious standard India o'er—  
Who dared those eastern trackless sands o'er-run—  
—There, where the race of man was said to spring,  
When Earth was young, and Time first spread his wing—  
And stretch'd thine empire to the rising sun—  
They wav'd thy banner in those scented groves  
Where the blest Arab roves,  
And plucks the endless gifts that Nature gave;  
Nor did they shun  
The wheeling Parthian, whose deceptive string  
Can e'en in flight the treach'rous arrow wing,  
Till from that Indian strand they did behold,  
At last, their Phœbus rising from the wave,  
And saw the blue of ocean blush in gold.

II.

Sons of a yet unconquer'd race, we die;  
The rising glories of our state are gone;  
Exulting Death a novel pomp puts on.—  
Lo! in an endless line the spirits go  
To seek their homes below;  
And scarce suffice the gates that open lie  
To let the slaughter through.  
Yea, thy seven gates, O Thebes! are all too few  
To serve for those that fall, and serve for those that fly!

III.

The herds first felt the pestilential breath;  
Their pastures yielded death;  
Snake-like, he lurk'd amid the herbage new;  
The peasant the heifer to the altar drew—

But e'er the patient neck had felt the knife,  
 Th' offended Pow'rs had snatch'd the proffer'd life,  
 And, whilst the arm was rais'd, the victim died ;  
 Or, if the knife was driven, beneath the stroke,  
 From forth the veins black, tainted torrents broke,—  
 The bounding horse,  
 E'en in the midst of his exulting course,  
 Beneath his rider dropp'd—and sunk in all his pride.

## IV.

The flocks are left in the forsaken meads ;  
 The stately bull beneath the savage stoops,  
 And now th' obedient herd no longer leads ;  
 The pining shepherd droops,  
 And now his fleecy care no longer heeds.  
 Beneath the wolf the stag no longer bleeds ;  
 They hide and die—alone.  
 The prowling lion's nightly roar is gone ;  
 Nor savageness e'en in the bear remains.  
 The serpent feels a venom in his veins  
 More deadly than his own.

## V.

Summer—thou wavest not, as won't, thy tresses  
 Brown, in the western breeze—  
 Perchance thy grief hath changed them.  
 —The sunbeams have estranged them ;  
 —The leaves have left the trees ;  
 No crop the husbandman's long labour blesses ;  
 No smiling clustres of the future wine  
 Pull down the army vine,  
 Or blush beneath the Zephyr's light caresses.

## VI.

Our voice of lamentation hath gone deep,  
 But hath not risen to heaven ;  
 For lo ! the darksome womb of night is riv'n,  
 And all her snake-hair'd daughters  
 Do watch, and wave their torches o'er our sleep.  
 Yea, Phlegethon's red stream hath bubbled up  
 And mingled in our cup,  
 And tainted all the clear Sidonian waters.  
 Death opes his greedy jaws, and flaps his pinions ;  
 Nor can that squalid spectre who is said  
 To waft the disembodied spirits o'er,  
 Ply half his horrible trade ;  
 Such throngs are shivering on that ghastly shore,  
 Such crowds are hurrying to those dark dominions.  
 There are who will relate,  
 That the abortive monster whom earth fears—  
 Th' unshapeliest shape of hell—deform'd and foul,  
 Hath passed unchain'd through the forbidden gate,  
 And now the terror-stricken midnight hears  
 His triple yell in the Cadmean groves ;  
 The mountains shudder, and the fixed earth moves ;  
 Gigantic forms of stature and of might,  
 Such as upon this earth have never stood,  
 Are seen—and the Dirosan fount runs blood ;  
 And ever, through the silent hours of night,  
 The Amphionian dogs are heard to howl.

## VII.

Oh ! strange approach of death !  
 A languor unrefreshing, but more deep

E'en than the marble sleep,  
Weighs down, and scarce permits the lab'ring breath.

They hang upon the altars, and they lie  
Prostrate, in heaps, upon the temple's floor,  
Too weak, almost, to lift their hands on high,  
To know, almost too miserable, why  
And what they would implore ;  
To death almost too near—to ask to die.  
Of all the aspirations offer'd there,  
Unpitying Heaven will grant that single prayer ;  
It seems as if the sacred fanes they trod,  
Not as a stay, or refuge from despair.  
But to provoke their doom, and satiate the God.

#### SOLILOQUY OF HERCULES.

#### *Hercules Furens. Act III.*

He asks pardon of the Gods for dragging Cerberus from the Infernal Regions.

RULER of light,—the ornament and pride,  
Of Heav'n—who dost illumine each hemisphere  
With thy flame-laden chariot, bearing joy  
Alternately to nations, as they view  
Thy bright locks, streaming gladness,—pardon me  
Phœbus, that I have dragg'd before thy face  
This horrible secret of the nether world,  
And—most unwillingly—defiled the light  
With which I yet am bless'd. Thou too, sole Parent,  
And arbiter of all—Jove, wrap thy brows  
In unapproachable fires:—with veiling lightnings  
Protect thy sacred eyes.—And thou too, King,  
Of ever-restless waters, shroud thyself  
In depths where no ray comes.

O ! Sacrilege,  
That the untainted spirits, who look down  
From yon far blue, upon this earthly world,  
Must now, with loathing, turn away their eyes,  
And gaze above—as if to seek a heav'n  
More purely inaccessible than theirs.  
No being brooks this deed, save only two,  
The doer and the causer. Yet what crime  
Of mine remain'd inexpress'd, that the earth  
Could not find chastening for—; that Juno's ire  
Should banish me where foot hath never trod,  
Nor ever light, of heav'n met living eye,  
But all is gloomy as the awful King,  
To whom Jove left that dim domain ?

It reck not.  
Had such dark lust of empire stol'n upon me,  
I had usurp'd his kingdom !—I have fronted  
And pierc'd that chaos of eternal night—  
That horror worse than night.—Those dismal Pow'rs,  
Yea, even Fate I have o'ercome, and, closing  
With Death himself, have firmly clasp'd him round,  
And laid him prostrate—who ne'er fell before.  
—What more remains?—If to have seiz'd and brought  
This living Monster of the grave, and set him,  
E'en face to face—here—with the shrinking sun,  
Be not enough—nor yet my labours cease,  
Say, Juno, what adventure still is left  
For Hercules ?

## DEATH OF MICROSOPHUS, AND SALE OF HIS MUSEUM.

MY DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

You will, I doubt not, be surprised, and probably not a little affected, to learn that Microsophus, whose character and manners, as described in a late Number of your Miscellany, have attracted such general attention, has, since that paper was published, paid the debt of nature. I learned this event accidentally, a few weeks ago, as I was on my way to Edinburgh from the south.

Happening, towards the dusk of the evening, to arrive at the principal inn at Saltelchurch, within a short distance from which the residence of my friend, the virtuoso, is situated, I, according to my usual custom, when I want company on the road, invited mine host to take a jug of toddy with me, that I might learn the news of the *country-side*. "My landlord" readily consented, and, after discussing the usual topics of the day, the trial of the Queen, the abundant harvest, the success of the Greenland fishery, and subjects of similar importance, my friend Duncan remarked, in the usual Scottish mode of putting a question,

"I'm thinking, sir, ye'll be gaun to the roup the morn?" "What roup," said I. "Ou, the queerist ye ever heard tell o'—a sale of stuffed beasts—snakes—puddocks—and I ken na weel what a' forbye—naterel curiosities, I think they ca' em. They belonged to Mr Hawkesworth, at the Ha' up by there—the datt land—M'Rosefarce, some folk ca'd him, that died about aicht days syne." "Ah! is Hawkesworth dead? that is a sudden call." "Ye may be kent him, sir?" "Kent him? yes, intimately. Alas! poor fellow! he was a very worthy, eccentric, useless character; I fear he'll be missed by few people hereabouts." "O'd, he was a queer ane—and yet, he was no an ill man for a' that; but, sir, do ye think he was a' thegither right in the head?" "Why, perhaps his head was not so strong as your's or mine, Mr Duncan—at least, he could not drink so much toddy—but he had as great a share of common sense as falls to the lot of most country gentlemen; but, speaking of toddy, I see the jug is empty—suppose, landlord, you fetch me a fresh

supply, and replenish; and bring me a pipe, and let me hear what you have got to say about the roup."

During my loquacious host's absence, I employed myself in making reflections, natural, but trite enough, on the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of human affairs. Here was a friend whom I had long known, and by whom I had been much respected; a companion with whom I had often climbed the brae in search of plants—angled in the burn for trout—and, in spite of Peter Pindar, chased the butterfly—cut off in the flower of his age, before he could complete that museum, to form which had been his highest ambition—without a descendant to inherit and increase the intellectual treasures he had heaped together, and now these very treasures were to be brought to the hammer to pay off, perhaps, some paltry debt or mortgage, contracted, in all probability, to procure some favourite or uncommon articles. Although not very superstitious, I could not help adverting to the strange coincidence between the publication of my late friend's portrait, in your 41st Number, and his sudden death, which so speedily followed. I regretted my long absence in England, which had prevented my attending to pay the last tribute to his memory, as, doubtless, I should, on my return home, find an intimation of his death, and an invitation to the funeral. I determined to go over, in the morning, to the auction, and purchase a few articles as memorials of my friend.

In the midst of my reflections and resolutions, the landlord returned with the elements of conversation, and a small pamphlet, which he produced with much satisfaction. "Ye'll aiblins, sir, ha' thought me lang o' coming, but I was seekin' a list of the ge'r that's to be selt the morn. I kent I had ane i' the house, and jalousied ye wad like to see it—there it's." I was much pleased with this mark of attention, and eagerly seized the list, which proved to be a descriptive catalogue of the museum, and such other articles, in the house of Microsophus, as were to be disposed of. I observed, with some surprise, to honest Duncan,

that there seemed to be no ordinary pieces of household furniture in the catalogue, and inquired, whether he had heard the reason of this extraordinary sale. "Is it for debt, think ye?" "Debt? hoot na, I dinna think the laird was muckle in debt; he had enough to live gay weel on o' his ain, forbye the siller he got wi' the leddy; but, I'm thinking 'twill be some whim of hers." "How so? I always thought they lived very happily together. She seemed to me a fine frank cheerful woman." "Fegs, I dinna ken—aibins she may be sae, but then they had nae bairns, and ye ken the auld byeword says, 'Maids aye wish to be wives, and wives to be mithers,' so they were whiles bickering about their pets, for the leddy aye keeps twa-three messin' doggies about her; now the laird was nae ower fond o' pet dogs i' the house; he aye liket them best whan they were skinned and stuffed. And one of the flunkies tell't me, but I canno believe't, that ae day, whan the laird cam hame sair wearied wi' huntin' butterflies, and vexed at no gettin' ony, one of the doggies cam in his gait, and he gied the puir beastie sic an a drive wi' his foot, that it died. The leddy was neither to haul nor bind about it—and whan the laird, to soothe her maybe, said, he'd mak a speciment o' the brute, she was like to gae clean wud, and said, she wished the museum, and a' that was in't, were brunt, sae, as I was saying, I jalouse the roup will be owing to her and her friends."

"Why, really, I think you've accounted for it very plausibly. I should think such an uncommon sale will make a great bustle about Saltchurch?"

"Ou, aye, Sir, you'd wonder what a phrasin's been made about the laird a' Har'st. 'Twas there he got the name of M'Rosefarcie, owing, they say, to his picture being drawn in one of the Embro Magazines, wi' that name under it. I've no seen it, but they say it is as like the laird as ae pea is to anither." "Indeed! well, but who is this Mr Clearpipes, that is to act as auctioneer on this occasion?" "Ou, Deacon Clearpipes? Do ye no ken the deacon, Sir? He's as queer a chief as e'er ye saw. I'm no sure but what he's amaisht as daft about thae things as the laird was himsel'. They were unco thrang. The deacon's a great hand at what you ca' meenerals

—and used to collect for the laird. I mind, ae day, as I was comin' by the Quarryholes, I forgathered wi' the deacon—o'd, he was houking awa amang the rubble, and aye picking up something and putting it in a pock he had wi' him. 'Deacon,' quo' I, 'what's that ye're seeking?' 'Oh,' quo' he, neighbour Duncan, 'I'm just collecking some speciments for Mr Hawkesworth.' 'Speciments,' quo' I, 'I see naething but a whien stanes.' 'Weel,' quo' he, 'thae stanes are unco curious stanes, and will bring me muckle siller.'"

"Well, but Mr Duncan," said I, interrupting him, for I saw there was no end to his stories, "I mean to go over to this sale to-morrow, so, if you will send me pen, ink, and paper, I'll jot down a few articles from the catalogue that I wish to bid for, and now we'll drink good night."

Having thus dismissed the landlord, and lighted a second pipe, I set myself to study the catalogue. I found it a great curiosity, well marking the whimsical character of the auctioneer, by whom it was drawn up. It was evidently calculated to excite the wonder and rouse the expectations of the natives among whom it had been widely circulated, with the view of drawing a crowd from the neighbouring towns and villages. I recognised many of my old acquaintances, but found several articles which had been lately added to the collection. I shall give you a short specimen of Mr Clearpipes' manner, by selecting a few lots from his *descriptive catalogue, of the curiosities and rarities, natural and artificial, belonging to the museum of the deceased W. Hawkesworth, Esq. of Maggot Hall, &c.*

#### *In the Anti-Room.*

Lot 32. A set of flints from Dover cliff, exhibiting wonderfully natural representations of beasts, birds, fruits, &c. all in their natural colours.

36. A Merlin's chair, so attractive, that the person who sits down in it can scarcely persuade himself to quit it.

37. Another by the same artist, with a musical bottom.

38. A bath chair, on an improved construction, by which a person may easily move himself from place to place, though he may have lost the use of one hand, as well as be lame in the feet. Very fit for gouty and paralytic patients.

50. A set of mirrors, calculated for shewing the face to advantage without flattery.

56. A pair of magical instruments, resembling mirrors, for raising spirits from the vasty deep.

63. A bottle of chemical powder, for drawing fire from water.

64. A massive silver goblet, that may be occasionally used as a Tantalus's cup.

67. A clock-work sailor, who can dance a hornpipe on a trencher.

#### *In the Museum.*

75. An Egyptian mummy, brought from the Pyramids by the French naturalists.

76. Dido, one of the laird's Spaniels, a fine specimen, stuffed by the laird's own hand.

82. The duck-billed Platypus, from New Holland, a strange animal, that is neither beast nor bird, but between the two.

90. A horned owl, from Virginia.

123. A Mermaid, from the coast of Norway.

#### *In the Library.*

1026. Pliny's Natural History of the World, translated by Holland. Folio, *Very curious.*

1103. Evelyn's Sylva, by Hunter, with numerous figures of forest trees and valuable notes. 2 vols 4to.

1104. Harris's description of English insects, with coloured plates. 4to.

1105. Wilkes's Natural History of English moths and butterflies, with the plants on which they feed, with 120 plates, beautifully coloured.

1120. Shaw's Naturalists Miscellany, 20 vols 8va. with elegant coloured prints of beasts, birds, fishes, butterflies, &c.

1200. Marquis of Worcester's Century of Inventions.

1203. Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, with the *Chaldee MS.* 6 vols, elegantly bound.

1204. Hooper's Rational Recreations, 4 vols.

1237. An improved method of killing, stuffing, and preserving birds and insects; by W. Hawkesworth, MS.

The examination of this catalogue employed me to a late hour, and excited many sage reflections, with which I shall not at present trouble you. One part of Mr Clearpipes' ingenuity amused me not a little. "*In the Library?*" said I to myself; "surely the fellow has not the assurance to dignify by that name a small light closet beside the Museum, where poor Hawkesworth kept a few hundred volumes on the subjects of his favourite studies." This indeed turned out to be the fact.

You may believe, Mr North, that my sleep that night was not very profound; indeed, though much fatigued

with my day's journey, and rendered drowsy by the narcotic powers of the "barley bree," my thoughts were fully occupied by the intelligence I had received, and my slumbers were continually disturbed by ridiculous or terrific dreams. At one time, I was riding furiously through one of my friend's fields on a cow, with stag's horns, till I came to the boundary, when I was all at once obstructed, or, as the sailors say, *brought up* by an invisible fence. At another, Microsophus and I were ascending a steep hill, collecting plants and minerals, and on a sudden, the ground gave way, and I fell "five fathom deep," into an old coal pit, while Microsophus stood laughing at the edge. One dream affected me not a little, and completely dispelled all farther idea of sleep. Methought I was on a visit at the Hall, and happening to go into the Museum, I saw my late friend sitting in his easy chair, with his night-cap on, very earnestly reading a pamphlet. His visage was clouded, his brows knit, his eye lowered; his lips were contracted, and as I approached, he started up, pointed with his fore-finger to a page of Blackwood's Magazine, which I immediately recognised to be your 41st Number, threw the book into the fire, and vanished in a clap of thunder.

After a hasty breakfast, the next morning, I ordered my horse to the door, and crossed over to the Hall. Business had not yet commenced, but a great crowd, chiefly country people, men, women, and children, were assembled. The lawn, the court yard, and the vestibule, exhibited motley groupes of figures, with gaping mouths and staring eyes, waiting till the doors of the apartments should be thrown open. When this desirable event took place, the rush that ensued resembled what you and I have often experienced at the pit-door of the theatre, on the occasional appearance of a Siddons or O'Neill. Dire was the conflict; shrilly sounded the complaining voice of female weakness, great was the wreck of hats, and caps, and handkerchiefs, and shoes.

When order was restored, and the auctioneer was nearly ready to begin the exercise of his office, exclamations of wonder, queries of curiosity, and expressions of affright, were heard from various quarters of the assem-



bled multitude, "Eh Sirs! see there! Gude guide us! what'n a beast is that?" pointing to a large bird, with gaudy plumage. "Dinna be fear'd, leddies, dinna be fear'd," calls out Mr Clearpipes, to some women, who could scarcely be induced to pass the polar bear,—“He'll no bite ye, he's tethered, ye see.” In one corner stood a knot of knowing fellows in black, some of whose faces were familiar to me as often occurring in the streets of Edinburgh. I heard one of them audibly whisper to another, “Faith George, you're right—it must be the very character—Blackwood for ever! I wonder who wrote it!” And then followed some remarks on the paper, which modestly forbids my pen to copy. The mummy attracted very general attention from the village part of the company, and many wondered whether it were “a beast or a body.”

I myself examined very minutely, Lot 123, as I was not aware that my friend's Museum could boast a specimen of a *Mermaid*. As I had suspected, it proved to be one of those manufactured specimens which are so often imposed by artful dealers on the credulous virtuoso. It nearly resembled that marine animal, called by sailors, the *sea-ape*, (*MANATUS* Siren of Modern Naturalists,) which my friend, Professor Muirhead, in Brewster's Treatise of *MAZOLGY*, very plausibly considers the prototype of the Mermaids, of which so many wonderful relations have been for so many years circulated in the Newspapers and Magazines of the day.

By the bye, what could induce Brewster and Muirhead to give that strange title *Mazology*, to a Treatise on Mammiferous animals, when the name implies merely a discourse on *breasts* or *dugs*? If our British Naturalists must follow the French custom, of coining new names for well known objects and subjects, I would recommend to the learned doctor, in the next edition of his *Encyclopædia*, to alter the term to *Mazopherology*, which, besides being more accurate, is more sonorous.

But to return to *Microsophus's* Mermaid—the face and upper parts of the body had been evidently shaved, to imitate the smoothness of the human skin; and the site of the breasts was rendered prominent, by an adroit

management of the stuffing. The head seemed to me to be provided with an adventitious covering of long flaxen hair, which flowed in graceful ringlets over the shoulders, and the want of external ears had been ingeniously supplied by artificial membranes. I would fain have purchased this specimen, to present to one of the Edinburgh Museums, but, though the bidders for it were few, two of them were so pertinaciously bent on having it, that its price rose far above not only its value, but my slender means; besides, that it would have prevented my showing my respect and friendship for you, my good Sir, in the lot I have purchased for your use. I understood the successful bidder was the agent of a patriotic nobleman in the North, in whose museum this curious compound of nature and art is probably to be seen.

Among the articles bought by me, is the valuable MSS. of *Microsophus*, on an important branch of *Taxydermie*, marked 1327. I find this to be a very luminous and ingenious performance, though rather defective in the correctness and elegance of style which so eminently characterize the writers of the nineteenth century. I propose bringing this production before the public, when it shall have undergone the revival of a celebrated critic, who sometimes condescends to amend my *calligraphy*. I shall at present only advert to my friend's method of *killing birds*, for the immediate advantage of young collectors. Improving on the well-known American practice, of shooting humming birds with *sand*, my friend proposes, that the scientific sportsman shall provide himself with bags, or cartridges of sand, of various degrees of coarseness, (according to the size of the bird,) which may easily be prepared from the common sand-stone of this country, and use such sand instead of leaden shot. In this way, the author assures us, from his own experience, that the skin and feathers are so little injured, as to render the subsequent operations of skinning and stuffing pleasant and easy, while the plumage is preserved in its original beauty.

By this time, you will be impatient to know what relic I have obtained for you. To keep you no longer in suspense, it is lot 38, the improved Bath chair, which I shall send to

you to-morrow, and take an early opportunity of calling to explain the novelty of its management, in case your rheumatism should so much increase this winter, as to confine you to the house. Between ourselves, though I am no judge of these matters, I suspect you have something of *gout* in your constitution, and at all events, I exhort you, to take a special care of your valuable health. Consider, my

dear Sir, what a loss it would be to the public, were you to be laid up for a month with a fit of the gout! An event by no means improbable, considering your increasing wealth, decreasing exercise, and the excellent wine you drink. Ardently wishing you may long live to use your chair, rather for amusement than from necessity, I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

PHILOPHYSICUS.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF

MARK MACRABIN, *the Cameronian.*

No XI.

"WHEN the supper of the Cameronian elder and his household was concluded, there ensued that common silence and repose, which is the usher in of more settled and confirmed slumbers. My fair Cameronian Mary busied herself in arranging the house for domestic devotion, while each person retired to his allotted station; and no one seemed desirous of commencing discourse during the brief period allowed to elapse between the supper hour and family worship. It was a maxim of the Cameronian's, and a maxim of his own making, never to enter upon regular devotion with the supper-milk unwiped from his lips; and half an hour was the time allotted for that purification, which a meal of gross bread and creature comforts required: He was rigid too in exacting attendance during the "taking of the book," and none of his regular servants dreamed of personally absenting himself from the benefit of John's intercessions. The upland reapers, unaccustomed to such a discipline, were at a visible loss how to receive it, and though they were allured by the novelty of a sacred song, sung to a tune so remarkably slow and protracted as the *Martyrs*, or *Colerhill*, or *Stroudwater*, they seemed to meditate upon rebellion against this unwarrantable intrusion on the joyous hour of the pipe and the dance. But the glowing description given by the Cameronian, in one of his historical prayers, of the bloody combat of Drumclog, so enraptured Hamish Machamish, their leader, that he declared it equal in beauty to the ballad of Clunie Macclure on the battle of Prestonpans, and

that he considered those persons called in prayer the Babes of the Covenant, second only in slaying and singing, to Fin Maccoul and his race of visionary worthies. From this period the Highlander became a ready and attentive listener; and Marion Morehead sometimes alleged to her daughter, that John gratified the military turn of his mountain auxiliary, by introducing the perilous achievements of the sword, in the room of the silent and sure operations of free grace, and the workings of the spirit. Certain it is, however, that the Cameronian, during the honest course of a long and useful life, never made so manifest an impression on the mind of any stranger from the land of schism and heresy, and he even overlooked some crying mistakes which Hamish made in the estimate of the aim and quality of his pious labours. It happened too, one evening, that the harvest-day had been gloomy and dropping; and, as the grain was ripe, it was accounted as a visitation which might be averted by more fervent worship. John, accordingly, commenced his religious labours at an early hour, and was more than usually edifying and brilliant; for a song of thanksgiving, he had the resolution to select the 119th psalm, and had reached the middle ere any sensible diminution of his audience took place. Hamish Machamish alone, when all showed symptoms of dismay, continued his assistance with an unbroken voice and a brightening eye; and when the last part alone remained, they could only number, as auxiliaries, an Irish ped-

lar, who, like the Highlander, imagined some resemblance between the labours of the Hebrew bard, and some of his native ballads. At last this penitential labour was concluded, and upstarted the Hibernian, exclaiming, 'Merry be your heart, gudeman! That's a long song, and a good song, and by my faith I shall give you a verse or two of Brian O'Lin, and striking the end of his travelling staff on the floor, to inspire a remembrance of the air, he commenced the famous ballad which begins with

"Brian O'Linn was a Scotsman born."

And it was with great difficulty that the devout farmer obtained remission of this profane conclusion to his serious labours. The country-side rung with narratives of these exploits, and dread alone of the temper of the impetuous Highlander, kept the sceptics and scoffers aloof, who were anxious to disturb devotion, or enjoy it when accompanied by such circumstances of mortification and mirth, as happened in the house of Lillycross.

The hush of domestic labour was received by the three old mendicants, as the note of preparation for devotion; they immediately slung their patched wallets, and raised a kind of drowsy murmuring, something less melodious than the sleepy hum of bees on a day of thunder. This failed to attract the notice of the Cameronian maiden; and the most sturdy and forward started to her feet, and said, 'Come hizzie, shaw me my pickle fowl strae, and my filthy sacks, and let me try to silence sorrow in slumber, since I canna do it wi' good cheer;' and her two companions also rose, seconding their friend's request. 'Deil's in the daft quinie, and nought that's haly,' cried Hamish Machamish, 'can na ye sit and hear a sweet sang sung, and hear a gallant story o' feud and reaving frae our cantie gudeman.' 'Trowth, ye norland gowk,' cried the male mendicant, 'yere a braw disciple indeed! will rhyiming and skirling o'erweither a sang or a psalm, make me cozie in a cauld barn—I may sit here till I'm as stiff as a crutch, and as cauld as the airn end of my pikestaff, and no be' ae bawbae the better. Gin it would bring me a better awmous, that would be anither matter. Sae hand yere gab, ye gowk.' 'Gowk! gowk!' exclaimed Hamish Machamish, 'phat dis the fulc body

mean by't.—Gowk! gowk! will naebody explain that lawland word!' and round he turned like a mill-wheel, snuffing the air, and his face glowing like the Babylonian furnace. 'It means a bonny bird,' said the third mendicant, alarmed at the visible wrath of the piper, and willing, by an oblique and soft interpretation, to allay it. 'It means a bonnie bird, my bairn, and I hope ye'll find it's nest. Tak the beuk indeed! my certe, an' me that has wandered up Kinnel and down Scaur for half a dozen hand-fuls of seedy meal!'—And away she strode towards the barn, accompanied by one of the maidens, and the Cameronian elder himself, who never trusted menials with the accommodation of mendicants, or with any matter on which the good fame of his house depended. The presence of the goodman of Lillycross afforded little pleasure to his ragged guests, who hoped to make a deep and comfortable lair out of the best the barn afforded, and perhaps repair the tear and wear of time and travel on their awmous wallets, with some of his newest corn-sacks. 'We'll do brawly, gudeman, we'll do brawly,' said the male mendicant, 'sae we wish you a fair gude-night, and a cozie skreigh o' day; it seems to promise a braw break o' moon for a stook.' The Cameronian walked on. 'Fetch an' fie gudeman,' said the oldest female, whose years might approach the ripe period of seventy, and who, in addition to other attractions, halted on one leg;—'fie, fie, wad ye mool wi' a beggar bodie in her midnight lair in a lonesome barn. It's no for my ain fair name I care; but what wad Wattie Caruthers, o' Cummercairn, and Willie Mundell, o' Merry-megget, and warst o' a', Jamie Macgee, the witty weaver o' Shotabout, what wad they say I trow.' The Cameronian continued his march, but with a hesitating step. 'Ye say true,' said the third mendicant—'and, as sure as my my name is Mall, whilk d'ye mind, Madge Farles was the last name I agreed to beg hy. (Ou aye!—as sure as my maiden name is Mally Mackmillan, ye'll be sung about for thae pranks, like Saunders Smithon o' Smakenfain, and aye the outhword will be, "Gie me a Cameronian."—John Mackmukle turned round, and returning to the spence, allowed the

beggars to make their lairs to their own taste. Those who chose to listen at the barn-door, would have enjoyed the following ejaculatory conversation as they prepared their several places of repose. 'Confound ye, kinnmer, ye hae gotten the hale cozie sawing-sheet till yersel—it sets ye weel, the first o' thy race that e'er lay in linen!' 'Haul your tongue, Madge Farles, there where you lie rowed in seven faulds o' blankets and sacking—ne'er to speak o' that Highland taupe's tartan plaid—somebody will lack a happin the morn through thy rid-handed wit, and the sighing gudewife will lack her snawy blanket wi' the blue edge, else yere grown less fendfu than I ever saw ye.' 'Fie'd fa' on yere riggins, limmers, and smoor ye baith, growled the male beggar, in an under key—'what but harm can happen o' this senseless jauner—canna ye tak a' as it comes as a gude send, a free bountith and blessing; as for me, I am obliged to make my roost among this hard unthreshen corn, wi' sax damp sacks aboon me. I might as weel lie under a trough stane, and hae mysel' clapped up bonnily wi' the bedral's shoval; for deil soupit's atween me and them, but a Sanquhar rug, as coarse and tawted as the end o' a Carselfairn tup—and a green petticoat, whilk cam to my hand at sunket time on the sunny side o' a thorn bush. It winna bring me a gray groat, sell't when I like—a lake-a-day, kinnmer, but this is a sad world, and fowk haud a keen grip o' warld's gear by they did in my youthfu' days.'

The Cameronian elder had hardly resumed his seat among us, when the latch of the door was gently lifted, and a youth entered, of a look, and dress, and bearing, far too marked to escape attention. He seemed some seventeen years of age—was tall, well shaped, with remarkably handsome limbs, and an unconstrained ease and grace of carriage. He wore a bonnet something between that flat broad covering, worn commonly by the Cameronians, and the more erect and martial one worn by the Highlanders; a single feather from the wing of a hawk was on the left side; and though such a cap was quite unusual, it was far from unbecoming, and took no little beauty from a high, white, and open brow—large, and deep, and dark loving eyes, and sundry tresses of hair,

as sable as the raven's wing, and as soft and glossy as silk, which came curling out upon his shoulders. The humble plaid of the Lowlands, which seems an incumbrance to ordinary forms, sat gracefully upon him; and his close pantaloons of modest hoddan-gray, and his stockings, folded down at mid-leg, like the cavaliers' boots of the poetic days of Queen Mary, were all equally becoming, though singular and kenspeckle. All this seemed to me the fantastic garb in which rustic folly sometimes arrays itself, when it wishes to pass muster for sound wisdom. Out of this ancient dress I expected to hear vanity lift up its voice; but I was soon undeceived. His bearing was that of a frank and modest youth—perfectly insensible to the fine symmetry of his person, and careless of the dress in which he appeared, though nothing could be more becoming—for one sweet and o'ermastering passion threw all matters else into shade; and to be esteemed a poet, and thought worthy of ranking with the ancient worthies of the harp and ballad, was his chief and only ambition. He walked up to the seat of the Cameronian with a free step and an unembarrassed air; but there were others present unable to preserve before him the even tenor of their way. The fair Cameronian maiden became crimsoned from brow to bosom on his approach—trusted her eyes but with one swift glance—then bending them on the ground, she remained mute and grave, and her glance grew dark and downcast. The needles with which she was knitting her father a pair of sabbath-hose, moved with an uncertain aim among the loops—her white hands partook of the visible flutter of her bosom, and committed several mistakes in the labour which she loved to make perfect. This was but the passing agitation of a few seconds—she recovered at once the rose and lily hue of her cheeks and neck—repaired with a ready hand the errors her needles had made—and looked on the youth and on all present with her native glance of modesty and kindness. In the bosom of the youth there seemed no such flutter—he delivered his words with grace; and though his voice had something of a melancholy tone, it was one of the purest melody. And let no one mock the humble mission of the strip-

ling minstrel—though a rustic embassy regarding the prime prop and pillar of human life has certainly a sound less lofty and regal than a mission concerning fox-furs and beaver-lard: ‘Gudeman of Lillycross, my mother will send you with the morning sun a score of sickles, and willing hands to use them. Her own corn is reaped, and I hope our good neighbour will oblige us with so small a request.’ ‘Oblige thee, my sweet lad, Ronald Rodan!’ said the Cameronian, extending his hand, and rising as he spoke out of the moorland dialect of Dumfriesshire, into what he called his pure Bible English, ever reserved for an important occasion, ‘thou art a discreet youth to put kindness to me under so gentle a name. I thank Rachel Rodan and thee for their welcome offer, and accept it with gladness. But come thou thyself and guide the wilful people of thy harvest-boon; for mine own be evil-doers, and I may not chasten them.’ So saying, he took the hand of the youth, and welcomed him with one of those cordial and continued shakes which come from a warm heart. Ere the youth could seat himself, the old border harper arose and said, ‘My own sweet boy, my own sweet minstrel, come hither; I can tell the sound of thy voice among the music of an hundred harps—it is pleasanter to mine ear than them all. Come hither, my son, and let me feel thy hands and thy face—for the leaves are now brown that were budding when we parted, and O but it be long since I heard thee speak. I must bid thee farewell—for the winter is coming;’ and the old blind man gave his head one of those resigned but prophetic shakes, which, in its melancholy silence, betokens death and the grave. ‘O Bernard de Avelyne,’ said the youth, clasping the minstrel’s right hand with both his own, ‘did I expect to find thee seated by any fire in the vale of Ae, save one kindled by the hand of Rachel Rodan.’ ‘Truly, my son,’ said the old man, ‘but thou forget’st that I am old, and blind, and feeble; short is the way I can travel now. Ah! thou thinkest on the days when, with thee on my back, and both thy little feet in my coat-pockets, I sat on the green hill of Glenae, and shewed thee where noble castles once stood, and where gallant deeds had been done. The way from

Lilly-cross to Harpinglen is but three pleasant miles, and I shall be with thee at sunset to-morrow. Ah! my bonnic lad, o’er the stately groves of thy native glen I could have thrown a daisiel’s lace-cap before I had down on my chin, and stood on the green bank of Ae, and hung my harp on the topmost bough. Thy ancestor said when he planted them, Minstrel, they will make my coffin and thine. Alas! the deep and deadly Solway prevented the first part of his saying to come to pass; my son, prepare for the latter part of the promise.’ The old man paused; and passing his long, and white, and palsied fingers over the bared head, and brow, and cheek of the youth, said, with a voice that rose at once from the deepest depression to the sedatest joy, ‘Aye, aye, it will all come to pass; I said it, my son, when thou wert smiling on thy mother’s knee, and mine eyes were bright and discerning—and I say it now, when they are waxed dim and sightless—that Ronald Rodan will honour the song and the harpstring. Take, therefore, my harp, my son—thine hands are not unused to the strings—and, touching it sweetly, give to mine aged ear one of thy newest songs.’ The youth took the harp, and turned round, wishing silently to consult the Cameronian on the propriety of gratifying the old wanderer. But the harper’s ear, with a precision which belongs only to the blind, detected this appeal, and, with his face slightly coloured, said, ‘Alas! my son, whom dost thou ask to be honoured? is the ancient love of divine song dead among us? and who is the man who is not honoured with the harp-string’s thrill, and the gifted tongue that utters the things that are immortal? I was young, and I am now old; but from the shepherd’s shealing of turf and broom, to the pillared palace of marble and pure gold—from the scone cap, to the jewelled bonnet—from the huddan-gray joust, to the silken gown, that could stand alone with craped gold, and whose meanest breadth was worth a baron’s land—have I ever seen song cherished and esteemed. I have opened with my harp the den of the outlaw, and the door of the wretch who grubs the dust for dirt more worthless still. I have stayed the maiden, as she held her hand out to him she loved; and the hawk, as it

came down from the cloud with a scream on its prey. No, no; it is impossible that song can be ever dishonoured—so begin, my son; let thy voice be heard, and this frail harp will give aid, as it hath ever done.' The beautiful Cameronian maiden went up to the old minstrel; and, taking him by the hand, said, with a meekness and a melody that music could alone rival, 'Minstrel, Bernard de Avelync, well thou knowest we honour song, and love its professors; but my pious father now thinks of holier themes—for the hour is late, and the time of domestic devotion at hand.' 'Now, my God forbid, my duteous maiden,' said the minstrel with a tone of religious gravity, 'that noble song should take place and precedence of nobler devotion—but they are both the offspring of pure and hallowed lips—the gifted spirit abounds in both—they are bred and born together, and in their deaths they cannot be divided. When virtuous song becomes mute, the tongue of true devotion will be dumb, and farewell to all that exalts and purifies the human mind. Therefore, desist my son, and thy voice and mine shall assist the pious father of this devout maiden, in the hymn of his choice. Mine honoured instrument too, which in less religious climes has swelled the song of thanksgiving to kindle the lukewarm, and render the word more impressive, shall be laid aside—the simple melody, from lips alone, can work the good work with faithful minds.' And passing his aged hand over his face, and seating Ronald Rodan beside him, Bernard de Avelync awaited the commencement of family devotion.

"At that period, 'family worship' was carried to a length in the mansion of Lillycross, which rendered it oppressive to youth, and penitential to persons in years. Psalms were sung of a length, and with a fervour, capable of taming down the most gifted voices; and prayers of a controversial nature and historical character succeeded, which commonly lasted while memory could quote, from the litigious labours of the church, the name and deeds of some strange sect, and exclude it from grace. The infliction<sup>ms</sup> of such devotional penance, on a family comprehending bondmen and bondwomen, often drove some of the less severe to indulgencies, which, at least, counterbalanced all the wonders

of these protracted devotions. It was no uncommon matter to see an audience, full and overflowing, kneel down with the domestic professor, and then gradually diminish and melt away, as the supplicant became too profound or mystical for their slumbering minds, leaving only a veteran or two to welcome the coming of midnight, and the conclusion of prayer. Few were found capable of resisting the influence of sleep, which interposed about the hour of twelve, between the hearer's senses and the finishing outpouring. On the evening which Bernard de Avelync and his youthful friend Ronald Rodan joined their powerful aid to augment the thanksgiving melody—though he had a willing audience before him, the Cameronian accomplished family devotion with a brevity and an eloquence which surprised some, gladdened more, and induced Hamish Machamish to whisper to his neighbour, 'Weel done—got! the gude-man can gie's a twopenny shear, or a threepenny shear.'

"I never remember to have witnessed a scene more exalting and devotional. The good old man said, 'let us pray,' and, extinguishing the light, we all knelt down, each in his place, and there was silence for some time. I was so graceless as to lift my head and gaze for a moment around—the sight can never be effaced, and I often recall it to assist my meditations. The moonlight admitted through one of the windows ran trembling and gleaming around the room, and fell principally on the thin silvery locks and bent brow of the Cameronian, and on the rich and luxuriant tresses, polished temples, and long, and round and swan-white neck of his beauteous daughter. I never beheld her that she seemed so lovely, though her face was half-veiled by the abundance of her locks and her devout attitude. A stream of moonlight, more dim and wavering, reached to the ancient harper and his brother minstrel, and showed the feebleness of old age, and the bloom and freshness of youth, bowing their foreheads reverently to the floor, and maintaining their posture as moveless as forms of marble. The rest of the audience were little more than visible amid the subdued light in the remoter parts of the house; and a faint and fitful glimmering of embers, along the floor

showed the upland reapers grouped together in a grotesque heap, abiding the coming prayer with something of that wonder and apprehension with which a flock of sheep huddle together and await the approach of a strange animal. I could not help feeling how worthy such a scene was of the divine hand of a modern Raphael—if the curth is ever to be blest with his equal—and to the meditation of William Allan I commit the subject. With something of a superstitious feeling, I thought the moonlight singled out the most devout and lovely subjects; and, had it fallen on the mild and benignant person of Marion Morehead, with her hands dropped in humility and resignation, and her head slightly bowed, I would have reckoned it meant to shine on none but the holy and the fair.

“The moon had not yet descended on the green pasture mountains of the parish of Kels, and her slant and uninterrupted light streamed full over the brown heathy uplands of Dal-swinton, the ancient residence of the noble Comynes, and the scarcely-less noble Maxwells; and, dipping the groves of Glenae half down their stems in silvery gold, fell with undivided splendour on the grounds and mansion of Lillycross. A small chamber, capable of containing only a bed, and a chair, and a shelf or two, on which lay a few devotional books, was my place of repose; it had been constructed for the mother of Marion Morehead, when the increasing number of her grand-children rendered a place of seclusion, for a person of her devout disposition, necessary. It was built too, on the sunny side of the house—and a honey-suckle or two, with some verdant shrubs, still shot along its front—and, in summer time, depended in fragrant bunches over the diminutive window and door. While I sat on the bed-side examining a curious distaff, with a ring or two of ivory ornamenting its extremities, all domestic sounds died around me, and all that remained to betoken motion, was the gentle chink, chink, of the passing rivulet among its margin pebbles. A black print Bible, of the period of Queen Mary, with oaken boards, curiously flourished with silver mounting, next obtained my attention; and, on its title-page, in a rude but intelligible hand, was registered the marriage of

Mary Logan with Luke Morehead, and the birth-time of an only child, a daughter, was written in the same hand. Many years elapsed till the same hand, in a much more feeble style, noted the decease of Luke Morehead, and an interval of seven years recurred till a hand of a more slender and elegant fashion recorded the decease of Mary Logan; but it was written without any display of penmanship—and I thought I could discover in the same hand, but traced with exceeding pale ink, the name of Mary Macmuckle. To the cricket murmur of the brook, I thought something of a bolder note was added; and as I laid aside the Bible to listen, I distinctly heard the low sound of soft and melting music. The door of my room opened into the farm-yard; and though it had all the ostentatious securities of bolts and bars, they had seldom or ever been used: a simple latch was all the hindrance, and I soon found myself on the moonlight green, with the whole establishment of the Cameronian reposing in the silent light before me. The music, less audible in the open air, was still distinct enough for me to pursue it by; and, after examining the barn, where reapers were stowed like sacks of corn in a granary, and the stable where the ploughmen maintained a kind of sleeping rivalry, in sound resembling the subdued murmur of the bagpipe, I came before the remains of an old and time-worn structure, and from thence I found the music came. This building, in former times, had been constructed as a defence against the hasty incursions of the old lords of the ‘winged spur,’ and the warlike Jardines of Annandale. It had been long denuded of its corner turrets of defence; and its ancient roof of square and massy oak, covered with a tiling of flat whinstone, which nearly equalled a solid arch, had submitted to a covering of brown heath. Instead of the coralets, and the gold, and the costly dresses of the times of feud and skaith, it contained less ostentatious treasures. The lower storey, vaulted with solid freestone, secured by a heavy iron door, and bordered all around with cribs of stone for feeding cattle, was, as of old, in possession of the four-footed race; for about forty fine cows lay chewing the cud, and ruminating over the remains of a supper of rich

clover. I proceeded under this gloomy vault to the foot of a small turret stair, which ascended to the upper storey, affording, with the watchful precaution of hostile times, room only for one person at a time. The music came down this aperture; and, as I stood for a moment to listen, it changed from a gentle to a more warlike note, as if from truce to battle; and a horse, whose nerves were of a martial kind, hailed it with a stamp and a suppressed neigh. I inserted myself into this spiral crevice, and, winding with the winding of the stair, gradually and gently obtained a sight of the upper chamber, and all that it contained. Something between a couch and a bed was placed in the middle; several antique carved chairs of oak still maintained the look of former grandeur; but cheeses and fleeces, however savoury the one, and snow-white the other, were poor substitutes for the burnished corselets, and crested helmets, of the days of chivalry. On the side of this couch sat the old border harper, Bernard de Avelyne, with his white locks thrown back, his bald and high brow upraised, and, with both hands extended, 'harping melodious,' till roof and wall resounded. The music of his harp, too, was accompanied by that of his voice, which, overcoming the impediments of age, rivalled, in depth and melody, the note of his instrument. I gazed on this impressive sight, and I cannot say my heart kept its regular beat, when seated near the harper, I observed my Cameronian Mary, and Ronald Rodan, listening to his minstrelsy with the motionless repose of creatures changed to stone. Through an arrow-hole, the moon, now near the summit of Blackwood hills, streamed into the room, and let fall its contracted beam full on the three forms—each in their

separate and characteristic posture. The Cameronian maiden, with her lily hands folded over her bosom, her face bowed in meek and gentle composure, and her bright and modest eye turned on the old man like a virgin contemplating the statue of her patron saint,—and the enthusiastic youth, Ronald Rodan, with his hands locked in delight, his whole face dilated into unsumnable joy, and his dark deep eyes radiant with moisture—formed such a pair as never listened before to the strain of a rude harper, since minstrelsy in Scotland fell from its proud estate. The minstrel himself gladdened as he came along the current of almost forgotten song; but it was that grave gladness which our noble statuary would conceive were he making (and may the day be far distant!) the statue of Scotland's divinest bard. For some time he had added his voice to the music of his harp, and it would be well did my memory retain as faithfully the song of the poet as the picture of himself and his audience still lives and breathes before me. I am perhaps too imperfectly acquainted with Lowland legendary lore, which is so dark and so bright with the ancient and disastrous feuds which wasted the strength of the noble families of Maxwell and Morison, Johnstone and Jardine, to enable me to illustrate the mutilated poem of the border bard. It seemed (for the stream of the tale had run far ere I had the fortune to come) that the lords of Nithsdale and Glenae, and the knights of Closeburn, Caerlaverock, and Glencairn, had marched with the flower of the Nithsdale youth against the eastern warriors, who had made an inroad on the roebucks of Durisdeer, and were pursuing their prey, like the Percy of old, in contempt of the lords of Nithsdale.

The poet had conducted the low-country warriors from Glenae and Dalswinton among the forests of Closeburn and Morton, and left them to follow the course of a gentler warrior, who, in the disguise of a page, and with an armed minstrel, was following the fortunes of Allan, Lord of Morison.

## 1.

"LADY Morison rode by hill and dale,  
Till she came where sweet Nith flows  
From her mountains free, and there she  
    ramb

A hill through herds of roes.  
She heard the alarm horns sounding loud,  
The clang of full drawn bows,  
With the rush of mailed men, and saw  
The conflict in the close.

## 2.

She marked the battle's gory press,  
Where, all disorder'd,  
The plumed helms waved to and fro,  
Like the heavings of the sea;  
And the startled fawns their soft hoofs wet  
In life's blood flowing free.

## 3.

Kirkpatrick's helm, Lord Maxwell's plume,  
Her hurying glance could know;  
And the gleaming of Lord Johnstone's blade,  
That gives no second blow.



She saw Lord Herries hurrying where  
The arrows drove like snow,  
And every time his broad blade fell,  
An armed head sink low.

4.

Again she gazed, and her golden lace  
She slack'd for room to breathe;  
Lord Allan she saw, and helmeted heads  
His courser's feet beneath,  
And his brandish'd war-axe smiting low  
The objects of his wrath.

5.

'I'd walk the world's remotest nook,  
Where the ocean sweeps the land,  
And give the green vale of Glenac  
For a foot of rock and sand,  
To have thee in a wilderness,  
With bill, or bow, or brand;  
And seek from heaven to airt no blow,  
But leav't to mortal hand.'

6.

'Have then thy wish, Lord Johnstone said,  
And count this river clear  
Earth's farthest bourn—these ranks of  
men—  
A desert dark and drear,  
And that bugle's note, thy raven's croak,  
Our deadly strife to cheer;  
He said, and shook his battle blade,  
And spurred to fall career.

7.

I have seen two whirlwinds meet, and sweep  
To heaven the golden grain;  
The levin flash i' the clouds, ere fell  
The thunder drops of rain;  
Yet nought so fiery, dread, and fierce,  
As the meeting of those twain.

8.

I saw their agitated plumes—  
Their brands aloft in air—  
The gleam of their mail-coats, carved with  
gold—  
Their mantles flaunting fair—  
Their rushing steeds, whose fiery eyes,  
In the conflict seemed to share;  
But ere I got another glance,  
Lord Johnstone's saddle was bare.

9.

Small was his harm, though his bosom mail  
Did a brand's deep dinting show;  
The burning steel, and the gleaming gold,  
Had caught a crimson hue;  
And the yellow bloom, wheron they stood,  
Had a red blood drop or twa.

10.

Ralph Jardine, from sweet Annan's bank,  
Red gleam with anger glow;  
A brand and bow of the tempered steel,  
To the silver tips he drew,  
And the broad shaft kindled i' the point,  
So fast and fierce it flew.

11.

Lord Johnstone stood like the stricken pine,  
'Neath the tempest's fiery sweep;  
And downed like a ripened ear of corn,  
The sickles whet to reap.

When through Lord Morison's bosom mail,  
With fierce and hery speed,  
The arrow sank, and the red blood sprang,  
And stained his bright steel weed;

12.

And down he sank on the gory sward,  
Like a tree of the green wood,  
That's poisoned by the wind of Heaven,  
I' the breaking o' the bud.

13.

Sore toiled with the shock of war, and bathed  
In sweat, and smeared with blood,  
Lord Johnstone came from the battle-press,  
To taste Nith's silver flood.  
His bow and his brand he has laid on the  
grass,  
And has bared his brow so brave;  
And his plumed helmet he held to his lips,  
Full of the clear cold wave.

14.

Lady Morison leapt from her palfrey light,  
All crimson was her hue;  
She bent her bow, and a cloth yard shaft,  
To her neck of snow she drew.  
Lord Johnstone thought of his Lady's arms,  
As he home rejoicing drew,  
When the chord clanged shrill, as the  
swallow's song,  
And swift the arrow flew;  
And where the gold gorget clasped his neck,  
The bright point started through.

15.

Through a press of lances, crashing round,  
And the clank of bill and brand,  
Lord Allan they bore, and they laid him  
down  
On the grass by sweet Nith and;  
And there were gallant heads hung low,  
And many a mournful eye  
Came and dropt a tear, then flew to the press  
Of battle thickening night.

16.

They turned his face to the tread of mien,  
That shook the river shore;  
His face was bright with a gloomy smile,  
For a moment and no more;  
On high he saw his raven grim,  
Through ranks resistless bore,  
And his gallant squire of Glenae ride  
To the saddle laps in gore.

17.

Lady Morison came like a fair-haired page,  
With bow and broad sword bright;  
Scarce stained was her foot with the gory  
grass,  
For she came like the falcon's flight;  
She put an arm round Lord Allan's neck,  
Like a wreath of Criffel snow;  
"O! I have a soft and a cunning hand,  
Can cure thee of thy woe."

18.

With many a soft and a gentle touch,  
And prayer and word of cheer,  
She wooed the bitter shaft from the wound,  
Then turned to Heaven her clear  
And snowy brow—and to her their name  
A grave and a holy seek

19.

As he came, the gory grass to his feet  
Has given a crimson dye;  
He knelt o'er good Lord Allan there,  
And his withered hands held high;  
And, silent and sad, he looked to heaven  
With a meek and steady eye.

20.

Beside him knelt that fair-haired Page,  
Whose heavenward hands did show  
All spotted with blood, as the lilies be  
Where has passed the wounded roe.

21.

The strife had sunk on Lord Morison's sight  
When the sun forsook our clime;  
But ere it was given again to his glance,  
Death had held revel time  
I' the ranks o' war, and among the crests  
Of Annan's pith and prime.

22.

The warlike Jardines all had fallen,  
And they lay on sweet Nith sands—  
As mowers asleep in the noon-day sun,  
With their broad blades in their hands.  
No warlike Bells knit their dark brows  
On Nithsdale's charging bands;  
Nor Johnstones tried, on a crested helm,  
The temper of their brands.

23.

All these had sunk; but O what chiefs  
Had Nithdale to bemoan!  
Strong Glencairn dying waved his helm,  
And cheered his merry men on.  
Lord Herries lay in a gory swathe  
Of men his blade had mown;  
And Lord Maxwell's steed rode through the  
ranks,  
But his gallant rider was gone.

24.

And Roger Kirkpatrick, hot with fight,  
Leaned 'gainst an oak-tree hoar;  
Lord Johnstone's pennon, he won with his  
brand,  
Was drenched in his bosom gore,  
His eye waxed dim, yet still his blade  
With a soldier's grasp he bore.

25.

George Gordon's steed runs fetlock deep  
Through gore; and, as he goes,  
His rider's helmet-plume to the moon  
All pure and spotless shows.  
What stain can touch the noble plume  
That graces a Gordon's brows?  
To the bravest hand that ever bore brand  
That warlike crest ne'er bows.

26.

And now the evening dew fell clear—  
The small birds sought their bowers—  
The hare licked the honey-dew from her  
foot,  
As she sported on banks of flowers.  
The mower had left his scythe i' the sward,  
And ta'en the lily leaf;  
The shepherd had folded his lambs frae the  
fox,  
And hameward whistled he.

27.

But the hands that had buckled their ar-  
mour on,  
When the morning sky was grey,  
Thought death had gotten a scrimpit darke  
Of the lee-long summer day,  
And foot to foot, and hand to hand,  
With brands and axes keen,  
Fought fierce, as if in the bloody fray  
New-yoked they had been.

28.

O sad and drear it was to hear,  
When the evening shades fell on,  
The bloody strife at the river side,  
And list the wounded moan.  
No mercy but what sharp glaives gave,  
On either side was sought;  
And deeds that would make heroes once,  
By simple hands were wrought.

29.

The flashing blood 'mong shivered spears,  
And cloven steel-weeds ran;  
And, plunging through the lapping  
gore,  
Came rushing horse and man.  
For Lord Morison came again to the  
fight,  
And he whirled his falchion then  
Like some martial spirit returned to earth,  
To wither the might of men.

30.

The moon rode radiant now, and high  
The stars gleamed brightly round:  
'Twas silence all, from Drumlanrig-dell  
To Durisdeer's misty bound.  
Save where the gentle river sent  
A sweet and a slender sound,  
I could hear the breathing of the dun deer  
Asleep on the dewy ground.

31.

'Twas sweet to stand on Lillycross hill,  
And mark where the moon-beam brave  
Spilt its liquid silver on cliff and scaur,  
And touched Ae's fairy wave.  
Or a golden top to Glenas groves,  
And Lord Morison's turrets gave.

32.

There Fancy might delighted sit,  
And shape the fragrant air  
To forms of heaven, and people the groves  
With dames and damsels fair,  
Proud warlike shapes with eyes of fire,  
And hands to do and dare,  
And bid the spirits of earth and heaven  
To the revelry repair.

33.

Lord Morison through the greenwood comes  
With his merry men all in a row;  
Their helmets and brands in blood and dust  
Have dimmed their morning glow.  
Their hands they wave, that a banquet's  
spread  
To the raven and the crow;  
All under the gleam of the round bright  
moon  
They sing as they merrily go.

31.

"Allan Morison loves to rule the bands  
All ranked, armed, and steady;  
And loves to hear the shouts o' weir,  
When spears are levelled ready;

And measure a sword with a gallant  
knight  
By stream or woodland shady:  
But dearer than them a' to his heart  
Is his sweet lovely lady."

When Bernard de Avelyne concluded his ballad of Chivalry, the brightness that overflushed his face became gradually darker, his palsied hands forsook the harp, he buried his face in his hands and his hoary hair, and seemed to labour under that bodily as well as mental depression which sometimes succeeds sudden and unwonted exertion.

The fair Cameronian and Ronald Rodan supported him on each side till he slowly recovered his accustomed tranquillity, and thus he addressed them, mingling the querulousness of old and helpless age, with the overabounding love of minstrelsy and chivalry. 'Bless ye, my children, and may your lot be a happy one in the land of your fathers! You have hearkened the last song that ever Bernard de Avelyne will sing; and the chief name that it celebrates lies to-day with its last descendant in dust, and will soon cease to be heard among you. So it is, and so hath it been, with the noblest names of the land. The honoured sod that covers the Nithsdale Douglas, the Seaton, the Maxwell, the Morison, the Cuninghame, and the Herries, has passed from their names and claims for lords' names new to honour, and strange to fame. Here and there only a shoot of the noble houses of Maxwell and Kirkpatrick survive, as the boundary trees of the Galwegian forest, to tell us the extent of our loss. The land swarms not, as of old, with knighted warriors, and martial shepherds, and warlike husbandmen, who could do battle for a principedom: a new race has sprung up, who know not noble minstrelsy. We have the mechanical minded manufacturer, seated among his looms, as a spider in his mesh, calculating the loss and gain of distant markets, and meting out human labour as he does his dimity. We have him with hands unpurified from the negro-whip—purchasing with the price of blood the lands of the far-descended. Were I the meanest mendicant that ever gnawed a bone, I would scorn his alms, nor touch the thing that he hath touched for unsummed gold. We have the ignoble and gripping usurer, crawling on either side of the open hedge of human law, and rearing palaces, and planting orchards, out of the dishonourable gains he hath wrung from the misery of mankind. And, above all, we have that artificer of crooked policy, the scribe, who,

with the pen of justice, and the parchment of law, removes ancient landmarks, and devours the substance of widows, and the patrimony of the orphan. The shepherd's staff, the husbandman's plowshare, the hero's spear, the stays and support of noble minstrelsy, have been trodden down and broken—as the wild beast of old trode down the thistle of Lebanon—by the merchant and the mariner, who set up the strange gods of stowage, steerage, brokerage, and barter, against the ancient and primitive gods of the land. The poetic nature of man is changed, and the bright and heaven-descended vision of chivalry, revealed so long to Scotland, has been chased away by the coming darkness of the mean and ignoble. Man, who was once free, and, with the bow and the resp-hook, could sustain himself in the forest and the field, is now become an artificial being, dependent and enslaved. Build not thy hopes, therefore, Ronald Rodan, my son, on unstable waters; nor immerse thyself in the crowded and mechanical city; but dwell on the bonnie green hill, the fresh mountain-side, or the vale of the husbandman. Divide the earth with thy plowshare, and trust thy hopes in the ground, as thy forefathers trusted, when they guarded their flocks with the brand and with the spear. Trust not, therefore, my son, to the smiles of the barren and faithless ocean; nor fasten thy hope to the sails of the mariner and the unstable wind. Go, my son, and go thou, my daughter; mine aged limbs lack repose; treasure an old man's words; and remember that happiness here and hereafter, as well as true and permanent poetry, is the offspring of noble and virtuous thought, and a devout and God-fearing heart.—He laid his hands on their heads, and blessed them.

I retired unobserved to my little chamber, and awakened when the harvest-horn of the Cameronian elder was collecting his reapers in the sunny air, and swain and maid were whetting their sickles for the certain strife of winning the Kirs."

## DOMESTIC POLITICS.

IT IS A PURPOSED THING, AND GROWS BY PLOT,  
TO CURB THE WILL OF THE NOBILITY:—  
SUFFER'T, AND LIVE WITH SUCH AS CANNOT RULE,  
NOR EVER WILL BE RULED.

Coriolanus.

THE turbulence and obtrusive disloyalty which had swelled with the progress of the Queen's trial have subsided, and the tide has turned. The impulse of vehement faction will always make some impression on the vast and fluctuating expanse of the public mind, but its mightier movements are obedient to laws from no temporary authority; and it is never stirred in its mass, but by an influence beyond the sphere of our low, intemperate, human passions. The character of the British nation is *tardiness to pronounce judgment*; the habits of jurisprudence have been familiar to the country, till they have become a part of its nature; and they have infixed that reluctance to hasty decisions, and that general propensity to the collection and weighing of evidence, which leaves, for the time, so easy a triumph to daring imposture. But this irresolution, which leaves the national mind powerless for the moment, has a noble compensation in the righteous and solemn judgment that is sure to follow—and the public conviction comes to the punishment of this bustling hypocrisy with a strength which intrigue has never been able to withstand.

This result must have at length arrived, from the general character of the Queen's defence, and the national eye must have turned with disgust on the petty artifice and flagitious indecency of her abettors. But this result has been hastened by an act of wanton effrontery,—the Queen's visit to *St Paul's*. We exclude that unfortunate woman from the chief share of the censure. She comes into these pages only as the puppet of faction. Let her crime be between her conscience and that tribunal before which the purest may well humble themselves. But as the Queen of England, giving, however ignorantly, some shadow of royal authority to the proceedings, that, to all other eyes, have for their object the overthrow of the constitution, we must look to the waving of her

banner, not as the sport of a fickle and feeble wantoning, but as the direct signal around which the evil of the land is to be congregated; not to see it mocking the air in idle state, but leading wild, rude, revengeful beggars to the consummation of their labours. The junction of the Queen's cause with that of the radicals, makes both the fitter objects for administrative vigilance. Radicalism is subversion, total excision and overthrow,—the substitution, not of one order of polity for another, but an utter destruction of the present state of things in all their shapes of established and ancient use, to make way for desolation, or for the desperate experiment of ignorance and passion, inflamed by obsolete grudges and new impunity. With these reformers, there is no gradual corrective of public suffering. These new doctors of the body politic have no faith in alternatives; the patient must at once take up his bed and walk, or be flung into the grave. The processes of nature are too slow for the rapid intelligence of revolution. Their harvest must be raised from a soil which has never been polluted by the ignorant husbandry of past generations. They will not dip their plough into the clay, unless it has been cleared by a general deluge. The cause which connected itself with those missionaries of public havoc, the *propaganda* of the downfall of Kings and Priests, at once stamped itself guilty. Innocence rests on the faith of the Law; Guilt takes refuge among the mob. The Queen has done much to establish the opinion of her judges by her adoption of this common subterfuge of crime. But *radicalism* has yet gained nothing by opening its sanctuary to the royal fugitive. With what rites it may have received her, what mysterious voices of speedy retribution on her accusers may have been uttered from the shrine, what grim and furious festivity crowned the reception of the illustrious convert,

remains to be told—perhaps to form the future revelation of the dungeon and the scaffold.

But Radicalism is too wise in its generation, to give its help without an equivalent. It has nothing of the weakness of benevolence in its protection, it makes no Samaritan journeys to find out the perishing and wounded by the wayside. It drives a solid, worldly bargain, with a due estimate of the profit and loss on its charity, and volunteers its purse and its dagger only where it is secured upon the mortgage of opulence or power; and the bond will be exacted. The Queen's patronage is already contemplated as part and parcel of the estate of faction. What new honour is to reinforce the decayed glories of Sir Robert Wilson's *Star*? what sinecure is to lay the unction to Alderman Wood's finances; by what well fed and festive occupation in the Royal Kitchen, the member for Coventry is to resume the abdicated purple of his countenance,—all this is to be measured by the liberality that showered orders on a footman, and installed his beggary in the *Barona*. But, we may be assured, that from this treasury, the dry and withered resources of Radicalism will be refreshed, and that, with whatever blushing reluctance, the haters of Kings will be converted into pensioners on the Royal Bounty.

Yet all this prospective fruition is not without its present balance. The triumphs at Brandenburg house have bred jealousies. The civic manners of the patriotic alderman, brought out by wine and exhilaration, have been contrasted with those of men who, in other days, were companions for the honourable. Royalty is, after all, aristocratic, and the tastes which seem enamoured of a lacquey, in the languid airs of the Milanese, are not to be always relied on in our less amatory climate, for equal descension, even to a "*Feu Lord de Londres*." Sir Robert Wilson's graces have, for some time, been the ascendant, and even Peter Moore has not sighed without a smile. The alderman retired under pretence of ill health, like a disbanding minister, to his estates. But let Sir Robert tremble, for Bergami has suddenly ordered post-horses from Paris!

Am I not Egypt—what if I have lov'd?

Seen Cæsar kneel to me? Come, Antony!  
And I will spurn all else!"

The lower agitators, who were not admitted into those *arcana epularum*, began to be offended. The smiles of royalty are relaxing by their very nature; and while the feast went on, the vigour of riot was obviously melting down. The rabble agents dreaded another *Capua* in Brandenburg house, and to silence the growing discontent, and marshal their forces once more, a field-day was ordered under the name of a procession to *St Paul's*. This measure had its advantage in one point of view, for it showed to the doubters, that their leaders were still ready to cry, "to the field," and that there was no defiance which they were not prepared to throw down to public decency. But in point of drawing over partizanship from the more respectable orders, *all was failure*, and worse than failure. The people of England are unwisely attempted by those who reason from their civil capitiousness to their religious indifference. No demagogue has ever succeeded by adding the insult of religion to the insult of the laws. Fanaticism has done much, but atheism is not yet a passport to the errors even of the mob. England is not France. This procession to the metropolitan church was felt to be a religious offence, and it excited great and general alienation. The belief of the citizens, and of all above the mere refuse of the streets, was against the validity of the Queen's defence by her counsel. Placards and addresses were their public language, and these of course both testify of innocence, and her "unsunned snow," the phrase which owes its origin to the protecting alderman, and is so happily characteristic of his eloquence. But their talk in the "market-places and greetings of men," was a perpetual ridicule of her claims to purity. The excursion to Brandenburg House was a drive to the country, heightened by the glory of driving with four horses—the huzzas of the populace through whom they filed, and the consummating indulgence of passing through the drawing-room of a Queen's villa and receiving the homages of a Queen.—What tailors' apprentice, or sempstress, or menial of any description, could resist this on a scruple of conscience? On the same principle, *Messalina* would

have had half the metropolis to shout after her chariot-wheels. But here was no country excursion, no exhilaration by the indulgences of the way-side, no address, and acclamation, and firing of guns, and pantomime of mock royalty, but a hazardous and repulsive adventure to the house of prayer. In this the populace found but little excitement and no jest, and the rational, and religious, and loyal, a source of shame, regret, and alarm. From that moment inseparable disgust took possession of the majority. Something may be humanly forgiven even to guilt struggling to save itself by whatever desperate and frantic asseveration. The Queen's protest against the vote of the Peers on the third reading was a dreadful profanation in the eyes of those who had not been able to convince themselves of her innocence. But it might have been the outrage of passions, worked up to their height—it was like the blind and reckless grasp of the drowning, that will seize what it can, without distinction or respect. But the visit to *St Paul's* seemed wilful, gratuitous, audacious;—if the Queen was innocent, a measure unsuitable to her modesty yet unbecoming; if guilty, a flagitious profanation.

But the individual's guilt or purity is comparatively unimportant as a public interest. The view in which she has a right to attract public vigilance, is as the rallying point of a routed faction. Her movements, trifling as they may be in themselves, are of weight as the indications of this restless malignity. From the flittings of the mother bee we ascertain the swarming of the hive.

It was not forgotten on this melancholy occasion, with what sentiments the Queen regarded the church and clergy of England. If the evidence lied, that declared her to have abandoned all religious worship in her household in Italy, and to have attended the Catholic chapels as a sacrifice to the religion of Bergami, there could be no contradiction of her sentiments in such rescripts as these:

"Alm wisdom teaches me that I ought never to give my sanction to the narrow views of any sect."—*Answer to Lewis.*

"I am not the narrow-minded advocate of any sect."—*Answer to Halifax.*

"Churchmen are usually more remarkable, even than Statesmen, for being behind the Light of the Age. They adhere pertinaciously to ancient forms. They are unwilling to pass beyond that boundary of dark-

ness in which their forefathers lived."—*Answer to Leicester Females.*

"The Hierarchy made themselves instrumental in sacrificing the charitableness of the establishment to motives of secular interest or personal malevolence."—*Answer to St Botolph's.*

"The Members of the Hierarchy must have forgotten it to be their duty not to prostrate themselves at the feet of any temporal master, in questions in which conscience is concerned."—*Answer to Clerkenwell.*

"Persons who have long been in the habit of making Religion the pretext of their tyranny, or the veil of their selfishness."—*Answer to Leicester Females.*

"The temporal Peers, sanctified by the presence of united Bishops and Archbishops, are endeavouring to calculate the chances of adultery."—*Answer to Murylebome.*

"The religion and morals of a people are not at all dependent on the ceremonial of an expensive establishment."—*Answer to Montrose.*

"There is only one view in which I can regard this alteration with any complacency, and that is, as the first step in the good work of ecclesiastical reformation."—*Answer to Leicester Females.*

"Churchmen would do well, ere it be too late, to open their eyes upon the Sun of another reformation that is rising upon the world."—*Ibid.*

"The vicinity of a Cathedral is not always that kind of atmosphere that is most favourable to the growth of patriotic independence, or of high-minded generosity."—*Answer to Parishes of St Maurice and Winchester.*

The procession at length took place, after a week of ostentatious negotiation with Common Council-men and City Agitators, for the obvious purpose of blowing a trumpet to the loose and idle of the metropolis. A pompous programme of this royal progress was fixed up in the streets for some days before, and every art familiar to the Woods and Wilsons of this world was practised with minute diligence. But each "graced actor" in this drama of the "Mobbed Queen," had his appropriate part. Alderman Wood, illustrious for conduct and council within Temple-Bar, undertook to manœuvre the civic patriots. Sir Robert Wilson, all military, adopted the command of what was, for effect, first called a *Guard of Honour!* but afterwards, through prudent caution, screened under the soter appellation of a *cavalcade*. The *Benefit Societies*, a body formidable from their numbers, and still more from the compact organization and rapid correspondence, which make them among the first objects of radicalism to seduce, were or-

dered out, and the streets were to be lined from Hyde Park Corner to St Pauls, by the various addressers, with all "the pomp of war"—flags, bands, and badges. But the madness was at an end—the whole exhibition failed. Out of perhaps fifty thousand, who in the extravagance of the time had carried up addresses, not five hundred obeyed the summons of "the general." The cavalcade counted perhaps as many more, and consisted of a motely mixture of inn-keepers, city-apprentices, and petty farmers. No person of any consideration joined this parody of a royal progress. Nothing could be more threadbare than this mounted majesty of the mob. Sir R. Wilson acted as *Field-Marshal* of those "Beggars on Horseback." But the streets were crowded with the gazers, who came attracted by curiosity, and with the pickpockets, who came to plunder the curious. It is one of the peculiar distinctions of the Queen, that she never moves unescorted by the spontaneous activity of this alert body of her subjects.—"*Magnâ latronum comitante catervâ.*" Where the carcasses are, there will the eagles be gathered together. Her triumph infuses itself into the depths of society. Petty larceny is cheered by the discomfiture of law; the precedent of St Stephens has dissolved the Old Bailey of half its terrors, and *Fitch* cries, at the top of his voice, "Long live the Queen."

But nothing was spared that could render this culpable proceeding a more direct offence. The procession was led past *Carlton House*! though the route by the Haymarket was equally open, and much more common to the public. But this offence has been practised by all the processions. The day chosen was one on which the psalms contained expressions that, in the gross application of party, might allude to the Queen's accusers, and to this odious mingling of human passions, in a solemn act of thanksgiving, was to have been added a *manifesto*, in the shape of a sermon.—*Archdeacon Bathurst*, the son of the Bishop of Norwich, was the person who had the misfortune to appear fit for the purpose: and he arrived prompt and prepared to go through his part. The character of this divine is not that of "the prophet honoured in his own country," and he would probably be listened to with more respect any where than in *Norfolk*. But his piety was

nothing to the purpose. He had figured as a pamphleteer, and levelled his eloquence upon the ministry. If this was not the source of his selection, it might be difficult to decide for what cause the royal smiles were employed to seduce the best shot in the shire from his natural enjoyments, and that, too, in the height of the season. The sermon was however forbidden, on ceremonial and acknowledged reasons, and glory "at one entrance quite shut out," to this reverend *Meleager*.

The sermon has since been published, and it is on the whole a temperate production. It may have been fortunate for the Archdeacon's favour at *Brandenburgh Court*, that it was not preached, for it contains no obvious insults. We should have expected to see him reprimanded by her Majesty, through the medium of her Unitarian Secretary, and put at the bottom of the roll of the future reformed church. In his preface, (a safe ground,) he feels his paces rather firmer, and curves, with constitutional freedom, according to the new version of Major Cartwright and his fellow expounders. He there declares his opinion, the opinion of *Archdeacon Bathurst*!

"*Quo me Bacche rapis tui plenum?*" "That the passing of the Bill would have been, he feared, the loss of the Country, and certainly, the latter end of a government of fixed and known law." To oppose to this great politico-ecclesiastical dictum, we have unfortunately nothing stronger than a majority of the Peers. But to the Legislators of the new school, the reason and feelings of the honourable by station, learning, and public service, &c. are "trifles light as air." The "proof strong as holy writ," is to be found in brutal clamour, and corrupt intimidation, in the ignorance that will not learn, and the folly that cannot understand. There is nothing quite so absurd as this in the sermon, which is a tissue of common-places, with, however, now and then, a hint sufficient to give an idea, at once of the zeal and of the reluctant restraint of the orator. "Though monarchs, like ourselves, (a pleasant participation of royalty,) may be deceived, yet, "that the people are no evil doers, (to use the language of the Book of Esther.) but may be the children of the most High, and most mighty living God, who hath ordered the kingdom both unto us, and to our progenitors, in the

most excellent manner." We cannot find this passage in the Book of Esther, and we suspect, that the Archdeacon's theology is as irregular as his politics. But what similitude is there to be found between the Jews in their captivity, the chosen people humbled before Heaven, and in sorrow and privation honouring the law of their fathers; and an insolent and vitious rabble, urged on by desperate arts to outrages, and burning with the spirit of domination. The reformers of Charles's time found "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" in the Scriptures, and "to your tents, O Israel," was not the less a signal of rebellion, because it was taken half in derision and half in madness, from the great code of peace and holiness. We discharge the Archdeacon from imputations like these, because we believe him nothing blacker than the customary tinge of country-gentlemen, a pleasant convivialist, and an accurate shot. The good-humoured *maxim* has its truth.

"Un homme qui rit n'est pas dangeux."

We have no fears of overthrow from the ambition that feels its "great appetite" glutted by a pigeon-match, or a steeple-chase. But the *peroration* of this sermon contains a passage which the author may have written in sincerity, but which, to those convinced of the Queen's guilt, must seem the most cutting and virulent attack on her feelings.

"I see a disposition the most earnest to conciliate those who have listened to her deadliest maligners; and this, which I will now speak for her, is the language I seem to hear from that personage to the assembly of this day:

"I have afforded proof sufficient to convince, of my wrongs, the reasons of a vast portion of those who were most impartially disposed to hear evil as well as good of me. For those who were not satisfied, I have added my solemn declaration before God and my country, before the tribunal of my legislative judges. I have sanctified that declaration of a conscience void of offence toward God and men, as to the charges of my accusers, by partaking of those holy mysteries, from which the most suspicious nature will hardly appeal.

"Ask your own hearts, is there any thing in rank or power so fascinating, and at the evening of a troublous and a stormy life, that I should go to my grave, where I hope to find repose,

and to be joined again by the saint in heaven which so untimely left me with the drag chain of deliberate perjury? Is there any thing in the applause of a multitude here which can recompense me for the loss of the applause of angels in Heaven? Am I such a fool as to set time against immeasurable eternity, and at the moment, too, when human life wanes? Did I not believe even in Christ as the rock of my salvation, yet is there not a something after death, a something adown that stream which carries us to all eternity, enough to appal the imagination, and arrest the boldness of one who would defy wantonly the terrors of the invisible world?"

"Do you think that I would make a nation a mockery for aught which on this side of the grave is left me? If you think so, you would do it yourself; and you partake not of that charity, which thinketh no evil, and which hopeth all things."

This composition is cast somewhat in the romantic and poetical mould, which distinguishes the rhapsodist of the Queen's answers. But it touches on thoughts, which, to the general conviction, are appalling. Those proceedings are of the highest importance as a clue to the general intricate design of the performers. The guilt or innocence of the Queen is comparatively trivial, but as matter of example. The true conclusion to be drawn, is to the unsparing and pestilent activity of the disturbers, who have taken upon their hands the pretended purification of the state; the eager and sleepless diligence with which they labour to take possession of every point from which the constitutional fortress may be commanded; their struggle for the Bar, the Army, and even the Church;—"Omnia maria vexata." Every harbour and creek of the civil polity has been searched for a secure deposit of their contraband, imported from the decayed stores of French democracy. The republican spirit knows nothing too high or too low for its flight; "Now slaves with level wing the deep, now soars up to the burning concave." It is yet pent within strong bounds, but the hour that the nobler guardianship of the gate is removed—the hour that a relaxed vigilance, or a corrupt fellow-feeling, is entrusted with the key; in that hour the portals will be flung open, and Satan be sent for to sicken and taint the peace of general human nature.



It is the business of all honest and honourable minds to guard against this mighty misfortune. The old game of statesman against statesman is superseded. The business of the time has been driven home to "men's hearts and bosoms." The legitimate trials of ability among the leaders of the great parties of the Legislature—those clashings of high-tempered and polished minds in whom the strife struck out only the stranger brilliancy—those rollings and hurtlings of the moral thunderclouds, elevating the eye that gazed upon them, and with it elevating the heart by their evidence of the range and magnificent powers of our nature—and after all, however the concussion might end, which ever mass of those splendid meteors might be absorbed by the other, ending only in good—in pouring down freshness and fertility on the realm—all this generous and stately contest has at least, for this time, come to a close. The danger has descended among the whole lower multitude, and has become only the more deadly. We have now to provide against an inundation which will come round every man at once, and take the ground from under his feet. The mind of the realm is now to be summoned to stand upon the *dykes*, and repel the entrance of the rude and dreary element that now roars and beats round its boundaries. The principle and manliness of the nation have certainly been roused. It would not be in the nature of things, that the men who have learned their liberty in the volume of the constitution, and their religion in the Scriptures, should long tolerate the slanders and perversions fastened on both by the men of the placard and the dagger. But the experiment of endurance has gone too far, and the public mind cannot be too speedily shown the hollowness and utter hypocrisy of Reform, and its real, and growing, inextinguishable, appetite for prescription. Reform is a jest—it answers a purpose with the weak, who will not see, and the negligent, who will not resist. It serves as a general disguise to the varied, countless, specious reasons of public ruin. Every adherer on this enterprize of midwinter, has his different object. Reform is the temporary cover of all. It is the *crupe* of the robber, but the moment that detection was no longer dreaded, the *crupe* would be flung aside,—every abhorrent physiognomy would be displayed, and the work of

plunder, and brutal revelry, and bloody domineering, would go on according to individual caprice, passion, and revenge. The Black Dwarf would be as black as nature made him—and the Scotsman would glare with his own open torvitude of glance.

The question is not whether Whig or Tory shall sit on the treasury bench, but whether we shall manfully, and by the exertion of our reason and strength, abate the nuisance of the state, or see the guillotine erected at Charing Cross? Whether we are to defend our lives and properties, the hopes of our children, and the fair freedom of England, or to lay down our despised necks on the block of a reckless, lawless, insatiable democracy? Whether we are to see the mild dignity, and venerable learning of our judges, administering the ordinances of our forefathers, or to be ourselves dragged before the tribunal of a savage licentiousness? Whether our last hour is to be soothed and hallowed in the fulness of years, by the presence of wife, and child, and friend, and the consolations of religion: or life to be torn from us in its vigour, and the common struggle of nature be embittered by the tauntings of a blood-thirsty rabble, and not less insulted by the graver ribaldry of some squabbling missionary of republican deistical abomination. "TO BE, OR NOT TO BE? THAT IS THE QUESTION."

There is nothing of partizanship in these feelings. Let the ministry find their right to public confidence in what they have to shew of public service; in their conduct of the nation through difficulties, which it was the fashion of their opponents to pronounce insuperable, and for withstanding which, they stood the brunt of ridicule for many a year. They have established their monuments, where no forgetfulness, nor folly, nor faction, can dissolve their firm and marble fabric—in the liberation of every kingdom of Europe. Their niche is prepared in that temple where nations offer thanksgiving, and come to draw new hopes and inspirations for freedom. Of the individuals we do not speak. It is not for humbler minds to allot and parcel out the praise of the great directing influences of the council and field. We speak of them as a whole, as that noble combination of vigilance and courage, of practical ability, and lofty speculation, which has saved Europe. It is easy

to talk slightly of services past; it is a common mode of discharging the burdensome gratitude, "still paying, still to owe." But the authority for this expedient is not high, and we must be suffered to think of ministers and their uses, after the manner of old English loyalty and honour. It is not in the paltry sneer of those enemies of administration, who once declared that every thing to be struggled with was fatal, to convince us now that every thing conquered was easy. Who that remembers the predictions of but ten—aye but five years since, is to believe in the judgment of the *Now*? There is no denial that the danger to Europe was of the most fearful menace; that no language could exaggerate the hazard—that no bending of the whole colossal frame of England, to close the gates against the rush and assault of the French denomination, could be too sudden or vigorous. But is this to degrade our sense of the preservation, or to convert us into a people of contemptuous and thoughtless idolaters, round those who neither strove nor triumphed. When we shall be in our graves, the day through which we have lived will be remembered and commemorated as the proudest period of English glory. Our children, and our children's children, will have the leaders of our time "familiar in their mouths, as household-names." They will visit, with the religion of a pilgrimage, every corner of the field; not a trench but will be honoured, for the memory of the hearts that once stood there; not a monument, in that great campaign of political triumph, but will be hung with the fresh honours and tributes of posterity. But feelings like these are not for the race which now molest us; and sordidness and incapacity will be ready to say, that those men merely wrought for their hire, and that they could have easily found successors and rivals if they felt their task laborious. To those, there is the obvious answer, that their rivals, who would have been their successors, had pledged themselves to a directly opposite course. These men were the adulators of Napoleon, the wonderers and bowers before the majesty of his presence, the humbled and speechless gazers on his pavilion of cloud, until the mysterious might within should proclaim his pleasure in the lightnings. These were the

men who called Napoleon the "*child of Providence*."

"Nos, Fortuna,

Te Deum facimus, et caelo locamus."

The superstition of their folly covered a mean, malignant, sanguinary usurper—of talents certainly, and of all the fierce activity of military ambition—with the robe of a wisdom to be neither inquired into nor resisted, but to be obeyed—and profanely sent him forth on his progress of devastation, with the pomp and authority of a minister of heaven. On a Ministry of this kind, what dependence was to be placed? We do not think it was their intention to have debased the country. They would have still thought the crown of England in its more fitting place on the brow of the King of England, than trampled under the hoofs of Napoleon's charger. We do not think that they *could* have ruined the British empire, for it has an energy of vitality which it was not for them either to discover or to guide. We will go even to the doubtful length of believing, that this empire would finally have triumphed over France, in defiance of their incompetency, cold-heartedness, and awe of the enemy. But the victory would have been gained through an incalculable increase of peril, and wasted wealth, and sanguinary reverses. On their voyages of head-long experiment, they would have found the *new world* at last, but they would have looked for it by turning their brows, not to the *west*, but to the *east*—they would first have circumnavigated the globe.

Those who can believe in nothing but a paltry lucre, or a still more paltry ambition, as the stimulants of accomplished minds, to guide the state, are not worthy of an answer. Yet the denial of all disinterested impulses comes with a dubious grace from those who profess themselves ready to dip their hands in blood, and dare the scaffold for simple patriotism.

But the competition is not between ministers and their parliamentary opponents. We are not called on to any nice and pacific balance of wisdom or wit—Mr *Thierney's* modicum of pleasantry against Mr *Canning's* eloquence—or Mr *Brougham's* furious garrulity, and never-ending panegyric of himself and his friends, loose as they are on the face of a troublous world,

"*Rari nantes in gurgite,*"

against Lord *Castlereagh's* temperance, decorum, and knowledge—or Lord *Car-*

maroon's contempt of the English language, and merciless, blind, indiscriminate butchery of law, politics, and divinity, against the *Premier's* senatorial sense and dignity. This was for "the piping times of peace." We have now no choice but between the constitution as it stands, and none; the seats from which the ministry were expelled, would not be left to the stiff and formal possession of parliamentary successors. They would be leapt into, before they were cold, by the men of the dungeon—by hungry fraudulent bankrupts—by rapine fresh from his chains—by haggard, insane, remorseless homicide.

But, in this consummation, there would be no conclusion, the victory would be only the signal for more inveterate animosity; the triumph of Radicalism would generate nothing of even the ominous and gloomy repose that follows the ordinary triumph of tyranny. The right hand of Radicalism hates the left, and the first labour of the prosperous would be, to send their associates, where, after life's fitful fever, if they did not "sleep well," they should at least sleep soundly. The late proceedings in Westminster Hall have not a little added to the general knowledge of this faction.

Cobbet, "clarum et venerabile nomen," to the whole muster-roll of public disturbers, has been lately brought to justice for two libels; the latter, one of that atrocious nature which his jury thought not undeserving of a mulct of one thousand pounds, a sum which it would drain the united purses of the whole body corporate of revolution to pay. These libels were against two of his own helpers in the Register, now old and venomless. But the chief amusement was furnished by Mr Brougham, who conducted the former of those cases. The spruce barrister, now still more spruce, from his new honours of the gown, was palpably afraid to trust himself within the bristling sweep of his antagonist. He began with a profusion of compliment, and wandered about the skirts of the accusation with a mixture of *mauvaise honte*, affected meekness and zeal, very delightful to, in the theatrical phrase, "one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season." Cobbet kept his eye fixed on his future victim with grim and sardonic contempt. Still, the Queen's attorney-general mustered his troops, and paced his ground,

like the reluctant hero of the highway.

"He handled the rope, and he traversed the cart,

"And he often took leave, but was loth to depart."

Towards the close of his speech, insipid as his best in St Stephens, he ventured a little onward, and talked of libel in a tender and enigmatical way. This was the least return for his brief. But then came Cobbet's turn; he made but a single spring till he reached the centre of the question, and leaving Cleary untouched, rushed *mugiens*, with hoof and horn upon the barrister. The battle was here "to the strong." He tossed and gored the unfortunate juriconsult with ferocious and exulting ease. He tore his pleadings into fragments, and flung them up for the sport of the ring.—He scattered the silken advocate's metaphors, compliments, and reasonings, smoothly as they were laid, like the *Sybil's* leaves, into nonsense by the puff of his nostrils. The triumph was complete. Mr Brougham sank under his merciless and persevering burlesque, and when the turn for revenge was come, and his bulky antagonist stood over him breathless with his sport, he shrunk away without ever turning to cast a glance upon him.—*He made no reply.* Mr Brougham was not engaged on the next trial.—Webbymeans rank this person among the pledged subverters, but he had no answer when Cobbet charged him to his teeth with having, as Dogberry would have said, "written himself down—radical," and we presume he now rather regrets his early indiscretions.

We have not time now to do more, than advert to a project, which would form a relief to those miserable bustlings of mediocrity. *A Royal Society for the encouragement of Literature* is about to be formed. Nothing can be more promising or admirable than the principle. But in the general opinion of London, it is already evident that the intended number of associates is too small. The institution ought to comprehend every name that has done honour to the literature of the country, and to open its doors to the hope of every one who may yet do it honour. It should be a great assemblage and array of loyal genius, against the libelling and seditious scribbling of the day. This is, we understand, exclusively, the *project of the King*:

the man on whom faction has done its worst, and who makes only returns of this order to the people, deserves any thing but hostility. On this topic we may yet talk more, but for the present we must draw to a conclusion. We cannot do so, however, without casting one glance backwards to the picture we have drawn of the state of public feeling in England, and then, expressing our regret that such should be the moment selected by the chosen wits and wise men of the North—the “*Arbitri Elegantiarum*” of the world—the “*deliciæ generis humani*”—the all-be-praised, all-admired geniuses of the modern *Athens*—for calling together “a Meeting of Inhabitants” to address the King to turn out his Ministers—and that too in terms which convey and imply either the most unworthy sympathy with the phrenzy of the mob, or the most base adulation of its mad and mischievous leaders! Such is the moment when Mr Francis Jeffrey, and Mr J. P. Grant, and Mr Henry Cockburn, have thought fit to hold a solemn festival of fraternization with the *élite* of the Cowgate, congregated in the Pantheon—and when Mr James Moncrieff has not disdained to hear the applauses of tailors cheering the periods of juriconsults—as all the changes were rung on the necessity of public assemblies—the freedom of the press—not forgetting the never-to-be-forgotten *cranbe recolta* of the massacre of Manchester.

But in this too it is quite easy to see the traces of the same universal spirit of base compliance, whose operations we have already been noticing in so many more important spheres. The *Outs* of the north are a sorely divided, split, uncompacted crew; being all *Outs*, they have indeed one name in common, but that is the most of it. And of all this, there is good reason to think, the men of the Cowgate were already beginning to have some slight suspicion, and sundry manifestations had occurred of an incipient distrust, spreading widely and surely among the *seruum pecus*, and the general superintendents of all disaf-

fection, perceived that it was necessary, by some “great show of circumstance,” to dazzle the eyes that had begun to be too piercing, and deafen the ears that had begun to swallow with more caution. And some happy spirit suggested the spectacle of the Pantheon; and the rabble, if not their *panem*, had at least their *circenses* administered to them; and even the sternest and most aristocratical of the old Lauderdale faction, did not abstain from this mockery, with whatever secret qualms they may have first embraced it; but finding in the Edinburgh Reviewers the convenient middle term, the proper bonds of cohesion, they leant boldly on those all-agreeable worthies, “*gratos supremis Deorum gratos et imis*,” and shook hands with the Radicals. A little airy sportive chat about independence and scorn of power, will not suffice to wipe out the least of the stains which this unhallowed connexion has fixed upon all that partook in its symbols.\*

In common justice, however, we should speak gently on this occasion; for it is already sufficiently visible that the *effect* of the spectacle has been exactly the reverse of what its devisers and principal performers must have had in view. It is quite right that they who are *in* should be in all things more moderate than they who are *out*; but in the case of our friends the Tories (as they are absurdly enough called, for want of a better name,) we do think this system of moderation is sometimes carried not a little farther than it ought to be. Their enemies never confer any favour on them willingly, but if they were desirous of finding out a favour of real moment to confer upon them—they could not light on any thing more admirably adapted for their interests than the holding of such a meeting as this. It binds people visibly, who are too often apt to forget the real bonds that always subsist between them. It brings Whigs and Radicals together—but it brings the Tories together too, and then there is no reason to fear for the issue. We conclude, as we began, with the words of Coriolanus,

“STAND FAST! WE HAVE AS MANY FRIENDS AS ENEMIES!”

\* We are most happy to learn, however, that the “*facile princeps*” of the Scottish Whigs, Mr Cranston, although he did sign the requisition for this meeting, did not attend it.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Earthquake at Wanlockhead, Nov. 30.**—The weather for some time past has been remarkably stormy; heavy rains accompanied by high winds have prevailed, but in the end of last week and beginning of this, the clouds, which had for sometime lowered, appeared to be dissipated, and we had some signs of returning good weather. Tuesday morning was remarkably fine, but hazy—the atmosphere still—and the clouds, when they were visible, had no particular appearance. About 8 o'clock A. M., a slight shock of an earthquake was felt at Leadhills and Wanlockhead, attended with a hollow rumbling noise. The miners, who were at work 150 fathoms below ground, heard this alarming sound very distinctly, and being afraid lest the works were rushing down, many of them left their work, and came above ground. In the evening of the same day, about 11 o'clock, a similar, or still louder sound was heard at the above places, but not accompanied by any trembling or motion of the earth. These phenomena have been observed for 8 or 10 miles eastward, and 3 or 4 miles westward of these places, but whether they have extended beyond these limits is not yet accurately ascertained, but it is probable, that the more immediate effects of these awful convulsions of nature may have already been experienced in some distant quarter, particularly as the earthquake by which Lisbon was almost totally destroyed 65 years ago was very distinctly felt in the district of Leadhills and Wanlockhead, according to tradition, and in the memory of several old residents.

**The Overland Northern Expedition.**—The last accounts from Lieutenant Franklin state his arrival at Great-Bear Lake (W. long. 120°, lat. N. about 67°) where he means to hut for the winter. He could have reached Coppermine River, but not in time to obtain the desired information this season; and he therefore resolved to winter at Great-Bear Lake, and to start with the return of proper weather, so as to have the whole summer before him for the object of the expedition.

**Soundings at Sea.**—In answer to a query by J. K. K. on this subject, I beg to inform him, that a method very similar to that suggested in his letter is in use,—a graduated glass tube of some length full of air, excepting a known portion, in a curve at the bottom, of any viscous coloured liquid, which being forced up the tube by the pressure of the sea water, indicates, by the mark which it leaves inside the tube, the degree to which the contained air had been compressed, and consequently (if the specific gravity of the sea water be ascertained) the depth to which the instrument had descended. This instrument needs no piston. T.

**Voyage of Discovery.**—The French corvette *L'Uranie*, commanded by M. de Freycet, sailed from New South Wales to pursue

her voyage of discovery on the 25th of December last. On getting under weigh she was saluted by the fort, which was returned by the battery from Dawes' Point.

**Languages.**—According to a "View of all the known Languages and their Dialects," published by M. Fred. Aderburg, counsellor of state to the Emperor of Russia, their number amounts to 3,064, viz. in all Asia 937, European 567, African 276, and America 1,264.

**Ancient Manuscripts.**—Some new discoveries of great interest and importance have been made in the Vatican Library by M. Mai, the principal librarian.

In a Greek *palmimpsest* manuscript (where the first writing has been effaced in order to make the parchment serve a second time) containing the Harangues of the orator Aristides, the learned librarian has succeeded in discovering a part of the Extracts of Constantine Porphyrogenetus, belonging to the Chapters of Sentences, Harangues, Succession of Kings, Inventors of Things, and Sententious Answers. As the Byzantine prince had made extracts from a multitude of historical and political works, which have been long lost to the world, this discovery has naturally promised an ample harvest of interesting gleanings. M. Mai announces that he has discovered parts of the lost books of Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, and Dion Cassius, and fragments of Aristotle of Ephorus, of Timæus, of Hyparchides, and of Demetrius Phalereus. The names of some other authors, from whom extracts have been made, are not given. There are also some fragments of the Byzantine writers, such as Lunapius, Menander of Byzantium, Priscus and Petrus Protector, historic authors of a very interesting period. Among the fragments of Polybius, there is one of the 39th book, in which he announces that the 40th and last was to treat of Chronology.

In another *palmimpsest*, M. Mai has found a political treatise posterior to the time of Cicero, in which that orator is quoted with many other Greek and Latin authors.

M. Mai has further discovered several speeches of Aristides, seven books of the physician Oribasius, which will be of much value to the physical sciences, fragments of Philo, a copy of Verines, &c

It has been also just announced, that in the MSS. of Herculaneum, lately unrolled at Naples, some treatises of Epicurus have been discovered of more importance than any we are yet in possession of. In one of these MSS. there are quotations from a treatise on Political Economy by Aristotle, very different from the work which we possess under that title.

M. Hase, Professor of modern Greek to the School of Oriental Languages at Paris, who has just returned from a literary tour through Italy, has further increased the number of these discoveries. He has found

opolite, of whom we have hitherto had nothing but an extract.

Baron Niebuhr, Prussian ambassador to the Holy See, has again discovered and published several manuscript works hitherto unknown. They are chiefly fragments of Cicero's Orations *Pro M. Pontre* and *Pro C. Rabirio*; a fragment of the 91st book of Livy; and two works of Seneca. He has dedicated the publication to the Pope, by whose favour he was enabled to discover these literary treasures in the library of the Vatican.

The Abbé Amadeus Peyran, professor of oriental languages in the university of Turin, has discovered some fragments of Cicero in a manuscript from the monastery of St Columban de Rabbio, a town on the Trebia, in the dominions of the king of Sardinia. This MS. presents important new readings of orations already known, and confirms the identity of several texts that have been tortured by indiscreet critics. It contains also fragments of the orations *Pro Scamio*, *Pro M. Tullio*, *De Clodium*, orations unfortunately lost.

A manuscript of Putropius's Roman History, supposed to have been carried from Rome to Bamberg by the Emperor Henry, the founder of the bishoprick of that place, has been found in the Royal library there by Mr Jacks the librarian. It is more complete than any of the printed editions, and will probably furnish means for correcting many false readings.

Professor Goeller of Cologne, had previously discovered in the same library a MS. of Livy.

A manuscript of the eleventh century, containing illustrations of Juvenal, which was discovered about two years ago in the library of the convent of St Gallen, by Professor Cramer, is about to be committed to the press. A specimen was published by the Professor on occasion of the king's birthday, under the title of *Specimen nova Editionis scholastica Juvenalis*.

The French *littérati* are occupied at this time in a work of some importance—preparing translations of Plutarch, Sallust, Tacitus, Aristotle, Hippocrates, &c. from the Arabic MSS., into which language many or all the best Greek and Roman authors are known to have been translated.

The French ambassador at Constantinople, M. Giardin, lately sent to Paris fifteen valuable MSS. in Arabic, from the imperial library there, among which are the complete works of Plutarch and Herodotus.

*Flavius and Pompeii*.—During a late eruption of Vesuvius, a shower of ashes fell on the now uncovered part of Pompeii. M. de Giubermat, a Spanish naturalist, having compared the substances of which this recent shower is composed, with those which anciently overwhelmed the city, could not find the smallest resemblance between them, and doubts whether that city really was

ned by a show  
ved, within a f

that the crater (with crystals of common salt—a pretty plain indication that the admission of sea-water into the interior of the mountain has something to do with the phenomenon.

*An example that ought to be followed.*—The iron masters of Sweden have settled an annuity of 500 crowns on M. Berzelius, in consideration of the services that meritorious philosopher has rendered to the arts dependent on chemistry, and to manufactures of several kinds, by his discoveries and communications.

*Galvanic Magnetism.*—In a notice of the proceedings of the Royal Society, published in the Journals of the day, a brief account is given of Sir Humphry Davy's recent interesting electro-magnetic experiments. We have here to notice also an important result obtained by Professor Oersted. He states, that a plate of zinc (about three inches high, and four inches broad) placed in, and by an arch of small wire connected with a trough nearly fitting it, made of thin copper, and containing a mixture of one part of sulphuric acid, one part of nitric acid, and 60 parts of water, forms an apparatus, which, being suspended by a very small wire (only sufficiently strong to bear its weight), will, if a powerful magnet be presented to it, exhibit magnetic polarity—turning its corresponding pole to the pole of the magnet. The suspending wire is attached to the apparatus by a thread rising from one side of the trough to the wire, and descending to the other side of the trough; and the plate of zinc is kept from coming in contact with the copper case, by a piece of cork interposed on each side of the plate.

*Statistics, &c.—France.*—It appears from a late publication of the Academy of Sciences, that Paris contains 714,000 inhabitants, of whom 25,000 are not domiciled. The average number of births annually is 21,000, and of these, the proportion of males to females is as 25 to 24. The annual consumption of bread is 113,880,000 kilogrammes: of oxen 70,000; of heifers 9,000; of calves 78,000; of sheep 34,000; of swine 72,000; of eggs 74,000,000; of pigeons 900,000; of towels 1,200,000; of wine 870,000 hectolitres.

*Sweden.*—By the census taken in 1819, the population of the kingdom appears to be 2,543,412. The births in that year were 2329, and the deaths 3238—difference 909. Nearly a half of the children are born out of marriage. One out of three children have invariably died. Marriages 504, and divorces 24.

The whole population of Greenland, according to the last Report of the Missionary Board, consists of 3546 individuals, spread through 17 colonies on the western coast. The interior is not habitable, owing to accumulations of ice. The population has increased 714 since the year 1789.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

*The Doge of Venice*, a Tragedy; by Lord Byron.

A New Volume of Poems; by John Clare.

In the press, the first part of Mr David Booth's Dictionary of the English Language.

By Mr Ackermann, shortly will be published, a Description of the Manners, Customs, &c. of the People of Dalmatia, Illyria, &c. in two Pocket Volumes, Embellished with thirty-two Coloured Plates. This work will form the commencement of a Series, to be denominated the World in Miniature.

*The History of the Late Revolution in Mexico*; by Mr Robertson.

A New Tragedy; by Barry Cornwall.

Shortly will be published, by subscription, an Account of New South Shetland; with a Description of the Manners and Customs of its Inhabitants, illustrated by numerous Engravings, from Drawings made on the Spot; by Captain J. Rogers.

A New Edition of the most Interesting Portions of the Elizabethan Progresses; by Mr Nichols.

*The Second and Concluding Part of Ancient Wiltshire*; by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart.

The author of the above work is also taking steps for the preparation of the Modern History of the County.

To be published by Subscription, in four parts, a New Ecclesiastical History; by J. A. Waller, Esq.

Mr Latham, author of the well-known Synopsis, is about to publish a Complete History of Birds, in 9 or 10 vols quarto, illustrated with about 180 Coloured Plates.

A Volume of Translations from the Russian, with Remarks on the Literature of the Russians; by M. J. Bouring.

*The Automatic Camera Obscura*; intended to convey to the juvenile mind the knowledge of Scripture History.

*The General Index to the Gentleman's Magazine*, from its commencement in 1731, to 1818, inclusive, is in great forwardness in the press.

J. S. Stanhope, Esq. has in the press, *Olympia*, or Topography illustrative of the actual State of Olympia and the City of Ellis, in Iliad, with plans of Olympia and Ellis.

The Hon. R. K. Craven is printing, in a quarto volume, a Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples, in 1818, illustrated by engravings.

Dr Cudworth's unpublished MSS. in the British Museum, are reviewing by the archdeacon of Lincoln, in order to a complete Collection of his Works, with notes.

Preparing for the press, a Christian Biographical Dictionary; by John Wilks, Jun.

A Novel, in 3 vols, to be entitled, "Such is the World," will shortly be published.

*The Mental Calculator*; by Mr Lovelin. Shortly will be published, the Steelial, Canto II.

*The Poets' Child*, a Tragedy; from the pen of Miss Isabel Hill.

A Small Volume of Poems, entitled, "What is Life;" with other Effusions; by Mr Thomas Bailey.

The valuable Library of CARDINAL FESCH, having been purchased by Messrs SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES, of Paternoster Row, and Mr BOOKER of Bond Street, a Catalogue of the same will shortly be submitted to the Public, previously to the disposal of it by auction.

In the Press, and speedily will be published in octavo, Volume First of the *Principles of Medicine*, written entirely on the plan of the Baconian Philosophy; to prove that the only rational method of curing disease, so as to induce by medicine, an opposition or counteracting action, sufficiently powerful to expel the disorder; by R. D. Hamilton, Medical Practitioner.

The general History of the House of *Guelph*, or Royal Family of England, from the first record of the name, to the accession of George the First to the Throne of Great Britain, printing under the immediate patronage of his Majesty, will be ready early in December, in one volume 4to.

In the press, a Second Volume of Sacred Lyrics; by James Edmeston, 12mo.

A New Edition of the Rev. John Foster's Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance, is nearly ready for publication.

A Second Volume also of Clarke's (Thos.) History of Intolerance.

## EDINBURGH.

*Kenilworth*, a Romance, by the Author of *Waverley*, will be out early in January.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 3 vols 8vo, a History of the British Empire, from the Accession of Charles I. the Restoration; with an Introduction, tracing the progress of Society, and of the

Constitution, from the feudal times to the opening of the History; and including a particular examination of Mr Hume's statements, relative to the character of the English Government. By George Brodie, Esq. Advocate.

Should a sufficient number of Subscribers be obtained, to defray the necessary expence

of publication, there will be published, by A. Henderson, land-surveyor and valuator, Campbelltown, a Treatise on the proper selection and management of Live Stock, with cures and preventatives for the most prevalent disorders that attend them; and likewise, a proper system of management pointed out for arable and grazing farms, of different soils, in various climates and situations, containing several modes of improving waste lands, draining, and irrigating; particularly adapted for the Highlands of Scotland; with numerous useful hints to the practical farmer. The work to be comprised in upwards of two hundred pages 8vo, embellished with engravings, illustrative of the subject. Price 7s. 6d. boards.

A Prospectus has been circulated of a new periodical religious Magazine, conducted by members of the United Secession Church of Scotland, entitled *The Christian Recorder, and British and Foreign Religious Intelligencer*. The first number will appear on the 16th of January.

St Aubin, or the Inbdel. 2 vols 12mo.

The Scrap Book; containing a collection of amusing and striking pieces in prose and verse, chiefly selected from the standard and floating literature of the last twelve or fifteen years; together with an introduction, and occasional remarks and contributions; by John McDiarmid, Author of the *Life of William Cowper*, Esq. 12mo.

Anster Far, a poem, in six cantos; with other Poems; by William Tennant. 4th edition, foolscap 8vo.

An Abridgment of the History of England, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar to the death of George II.; by Dr Goldsmith. With a Continuation to the demise of George III. by the Rev. Alex. Stewart; in one vol. 12mo.

A new Travelling Map of England and Wales, exhibiting the different counties, towns, villages, and stages; principal and cross roads; hills, rivers, canals, &c. constructed and drawn with the greatest care. By John Bell, land-surveyor.

Johnson's Dictionary, in miniature; to which are subjoined a Vocabulary of Classical and Scripture Proper Names, and a concise Account of the Heathen Deities. The

Accentuation is accurately marked, and the whole carefully corrected, by George Fulton, author of a Pronouncing Dictionary, Spelling-Book, &c.

Elements of Morality, for the use of Young Persons; with an Introductory Address to Parents. Translated from the German of the Rev. C. G. Salzmann. Embellished with 7 plates, from designs by Corbould. 12mo.

A Concise System of Practical Geometry, Trigonometry, and Mensuration; together with an easy Introduction to Algebra; by Alex. Ingram.

Select Passages from the Bible; designed chiefly for the use of Schools and Young Persons; by Alex. Adam, teacher, Edinburgh. 12mo.

An English Translation of the System of Universal Geography, by M. Malte Brun, Editor of the *Annales des Voyages*, &c. is now in the press. The work will be completed in 7 thick 8vo volumes, or 14 parts, the first part of which will be published in the beginning of February, and the remainder quarterly. The translation is executing under the eye of the Author, who has corrected and improved the work expressly for this translation. The description of the British Empire, and of North and South America, is to be revised by gentlemen belonging to these countries, whose access to official documents will enable them to supply such important information as will render this part of the work in a great measure original. The publication of the original was commenced in 1812, and is expected to be completed in two years. Five volumes have been already published; the first contains the History of Geography, and of the Progress of Discovery, from the earliest ages to the present day; the second contains the Theory of Mathematical, Physical, and Political Geography; and the last three contain the Description of Asia, Africa, and America; the Description of Europe will be comprized in two additional volumes, which will complete the work. The English Translation commences with the Theory of Mathematical, Physical, and Political Geography.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### LONDON.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

JOHN OFFER'S Quarterly Catalogue of Theological and Miscellaneous Books, No 5.

Bent's Catalogue of Books, from October 1818, to October 1820. 2s.

S. Hayes's Catalogue of Classics, and other Books. 2s. 6d.

#### CLASSICS.

A Literal Translation of the *Iliad* of Homer into English Prose, with explanatory

Notes; by a Graduate of the University of Oxford, 8vo. 2 vols. £1. 4s.

Sophocles Opera, cum annotat. R.F.P. Brunnii et Godof. 8vo. 3 vols. £1. 11s. 6d.

#### COMMERCE.

A Manual of Foreign Exchange, Monies, &c. 12mo. 4s.

A Collection of the Treaties and Conventions at present subsisting between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, Compiled from



Authentic Documents; by Lewis Hertslet, Esq. Librarian, and Keeper of the Papers, Foreign Office, 2 vols. 8vo. £1, 4s.

## EDUCATION.

Augustus; or, the Ambitious Student. 9s.  
The Cambridge Problems, from 1801 to 1820, inclusive. 10s. 6d.

## DRAMA.

The Lady and the Devil, a Musical Drama; by William Dimond, Esq. 2s.

Soirées Littéraires; or a few hints upon the French Language. 3s.

The Youth's Spelling, Pronouncing, and Explanatory Theological Dictionary of the New Testament. 12mo. 7s.

The Tour of Africa, selected and arranged by Catherine Hutton. 8vo. Vol. II. 12s.

The Boys' School; or traits of character in early life; by Miss Sandham. 3s.

More Minor Morals; or an introduction to the Winter Family. 8s. 6d.

A Practical Method of teaching the living Languages applied to the French; by M. Marcell. 8vo. 4s.

## FINE ARTS.

The National Sports of Great Britain, superbly coloured, by Henry Albin; containing 12 plates, with descriptions. Part I. £2, 2s.

The Costume of Persia; drawn from nature by A. Olowski. Part I. containing 6 coloured plates; folio. 18s.

Forty-four coloured Plates, illustrative of the researches and operations of G. Belzoni. fol. £6, 6s.

Ornaments and Designs from the Antique, for the use of architects, upholders, cabinet-makers, &c. No I. 4to. 7s. 6d. To be completed in 10 numbers.

Views in Ceylon; a series of six engravings 22 by 15 inches, highly finished in colours; illustrative of Kandyan scenery, costumes, &c. Price to Subscribers £5, 6s.

## GEOGRAPHY.

A Historical and Geographical Memoir of the North American Continent, its Nations and Tribes; by the Rev. J. B. Gordon. 4to. £2.

## HISTORY.

A Narrative of Proceedings of Venezuela in 1819, 1820; with the Character of the Republican Government, a Description of Caracas, &c.; by Captain G. L. Chesterton. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

## LAW.

The Law of Evidence; by T. M. Phillips. Vol. I. royal 8vo. 18s.

A Compendious Abstract of the Public Acts passed in 60th Geo. III. and 1st Geo. IV.; by T. W. Williams, Esq. 8s.

An Abridgment of the Law of Nisi Prius; by W. Selwyn, jun. Esq. 2 vols 8vo. £2, 16s.

A Digested Index to the Term Reports, analytically arranged; royal 8vo. 2 vols. £2, 7s.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—DEC. 9, 1820.

**Sugar.**—THE demand for Sugar has for some time past been steady. Considerable purchases have been of late made, but without any improvement in price. No supplies of any importance can now be expected at market for several months to come, except from Demerara, and if the demand continues as it has done for several months past, it is scarcely possible but that the price of Sugar must advance. The sale of refined goods is now confined to the demand for home consumpt; the season for export to the northern ports being now closed. **Coffee.**—The sales of Coffee may be said to be limited to the quantity used for the internal supply of Great Britain. There has been no shipments of late to the continent of any consequence, but as the spring advances, that will in all probability be considerable. Prices remain nominal, but without any disposition to droop. **Cotton.**—The sales of Cotton have been considerable, both for home consumpt and exportation; but as the holders evince a disposition to sell, the price has rather given way. Cotton may be stated as being still on the decline, without any prospect of revival. The importation has increased this year. The imports of the first eleven months of last year amounted to 518,095 bags, and for the first eleven months of this year 553,171 bags; making an increase of 35,076 bags. Bowed and Brazils are at present in the greatest request. **Indigo.**—The demand for Indigo has of late been extensive, yet the market remains firm. The holders generally anticipate an improvement both in the supply and in the demand. **Tobacco.**—The price of tobacco may be stated on the decline, and the market dull, notwithstanding the large contract for the French government. The stock on the 1st December 1819 was 12,591 hhds, and that on the 1st instant was 15,344, making an increase of 2,753 hhds. **Irish Provisions** are improving in demand and in price. Butters in particular were in brisk demand last week, and the advance in price was maintained. The arrivals of Tallow are extensive beyond precedent, and no alteration in the demand. In Hemp and Flax there is no variation. Tar may be purchased on lower terms. In Greenland Oils, the price may be stated at a little improvement. Fine Wheat experienced a brisk demand. Inferior qualities were dull. Fine parcels of Barley command high prices. The sale of Oats is dull and languid, and the price declining. Grey and White Pease are lower. In Clover Seed there is little or no business doing. Rum continues nominal in price. Brandy is rather lower. In Geneva there is no variation.

The manufactures of the country are considerably revived, but we believe the labourer is deriving greater advantages from that revival than the employer. Any increase on the demand in foreign markets from export trade is more than counterbalanced by the misfortunes of the agricultural interests, but it is anticipated, that next year will restore things to their proper level, and give fresh life and vigour to all our establishments, agricultural and commercial. The political convulsions taking place in different countries, are by no means favourable to the extension of our foreign trade.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 3d to 24th Nov. 1820.

	3d.	10th.	17th.	24th.
Bank stock, .....	215 $\frac{1}{2}$	215 $\frac{1}{2}$ 16	218 $\frac{1}{2}$ 18	219 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent. reduced, .....	66 $\frac{7}{8}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per cent. consols, .....	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols, .....	76	76 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 per cent. consols, .....	84 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5	85 $\frac{1}{2}$	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	86 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 per cent. navy ann., .....	103 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$
Imperial 3 per cent. ann., .....	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$
India stock, .....	221 $\frac{1}{2}$ 1	221 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	224 $\frac{1}{2}$
— bonds, .....	27 pr.	27 25 pr.	26 27 pr.	27 24 pr.
Exchequer bills, .....	4 6 pr.	5 3 pr.	3 5 pr.	2 pr. par.
Consols for acc., .....	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$	69 $\frac{1}{2}$
American 3 per cents., .....	70	70	70	70
French 5 per cents., .....	76 fr. 75 c.	—	—	—

**Course of Exchange, Dec. 5.**—Amsterdam, 12 : 7. Antwerp, 12 : 8. Hamburg, 37 : 8. Frankfort on the Maine, 154  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 70. Bourdeaux, 26 : 0. Madrid, 36  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Cadiz, 36  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Lisbon, 50  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Oporto, 51. Gibraltar, 30  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Leghorn, 47. Genoa, 44. Malta, 45. Naples, 39. Rio Janeiro, 53. Dublin, 7  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Cork, 7  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

**Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.**—Portugal gold, in coin, £0 : 0 : 0. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10  $\frac{1}{2}$ . New dollars, £0 : 4 : 10  $\frac{1}{2}$ . Silver in bars, stand. £0 : 4 : 11  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

## PRICES CURRENT.—Dec. 2, LONDON.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.	
SUGAR, Musc.								
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60	to 65	57	to 61	56	to 58	54	to 60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76	86	62	75	59	70	61	66
Fine and very fine, . .	81	96	—	—	76	83	71	82
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	130	145	—	—	—	—	90	109
Powder ditto, . . .	106	110	—	—	—	—	—	—
Single ditto, . . .	105	108	—	—	100	104	—	—
Small Lump, . . .	94	96	—	—	98	105	—	—
Large ditto, . . .	92	96	—	—	90	94	—	—
Crushed Lumps, . . .	47	56	—	—	48	50	—	—
MOLASSES, British, . cwt.	28	28 6	27	28	28	—	24 6d	—
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.								
Ord. good, and fine ord.	115	122	112	119	118	122	95	125
Mid. good, and fine mid.	123	124	120	123	125	130	128	132
Large, Prige and very ord.	85	115	—	—	100	116	—	—
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	128	—	—	120	125	—	—
Mid. good, and fine mid.	152	140	—	—	130	155	—	—
St. Domingo, . . .	122	126	—	—	116	120	—	—
PEPPER (in Bond) lb.	84	84	84	84	84	84	—	—
SPIRITS,								
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	3s 0d	3s 1d	2s 7d	2s 8d	2s 2d	2s 4d	2s 6d	4s 0d
Brandy, . . .	4 0	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 6	3 9
Geneva, . . .	2 3	2 6	—	—	—	—	2 0	2 2
Grain Whisky, . . .	7 0	7 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
WINES,								
Claret, 1st Growth, bhd.	60	64	—	—	—	—	£35	65
Portugal Red, . . .	35	16	—	—	—	—	50	51
Spanish White, . . .	31	55	—	—	—	—	—	—
Teneriffe, . . .	30	32	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madeira, . . .	60	65	—	—	—	—	55	45
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 0	7 7	5 15	6 0	6 5	6 10	6s 10	7s 0d
Honduras, . . .	8	—	6 0	6 6	7 0	7 5	6 10	7 0
Campeachy, . . .	8	—	—	—	7 15	8 0	—	—
EUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	—	7 10	8 0	7 10	—	£7	0 88 0
Cuba, . . .	9	11	9 10	10 0	8 10	9 0	1s 5d	1s 6d
ADIGO, Caracca, fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	10 0	10 6d
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—
Ditto Oak, . . .	3 0	3 1	—	—	—	—	—	—
Christiansand (duty paid)	2 0	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Hondura, Mahogany	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	1 0	1 4	—	—
St. Domingo, ditto	—	—	1 4	3 0	1 3	1 9	19 0	—
TAR, American, . bri.	—	—	—	—	19	20	16 0	—
Archangel, . . .	18	19	—	—	—	—	8 6	10 6
PITCH, Foreign, . . cwt.	10	11	—	—	—	—	—	—
TALLOW, Rus. Vel. Cand.	54	—	55	54	54	—	—	—
Horse Malted, . . .	57	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
HEMP, Itaga Rhine, ton.	46	47	—	—	—	—	£42 0	—
Petersburgh Clean, . .	43	—	—	—	—	—	£40 0	—
FLAX,								
Itaga Thres. & Drug. Rak.	60	—	—	—	—	—	59	60
Itach, . . .	58	100	—	—	—	—	—	—
Itach, . . .	48	52	—	—	—	—	—	—
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	3 15	4 0
BRISTLES,								
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	15 10	11	—	—	—	—	—	—
ASTRES, Peters. Pearl, .	54	55	—	—	—	—	57s	58s
Montreal ditto, . . .	41	46	57	58	58	—	40	42
Pot, . . .	58	11	32	51	34	34 6	32	40
Oil, Whale, . . . tun.	£22	25	22 10	23	—	—	£24	—
Cod, . . .	84 (p. brl.)	—	—	—	—	—	£25 10s.	—
TORACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	8	—	7 1	8	0 6	0 8	8d	0d
Middling, . . .	6 1/2	7 1/2	6 1/2	6 1/2	0 4	0 5 1/2	4 1/2	7
Interior, . . .	6	6 1/2	5	6	0 3	0 3 1/2	4	4 1/2
COFFINS, Bowd Georg.	—	—	1 0 1/2	1 0 1/2	0 9	0 11 1/2	0 9	1 1
Sea Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 10	2 1	1 10	2 0	1 4	1 10
Good, . . .	—	—	1 7	1 9	1 5	1 6	—	—
Middling, . . .	—	—	1 6	1 7	1 2	1 4	—	—
Demerara and Berbice,	—	—	1 5	1 5	0 11	1 2	0 11	1 1
West India, . . .	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 11
Pernambuco, . . .	—	—	1 4	1 4 1/2	1 0 1/2	1 1 1/2	1 0	1 1
Maranham, . . .	—	—	1 4	1 5	0 11 1/2	1 0 1/2	1 0	1 0 1/2

## EDINBURGH, DEC. 6.—LONDON, DEC. 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....39s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.	1st,.....19s. 6d.
2d,.....31s. 6d.	2d,.....19s. 6d.	2d,.....17s. 6d.	2d,.....18s. 6d.
3d,.....26s. 6d.	3d,.....18s. 6d.	3d,.....15s. 6d.	3d,.....17s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10:2 6-12ths.

Tuesday, December 5.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s 5d. to 0s 7d.	Quartern Loaf . . .	0s 9d. to 0s 10d.
Mutton . . . . .	0s 5d. to 0s 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . .	0s 10d. to 0s.
Lamb, per quarter .	2s 6d. to 3s 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s 3d. to 0s.
Veal . . . . .	0s 6d. to 0s 9d.	Salt ditto, per stone,	16s. 0d. to 0s.
Pork . . . . .	0s 5d. to 0s 7d.	Ditto, per lb. . . .	1s. 0d. to 0s.
Tallow, per stone .	8s 6d. to 9s 6d.	Eggs, per dozen . .	0s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.

## HADDINGTON.—DECEMBER 15.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 6d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....16s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 6d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....0s. 0d.	2d,.....0s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....0s. 0d.	3d,.....0s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : 6d. 9-12ths.

## London, Corn Exchange, Dec. 4.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, Red, new	31	to 32	Hog Pease.	52	to 53
Fine ditto	18	to 19	Maple	55	to 56
Superfine ditto	55	to 56	White pease	56	to 57
Ditto old	—	to —	Boilers	40	to 42
White, new	58	to 59	New do.	—	to —
Fine ditto	52	to 53	Small Beans, new	51	to 53
Superfine do.	58	to 60	Old do.	42	to 44
Old do.	—	to —	Tie do. new	27	to 29
Foreign	—	to —	Old do.	40	to 42
Brank, new	20	to 28	Foreign	51	to 53
Rye	28	to 30	Feed Oats	16	to 20
Barley	21	to 22	Fine do.	21	to 22
Fine new	24	to 25	Poland do.	18	to 21
Superfine	27	to 28	Fine do.	22	to 24
Malt	42	to 5	Potato do.	22	to 24
Fine do.	51	to 60	Fine do.	22	to 28

## Seeds, &amp;c.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown,	12	to 15	Hempseed	48	to 50
—White	11	to 13	Lined crush	56	to 65
Tares	8	to 9	New for. seed	70	to 76
Tarup, White	17	to 20	Riggrass	18	to 41
—New	0	to 0	Clover, Red	42	to 74
—Yellow	20	to 21	—White	50	to 106
Caraway, new	60	to 61	Cosinander	16	to 20
Canary, new	81	to 88	Trifol.	30	to 72

New Rapeseed, £58 to £40.

## Liverpool, Nov. 28.

Wheat,	s. d.	s. d.	Pease, grey	s. d.	s. d.
per 70 lbs.			—White	41	to 50
Eng. old	8	5 to 8	Flour, English	38	to 40
American	—	to —	p. 240 lb. fine	38	to 40
Dantae	—	to —	Irish	35	to 38
Dutch Red	—	to —	Amer. p. 19	38	to 40
Riga	—	to —	Sweet, U.S.	27	to 31
Archangel	—	to —	Do. m. bond	22	to 23
Canada	7	10 to 8	Irish	26	to 28
Scotch	7	9 to 8	Ontario, per 240 lb.	24	to 26
Irish, old	7	4 to 7	English	24	to 26
Barley, per 60 lbs.	4	0 to 4	Scotch	22	to 24
Eng.	4	0 to 4	Irish	22	to 24
—Malting	—	to —	Brans, p. 240 lb.	1	1 to 1
Scotch	5	6 to 5	Butter, &c.		
Irish	5	3 to 5	Butter, per cwt.	s.	d.
Oats, per 45 lbs.	2	2 to 3	Best new	85	to 84
Eng. pota.	2	2 to 3	New	81	to 82
Irish do.	2	2 to 3	Waterford	74	to 75
Scotch do.	5	0 to 5	Cork, per c.	26	to 27
Rye, per qr.	50	0 to 31	5d dry	66	to 68
Malt per b.	8	6 to 9	Beef, p. tierce	110	to 120
—Fine	6	6 to 7	Long, p. hrk.	75	to 80
—Middling	6	6 to 7	Por. p. hcr.	10	to 70
Beans, pr qr.	45	0 to 15	Basin, p. cwt.	36	to 38
English	57	0 to 58	Short middles	36	to 38
Rapeseed, p. l.	45	1 to 45	Hans, dry	34	to 38

## Average Prices of Corn of England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 25th Nov. 1820.

Wheat, 56s. 8d.—Rye, 5s. 5d.—Barley, 27s. 9d.—Oats, 20s. 5d.—  
Oatmeal, 22s. 6d.—Rice or Hg. 0s. 0d.

## Average Prices of Corn in Scotland, for Four Weeks preceding Nov. 1818.

Wheat, 50s. 8d.—Rye, 58s. 10d.—Barley, 27s. 7d.—Oats, 21s. 6d.—Beans, 56s. 1d.—Pease, 55s. 6d.—  
Hg. 2s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 17s. 9d.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 28th of October and the 18th of November, 1820, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbott, W. Windham-place, merchant	Cooper, H. Thre. duce-street, merchant
Anderson, A. Salter's-hall-court, Canon-street, merchant	Cuff, W. High-street, Edlington, broker
Applby, T. C. Canterbury, stay-maker	Curtis, J. Fording-ridge, Hampden, draper
Armstrong, J. Bristol, mill-wright	Drinkwater, S. Liverpool, timber merchant
Ashby, J. East-street, Manchester-square, baker	Dommett, G. Deptford, ship-maker
Atkinson, G. and F. Kirby-moor-side, Yorkshire, corn-merchants	Edridge, D. Baldoek, cooper
Atkinson, C. Huddersfield, merchant	Ellis, J. Staverton-row, Newington, baker
Bailey, S. Bradford, Wilts, butcher	Fearne, C. Old Broad-street, merchant
Barker, T. Hop-ground Brewery, Stratford, brewer	Fordham, J. Bishop-stortford, Herts, plumber
Barnett, T. Hendal, Westmorland, corn-merchant	Fry, J. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, tailor
Beenden, J. jun. Dartmouth, sail-maker	Gordon, J. Tokenhouse-yard, and J. Gordon
Berthoud, H. jun. Castle-court, Strand, auctioneer	Thames-pleas, Strand, merchants
Bealey, J. York, Underedge, Gloucestershire, clothier	Green, J. Oxford-street, south
Benman, H. High-street, Borough, ironmonger	Greaves, H. Manchester, merchant
Booth, G. jun. Colleshill, Warwickshire, dealer	Harnant, K. Wapping-street, carpenter
Bright, W. Newland, Gloucester, corn-dealer	Harris, C. Winchester, saddler
Bryant, J. Austin Friars, merchant	Hewett, G. Huxley, banker
Brander, A. Budge-row, upholsterer	Hale, M. Cheltenham, Gloucester, hotel-keeper
Brown, K. Saracen's Head, Friday street, corn-dealer	Haywood, G. Birmingham, spirit-merchant
Canney, J. Bishopwearmouth, Durham, ship-owner	Hirst, T. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, cloth-dealer
Cannon, J. Liverpool, merchant	Hill, W. Denton's-green, Windle, Lancast, brewer
Chambers, F. Stamford, Lincoln, shoemaker	Hooper, J. Tooley-street, Southwark, chymist
Cooper, W. Fleet-market, linen-draper	Holderness, J. F. Buckler-bury, merchant
Cook, J. Oakley Mills, Suffolk, miller	Howlston, J. Thayer street, Manchester square, tailor
	Hornby, B. Bernard-street, plumber
	Holton, W. Evesham, Worcester-shire, porte-dealer
	Hunt, D. P. Snetterton, Norfolk, miller
	Imbrie, J. Bucklersbury, watchman

- Javens, J. and G. St James's-walk, Clerkenwell  
 Jent, T. Pwcedilly, chumaman  
 Johnson, W. Heybridge, Essex, salt-manufacturer  
 Kenworthy, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, draper  
 Keates, W. Bishopsgate-street, hosier  
 Kew, R. and T. Thomsom, Castle-street, White-chapel, horse-dealers  
 Klotz, M. Brighton, merchant  
 Knowles, J. Liverpool, innkeeper  
 Landon, T. Hartford, salt-manufacturer  
 Larkworthy, J. Exeter, comb-maker  
 Lethbridge, J. Carinthian-sheet, Tottenham-court-road, carpenter  
 Leigh, J. Upper Thames-street, coal-merchant  
 Ledieu, J. Richmond-buildings, Soho, jeweller  
 Little, T. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper  
 Linnon, W. Ringwood, butcher  
 Lovenbury, M. Bradford, Wilts, victualler  
 Lynch, M. Whitefriars, carman  
 Maas, H. Provost-street, City-road, merchant  
 Marsden, T. Pimlico, horse-dealer  
 Melton, M. sen. and T. Melton, Highgate, builders  
 Messerton, R. Great Marlow, Buckinghamshire, horse-dealer  
 Myrtle, W. Bighthelmstone, Sussex, hatter  
 Norris, T. Bishopstone, Wiltshire, shoe-maker  
 Norman, J. Lucas-street, Commercial-road, master-manner  
 Oakes, J. King's Arms-buildings, Cornhill, commission broker  
 Orme, J. Wigant, Lancaster, money-serverer  
 Patey, A. late of Plymouth, now of West Teignmouth, builder  
 Pridgen, W. Middlesfield, Cheshire, linen draper  
 Parker, A. Cheltenham, builder  
 Peachy, J. Oxford-street, linen draper  
 Price, R. Leekesbury, Gloucestershire, corn-lodger  
 Ralph, R. and W. King, Ipswich, maltster  
 Roberts, S. Cheltenham, dr  
 Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincolnshire, merchant  
 Saxon, J. Kingsland, stage-coach proprietor  
 Scarr, J. Doncaster, linen-draper  
 Schwies, J. C. and F. Grosjean, Soho-square, harp manufacturers  
 Slale, W. Leeds, corn-merchant  
 Smith, E. and J. Sanderson, Howden, Yorkshire, tailors  
 Smith, E. Green Lettuce-lane, tea-dealer  
 Smith, A. Lime-street-square, merchant  
 Spriggs, J. Chesham, Buckinghamshire, draper  
 Spence, J. Princes-street, Westminster, corn-dealer  
 Stephenson, A. Ingram-court, Fenchurch-street, cotton-manufacturer  
 Thwaites, S. Staplehurst, tallow-chandler  
 Tillotson, J. Waley, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner  
 Town, T. Yalding, Kent, miller  
 Trehaue, S. Litcher, silversmith  
 Trent, G. Bourton, Dorsetshire, maltster  
 Turner, T. W. Brentford, potter  
 Twedd, T. and R., Great St Helen's, millers  
 Usherwood, T. jun. Tonbridge, farmer  
 Watson, T. James-street, Manchester-square, grocer  
 Wall, C. Coventry, mercer  
 Watkins, P. Bristol, oil and colourman  
 White, H. Strand-lane, printer  
 Wilkinson, A. Liverpool, wine-merchant  
 Wilson, R. Clement-lane, broker  
 Willcocks, T. Holborn, umbrella-maker  
 Wilson, J. jun. Stanchife, Yorkshire, merchant  
 Wood, T. Trowbridge, Wiltshire, clothier  
 Wood, H. Rope-maker-street, Cripplegate, coach-smith  
 Woolven, T. Andover, Southampton, linen-draper  
 Wright, J. Hart-street, Bloomsbury, upholsterer  
 Wragge, F. F. St George's, Gloucestershire, dealer  
 Yate, R. W. Manchester, cotton-twist dealer

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th November, 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

- Alexander, G. farmer and cattle-dealer at Halk-burn, parish of Rothiemay  
 Anderson, R. wright and miller, Glasgow  
 Brown, J. merchant tailor in Glasgow  
 Crane, J. wooden draper in Leith  
 Craig, R. & Co. millers and grain-dealers in Patrick  
 Douglas, J. draper in Dumfries  
 Dunn, merchant of wool, and ship-owner in Greenock  
 Gibson, J. of the Dalkeith Company, Liffshire, Edinburgh  
 Gordon, J. merchant in Aberdeen  
 Hall & Handley, C. wood merchants, Fishrow  
 Paterson, A. cooper and fish-cutter, Greenock  
 Smith, James, Farning ruder, residing in Harbinger  
 Smith, James, reubar, and dealer in wool and corn  
 Sym, D. spirit-dealer in Glasgow  
 Williamson, G. J. & W. cattle dealers, Aberdeen-shire

DIVIDENDS.

- Baird, A. merchant in Inverkeithing: a dividend on 11th December  
 Hunter, R. cowfeeder and cattle-dealer in Glasgow: a dividend on 19th December  
 Nicol, W. butcher at Gateside: a dividend on 2d December  
 Pitkelby, J. builder in Leith: a dividend on 4th December  
 Wilson, Sam. manufacturer in Glasgow: a first and fifth dividend on 26th December

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

WINTER has seldom approached with more mildness than it has done this season. At the beginning of November, the thermometer ranged between 35 and 45, and frequently, in the course of the month, between 45 and 50. It sunk to the freezing point only four times, and rose as often above 50. The average temperature is exactly 5 degrees higher than that of November 1819. Spring water is also about 2 degrees higher. The barometer, with a few exceptions, has always been above the meridian height, and the mean daily range is little more than one-half of what it was last year. The quantity of rain is considerably below the mean monthly amount, and of this quantity the greater part fell between the 19th and 26th. In consequence, however, of the cloudy state of the weather, the amount of evaporation is small, and the average of Leslie's Hygrometer is nearly 2 degrees below that of November 1819. The point of deposition, according to Anderson's formula, is, for the same reason, a little higher than the mean daily minimum temperature. The relative humidity is also high, the mean quantity of moisture in the atmosphere being about nine-tenths of what would have produced complete saturation. The wind during the month scarcely ever exceeded a moderate breeze. The average temperature at 10 morning and evening is again a little higher than that of the mean maximum and minimum; but the difference is so small, that it cannot in any sensible degree affect the general coincidence between these results, so frequently noticed in former reports. The same remark is applicable to Anderson's theory of evaporation.

## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

Extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

NOVEMBER 1820.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER.			THERMOMETER.		
	Degrees.			Degrees.	
Mean of greatest daily heat,	45.7		Maximum	21st day	53.0
.....cold,	37.4		Minimum,	14th,	27.5
.....temperature, 10 A.M.	42.2		Lowest maximum,	13th,	38.0
.....10 P.M.	41.5		Highest minimum,	7th,	47.0
.....of daily extremes,	41.5		Highest, 10 A.M.	21st,	52.5
.....10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	41.8		Lowest ditto	15th,	34.0
.....4 daily observations,	41.6		Highest, 10 P.M.	20th,	51.5
Whole range of thermometer,	239.5		Lowest ditto	14th,	32.5
Mean daily ditto,	8.3		Greatest range in 24 hours, 10th,		16.5
.....temperature of spring water,	44.9		Least ditto,	27th,	1.5
BAROMETER.			BAROMETER.		
	Inches.			Inches.	
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 48.)	29.722		Highest 10 A.M.	29th,	30.215
.....10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 48.)	29.740		Lowest ditto,	17th,	29.520
.....both, (temp. of mer. 48.)	29.731		Highest 10 P.M.	29th,	30.175
Whole range of barometer,	5.425		Lowest ditto,	20th,	29.575
Mean ditto, during the day,	.090		Greatest range in 24 hours, 16th,		5.00
.....night,	.090		Least ditto,	9th,	.000
.....in 24 hours,	.180		HYGROMETER.		
HYGROMETER.				Degrees.	
	Degrees.				
Rain in inches,	1.658		Leslie. Highest, 10 A.M. 11th,		11.0
Evaporation in ditto,	.529		.....Lowest ditto,	25th,	1.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.017		.....Highest, 10 P.M. 10th,		21.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A.M.	6.1		.....Lowest ditto,	25th,	2.5
.....10 P.M.	6.5		Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 8th,		49.5
.....both	6.2		.....Lowest ditto,	10th,	31.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	38.8		.....Highest 10 P.M. 20th,		56.0
.....10 P.M.	37.6		.....Lowest ditto,	10th,	31.6
.....both	38.2		.....Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M. 25th,		98.0
.....Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	89.2		.....Least ditto,	11th,	75.0
.....10 P.M.	88.6		.....Greatest, 10 P.M. 25th,		97.0
.....both,	88.9		.....Least ditto,	10th,	61.0
.....Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	1.171		.....Moss. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 8th,		2.57
.....10 P.M.	.163		.....Least ditto,	11th,	1.27
.....both,	.168		.....Greatest, 10 P.M. 20th,		2.27
			.....Least ditto,	10th,	1.00

Fair days, 20; rainy days, 10. Wind west of Meridian, 11; east of meridian, 16.

### METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Nov. 1	M. 35	29.113	M. 43	W.	Showery.	Nov. 16	M. 26	29.653	M. 53	W.	Frost morn.
	E. 11	156	E. 13				E. 32	562	E. 59		Fair day.
2	M. 30	29.148	M. 40	N.W.	Fair.	17	M. 55	153	M. 40	W.	Dull, but fair.
	E. 58	350	E. 42				E. 40	202	E. 41		
3	M. 57	480	M. 54	N.W.	Frost morn.	18	M. 54	422	M. 40	W.	Fair.
	E. 40	343	E. 48		Fair day.		E. 59	490	E. 41		
4	M. 33	516	M. 54	W.	Rain morn.	19	M. 54	491	M. 42	W.	Ditto.
	E. 43	636	E. 44		dull day.		E. 41	565	E. 41		
5	M. 35	436	M. 44	S.	showery.	20	M. 56	270	M. 45	S.W.	Rainy day.
	E. 42	228	E. 42				E. 46	168	E. 49		Fair, but dull.
6	M. 34	510	M. 42	N.W.	Dull, but fair.	21	M. 48	236	M. 51	S.W.	Fair and mild.
	E. 41	363	E. 45				E. 55	236	E. 52		
7	M. 31	524	M. 45	E.	Rain morn.	22	M. 42	371	M. 51	S.W.	Fair and mild.
	E. 46	640	E. 48		dull day.		E. 45	376	E. 48		
8	M. 42	781	M. 49	Cble.	Fair.	23	M. 38	538	M. 46	Cble.	Rainy day.
	E. 50	882	E. 50				E. 45	258	E. 45		Fair, but dull.
9	M. 39	882	M. 47	E.	Mild.	24	M. 55	291	M. 44	N.W.	Fair, but dull.
	E. 45	903	E. 46				E. 40	584	E. 41		Frost morn.
10	M. 56	954	M. 46	W.	rain morn.	25	M. 29	508	M. 11	E.	Fair day.
	E. 14	999	E. 45		dull day.		E. 40	185	E. 43		
11	M. 29	999	M. 41	W.	Fair.	26	M. 50	410	M. 45	S.	Fair, but dull.
	E. 26	968	E. 42				E. 16	530	E. 41		
12	M. 54	770	M. 44	W.	Rain foren.	27	M. 38	686	M. 49	E.	Mild and fair.
	E. 42	588	E. 41		fair aftern.		E. 43	746	E. 45		
13	M. 29	520	M. 38	N.	Ditto.	28	M. 55	923	M. 45	E.	Ditto.
	E. 37	694	E. 41				E. 41	989	E. 45		
14	M. 29	778	M. 40	N.E.	Dull morn.	29	M. 32	980	M. 41	N.W.	Frost morn.
	E. 37	788	E. 39		rainy day.		E. 37	980	E. 41		Fair day.
15	M. 29	801	M. 37	W.	Frost morn.	30	M. 39	911	M. 47	N.W.	Ditto.
	E. 53	801	E. 38		fair day.		E. 39	911	E. 40		

Average of rain in inches, 1.139.





## METEOROLOGICAL TABLE,

*Extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 186 feet.*

NOVEMBER 1890.

Means.			Extremes.		
THERMOMETER.			THERMOMETER.		
	Degrees.			Degrees.	
Mean of greatest daily heat,	45.7		Maximum	21st day	53.0
.....cold,	37.4		Minimum	14th,	27.5
.....temperature, 10 A.M.	42.2		Lowest maximum,	15th,	38.0
....., 10 P.M.	41.3		Highest minimum,	7th,	47.0
.....of daily extremes,	41.8		Highest, 10 A.M.	21st,	52.5
.....10 A.M. and 10 P.M.	41.8		Lowest ditto	15th,	34.0
.....4 daily observations,	41.6		Highest, 10 P.M.	20th,	51.5
Whole range of thermometer,	249.5		Lowest ditto	14th,	32.5
Mean daily ditto,	8.3		Greatest range in 24 hours, 10th,		16.5
..... temperature of spring water,	44.9		Least ditto,	27th,	1.5
BAROMETER.			BAROMETER.		
	Inches.			Inches.	
Mean of 10 A.M. (temp. of mer. 48.)	29.722		Highest 10 A.M.	25th,	30.245
..... 10 P.M. (temp. of mer. 48.)	29.740		Lowest ditto,	17th,	29.390
..... both, (temp. of mer. 48.)	29.731		Highest 10 P.M.	20th,	30.175
Whole range of barometer,	5.425		Lowest ditto,	20th,	29.375
Mean ditto, during the day,	.090		Greatest range in 24 hours, 16th,		.500
..... night,	.090		Least ditto,	9th,	.000
..... in 24 hours,	.180		HYGROMETER.		
HYGROMETER.				Degrees.	
	Degrees.				
Rain in inches,	1.658		Leslie. Highest, 10 A.M. 11th,		11.0
Evaporation in ditto,	.520		..... Lowest ditto,	25th,	1.0
Mean daily Evaporation,	.017		..... Highest, 10 P.M. 16th,		21.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A.M.	6.1		..... Lowest ditto,	25th,	2.0
..... 10 P.M.	6.3		Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A.M. 8th,		49.3
..... both,	6.2		..... Lowest ditto,	14th,	51.0
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A.M.	36.4		..... Highest 10 P.M. 20th,		50.0
..... 10 P.M.	37.6		..... Lowest ditto,	10th,	21.0
..... both,	38.2		..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A.M. 25th,		98.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A.M.	89.2		..... Least ditto,	14th,	73.0
..... 10 P.M.	88.6		..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 25th,		97.0
..... both,	88.9		..... Least ditto,	10th,	61.0
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub. in air, 10 A.M.	.171		..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest, 10 A.M. 8th,		.235
..... 10 P.M.	.165		..... Least ditto	11th,	.157
..... both,	.160		..... Greatest, 10 P.M. 20th,		.215
			..... Least ditto,	10th,	.109

Fair days, 20; rainy days, 10. Wind west of Meridian, 14; east of meridian, 16.

**METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.**

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon. The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Nov. 1	M. 35	29.113	M. 43		Showery.	Nov. 16	M. 26	29.653	M. 35		
	E. 41	156	E. 43	W.			E. 32	562	E. 39	W.	Frost morn.
	M. 30½	248	M. 40		Fair.		M. 33	153	M. 40		fair day.
	E. 39	350	E. 42	N.W.			E. 40	202	E. 41	W.	Dull, but fair.
	M. 33	480	M. 42		Frost morn.		M. 34	422	M. 40		
	E. 40	443	E. 48	N.W.	fair day.		E. 39	490	E. 41	W.	Fair.
	M. 35	546	M. 51		Rain morn.		M. 34	491	M. 42		
	E. 43	536	E. 44	W.	dull day.		E. 41	565	E. 44	W.	Ditto.
	M. 35	430	M. 44		Showery.		M. 38	270	M. 45	S.W.	Rainy day.
	E. 42	228	E. 42	S.			E. 46	168	E. 49		
Nov. 2	M. 34½	310	M. 42		Dull, but fair.	Nov. 21	M. 40½	236	M. 51	S.W.	Fair, but dull.
	E. 41	365	E. 45	N.W.			E. 53	236	E. 52		
	M. 34	328	M. 43		Rain morn.		M. 42	375	M. 51	S.W.	Fair and mild.
	E. 46	640	E. 48	E.	dull day.		E. 45	376	E. 48	S.W.	
	M. 42	781	M. 49				M. 38	338	M. 46	Chle.	Rainy day.
	E. 50	882	E. 50		Fair.		E. 43	258	K. 45		
	M. 39	882	M. 47				M. 35	294	M. 44		Fair, but dull.
	E. 45	903	E. 46	E.	Mild.		E. 40	384	E. 44	N.W.	
	M. 36½	954	M. 46		rain morn.		M. 29½	508	M. 41		Frost morn.
	E. 44	899	E. 45	W.	dull day.		E. 40	435	E. 43	E.	fair day.
Nov. 3	M. 39	989	M. 41		Fair.	Nov. 26	M. 30	410	M. 45		Fair, but dull.
	E. 36	968	E. 42	W.			E. 46	530	E. 44		
	M. 34	770	M. 44		Rain forest.		M. 38	686	M. 41		
	E. 47	598	E. 41	W.	fair aftern.		E. 43	746	E. 45	E.	Mild and fair.
	M. 39	596	M. 39				M. 35½	525	M. 43		
	E. 57	694	E. 41	N.	Ditto.		E. 44	899	E. 43	E.	Ditto.
	M. 39	788	M. 40		Dull morn.		M. 31	969	M. 42		
	E. 37	788	E. 39	N.E.	rainy day.		E. 37	986	E. 41	N.W.	Frost morn.
	M. 39	801	M. 37		Frost morn.		M. 32	914	M. 47		fair day.
	E. 33	801	E. 38	W.	fair day.		E. 39	911	E. 40	N.W.	Ditto.

Average of rain in inches, 1.139.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &amp;c.

## I.—ECCLESIASTICAL.

The King has been pleased to nominate the Rev. James Wallace, minister of the gospel at Maryport, to be assistant and successor to the Rev. Dr David Lamont, minister of Kirkpatrick, Durham, presbytery of Dumfries, and stewartry of Kirkcudbright.

The King has been pleased to present the Rev. John Glegg to the church and parish of Bervie, or Inverbervie, in the presbytery of Fordoun, and county of Kincardine, void by the death of the Rev. Robert Croll.

The Rev. D. Cannan has been admitted to the pastoral charge of the united parish of Mains and Strathmartine, vacant by Dr Nicol's translation to St Leonard's.

## II.—MILITARY.

- 5 Dr. Gds. Lt. Griffiths, fm. h. p. 73 F. to be Qu. Mast vice Cochran, h. p. 18th Oct. 1820
- 6 — Caulfield, Capt. by purch. vice Ferguson, ret. 9th Nov.
- 10 Dr. Cornet Langle, Lt. by purch. do.
- C. W. Webster, Cornet by purch. do.
- 10 Dr. Lieut. Cartwright, Capt. by purch. vice Floyd, 11 Dr. 16th do.
- Cornet, Earl of Wiltshire, Lt. by purch. do.
- 11 T. Wood, Cornet by purch. do.
- Capt. Sir H. Floyd, Bt. fm. 10 Dr. Maj. by purch. vice Childers, prom. do.
- 14 H. Ross, Cornet by purch. vice Gooch, prom. 19th Oct.
- Lt. Baker, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Maj. Weyland, ret. do.
- Cornet Tuire, Lt. by purch. do.
- 17 Sir T. W. White, Bt. Cornet by purch. do.
- Bt. Lt. Col. Wilson, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Werge, ret. 25th Mar.
- Bt. Maj. Sale, Major by purch. do.
- Lt. Robinson, Capt. by purch. do.
- Cornet Haven, Lt. by purch. do.
- 22 J. Vernon, Cornet, by purch. vice Kierulf, prom. 24th Sept.
- Gl. Gds. Lt. & Capt. Higginson, Capt. & Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Colquhitt, ret. 26th Oct.
- Ens. and Lt. Long, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do.
- Greenwood, fm. h. p. Ens. & Lt. do.
- 5 Lt. and Capt. Barnett, Capt. and Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Col. Hamilton, ret. do.
- Ens. & Gossip, Lt. & Capt. by purch. do.
- 1 F. J. R. Barker, Ens. & Lt. by purch. do.
- Lt. Billing, Capt. vice Galbraith, 4 R.V.B. 19th do.
- Ensign Bruce, Lt. do.
- W. H. Church, Ens. do.
- 2 Lt. Hair, Capt. vice Williamson, 6 R. Vet. do.
- Bn. do.
- Ensign Proctor, Lt. do.
- J. B. Dalway, Ens. do.
- 10 J. Le Merchant, Ens. vice Lord S. Lennox, 25 F. 26th do.
- 24 Ensign Cornwall, fm. 38 F. Lt. by purch. vice Brooksbank, 36 F. 18th do.
- 25 Lt. Stewart, Capt. vice M'Laren, 8 R.V.B. 9th Nov.
- Ens. Dickson, Lt. do.
- B. F. Noyes, Ens. do.
- 28 Capt. Magennis, fm. 37 F. Capt. vice Mortley, h. p. 71 F. 19th do.
- Ensign Mountstevens, Lt. vice Wilkinson, dead 26th do.
- Lord S. Lennox, fm. 10 E. Ensign 23d do.
- 35 Bt. Lt. Col. Grant, fm. h. p. 11 F. Major vice Philott, cancelled 16th Nov.
- 37 Capt. Barallier, fm. h. p. 71 F. Capt. vice Magennis, 28 F. 19th Oct.
- 38 H. Grimes, Ens. vice Cornwall, 24 F. do.
- J. S. Torrens, Ensign, vice Vassall, 50 F. 26th do.
- 41 Ens. Johnson, Lt. vice Lenn, 10 R. V. Bn. 2d Nov.
- 49 J. C. Bedinfield, Ens. do.
- Capt. Mitchell, fm. 92 F. Capt. vice Ellis, h. p. York Chass. do.
- 50 Lieut. Patterson, Captain vice Mitchell, 7 R. Vet. Bn. 19th Oct.
- Ensign Tudor, Lt. do.
- J. B. Ross, Ens. do.
- J. S. Torrens, Ens. vice Nicolls, 72 F. 26th do.
- Ens. Vassall, fm. 38 F. Ens. vice Torrens, cancelled 19th Nov.
- Lieut. Elliott, Capt. vice Beardsley, ret. 9th Nov.
- 57 W. J. P. Gore, Ensign, vice Brown, prom. 26th Oct.
- 59 F. Fortune, Ensign, vice Douglas, re- 25th Mar.
- 65 J. Donnithorne, Ens. vice Mathison, dead 22d Dec. 1819
- Surg. Mackesey, fm. 62 F. Surg. vice Burrell, 4-ad 12th Oct. 1820
- 67 Ensign Elliot, Lieut. vice Baynham, dead 7th Dec. 1819
- 71 — Impett, Lieut. by purch. vice Horton, 81 F. 5th Oct.
- 72 G. Strangways, Ens. by purch. do.
- Ens. Nicolls, fm. 50 F. Ens. vice Enery, re- 26th do.
- 74 C. A. Vallancey, Ens. by purch. vice Arbuthnot, 4 F. 19th do.
- 79 Ensign Campbell, Lieut. vice Morrison, 9 R. Vet. Bn. 26th do.
- 81 A. Brown, Ens. do.
- Lt. Horton, fm. 74 F. Capt. by purch. vice Bowles, ret. 5th do.
- Ensign Oakley, Lieut. vice Armstrong, 10 R. Vet. Bn. 19th do.
- 81 E. Harrison, Ens. do.
- Lieut. Carroll, Captain vice Turner, 10 R. Vet. Bn. do.
- Ensign Reade, Lt. do.
- R. R. Harris, Ens. do.
- 89 W. Thomas, Ensign, vice Kn. prom. 1st Aug. 1814
- 92 Capt. Noel, fm. h. p. York Chass. Capt. vice Mitchell, 49 F. 2d Nov. 1820
- Rifle Brig. 1st Lieut. Hope, Capt. vice Chawner, 4 R. Vet. Bn. 9th do.
- 2d Lieut. Otter, 1st Lieut. do.
- Hon. — Gley, 2d Lt. vice Otter, prom. 16th do.
- Medical Department.*
- Assist. Surg. Gilder, fm. 67 F. Surg. to the Forces, vice Nicoll, prom. 9th Nov. 1820
- Ramsay, fm. h. p. Assist. Surg. to the Forces, vice French, 67 F. 19th Oct.
- Hosp. As. White, fm. h. p. Hosp. As. Forces, vice Trigance, 17 F. 2d Nov.
- Exchanges.*
- Bt Col. Ponsonby, from 12 Dr. rec. diff. between full pay Cav and full pay Inf. with Lieut. Col Brotherton, h. p. 22 Dr.
- Major Bishop, from 64 F. rec. diff. with Bt. Lieut. Col. Bailey, h. p. 1 Pro. Bn. or Mt.
- Bt. Lt. Col. Wilby, from 90 F. with Capt. Paget, h. p. 31 F.
- Capt. Grenfell, from 7 Dr. rec. diff. with Captain Towers, h. p. 21 Dr.
- Goldsmit, from 12 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Crauford, h. p. 60 F.
- Hervey, from 22 F. with Capt. French, 82 F.
- Burton, from 33 F. with Capt. Rist, h. p. 37 F.
- Cox, from 37 F. with Capt. East, h. p. 50 F.
- Manners, from 1 Life Gds. with Lieut. J. Hall, h. p. 6 Dr.
- Hughes, from 5 Dr. Gd. with Lieut. Mercer, 70 F.
- Burne, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Carroll, h. p. 22 Dr.
- Baggott, from 5 Dr. with Lieut. M'Queen, 80 F.

Capt. L'Estrange, from 7 F. with Ricketts, h. p. 2 F. G.  
 — Boyd, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. McCrummin, h. p. 75 F.  
 — Ball, from 22 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Green, h. p. 40 F.  
 — Gray, from 25 F. with Lieut. Wall, h. p. 40 F.  
 — Cornwall, from 24 F. with Lieut. Keppel, Cape Corps.  
 — Blackwell, from 25 F. with Lieut. Dunnes, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.  
 — Foulkes, from 40 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Crabb, h. p. 58 F.  
 — Perceval, from 63 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Douglas, h. p. 68 F.  
 — Payne, from 75 F. with Lieut. Baldwin, h. p. 14 F.  
 — Forbes, from Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Lt. Rochfort, h. p.  
 — Cornet Whitmore, from 8 Dr. rec. diff. with Cornet W. then, h. p. 21 Dr.  
 — Ensign Stafford, from 27 F. with Ensign Ogilvie, 87 F.  
 — Satterthwaite, from 35 F. with Ensign Dickens, h. p. 34 F.  
 — Mackay, from 51 F. with Ensign Estridge, 65 F.  
 — Carroll, from 86 F. with Ensign Usher, h. p. 53 F.  
 — Assist. Surg. Magrath, from 61 F. with Assist. Surg. White, h. p. York. Chass.  
 — Davy, from Staff Assist. Surg. with Assist. Surg. Lloyd, h. p.

#### Resignations and Retirements.

Col. Hamilton, 3 F. G.  
 Lieut. Col. Wargo, 17 Dr.  
 — Colquhoun, Gren. Gds.  
 Major Weyland, 16 Dr.  
 Captain Ferguson, 6 Dr. Gds.  
 — Beardsley, 51 F.  
 — Bowles, 51 F.  
 Ensign Douglas, 59 F.  
 — Enery, 72 F.

#### Appointments Cancelled.

Major Phillott, 53 F.  
 Ensign Torrens, 50 F.  
 — Surtees, 4 Vet. Bn.  
 Surg. Stewart, 65 F.  
 — Ardley, 17 F.  
 Quart. Mast. Hill, Rifle Brig.

#### Dismissed.

Dep. Assist. Comm. Gen. Brander.

#### Deaths.

Lieut. Gen. Glasgow, R. Art. Lon. 28th Oct. 1820  
 Maj. Gen. Barrow, of late 5 W. I. R. at Paris, 16th Aug.  
 — Victor, Baron Alten, late Ger. Leg. Hanover, 25th do.  
 Col. Sir W. Robt. R. Art. Shooter's Hill, Kent, 5th Nov. 1820  
 Lieut. Col. De la Duespe, 69 F. Bangalore, 19th April 1823  
 — Tomkins, Nassau, New Providence, 4th Sept.  
 Major Doherty, 15 Dr. Bangalore, 12th June 1820  
 — White, h. p. 6 Gar. Bn. 11th Aug.  
 — Burn, late of Royal Marines, Maidstone, 15th Oct.  
 Captain Livingston, h. p. 13 F.  
 — Doig, h. p. 21 F.  
 — Morrison, h. p. 113 F.  
 — Forbes, h. p. 9 F.  
 — Grimstead, h. p. York. R.

Capt. Wilson, h. p. Indep.  
 — Friedericks, h. p. Ger. Leg. 25th April 1820  
 — Lechten, h. p. 19th Feb.  
 — de Brandis, h. p. 28th Jan.  
 — Struver, h. p. 29th June  
 — Ochems, h. p. 11th May  
 — Baker, h. p. 53 F. 8th Sept.  
 Lieut. Wilkinson, 28 F. Corfu.  
 — Howard, (adj.) 59 F. Berhampore, 11th May 1820  
 — Higginbotham, 69 F. Bangalore 11th May  
 — Dunlevie, 87 F. Dimpore 15th April  
 — Grant, h. p. 52 F. 9th do.  
 — Mitchell, h. p. 89 F. Bombay 4th June 1819  
 — Anderson, late 2 Vet. Bn. May 1820  
 — Maclean, late 6 Vet. Bn. do.  
 — Stuart, late Gar. Bn. 21st June  
 — Wellwood, h. p. 82 F. Pittiver, Fifeshire, 7th July  
 — Eversfield, h. p. 11 Dr.  
 — Leech, h. p. 12 Dr.  
 — Leavach, h. p. 21 F.  
 — Adlerley, h. p. 34 F.  
 — Roddey, h. p. 38 F.  
 — Meagher, h. p. 43 F.  
 — M'Quarrie, h. p. 74 F.  
 — Swayne, h. p. 97 F.  
 — Primrose, h. p. 98 F.  
 — Snowden, h. p. 5 Pro. Bn. of Mil.  
 — Nichols, do. do.  
 — Hon. W. Leeson, h. p. Indep.  
 — Spreibach, h. p. Ger. Leg.  
 — Wilding, do. do.

#### Cornets & Ensigns.

Bingham, 17 F. Bombay 25d April 1820  
 Fearon, h. p. 1 F.  
 Blood, h. p. 22 F. 20th Aug.  
 Pollman, h. p. 78 F. Hanover 27th Sept.  
 Wallis, h. p. Ind. Co. 1st April  
 Rose, h. p. 86 F. Limerick 12th Aug.  
 Luters, h. p. 20 Dr.  
 Brock, h. p. 55 F.  
 Gauthy, h. p. 39 F.  
 Stent, h. p. 79 F.  
 Making, h. p. 4 W. I. R.  
 Fricks, (cornet) h. p. Ger. Leg. 25d April  
 Sander, h. p. Ger. Leg. 19th Feb.  
 Adjut. Bennell, h. p. Oxford Feu. Cav. 17th Mar. 1820

— Simon, h. p. Fraser's Fen.  
 Qu. Mast. Smith, h. p. 4 Dr.  
 — Tarterton, h. p. 18 Dr. 2d Nov. 1820  
 — Wheeler, h. p. Wagg. Tr.

#### Commissariat Department.

Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. T. Harvey, at Sea.  
 Do. do. do. Fleming, Montreal, Canada 11th July 1820

#### Medical Department.

Dr Wright, h. p. Physician  
 A. Thompson, h. p. Dep. Insp.  
 Dr Walker, h. p. Assist. Surg. 71 F. Paris 2d Nov. 1820  
 J. Blair, Hosp. Ass. Jamaica  
 Forsyth, h. p. Assist. surg. 41 F.  
 Shaw, h. p. Assist. Surg. 161 F.  
 M'Mullen, h. p. Assist. Surg. Roy. African Corps  
 Norris, h. p. Hosp. Assist.

#### Miscellaneous.

Dr Fruster, late Chaplain 90 F. Batl. sick 20th June 1820  
 Marshall, late Chaplain 90 F.  
 Playfair, do. 63 F.  
 W. Tongue, Dep. Judge Adv. at Jamaica 12th July

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

### BIRTHS.

Oct. 19. At Limerick, the lady of Lieut. Col. Douglas, 79th regiment, a daughter.  
 25. At Cliffdale, in Orkney, Mrs Balfour, a son.  
 21. At his house, in George-street, Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut. Gen. Hope, a daughter.  
 Nov. 4. At Duddingston, the wife of Thomas Walter, late Quar. Mast. of the Scots Greys, a son.

6. At Thortoun-house, Mrs Cuninglam a son.  
 — in Queen-street, Edinburgh, Mrs F. Walker, a daughter.  
 7. At Dalzell, Mrs Hamilton, a son.  
 8. At Castle Fraser, Mrs Fraser, a daughter.  
 10. At Edinburgh, Mrs Henry Black, of Quebec, a daughter.

11. At Edinburgh, the lady of William Ferguson, Esq. of Kilry, a son.  
— The lady of Robert Scott Moncrieff, Esq. advocate, a daughter.

12. At 16, Heriot Row, Edinburgh, the Honourable Mrs Wardlaw, a daughter.

— Mrs Craufurd, Piccadilly Place, Edinburgh, a son.

13. At Foss-house, Mrs Stewart, a son.

— At Teddington, the lady of D. Borland, Inspector of Army Hospitals, a son.

15. At New Laverock Bank, Mrs Wm. Swinton Maclean, a daughter.

16. At Bath, the lady of Sir Alexander Hood, Bart. a daughter.

— At Balthayock, Perthshire, the lady of Adam Ferguson, Esq. of Woodhill, a son.

17. At Dunottar-house, lady Kennedy, a son.

21. At Rose Bank, Mrs Dunbar, a son.

— At Coates house, the Right Hon. Lady Elibank, a daughter.

— At Strickson Mains, East Lothian, Mrs William Bogue, a son.

— At the Hague, the Countess of Athlone, a son and heir.

— At Denlugas, Mrs Leslie of Denlugas, a daughter.

22. In Upper Berkeley-street, London, the lady of James Saunders, Esq. a daughter.

24. At Ormond-house, near Bath, the lady of Major-General A. C. Jackson, a daughter.

— Mrs Hunter of Thornton, a son.

27. The lady of Robert Montgomerie, Esq. a son.

28. Mrs Nullar, North Frederick-street, Edinburgh, a son.

30. At Leith Fort, Mrs Major Campbell, a daughter, who survived but a short time.

*Lately.* Mrs John Gibson, Dundas-street, Edinburgh, a son.

ter of the late Archibald Montgomerie Campbell, Esq. of Upper Wimpole-street, London.

15. Mr John Kidd, to Jessie, fourth daughter of the late Mr Thomas Denholm, writer, Edinburgh.

17. At Edinburgh, Peter Ramsay, Esq. banker, to the Hon. Susan Mary Hamilton, second daughter of the late Right Hon. William, Lord Belhaven and Stenton.

21. At the Manse of Cairney, Aberdeenshire, John Thurburn, Esq. late of Messina, in Sicily, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. John Finlater, Cairney.

22. At Clifton, by the Rev. Henry Kirby, the Rev. Edward Litchford, rector of Boothby Pagnell, Lincolnshire, to Margaret Isabella, third daughter of the late Captain Abraham Bunbury, 62d reg. of foot.

— At Edinburgh, John Ramsay, Esq. writer in Edinburgh, to Ann, daughter of the late George Ogilvy, Esq. of Westhall.

25. At Leamington-place, the Rev. James Harper, North Leith, to Barbara, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Peddie, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Gilbert Sanders, accountant, Glasgow, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Mr William Rankin, South Union-place.

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, Mr William Glen, merchant, to Jessie, youngest daughter of Mr James Millars, printer.

*Lately.* At Edinburgh, William Lambie, Esq. of the island of Jamaica, to Elizabeth Dundas (Crichton), daughter of Mr Crichton, Gayfield-square.

At the residence of the British Ambassador at Paris, General Vafier, in the service of his most Christian Majesty, to Fanny, only daughter of the late Walter Boyd, jun. Esq.

## DEATHS.

April 19. At Ryepoor, of a fever, occasioned by fatigue on service, Lieutenant Richard Fraser, 5th Bengal native infantry, eldest son of the late Mr Donald Fraser, writer in Inverness.

June 9. In camp, near Ballary, in India, Captain Stewart of Stenton, 5d native infantry, Madras establishment.

Aug. 4. At Bologna, within an hour of each other, George Meek of Campfield, Esq. and Mrs Janet Meek, his wife.

13. At Hamilton, after a long and severe illness, Katharine Farquharson, daughter of the late Alexander Farquharson, Esq. of Balfour, and wife of Mr Robert Valentine, supervisor of Excise.

Oct. 5. Harriet, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Hogg, of Emers Down Cottage, Lindhurst.

8. At Sea, on the passage to Quebec, Captain Murdoch, of the brig Jane of Ayr.

9. At Tradeston, Glasgow, Mrs Park, widow of Captain Charles Park of Parkhill.

10. At Broughty Ferry, Lieutenant James Begbie, late of the Apollo frigate.

15. At her brother's house, in York Place, London, Miss Isabella Douglas.

19. In Glenurechy, Argyllshire, Captain Archibald Campbell, half pay, 91st regiment.

25. At his pen, in Salt Ponds, Jamaica, Peter Grant, Esq. Sergeant at Arms to the Honourable House of Assembly, son of the late Sir Ludovick Grant of Dalvey, Bart.

26. At Monte Video, the Hon. Captain Henry Finch, R. N.

— At his house, Union-place, Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Thompson, writer.

— Robert Stewart, Esq. of Garth, aged 80.

28. At Bankhouse, near Dundee, Sir John Ogilvy, of Inverquharrie, Bart.

29. At Dingwall, Mr Angus McDonald, late merchant, in Edinburgh.

30. At Inverkeithing, Mr George Beveridge, Collector of the Customs there, in his 42d year.

Nov. 1. At Dunkeld, George, and on the 2d of same month, Robert, sons of the late Mr Smytman, surgeon, R. N.

— At Clifdale, in Orkney, Mrs Balfour.

— At London, Lieut.-Gen. George Glasgow, of the royal artillery.

— At Farleigh-house, Hants, in the 85d year of his age, Admiral Sir Benjamin Caldwell, G. C. B.

— At her house, in Clarke-street, in the 75d year of her age, Mrs Janet Richardson, relict of the late Mr Charles Reid, baker, in Edinburgh.

## MARRIAGES.

Nov. 1. At Clifton, Major Macinnes, of the Bengal establishment, to Mary Elizabeth Milward, youngest daughter of the late Bedingfield Pogson, Esq. of the island of St Christopher.

2. Colonel Douglas Mercer, of the 5d Guards, to Miss Rowley, second daughter of Sir William Rowley, Bart. M. P. for Suffolk.

7. At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Callendar, surgeon, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Porteous.

1. Jasper Lutzw Hagermann, au-de-camp to the King of Denmark, to Harriet, daughter of the late Hon. George Vere Hobart, and sister to the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

6. Captain Charles George Stanhope, son of the late Rear-Admiral Stanhope, to Jane, eldest daughter of Sir James Guthrie, Bart. of Urney Park, county of Tyrone, Ireland.

7. At Holabell, Dumfriesshire, Adam Mosman, Esq. of Liverpool, to Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Captain William Douglas, 11th regiment of foot.

— At Dumfrie, William Drysdale, Esq. writer to the signet, to Miss Copland, Dumfriesshire.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr James Davidson, merchant, Dundee, to Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr Hutton, Whitehill, Fifeshire.

9. At Parkhouse, Berkshire, Patrick Stewart, Esq. of Auchinleck, to Rachel, only daughter of the late Lucian Gordon, Esq. of Park.

— H. T. Liddell, Esq. eldest son of Sir T. H. Liddell, Bart. of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, to Isabella Horatia, daughter of Lord George Seymour.

— At London, D. J. Ballingall, Esq. eldest son of Major-General Ballingall, to Dorcas, daughter of the late Thomas Ward, of Sandhurst, Kent, Esq.

10. At Carnegie Street, Edinburgh, by the Rev. Dr Peddie, Mr James Sanders, jun. of Leith, to Miss Aitken of Dunbar.

11. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert Young, minister of the Episcopal Chapel of St Andrews, to Margaret, second daughter of the late William Dawson, Esq. of Graden.

— At St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh, Thomas Hamilton, Esq. brother of Sir William Hamilton, Bart. to Miss Ann Montgomerie Campbell, daughter

Nov. 1, At 'Hrubb place, Leith Walk, Miss Catherine, senior, wife of John (retired) Esq.

— At Inverness, in the 77th year of his age, Alexander Robertson, Esq. late collector of Excise.

2, At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander McLaurin, stabler.

3 At Rices Lodge, Miss Wemyss, wife of William Wemyss Esq. of Southdown, and second daughter of Sir Benjamin Dunbar Bart. of Herpington.

4 At her house, 21 Montrose, Lady Carnegie, relict of Sir James Carnegie of Southesk, Bart.

7 At Edinburgh in her 4th year, Agnes, eldest daughter of Andrew Paterson, 17, Albany street.

— At Freeland house, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Ruthven.

8 At Perth, Mrs Ramsay, late of Invernetts Lodge.

— At Jedburgh aged 15 Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr John Mills, late tenant in Northgate Main.

— Miss Janet Paisley, spouse of Mr Peter Gaym, senior, Leith.

9 At St Ann's Lodge, Mrs Mundell, aged 65.

7 At No 25, Exeter street, Sloane-street, London, John McLeod, M.D. surgeon of his Majesty's yacht the Royal Sovereign, and author of a narrative of the voyage of the Albatross.

10 At Edinburgh, Colonel Maxwell, late of the 7th dragoon guards.

11 At Gorgie, Edinburgh, youngest daughter of Mr Robert Robb, furrier there.

— At London the Countess Dowager Imbott.

13 At his manse villa, in Sussex, the venerable poet William Hayley. He passed the last thirty five years of his life in retirement from the world. His chief works are—The Loves of Milton Cowper, and Romney—Triumphs of Temper—Odes to Howard, Fleaman, and Romney, his dramatic works in rhyme are, Lord Russell—Macaria—(on none were attempted on the stage, but without success) Old Maids and various fugitive pieces. On the Thursday preceding his death, he had reached his 74th year.

15 At Sundrum, Miss Francis, daughter of John Hamilton of Sundrum, Esq.

— At his house, in Queen street, Edinburgh, Lieut Col Hurst.

14 At the house of London, after a few hours illness, the Rev. John Cowan, minister of Leith, in the 77th year of his age, and the 32d of his ministry.

15 At No 1 Hope Park, Edinburgh, after 24 hours illness, the infant son of Mr Alexander Abernethy.

— At Mary's Place, Thomas, the infant son of Mr John Lanning.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Annella Campbell, daughter of the late John Campbell, Esq. cashier of the royal bank.

— At Edinburgh, John (retired) Esq. of Rychope.

— At Gala-hill, Mary, in her 74th year, in the 74th year of his age, and 1st of his ministry.

— At Irvine, in the great age of 102, James Neil, late a hipurator from that port. This extraordinary man enjoyed good health, with the entire use of his faculties to the last.

16 At Perth, John Richardson, Esq. of Pittfour.

— At Craik in the 80th year of her age, Mrs Agnes Gray, widow of the late Mr George Lodd, farmer, of Craik, M. A. F. F. L. L. L.

— At his house in Shooter's Hill, Sir William Robe, K. C. B. K. C. G. and K. T. Colonel of the Royal Horse Artillery.

— At Paris, in the 54th year of his age, Jean Lambert Talpin, of revolutionary notoriety. This man was originally a potter, then steward. He became a clerk under government, and was employed in the *Moniteur* newspaper in 1791. He was made secretary-general of the commune of Paris, and a member of the Council of Five Hundred.

In Egypt he was editor of the *Journal Egyptienne*, and a commissioner on taxes. His last office was commissioner of commerce at the mint, under Napoleon.

M. Huot, the king's *valet de chambre*, and Madame de Stael, have declared, that during the

massacres of the revolution he hazarded his own life to save this. He was, nevertheless, accused of being connected with the horrible crimes of the year 1. The arrest and destruction of Robespierre were owing to him. Talpin married Madame de Fontenay, the present Princess of Cambray.

— At Coleman Mans. Evesham, Mrs Walker, widow of the late Rev. Andrew Walker, minister of that parish.

17 At Dunblenny Manse the Reverend James Briggs of Kiprotie, minister of the gospel.

18 At Leith Helen Walker wife of Mr Robert Dudgeon, merchant there.

— At Glasgow John Young & M. Professor of Greek in the College of Glasgow, deeply lamented by his family and friends—by the society of which, during the long period of forty six years he was a distinguished member—and by the literary world, as one of the first Greek scholars of the age. This distinguished literary character, so long the ornament of the University of Glasgow, departed this life very suddenly. He had gone to take a warm bath at George's Inn, in perfect health, between three and four in the afternoon of that day, and, upon the servant entering the room, he found him cutting lifelines in the water. On Thursday his remains were attended to the grave by a society of his friends, consisting of almost the whole body belonging to the college along with the principal of the college, and numerous friends and admirers. All the classes along with the professors walked in their gowns. His remains were deposited in the burial ground of the college.

20 At his house, North Castle street, Edinburgh Kenneth Mackenzie Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Wester Wemyss, Mrs Mary Braid, widow of Andrew Thomson, Esq.

— At Carrick house Sarah Elizabeth second daughter of Walter Campbell Esq. of Carrick.

21 At Inverary, Mr Donald Mac Nicol late merchant there.

— At Fingemouth Mary, daughter of Mr James Milne.

— At his house in Hill street, Bridget Mary Ford, the Right Hon. the Earl of Milnebury aged 73.

— At Haslemere, near St. Miss Isabella Elizabeth Robertson, second daughter of Captain Thomas Robertson.

— At his residence in Hanover square, Knightridg London, after a few days illness, the Hon. John Hamilton of Limerick Viscount Kirkwall.

22 At Deane near Falkland, the Right Hon. the Earl Deane.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Alar, Esq. clerk to the signet.

23 At his house York place, Edinburgh James Keith Esq.

— At Dover Dr Francis Thatcher.

— At Fingemouth, after a lingering illness, which he bore with the greatest patience, Mr James Simpson in the 71st year of her age spouse of Mr Alexander Simpson in shipmaster. Also, on the 11th November, Alexander Simpson her son, aged 1 year.

24 At Kelso, Mrs Leabitter wife of Mr Ferd better, surgeon.

— At Moffat, Grace, third daughter of James Rae Esq.

— At Methil, Mr William Adams, officer of exercise, in the 75th year of his age. He was about half a century in that service, all which time he served in the Wemyss division, county of Fife.

25 At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Old, widow of the late Lord Justice Clerk MacQueen.

26 At Edinburgh, Miss Mary Wilson, daughter of Alexander Wilson, Esq. of Calkitta.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Murray, student of medicine, in the 19th year of his age.

27 At Warriston (vicar), Edinburgh, M. Elizabeth Young, relict of the late Captain James Percie, Royal Invalids, Army.

28 At Blackeddie, near Banquhar, William Johnston, Esq. late provost of Banquhar.

At Leith, George Gifford, Esq. eldest brother of his Majesty's Attorney General.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XLVI

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## EDINBURGH:

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VOL. VIII.

SEMI-MONTHLY BIOGRAPHICAL.

No. III.

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, *Esq.*

*Leighton Buzzard, 28th December, 1820.*

DEAR SIR,—You must excuse me for occupying this third number by an inquiry exclusively my own. Do not suppose that I am wholly unjust to my deplored friend Q.Z.X. in this proceeding; for it is on a subject which he had much at heart; namely, the discovery of anonymous authors. Not indeed that Q.Z.X. had sifted the evidence touching the particular person of whom I am in search, but in general, he was uneasy till he could assign nameless works, or those bearing fictitious or wrong names, to some tangible personage. Indeed he had made some progress in discovering who has written Moore's Almanack, since the death of venerable Francis the Philomath; that erudite book of prognostics being still graced with his signature, as the annual composer thereof, although he has long since left the world to lament his loss.

You will see that my present subject of research is the name of the person who has composed what are called The Scotch Novels. I know that divers conjectures have been put forth, but as none of them are satisfactory to me, I pass them by; and lest other conjectural critics should travel over ground, where I have sought in vain, I will first begin with discussing the claims of those persons of whom I had some sus-

pitions, and also detail some of my reasons for excluding them. I flatter myself that I *burn*, (as children say at hide-and-seek, when they approach the person or thing concealed :) Yes, I do flatter myself that I *burn* in the conclusion of this paper. But first to my disappointments.

Now I had shrewd suspicions that it might be Mr Maturin; and they were founded on these similar circumstances. Mr M.'s "Women," and "Melmoth," are so far anonymous, as that they only allow in their title-pages, that they are by The Author of "Bertram." "Ivanhoe," and "The Monastery" are in the same way declared to be by The Author of "Waverley." Moreover, the Tales of my Landlord bear the fabulous name of Jedediah Cleishbotham, as Editor; and Mr M. the writer of "The Family of Montorio," walked forth heretofore, in the quaint disguise of Dennis Jasper Murphy. Surely these coincidences were wondrous! But alas! one author, in referring from book to book, drops the inquirer without betraying himself at the end of the chain; for if you trace the title-pages back from "The Abbot," to the earliest of the tribe, you will find no more at least than "Waverley; or, 'Tis Sixty Years Since," and a preface full of *perhaps*. Per-



haps the author may be a soldier or a sailor—perhaps a priest or a lawyer—an old man or a young one—a fine gentleman or a scrub—and it concludes nothing. Whereas, if we travel from “Melmoth” to “Pour et Contre,” and thence to “Manuel,” and so get, by regular stages to “Bertram,” there we alight upon an explicit avowal that the Reverend Charles R. Maturin is the inditer thereof; and by logical consequence, of those divers and sundry aforementioned contributions to the stores of the reading public. As therefore Mr M.’s concealment neither is, nor is meant to be, complete, I think this difference between him and the other writer so great, that I have reason to strike him off my list of competitors for the Waverley laurel.

Without all doubt, the author of “Waverley” can vary his manner, and so, at will, be grave or gay, lively or severe. Hence, I once thought to have found him in the person of Mr Leigh Hunt; (whose name, by the bye, is James Henry Leigh Hunt—I like to be accurate—vide his *Juvenilia*, in which there is also a demure portrait of him;) for he is described by his admirers as great in many species of authorship—great, as a political writer—great, as a poet—great, as a dissertator in prose, or story-teller—a sort of *Hermes Trismegistus*—in short, he may be reckoned *omni-scriptive* or *pangraphie*. Among other proofs, you may see an admirer’s address to him, which he has printed, and it concludes thus:

“Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator,

He—, your best title yet is Indicator.”

But my particular suspicions of him originated in this; that the fourth number of his *Indicator* contained a copy of “The Beau-Miser, and what happened to him at Brighton.” This was written with such verisimilitude, as Mr H. himself affirms, that some of his readers took it for a true circumstance, like those, I suppose, under the head of Police Intelligence in the *Examiner* newspaper. In the fifth number, therefore, to stop the spreading of this delusion, Mr H. was obliged to give notice that it was purely his own fabrication. “We wish,” says he, “to correct this mistake; and shall make a point hereafter, of so wording any thing we write in the shape of a narrative, that a mere fiction shall not

be confounded with our personal experience.” What a proof of the *beau-naturel* of the Beau-Miser! which, by the bye, does not mean a *Wretched* Beau, but a *Penurious* one. Now I am sure it will be granted that the Scotch Novels have scenes which quite as much resemble every-day life, as those in Mr L. H.’s misleading narrative—ergo, there is presumptive proof that they may have been written by the same accurate painter of manners. Nevertheless, I am induced to withdraw Mr H.’s claim; for, upon a comparison of styles, I find that of the Brighton incident, different from that in which the author of “Waverley” writes. The latter does not talk of a man “being twitched and writhed up;” nor of “a clipped off lock of hair being glossy and healthy!” Nor do I find in the Scotch works, any instance of a stranger having given a gentleman, as he talked with him, “a thump on the shoulder, which made him jump”—nor of a *beau* having unconsciously walked about with an enormous coal-heaver’s hat on his head, without finding it out, even when he went a-courting. All which, decorate the said truth-like fable of Mr H. So that, altogether, I dismiss Mr J. H. L. Hunt from the imputation of having had any concern with “Waverley,” and its associates.

Dr Drake has tried his hand at a tale occasionally; and of late, in his “Winter Nights,” he has given us his fire-side story, called, “The Fate of the Bellardistons;” and pretty enough it is. But, after all, I suspect that he is not the required author, as his taste in poetry differs so considerably from the Waverley wight, whose mottoes, quotations, and small original pieces, betray that he adores the divine writers of the most palmy times of our literature, and at the same time possesses a keen relish for the best of those who now flourish. On the contrary, Dr D. has, I fear, a palate easily tickled with very homely condiments—he is far gone as a lover of mediocrity in poetry. Witness the laud he gave to Cumberland’s *Calvary*, and to Mason Good’s *Translation* of *Lucretius*; and, from the living aspirants to poetic fame, he presents to notice, as bards of most excellent promise, Messrs C. Neale, H. Neale, and J. Bird. No—Dr Drake must be acquitted of having written the works in question.

I will not trouble you with my rea-

sons for giving up my suspicions of Dr Mavor, Mr Pinkerton, Mr Coxe, and some others, whose sole ground of resemblance was in their fecundity, each, like the author of "Waverley," having sent at least a score volumes a-piece into the world.

A novel-reading lady friend of mine, recommended me to seek among the writers for Mr Lane's Minerva Press; but I did it without profit; for there is this difference between the writings of the Scotch Novelist, and those of Miss Haynes, Miss Stanhope, Anne of Swansca, and Mr Francis Lathom, that his run through many editions, while the public are well content with one edition of theirs. It is curious that some difficult lines in Milton may be explained by this latter circumstance. He says,

"That two-handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no  
more."

The two-handed engine is evidently a printing-press; (say that of Minerva:) Publishers do actually talk of striking off an impression, and every one knows, that to *strike* and to *smite* are synonymous, and the words *once* and *no more*, can only allude to a single edition of a book. So that by the practice of the Minerva Press, we get an elucidation, which we should have never found had our attention been restricted to such rapidly reprinted publications as those of the author of "Waverley."

My *critica vannus* having winnowed away those who are not the desired authors, I trust that I can now present him who is, and this is no less a personage than CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq. Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, &c. &c. &c.

Let me then advance to the proof of it. My grounds for thinking you the public benefactor in this particular, lie in these circumstances:—1st, The author of "Waverley" chooses a sort of concealment; 2dly, He has great versatility in his style of composition; 3dly, He is well versed in the Scottish language; 4thly, He betrays a love of good cheer; 5thly, He is a Tory; and, 6thly, He cannot but be amassing wealth.

Now, is it not odd enough, that all these characteristics tally with the habits, tastes, and conditions of Squire North? Aut Erasmus, aut Diabolus—if you are not the author of "Waverley," the deuce is in it. But let me

soberly shew the parallelism under all the heads above stated.

1. You have no objection to play bo-peep with the public; for we, who live at a distance, cannot forget, that for a long time you were only known to us, (if it can be called known,) as the Veiled Conductor. Just as a lamp of ground glass diffuses radiance, and yet suffers not any one to see the exact shape of the flame within; so, while the Veiled Conductor flourished, we saw that some one was edifying us, but his name and features we knew not; all that we were permitted to discern was, that he was sensible and jocular; but this did not inform us whether his name was North or South; for you may recollect that acuteness and facetiousness have, in times past, been the property of persons bearing both these appellations. Dr South was (saving your presence) as witty as you;—and the late Lord North was as ready at a repartee or a gibe, as even the great Edinburgh North of the present day. Now this hankering for the coy disguise of anonymity in you and in the Novelist, is very symptomatic of the identity of the two authors. For let us know in what degree is the title of The Veiled Conductor a whit more explanatory than that of The Author of "Waverley?"

2. Let the different Tales be allowed to display as much versatility of genius as possible, yet they can hardly be pronounced to evince more than you possess; knowing, as we do, from your own confession, that most of the anonymous Articles in the Magazine are of your own writing. So that in this point, there is no bar to your being the author of whom we are in search; on the contrary, the likelihood is great and astounding.

3. The Novels demonstrate the writer's admirable acquaintance with the Scottish language. Now different references in your Magazine shew that Dr Jamieson's Etymological Dictionary is frequently at your elbow; and your occasional use of a word or two, proves your proficiency in that venerable tongue. Doubtless, you have possessed advantages for learning it, which do not fall to the lot of all; for I am told by a friend who has visited Edinburgh of late, that the use of that least corrupted dialect of the Anglo-Saxon, namely, the *gude braid Scots*, is not even now wholly superseded by the

more corrupted Teutonic, called English.

4. The author of "Waverley" enters cordially upon his descriptions of good cheer and merry-making. With what a smack of the lips did he report the decanting of the Baron of Bradwardine's claret; and with what kindred jollity does he accompany the carouse of the Black Knight, and the Clerk of Copmanhurst! Oh, Christopher! rheumatism doth not seem to have made thee less esurient or sitient, when the hospitality of Glasgow, or of other gormandizing and boozing places, is within thy reach. How cordial also is the *gout*, with which thou dost embody, in a durable record, thy prowess in mastication and deglutition! Can he, who with such unction composed and partook of the Glasgow punch, be other than he in whose gifted ear the claret of Tully Veolan gurgled so melodiously as it left the cobwebbed *magnum*? Can he to whom kidneys and kipper were so grateful, be other than the very same who records with such complacency the rapid dispatch of Dandie Dinmont in the same hearty cause?

5. There is quite sunshiny evidence, that the great Novel-writer is a Tory. But what shall we say of Christopher North? Has he not grappled with the Edinburgh Reviewers—taken the very bull of Whiggism by the horns, so that roar as he will, he can no longer do mischief? Surely there was proof sufficient of high-minded Toryism in that

hazardous but successful enterprize of yours. Well then, what else can we say, but that He who has instilled loyalty by the medium of fictitious narratives, and He who has wrought to the same good end in his own character as a political combatant, are two in semblance, but in reality *alter et idem*.

6. These unowned enchanting books, which I cannot help attributing to you, must have accumulated for their author quite a heap of gold. Now, is it not a strangely corroborative circumstance, that you confess that you are growing rich? The Magazine is referred to by you as the sole source of your wealth; but I fear you are like the lapping, which pretends to be most flurried and anxious about that place where her nest is *not*. Ah, Mr North, is not your hyperbolical statement in No. XLIII. of Mr Blackwood's profits, a feint to withdraw our eyes from the real spot in which you have been reaping such a golden harvest? I apprehend that you are cater-cousin to the amusing hero of Shakespeare's Induction to the Taming of the Shrew, and are, as well as he—CHRISTOPHER SLY!

Well, I have done; and whether the author of "Waverley" be now *déterré* by these evidences, I leave (if you be not induced to confess) to impartial posterity to determine. Of one thing the present age may be assured, and this is, that I am, and ever shall continue to be, Yours very truly, &c.

GILES MIDDLESTITCH.

#### HAN'S HEILING'S ROCK.

*Translated from the German of Körner.*

SEE where yon pile of rock is tow'ring high,  
Begirt with crags, as with a panoply  
Of glittering arms—and column-wise are seen  
Cliff join'd to cliff, where, from the valley green,  
In semblance of a giant, upward shoots  
The mighty mass of stone, which has its roots  
Deep in the hoarse stream's bed.—A legend old,  
To village sires by village grandsires told,  
Has reach'd me; how, when midnight broods around,  
The dark hill opens, from its womb profound,  
In silence:—Such dread tale to me appears  
The voice of spirits, from the depth of years,  
Telling of the olden time; and this rude scene  
Conjures up images of what has been.  
Thou, Germany, firm as yon sacred rock  
Stood'st ring'd with heroes;—vainly does the shock  
Of raving winds and foaming stream assail  
Its fissur'd sides, strong rooted in the vale:  
And, when night darkens all around the hill,  
The light of heav'n is on the summit still.

*Dublin, Dec. 7. 1820.*

T. C.

## HORA HISPANICÆ.

## No. II.

*The Ruins of the Castle of Cervantes, and the Fall of Roderick and Spain.*

MR NORTH.—While glancing some time since over the pages of your Thirty-ninth Number, I was attracted by some translated specimens of the romantic Minstrelsy of

*Spanien* \* \* \* \* \*

*Dem schönen Land des Weins und der Gesänge,\**

ushered in, by the bye, with a preamble of your own, written in enviable prose. Having ROBIN'S and DEFFING'S Collections by me, I was induced to look into the latter, and now send you the result of my meditations therein.

Yours, &c.

Dublin, 7th December, 1820.

T. C.

## THE RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF ST. CERVANTES.

Ye hoary towers, sacred to Cervantes' holy name,  
The rivals once, in strength and power, of high Toledo's fame;  
The royal Don Alonzo, in the season of your pride,  
Oft sought your frowning battlements by Tajo's yellow tide.

No gay and streamer'd minarets your airy summit crown'd,  
But firm to bear the brunt of war your sides were ever found;  
And yet your rifted walls betray Time's discipline, as keen  
As ever penitent endured to quell the thought of sin.†

In vain the engine high was rear'd to threaten and assail,  
Unscath'd those walls repell'd its shock, as darts—the iron mail;  
And proudly each young gallant knight adown your court-yard rode,  
Two Moorish slingers by his side, when the foe-man was abroad.

A time there was, as records tell, when, throned in solemn state,  
The Judge austere held awful sway within yon flapping gate;  
And many a cause was lost and won in yonder grass-grown hall,  
Where throng'd the sons of Spain,—as 'twere some mighty festival.

Now, shapeless as the rugged rocks upon your naked hill,  
Your very wreck the lichen and the moss are cank'ring still;  
As rust corrodes the pruning-hook in cold December's day,  
When the merry vintage-time is past, and its sounds have died away.

Albeit in guise uncouth are couch'd the verses I have writ,  
Nor polish'd courtly phrase is there, nor high-flown epithet,—  
Still, tho' unflatter'd by my lay, propitious hear my pray'r,  
And let your humble suppliant's wish command your pious care.

Full many a maid,—whose blooming charms are like a summer sky,  
Fair as the silver cloud her skin, and blue her beaming eye,  
Her heart as winter ices hard, and cold as winter sun,—  
Ne'er melts to see the pangs of those her beauties have undone.

\* GOETHE'S *Faust*.

† I have been, in rendering these two last lines, necessitated to deviate from the sense of the original, by the opposition of a most uncompromising pun.

And—like the almond-branch, which pluck'd in spring's maturing hour,  
With fragrant fruitage crowns the board in courtly hall and bow'r,  
But when ungather'd wastes its squander'd sweets upon the air—  
She leaves each hapless hopeless youth his guerdon of despair.

Should such e'er stray beside your hill, exulting in her pride,  
And seek a mirror for her charms, in Tajo's sparkling tide,  
Oh ! let your ruins drear and dark, reflected in its flood,  
Convey a lesson to her heart, and change its thoughtless mood.

Yon silent halls, where once the tuneful minstrel had his place,  
Should utter such unspoken words, as each high thought repress,  
With mute, but potent eloquence, to curb her wayward cheer,  
And look those truths to treasure which the eye becomes the ear.

Let her behold in you the fate of earthly pomp and state,  
Your bow'rs all chok'd with weeds and briars—your chambers desolate ;  
And teach her that the hand of Time, which scathes the lordly tow'r,  
Will dull the tint, and mar the bloom of Beauty's fairest flow'r.

That even the little vagrant lock which trembles o'er her brow,  
Where the young Zephyr's ain'rous breath is sporting, dallying now,  
Shall feel the leprous touch of Age, in whose uncheering day,  
Proud woman mourns the joys she flung disdainfully away.

Lest, slumb'ring on the downy couch Delirium strews with flow'rs,  
In morbid dreams of unreal bliss, she waste Youth's sunny hours,  
Till undeception\* come with years to break her feverish sleep,  
And stern Repentance teach that light and laughing eye to weep.

When dim and deathly is the eye, and its liquid lustre gone,  
And the days of youth, and the days of bliss, and the days of love are flown,  
And the dull'd heart pines for the shade of joys which it flouted in their prime,  
And sighs in vain to live o'er again the hours of departed time.

#### THE FALL OF RODERICK AND SPAIN.

The illicit amours of Roderick and Cava, or Florinda, and their subsequent tribulation and contrition, have been celebrated by many ancient bards of Spain, whom time has rendered anonymous, and living bards of Britain, whom no time will ever render so. The following poem might have suggested the plan of the celebrated ballad of DE LEON, which has been so successfully imitated by SOUTHEY, HERBERT, RUSSEL, and others.

O turn your eyes, Don Roderick—O turn your eyes and see,  
Where low your prostrate country lies—the flower of Christentic !  
For the love of the maid, who had better stay'd in her father's tow'rs for aye,  
Has wither'd your name, and your deeds of fame have pass'd like a shade away.

\* The word *desengano*, which implies disenchantment from some agreeable delusion, is one of those fixtures of a language which defy translation. The word I have employed is not the coinage of my own mint, but was originally (to use his own expression) "hazarded" by LAWSON, the ingenious publisher of the Relics of Melodino, "as more "equivalent to *desengano* than *disappointment*."

At undeception's shrine I offer—truth.—

LOVE ELEGY.

At undeception deadly prove.—

WHAT IS LOVE ?

The sons of Spain are up in arms against the sons of Spain ;  
And the hostile blood of sire and son runs curdling on the plain ;  
For the land of the vine, and the land of song, and the land of high emprise,  
Is scath'd by the lurid lightning glare of haughty Cava's eyes.

O, what avail'd the gests of yore—the deeds of the olden time ?  
Ages of gallant deeds were stain'd by one foul moment's crime.  
Your kingdom gone—your crown a scorn—a mockery your name—  
Soul lost, and body lost, and lost the record of your fame !

The good is gone—the bad remains—it ne'er shall pass away.  
You die ; but many live to blight and blast your memory.  
For the land of the vine, and the land of song, and the land of high emprise,  
Is scathed by the lurid lightning glare of haughty Cava's eyes.

If I might, without incurring the charge of *nationality*, introduce a translation from the *German* as an ingredient of my *Horæ Hispanicæ*, I should be inclined to subjoin the following little ditty. I shall probably screen myself from the above imputation, by offering it merely in the form of a note upon the “ Song for the Morning of the Day of St John the Baptist,” to which such ample justice has been done by my predecessor. This will also, perhaps satisfy the scruples of your officer, whose duty it is to search my bale of goods, outvoiced as Spanish, and who might otherwise be inclined to denounce the commodity as contraband. I picked up the original one evening of last July, in the beautiful village of Blankanese, on the Elbe, where the ungenial zephyrs kept me for a day or two, closely pent up in a land which I loved much, but yearning to return to one which I loved more. I transcribed it from an almanack lent me by my host, and in which the name of the author is given—FRIDRICK STRICKER. It exhibits a parallel superstition to that which is alluded to in the production of your former correspondent, and pertaining to another country. The superstitious influence of the Baptist is felt at all points of the compass. Fires are duly lighted after sunset upon the “ eve of St John,” on the mountains which lie to the south of Dublin, (and which embellish the vicinity of that city, with a variety of romantic scenery, rarely to be met within four miles of a metropolis), and your correspondent recollects to have been stopped, when a boy, on his return with a party from an excursion into the county of Wicklow, by a line of country cars drawn across the road, at the village of Stillorgan, the owners of which had adopted this mode of exacting “ something towards the bon-fire.” These localities will not be deemed irrelevant to the pages of an “ IRISH MAGAZINE.”\*

THE ST JOHN'S-WORT.

The young maid stole thro' the cottage door,  
And blush'd as she sought the plant of pow'r ;—  
“ Thou silver glow-worm, O, lend me thy light,  
I must gather the mystic St John's-wort to-night,  
The wonderful herb whose leaf will decide  
If the coming year shall make me a bride.”  
And the glow-worm † came  
With its silvery flame,  
And sparkled and shone  
Thro' the night of St John,  
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied.

\* See No. XLIV. page 197, column 1, line 21.

† The glow-worm is denominated in German *Johanniswürmchen*.

With noiseless tread  
 To her chamber she sped,  
 Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :—  
 "Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of pow'r,  
 To deck the young bride in her bridal hour!"  
 But it droop'd its head that plant of pow'r,  
 And died the mute death of the voiceless flow'r;  
 And a wither'd wreath on the ground it lay,  
 More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,  
 All pale on her bier the young maid lay!  
 And the glow-worm came  
 With its silvery flame,  
 And sparkled and shone  
 Thro' the night of St John,  
 As they clos'd the cold grave o'er the maid's cold clay.

The following note is added in the German :—"According to a provincial custom in Lower Saxony, every young girl plucks a sprig of St John's Wort on mid-summer night, and sticks it into the wall of her chamber. Should it, owing to the dampness of the wall, retain its freshness and verdure, she may reckon upon gaining a suitor in the course of the year; but, if it droop, the popular belief is, that she also is destined to pine and wither away."

#### ON POETIC INSPIRATION.

WE have frequently heard poets of eminence lament their inability to call up their wonted powers of poetic composition, and even of poetic thought, when summoned, by any sudden emergency, to the exercise of their mighty vocation. A landscape of surpassing beauty—an event of individual moral interest, or of national and universal import, would seem, to the by-standers, calculated to awaken the muse from her deepest slumber. But it is all in vain. The landscape may lie in all its expanse of loveliness before him—the tale of woe or of wonder may be told in his ear, and his heart may throb higher than that of the ordinary mortal; but he breathes no accents correspondent to his lofty emotions—his thoughts, he imagines, are too deep for tears, or are too exalted for birth, and he suffers the event to pass him into oblivion.

Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

The reason of all this will be apparent, if we attentively consider the causes and the occasions of poetic inspiration. It will be granted, we venture to suppose, on reflection, that we only think at all, in preference to, or to supply the place of corporeal exertion; and that we only think poetically in preference to, or to supply the place of corporeal enjoyment. Reason-

ing may be considered the employment of the mind, as the indulgence of the imagination is its amusement. Man perpetually oscillates between the attractions of his mental and corporeal faculties; and the more he indulges the one, the more is he necessarily restricted in his enjoyment of the other. His finite powers are too limited—his expanse of perception is too narrow to comprehend, at the same time, all the gratifications which the faculties of his double nature can produce,—or he would approach nearer in felicity to those mighty beings who precede him in the scale of intelligence and fruition. Love alone, of all our pleasures, unites, in a considerable degree, the functions of our moral and physical powers; and hence, love is the most delightful of our sensations. From this fact, then, that the simultaneous enjoyment of the delights flowing from these two distinct, though intimately connected, sources of pleasure, is incompatible with the frame and constitution of our nature, may be explained the phenomenon we have been pointing out to observation.

We will suppose the poet to be reclining in an arbour on a calm summer's evening—a landscape, in all the luxuriance of verdure, spread out before his eye—a stream murmuring at his feet

—the birds, in a neighbouring grove, chaunting their vespers—the fragrance of wild-flowers over his head—and, above all, the soft mellow light of evening, clothing every surrounding object in hues of tenfold beauty. What scene can be imagined better calculated to arouse his poetic energies? Yet poetry, at least good poetry, in such a situation, most certainly he will not produce. Or, if he should make a successful effort, it will only be by foregoing his corporeal gratification, and will be but remotely, if at all, connected with the scene before him. If he gives nature the rein, his enjoyment will be entirely corporeal; and the intellect, with a kind of suspended exertion, will be only so far in activity as it may assist in administering to the gratification of the senses. In truth, we never resort to the inward prospects of the mind, till those without are deficient in interest or in splendour; for realities would be the sole objects of our attention, were they as beautiful as the forms of fancy. Or, suppose him placed amid wilder and more romantic scenery—amid forests, and mountains, and lakes; and cataracts. Here again, he finds nothing, in his own mind, surpassing the magnificent prospect around him; his soul spurns at the shadows of the imagination, while a still loftier reality is towering before his eyes; and he takes the shortest way to his gratification by *dwelling*, bodily, and without mental reserve or interruption, on the unimaginable and indescribable grandeur of external nature. It is only when absence, lapse of time, or (which is more intimately connected with our argument) an incapacity or temporary distaste for physical enjoyment, has

sent him back in imagination to the scene with which he was then so enraptured, that he learns to consider it as a fit subject on which to exercise his poetical powers. His passions, which were then in their highest state of excitement, are now in repose; and his judgment, which was then in abeyance, is now at hand to guide and correct his imagination. And the scene itself, which then paralyzed his discriminating powers by the oppressive intensity of its reality, is now softened down, like every thing past, with tender and shadowy recollections.

Poetry, the most natural, and, therefore, the most pleasing kind of it—Sir Walter Scott's poetry for instance—is not a direct ebullition of the feelings, but a description of them—it is a history of recollections. It is the language of passion revised by the judgment; not the foam that rides on the wave, but the mound thrown up by its perpetual tossing. That poetry, and of the noblest kind, may be written while the mind is in a state of violent excitement, Lord Byron's is a striking instance. However, even in this case, most poets will prefer the actual enjoyment to the description of it; and wait till the storm has subsided, before they attempt to sketch a history of the effects it has produced. But all corporeal gratification must, during such a process, be singularly excluded; mental excitement, and mental labour, must so occupy and absorb the faculties, as not to leave a single feeling connected with self, beyond the simple consciousness of material existence.

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#### THE AYRSHIRE LEGATERS:

#### RESPONSIVE NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have been exceedingly surprised at a letter which we received soon after the publication of our last number, complaining, with great severity, of an alleged liberty that we have taken with many respectable characters; and treating the whole that we have published respecting the Pringle family as an ingenious but impertinent fiction. In his notion, Mr A. R. is not singular; an impudent and illiterate person in the townhead of Irvine, had already assumed the same view of the subject, and railed at us in very *ill set* terms, for the freedom with which his ancient and venerable native town (from which, we suppose, he has never strayed) had been used by us in our adaptation of Mr M'Gruel's contributions to the purposes of our Magazine. To such addresses



we were advised not to reply, and perhaps the advice was prudent ; but the natural urbanity of our own disposition overcame the counselling of our friends ; and, as we would rather be accused of imprudence, than suspected of any deficiency in politeness and delicate consideration, for the feelings even of anonymous correspondents, we have ventured, in this manner, to notice the animadversions of Mr A. B. At the same time, we beg freely to tell him, that it does not appear to us he has adduced any thing to weaken our confidence in the authenticity of the letters transmitted to us by Mr M'Gruel, while we do think, that the distance of his own residence from the parish of Garnock, where he has confessedly never been, precludes him from being admitted as evidence. Indeed his whole reasoning seems to us purely theoretical, and founded upon hypothetical premises ; than which nothing can be more fallacious, especially in an attempt, as in this case, to controvert the existence of actual facts.

The letter that bears the signature of " Martha Glibbans," we are convinced, is from a male pen ; besides, we do not think that the lady who plays so important a part in the correspondence of our Kilwinning friend, is called Martha ; and, therefore, we have only to say, that if the writer will call at Mr Blackwood's shop, any day between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, he may have his paper again. Perhaps if he would try his hand at a poem, we might be found more accessible, as it is well known that we are afflicted with a very great scarcity of poetical contributions.

The second letter of *Pacificus*, from Port-Glasgow, is too long ; besides, we have, in the opinion of many of our most judicious friends, said quite enough about the " steeple and bell" of that reputable town.

We really know not what answer to give to Mr Colin M'Kempoch of Gourock ; for the truth is, we had never heard of that town before, and had no conception that " the port" had any such rival in splendour and taste. We hope and trust, that his letter is not a Greenock hoax ; but we have had so many strange epistles from that place, some of them threatening to bring us into court, that we are very suspicious of every letter which bears the Greenock post-mark ; and we beg leave to say to Mr M'Kempoch, (if there is such a person, which we very much doubt,) that it argues but little for the consequentiality of his town, that it has not a post-office of its own.

We have been exceedingly diverted by the waggish note from Mr Buchanan Bogle, of Glasgow. We did not think that there was so much humour in the whole city ; for it is a current opinion, that the weak lime punch in use there, has a great effect in imbecilitating the understanding, and souring the milk of human kindness. We should feel ourselves indebted to Mr Bogle, if he would occasionally furnish us with a paper, in the same style, for the benefit of the public, and the particular amusement of our readers ; but we entreat him to avoid all personalities.

The lady who writes from Pultney-street, Bath, must be sensible that she cannot expect our co-operation in a further diffusion of the subject to which she alludes. In the winter, when we were first visited with that gouty rheumatism, which has never since left our agonized limbs, (that is twenty-one years ago) we have often, both at the upper and lower rooms, admired the Juno-torn or Miss W——. Alas ! that she is still Miss W—— ; but a sagacious dowager of that epoch, once remarked to us, that although Nature had designed Miss W—— for a duchess, vanity would make her an old maid.

As General L——, with his jokes and his jibes, if he has removed to Clifton, has a movement of less consequence to the interests of the empire, than the one which occasioned the bad health that induced him to ask leave to re-

turn home. But, as we have already said, we will not lend ourselves to any thing satirical ; and it does not at all depend on us whether the Pringles may or may not visit Bath. They regulate their own motions ; and, except a very slight knowledge of the doctor, which we accidentally acquired by speaking with him from Mr Blackwood's shop door, as he stood on M'Gregor's steps, the family are entire strangers to us.

The dippers\* at Mr Murray's, and the politicians at Mr Ridgeway's, need be under no apprehension. It is true, as they suspected, that Mr Andrew Pringle has given a very queer account of them both ; but we have resolved not to insert it ; but, on account of the wit of the portraiture, we could not refrain from allowing a few confidential friends to participate in the amusement it afforded. Lest it might hurt the feelings of any worthy friends of ours, it has never been permitted to pass the threshold of our sanctuary—the back-shop—nor shall it.

THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES ;

*Or, The Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

No. VII.

WHILE Mr M'Gruel, regardless of his regular customers, was dancing the high-land fling on Goatfield, with Miss Meg Gorbals of Glasgow, Mr Snodgrass was obliged to walk into Irvine, in order to get rid of a raging tooth, which had tormented him for more than a week. The operation was so delicately and cleverly performed by the surgeon, to whom he applied, one of those young medical gentlemen, who, after having been educated for the army or navy, are obliged, in this weak piping time of peace, to glean what practice they can amid their native shades, that the amiable divine found himself in a condition to call on Miss Isabella Todd. Mr M'Gruel insinuates that another ache besides the tooth-ache occasioned his visit ; the relief of which, very much depends on what Doctor Pringle's determination may be with respect to the resignation of the parish of Garnock—at least of the stipend ; for that excellent pastor has declared that no consideration of money will induce him to separate himself from his flock.

During this visit, Saunders Dickie, the postman, brought a London letter to the door, for Miss Isabella ; and Mr Snodgrass having desired the servant to inquire if there were any for him, had the good fortune to get the following from Mr Andrew Pringle ; a copy of which, Mr M'Gruel procured for us, when, on his return from Arran, he called on Mr S. at the Manse.

ANDREW PRINGLE, ESQ. TO THE REV. MR CHARLES SNODGRASS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,  
I NEVER receive a letter from you without experiencing a strong emotion of regret, that talents like yours should be wilfully consigned to the sequestered vegetation of a country pastor's life. But we have so often discussed this point, that I shall only offend your delicacy if I now revert to it more parti-

cularly. I cannot, however, but remark, that although a private station may be the happiest, a public is the proper sphere of virtue and talent, so clear, superior, and decided as yours. I say this with the more confidence, as I have really, from your letter, obtained a better conception of the Queen's case, than from all that I have been

\* The literary luminaries who make their appearance at 56, Albemarle-street, are called Murray's dips, on account of their way of dipping into his new publications.

able to read and hear upon the subject in London. The rule you lay down is excellent. Public safety is certainly the only principle which can justify mankind in agreeing to observe and enforce penal statutes; and, therefore, I think with you, that unless it could be proved in a very simple manner, that it was requisite for the public safety to institute proceedings against the Queen—her sins or indiscretions should have been allowed to remain in the obscurity of her private circle.

I have attended the trial several times. For a judicial proceeding, it seems to me too long—and for a legislative, too technical. Brougham, it is allowed, has displayed even greater talent than was expected; but he is too sharp; he seems to me more anxious to gain a triumph, than to establish truth. I do not like the tone of his proceedings, while I cannot sufficiently admire his dexterity. The style of Denman is more lofty, and impressed with stronger lineaments of sincerity. As for their opponents, I really cannot endure the Attorney-General as an orator; his whole mind consists, as it were, of a number of little hands and claws—each of which holds some scrap, or portion of his subject; but you might as well expect to get an idea of the form and character of a tree, by looking at the fallen leaves, the fruit, the seeds, and the blossoms, as any thing like a comprehensive view of a subject, from an intellect so constituted as that of Sir Robert Gifford. He is a man of application, but of meagre abilities, and seems never to have read a book of travels in his life. The Solicitor-General is somewhat better; but he is one of those who think a certain artificial gravity requisite to professional consequence; and which renders him somewhat obtuse in the tact of propriety.

Within the bar, the talent is superior to what it is without; and I have been often delighted with the amazing fineness, if I may use the expression with which the Chancellor discriminates the shades of difference in the various points on which he is called to deliver his opinion. Consider his mind as a curiosity of no ordinary kind. It deceives itself by its own acuteness. The edge is too sharp; and, instead of cutting straight through, it often diverges

—alarming his conscience with the dread of doing wrong. This singular subtlety has the effect of impairing the reverence which the endowments and high professional accomplishments of this great man are otherwise calculated to inspire. His eloquence is not effective—it touches no feeling nor effects any passion; but still it affords wonderful displays of a lucid intellect. I can compare it to nothing but a pencil of sunshine; in which, although one sees countless motes flickering and fluctuating, it yet illuminates, and steadily brings into the most satisfactory distinctness, every object on which it directly falls.\*

Lord Erskine is a character of another class, and whatever difference of opinion may exist with respect to their professional abilities and attainments, it will be allowed by those who contend that Eldon is the better lawyer—that Erskine is the greater genius. Nature herself, with a constellation in her hand, playfully illuminates his path to the temple of reasonable Justice; while Precedence with her guide book, and Study with a lantern, cautiously shew the road in which the Chancellor warily plods his weary way to that of legal Equity. The sedateness of Eldon is so remarkable, that it is difficult to conceive he was ever young; but Erskine cannot grow old; his spirit is still glowing and flushed with the enthusiasm of youth; and, like the light of heaven on the pools and shadows of a flowing river, it sparkles as brightly where his experience is deepest, as it did in the rush and impetuosity of his early career. When impassioned, his voice acquires a singularly elevated and pathetic accent; and I can easily conceive the irresistible effect he must have had on the minds of a jury, when he was in the vigour of his physical powers, and the case required appeals of tenderness or generosity. As a parliamentary orator, Earl Grey is undoubtedly his superior; but there is something much less popular and conciliating in his manner. His eloquence is heard to most advantage when he is contemptuous; and he is then certainly dignified, ardent, and emphatic; but it is apt, I should think, to impress those who hear him, for the first time, with an idea that he is a very supercilious personage, and this unfavour-

\* When we consider that Mr Andrew Pringle belongs to the Edinburgh Review Junta, we cannot help admiring the candour of this sketch and making allowance for some of the others.—C. N.

able impression is liable to be strengthened by the elegant aristocratic langour of his appearance.

I think that you once told me you had some knowledge of the Marquis of Lansdowne, when he was Lord Henry Petty. I can hardly hope, that after an interval of so many years, you will recognize him in the following sketch :—His appearance is much more that of a Whig than Lord Grey—stout and sturdily—but still withal gentlemanly; and there is a pleasing simplicity, with some what of good-nature, in the expression of his countenance, that renders him, in a quiescent state, the more agreeable character of the two. He speaks exceedingly well—clear, methodical, and argumentative; but his eloquence, like himself, is not so graceful as it is upon the whole manly; and there is a little tendency to verbosity in his language, as there is to corpulency in his figure; but nothing turgid, while it is entirely free from affectation. The character of respectable is very legibly impressed, in every thing about the mind and manner of his lordship. I should, now that I have seen and heard him, be astonished to hear such a man represented as capable of being factious.

I should say something about Lord Liverpool, not only on account of his rank as a minister, but also on account of the talents which have qualified him for that high situation. The greatest objection that I have to him, as a speaker, is owing to the loudness of his voice—in other respects, what he does say is well digested. But I do not think that he embraces his subject with so much power and comprehension as some of his opponents; and he has evidently less actual experience of the world. This may doubtless be attributed to his having been almost constantly in office since he came into public life; than which, nothing is more detrimental to the unfolding of natural ability, while it induces a sort of artificial talent, connected with forms and technicalities, which, though useful in business, is but of minor consequence in a comparative estimate of moral and intellectual qualities. I am told that in his manner he resembles Mr Pitt; be this, however, as it may, he is evidently a speaker, formed more by habit and imitation, than one whom nature prompts to be eloquent. He lacks

that occasional accent of passion, the melody of oratory; and I doubt if, on any occasion, he could at all approximate to that magnificent intrepidity which was admired as one of the noblest characteristics of his master's style. Never was a minister placed in a more trying situation; and it is allowed, even by his opponents, that during the whole proceedings against the Queen in the House of Lords, he has shewn a fairness and candour which have raised him very high in the estimation of the country. In justice to this amiable nobleman, I am compelled to say this much.

But all the display of learning and eloquence, and intellectual power and majesty of the House of Lords, shrinks into insignificance, when compared with the moral attitude which the people have taken on this occasion. You know how much I have ever admired the attributes of the English national character—that boundless generosity, which can only be compared to the unpartial benevolence of the sunshine—that heroic magnanimity, which makes the hand ever ready to succour a fallen foe; and that sublime courage, which rises with the energy of a conflagration roused by a tempest, at every insult or menace of an enemy. The compassionate interest taken by the populace in the future condition of the Queen, is worthy of this extraordinary people. There may be many among them actuated by what is called the radical spirit; but malignity alone would dare to ascribe the bravery of their compassion to a less noble feeling than that which has placed the kingdom so proudly in the van of all the modern nations. There may be an amiable delusion, as my Lord Castlereagh has said, in popular sentiments with respect to the Queen. Upon that, as upon her case, I offer no opinion. It is enough for me to have seen, with the admiration of a worshipper, the manner in which the multitude have espoused her cause.

But my paper is filled, and I must conclude. I should, however, mention that my sister's marriage is appointed to take place to-morrow, and that I accompany the happy pair to France.

Yours truly,

ANDREW PRINGLE.

P.S.—Take care of my last letter, for I have reason to think it is not correct in a few particulars.\*

\* This is the letter that we have suppressed, as it was too bitter on several literary characters of London. C. N.

"This is a dry letter," said Mr Snodgrass, and he handed it to Miss Isabella, who, in exchange, presented the one which she had herself at the same time received; but just as Mr Snodgrass was on the point of reading it, Miss Becky P. Glibbans was announced. "How lucky this is," exclaimed Miss Becky, "to find you both thegither; now you maun tell me all the particulars; for Miss Mally Glencairn is no in, and her letter lies unopened. I am just gasping to hear how Rachel conducted herself, at being named in the kirk before all the folk—married to the Hussar Captain too after all! who would have thought it?"

"How, have you heard of the marriage already," said Miss Isabella?—"O, its in the newspapers," replied the amiable inquisitant,—"Take ony tailor or weaver's—a' weddings maun now a days gang into the papers. The whole toun, by this time, has got it; and I wouldna wonder if Rachel Pringle's marriage ding the Queen's divorce out of folk's heads for the next nine days to come.—But only to think of her being married in a public kirk—Surely her father would never submit to hae't done by a bishop?—And then to put it in the London paper, as if Rachel Pringle had been somebody of distinction—Perhaps it might have been more to the purpose, considering what dragoon officers are, if she had got the doited doctor her father to publish the intended marriage in the papers before hand."—

"Haud that condunacious tongue of yours," cried a voice panting with haste as the door opened, and Mrs Glibbans entered.—"Becky will you never dewawl wi' your backbiting—I wonder frae whom the mialcart lassie takes a' this passion of clashing."

The authority of her parent's tongue silenced Miss Becky, and Mrs Glibbans having seated herself, continued,—"*Is it your opinion, Mr Snodgrass, that this marriage can hold good, contracted, as I am told it is mentioned in the papers to has been, at the horns of the altar of Episcopalian apostacy?*"

"I can set you right as to that," said Miss Isabella. "Rachel mentions, that, after returning from the church, the Doctor himself performed the ceremony anew according to the Presbyterian usage." "I am glad to hear't, very glad indeed," said Mrs Glibbans. "It would have been a judgment-like thing, had a bairn of Doctor Pringle's—chan whom, although there may be abler, there is not a sounder man in a' the West of Scotland—been sacrificed to Moloch, like the victims of prelatie idolatry."

At this juncture, Miss Mally Glencairn was announced: she entered holding a letter from Mrs Pringle in her hand, with the seal unbroken. Having heard of the marriage from an acquaintance in the street, she had hurried here, in the well-founded expectation of hearing from her friend and wellwisher, and taking up the letter, which she found on her table, came with all speed to Miss Isabella Todd, to commune with her on the tidings.

Never was any confluence of visitors more remarkable than on this occasion. Before Miss Mally had well explained the cause of her abrupt intrusion, Mr Middleton made his appearance—He had come to Irvine to be measured for a new coat, and meeting by accident with Saunders Dickie, got the Doctor's letter from him, which, after reading, he thought he could do no less than call at Mrs Todd's, to let Miss Isabella know the change which had taken place in the condition of her friend.

These were all the correspondents of the Pringles assembled, by the merest chance, like the dramatic personæ at the end of a play. After a little harmless bantering, it was agreed that Miss Mally should read her communication first—as all the others were previously acquainted with the contents of their respective letters, and Miss Mally read as follows:—

## MRS FRINGLE TO MISS MALLY GLENCAIRN.

DEAR MISS MALLY,  
I HAV a cro to pik with you concern-  
ing your comishon aboot the partlekels  
for your friends. You can hav no no-  
shon what the Doctor and me suffert  
on he head of the flooring shrubs. We  
took your Nota Beny as it was spilt,  
and went from shop to shop enquirin  
in a most partiklar manner for "a  
Gardner's Bell, or, the least of all  
flowering plants."—But sorrow a gard-  
ner in the whole tot here in London  
ever had heard of sick a thing; so  
we gave the porshoot up in dispare—  
Howsomever, one of Andrew's acquaint-  
ance—a decent lad, who is only son to  
a saddler in a been way, that keeps his  
own carriage, and his son a coryikel,  
happent to call, and the Doctor told  
him what ill soccess we had in our  
serch for the gardner's bell; upon  
which he sought a sight of your ye-  
pissle, and red it our as a thing that  
was just wonderful for its whorsogrof-  
fie; and then he sayid, that looking  
at the prinsipol of your spilling, he  
thocht we should reed "a gardner's  
bill, or a lyst of all flooring plants;"  
whilk being no doot your intent, I  
hav proqurt the same, and it is inclu-  
ded heerin.—But Miss Mally, I would  
advize you to be more exac in your  
inditing, that no sick torbolashon may  
hippen on a future okashon.

What I hav to say for the present  
is, that you will, by a snak, get a  
bocks of kumoddities whilk you will  
destraboot as derekit on every on of  
them, and you will before hav reseivit  
by the post-offis, an account of what  
has been don. I need say no farther  
at this time, knowin your disreshon  
and prooduns, septs that our Rachel  
and Captain Sabor will, if it please the  
Lord, be off to Parish, by way of Bry-  
ton, as man and wife, the morn's  
morning. What her father the doc-  
tor gives for tocher, what is settlt on  
her for jontor, I will tell you all aboot  
when we meet—For its our dishire  
noo to lose no tim in retornin to the  
manse, this being the last of our diplo-  
matics in London, where we have  
found the parents a most discrit fami-  
ly, payin to the last farding the Cor-  
nal's legacy, and most seevil, and w.ll  
bred to us.

As I am naterally gretly okpypt with  
this inatteromoneal affair, you cannot  
expec ony news; but the Queen is go-

ing on with a dreadful rat, by which  
the pesents hav falen more than a whole  
entirr pesent. I wish our fonds were  
well oot of them, and in yird and stane,  
which is a constansie. But what is to  
become of the poor donsie woman no  
one can expound. Some think she will  
be pot in the Toor of London, and her  
head chappit off; others think she will  
raise sick a stramash, that she will send  
the whole government, like peelings of  
ingons, by a gunpoother plot. But its  
my opinion, and I have weighed the  
matter well in my understanding, that  
she will hav to fight with sword in  
hand, be she fill, or be she good. How  
els can she hop to get the better of  
more than two hundred Lords, as the  
Doctor, who has seen them, tells me,  
with princes of the blood royal, and  
the prelatie bishops, whom, I need not  
tell you, are the worst of all.

But the thing I grudge most, is to  
be so long in London, and no to see  
the King. Is it not a hard thing to  
come to London, and no see the King.  
I am not plesed with him, I assure  
you, becose he does not set himself out  
to public view, like ony other kuriosi-  
ty, but stays in his palis, they say, like  
one of the anshent woollen images of  
idolatory, the which is a great peety, he  
being, as I am told, a beautiful man,  
and more the gentleman than all the  
coortiers of his court.

The Doctor has been minting to me  
that there is an address from Irvine to  
the Queen; and he being so near a  
neighbour to your toun, has been think-  
ing to pay his respects with it, to see her  
near at hand. But I will say nothing;  
he may tak his own way in matters of  
gospel and spiritualety; yet I have my  
scoopols of consence, how this may  
not turn out a rebelyon against the  
King; and I would hav him to sift and  
see who are at the address, before he  
pits his han to it. For, if its a radikol  
job, as I jealous it is, what will the  
Doctor then say? wad an orthodox  
man, as the world noo is.

In the maistre of our domesticks, no  
new axident has cast up; but I hav  
seen such a wonder as could not have  
been forethocht. Having a washin, I  
went down to see how the lassies were  
doing, but judge of my feelings, when  
I saw them triumphing on the top of  
pattons, standing upright before the  
boyns on chairs, rubbin the clothes to

juggons between their hands, above the sopples, with their gouns and staps on, and round-eared mutches. What would you think of such a miracle at the washing-house in the Goffields, or the Gallows-knows of Irvine?—The cook, howsomever, has shown me a way to make rice-puddings without eggs, by putting in a bit of Shoohet,

which is as good—and this you will tell Miss Nanny Eydent; likewise, that the most fashionable way of boiling green pis, is to pit a blade of speermint in the pot, which gives a fine flavour.—But this is a long letter, and my pepper is done; so no more, but remains your friend and well-wisher.

JANET PRINGLE.

"A great legacy, and her dochtir married, in ae journey to London, is doing business," said Mrs Glibbans, with a sigh, as she looked to her only get, Miss Becky; "but the Lord's will is to be done in a' thing; sooner or later something of the same kind will come, I trust, to all our families." "Ay," replied Miss Mally Glencairn, "marriage is like death—its what we are a' to come to."

"I have my doubts of that," said Miss Becky, with a sneer,—“Ye have been lang spar't from it, Miss Mally.”

"Ye're a spiteful pucklock; and if the men hae the cen and lugs they used to hae, gude pity him whose lot is cast with thine, Becky Glibbans," replied the elderly maiden ornament of the Kirkgate, somewhat tartly.

Here Mr Snodgrass interposed, and said he would read to them the letter which Miss Isabella had received from the bride; and without waiting for their concurrence, opened and read as follows:—

MRS SABRE TO MISS ISABELLA TODD.

MY DEARLST BELL,—Rachel Pringle is no more. My heart flutters as I write the fatal words. This morning, at nine o'clock precisely, she was conducted in bridal array to the new church of Mary-le-bone; and there, with ring and book, sacrificed to the Minotaur, Matrimony, who devours so many of our bravest youths and fairest maidens.

My mind is too agitated to allow me to describe the scene. The office of handmaid to the victim, which, in our young simplicity, we had proudly thought one of us would perform for the other, was gracefully sustained by Miss Argent.

On returning from church to my father's residence in Baker Street, where we breakfasted, he declared himself not satisfied with the formalities of the English rite, and obliged us to undergo a second ceremony from himself according to the wonted forms of the Scottish Church. All the advantages and pleasures of which, my dear Bell, I hope you will soon enjoy.

But I have no time to enter into particulars. The Captain and his lady, by themselves, in their own carriage, set off for Brighton in the course of less than an hour. On Friday they

are to be followed by a large party of their friends and relations; and, after spending a few days in that emporium of salt-water pleasures, they embark, accompanied with their beloved brother, Mr Andrew Pringle, for Paris; where they are afterwards to be joined by the Argents. It is our intention to remain about a month in the French capital; whether we shall extend our tour, will depend on subsequent circumstances; in the meantime, however, you will hear frequently from me.

My mother, who has a thousand times during these important transactions wished for the assistance of Nanny Eydent, transmits to Miss Mally Glencairn a box containing all the requisite bridal recognizances for our Irvine friends. I need not say that the best is for the faithful companion of my happiest years. As I had made a vow in my heart that Becky Glibbans should never wear gloves for my marriage, I was averse to sending her any at all, but my mother insisted that no exceptions should be made. I secretly took care, however, to mark a pair for her, so much too large, that I am sure she will never put them on. The asp will be not a little vexed at the disap-

pointment. Adieu for a time, and believe, that, although your affectionate Rachel Pringle be gone that way in which she hopes you will soon follow,

one, not less sincerely attached to you, though it be the first time she has so subscribed herself, remains in,

RACHEL SABRE.

Before the ladies had time to say a word on the subject, the prudent young clergyman called immediately on Mr Micklewham to read the letter which he had received from the doctor; and which the worthy dominie did without delay, in that rich and full voice with which he is accustomed to teach his scholars *elocution by example*.

*The Rev. Z. PRINGLE, D. D. to MR MICKLEWHAM, Schoolmaster and Session-Clerk, Garneck.*

DEAR SIR,—I have been much longer of replying to your letter of the 3d of last month, than I ought in civility to have been, but really time, in this town of London, runs at a fast rate, and the day passes before the dark's done. What with Mrs Pringle and her daughter's concerns, anent the marriage to Captain Sabre, and the trouble I felt myself obliged to take in the Queen's affair, I assure you, Mr Micklewham, that its no to be expressed how I have been occupied for the last four weeks. But all things must come to a conclusion in this world; Rachel Pringle is married, and the Queen's wearyful trial is brought to an end—upon the subject and motion of the same I offer no opinion, for I made it a point never to read the evidence, being resolved to stand by THE WORD from the first, which is clearly and plainly written in the Queen's favour, and it does not do in a case of consequence to stand on trifles; putting, therefore, out of consideration the fact libelled, and looking both at the head and the tail of the proceeding, I was of a firm persuasion, that all the sculduggery of the business might have been well spared from the eye of the public, which is of itself sufficiently prone to keek and kook, in every possible way, for a glimpse of a black story; and, therefore, I thought it my duty to stand up in all places against the trafficking that was attempted with a divine institution. And I think, when my people read how their prelate enemies, the bishops, (the heavens defend the poor Church of Scotland from being subjected to the weight of their paws), have been visited with a constipation of the understanding on that point, it must to them be a great satisfaction to know how clear and collected their minister was on this fundamental of

society.—For it has turned out as I said to Mrs Pringle as well as others, it would do, that a sense of grace and religion would be manifested in some high quarter before all was done, by which the devices for an unsanctified repudiation or divorce would be set at nought.

As often as I could, deeming it my duty as a minister of the word and gospel, I got into the House of Lords, and heard the trial—and I cannot think how ever it was expected that justice could be done yonder, for although no man could be more attentive than I was, every time I came away I was more confounded than when I went—and when the trial was done, it seemed to me just to be clearing up for a proper beginning—all which is a proof that there was a foul conspiracy—indeed, when I saw Duke Hamilton's daughter, coming out of the coach with the Queen, I never could think after, that a lady of her degree would have countenanced the Queen, had the matter laid to her charge been as it was said—Not but in any circumstance it behoved a lady of that ancient and royal blood, to be seen beside the Queen in such a great historical case as a trial.

I hope in the part I have taken my people will be satisfied; but whether they are satisfied or not, my own conscience is content with me. I was in the House of Lords when her Majesty came down for the last time, and saw her handed up the stairs by the usher of the black-rod, a little stumpy man, wonderful particular about the rules of the House, in so much that he was almost angry with me for stopping at the stair head.—The afflicted woman was then in great spirits, and I saw no symptoms of the swelled legs that Lord Lauderdale, that jooking man,



spoke about, for she skippit up the steps like a lassie. But my heart was wae for her, when all was over, for she came out like an astonished creature, with a wild steadfast look, and a sort of something in the face that was as if the rational spirit had fled away, and she went down to her coach as if she had submitted to be led to a doleful destiny. Then the shouting of the people began, and I saw and shouted too in spite of my decorum, which I marvel at sometimes, thinking it could be nothing less than an involuntary testification of the spirit within me.

Anent the marriage of Rachel Pringle, it may be needful in me to state, for the satisfaction of my people, that although by stress of law, we were obligated to conform to the practice of the Episcopalians, by taking out a bishop's licence, and going to their church, and vowing in a pagan fashion before their altars, which are an abomination to the Lord; yet, when the young folk came home, I made them stand up, and be married again before me, according to all regular marriages in our national Church. For this I had two reasons; first, to satisfy myself that there had been a true and real marriage; and, secondly, to remove the doubt of the former ceremony being sufficient; for marriage being of divine appointment, and the English form and ritual being a thing established by Act of Parliament, which is of human ordination,

I was not sure that marriage performed according to a human enactment could be a fulfilment of a divine ordinance. I therefore hope that my people will approve what I have done, and in order that there may be a sympathising with me, you will go over to Banker M——y and get what he will give you, as ordered by me, and distribute it among the poorest of the parish, according to the best of your discretion, my long absence having taken from me the power of judgment in a matter of this sort. I wish indeed for the glad sympathy of my people, for I think that our Saviour turning water into wine at the wedding of Cana, was an example set that we should rejoice and be merry at the fulfilment of one of the great obligations imposed on us as social creatures—and I have ever regarded the unhonoured treatment of a marriage occasion as a thing of evil bodement, betokening heavy hearts and light purses to the lot of the bride and bridegroom. You will hear more from me by and by; in the meantime, all I can say is, that when we have taken our leave of the young folks, who are going to France, it is Mrs Pringle's intent, as well as mine, to turn our horses' heads northward, and make our way with what speed we can, for our own quiet home, among you.—So no more at present from your friend and pastor,

Z. PRINGLE.

Mrs TODD, the mother of Miss Isabella, a respectable widow lady, who had quiescently joined the company, proposed that they should now drink health, happiness, and all manner of prosperity to the young couple, and that nothing might be wanting to secure the favourable auspices of good omens to the toast, she desired Miss Isabella to draw fresh bottles of white and red wine. When all manner of felicity was duly wished in wine to the captain and his lady, the party rose to seek their respective homes. But a bustle at the street-door occasioned a pause. Mrs Todd inquired the matter; and three or four voices at once replied, that an express had come from Garnock for Nanse Swaddle the midwife, Mrs Craig being taken with her pains. "Mr Snodgrass," said Mrs Glibbans, instantly and emphatically, "ye maun let me go with you, and we can spiritualize on the road; for I hae promis't Mrs Craig to be wi' her at the crying, to see the upshot, so I hope you will come awa'."

It would be impossible in us to suppose, that Mr Snodgrass had any objections to spiritualize with Mrs Glibbans on the road between Irvine and Garnock; but notwithstanding her urgency, he excused himself from going with her; however, he recommended her to the special care and protection of Mr Micklewham, who was at that time on his legs to return home. "Oh! Mr Snodgrass," said the lady, looking slyly, as she adjusted her cloak, at him and Miss Isabella, "there will be marrying and giving in marriage till the day of judgment." And with these oracular words, she took her departure.

## HORE CANTABRIGIENSES.

## No VII.

*Benet College, Cambridge, 26th December, 1820..*

DEAR MR NORTH,  
 I NEED not inform you that the Adjutant has at length fulfilled his promise of paying me a visit, as I think he told me he had formally announced his intention of doing so, at your last monthly dinner at Ambrose's. He has been, as I predicted he would be, delighted with our Alma Mater, and will give you a flaming account of her charms when he next arrives at the City of Blackwood. He left Cambridge for London this morning—upon business, he said. I am not ashamed to say, that I took leave of him, at the Red Lion, with tears in my eyes. He had made a striking impression upon me. The contrast between the frank and airy, yet sublimely poetical disposition of the Ensign, and our sedate, and somewhat cautious habits, was extremely forcible; and I shall always regard the sight of Odoherty (though he does not belong to the fusileers) as one of the "greenest spots" in my academical life. I intend not to give you a full account of the Ensign's adventures, leaving that to his more potent eloquence at your next Contribution dinner; but I may just mention a few circumstances, concerning which, I know, his extreme modesty will forbid him to speak. It was late on Tuesday when he arrived, as old Nicholls and his tits had been rather lazier than usual, so that nothing could be done that night; but on the following morning after breakfast, (of which it does not become me to speak,) we sallied forth on our excursions. Our first visit was to Downing; and here, for the first time, the soul of the Standard-bearer began to unfold itself. He had heard, it seems, all the stories about the lowness of this admirable structure, and the incongruity of Grecian pillars and gentlemen's houses—and he now saw the absurdity of them. "Upon my soul," said he, with great emphasis, pointing to a particular part of the colonnade, "That's capital.—That servant of Mr Rose's is no master of the art, I suspect; and as to its lowness,—why, its not so high as Benlomond to be sure, but by St Jingo,\* it overtops

your Gogmagogs, that a Cockney, who got into the coach at Stamford, said were "so'r igh as I could not vell imagine." He then burst into a rhapsodical encomium upon Mr Wilkins, to which it would require the pen of a Gurney to do justice.

Leaving Downing, we returned through the market-place, and passing through Waterloo Place, to take a peep at the pictures, went direct to Trinity. But here I must confess the Standard-bearer, for the first time, rather disappointed me. He exhibited none of that poetical emotion which I had fondly hoped a sight of this magnificent college would have drawn from him; on the contrary, he was silent and reserved. The noble extent of the first court, and the beautiful cloister of Neville's, seemed to have no effect upon him. I guessed that he was thinking of the Whiggish propensities of some of its members, and wished to turn his thoughts to a subject more worthy of his meditations. "What," says I, "cannot your mighty mind overlook these puny striplings, and learn to respect a college which has produced a Bentley, a Porson, and a Bloomfield? and is the present illustrious head of their society not even *verbo dignus*?" To this he gave me no answer, but one of his fine smiles, which, I thought, "withered to a sneer"—perhaps at my bad pun. As we proposed to-day merely to take a general view of some of the Colleges, and as Trinity Walks seemed to be by no means so pleasant to him as your Trinity-Grove, we passed hastily through them, and entered those of St John's. Here his countenance brightened up at once; he excessively admired the three fine old trees that stand opposite the gate by which we entered, and pointing towards the back part of the college in an attitude of inspiration, exclaimed, "Mark but the solemn grandeur of that ancient and religious foundation!

Destin'd in every age to be  
 The fountain-head of loyalty,  
 and that boasts even now a Words-

worth, the prince of poets, and a Marsh, the champion of churchmen." On this I complimented him on his patriotism, and hinted that it was a proof of his Irish predilections that he so vehemently praised the *pigs*. But I had like to have rued my joke, for had not a doctor in divinity been passing just at the moment, he certainly would have knocked me down. Resolving to be more cautious in future, I tried to hurry him forward, as it was now past three o'clock, and I wished him to hear the anthem at King's Chapel. But it was all to no purpose:—as we passed through the courts of St John's, he was every moment stopping to eulogize "their monastic, column, and majestic appearance, so well according with the abstract idea of a learned and religious society." However, we reached King's before the anthem had commenced, and the Ensign now feasted his eyes, and his soul upon that matchless specimen of the lighter Gothic. The majestic elegance of St Paul's, or the sombre magnificence of the Abbey may strike us with a different, but scarcely more pleasing sensation, than the lightness, yet stability,—the inimitable workmanship,—and, above all, the glorious unbroken expanse of the inte-

rior of this lofty temple. As soon as Pratt had struck the first notes, I planted the Standard-bearer on one of the stone seats at the west end, in order that he might hear to the best advantage. There he sat, as motionless as the griffin above him; and, when the last note had died away, he exclaimed, " 'Tis the abstract of metaphysics—'tis ideality personified, by G—." Here I clapped my hand suddenly on his mouth. He appeared much surprised at the liberty I had taken, and cast his eyes rather sternly upon me, but, on looking round him, he immediately recollected himself, and bowed his gratitude with that indescribable frankness and grace, which we literary men may appreciate, but cannot imitate.

It being now the hour of dinner, we hastened to Benet, where we found a few friends, whom I had invited to meet the Ensign, already assembled. I say nothing of the dinner, the wine, the company, &c. I leave all that to Morgan. We contrived, however, to consume our time, and various other articles, till nine, when singing was proposed. An ingenious young Freshman being first called on, commenced the following lay, from Fairy Land, with much poetical feeling:

## 1.

O, there is a land where the Fairies reside,  
A world where no breast, save a lover's, has sigh'd,  
Where the hours are all sunshine, and life is all bliss,  
And they dream but of sorrows we suffer in this.

## 2.

How sweet the perfume —

Here supper entered, and the song died away in a quaver of exultation. After supper, however, I requested the Reverend Mr —, Fellow of Magdalen, to favour us with a touch of his

own; with which he cheerfully complied, premising that he had composed the verses for a "particular occasion," in honour of a distinguished individual of his own society.

## SONG.

## 1.

Hail to the train that in triumph advances!  
Honour'd and bless'd be their ribbons so fine!  
Long may the Member, so gaily that prances,  
Be spar'd by the state at our table to dine.  
\* Tea send him happy dew,  
Wine lend him sap anew,  
Sweetly to swagger, and crouselly to crow,  
St John's and Magdalen  
Send our shout back again,  
Lawson and Borough bridge, ho! ho! ho!

\* A tea-kettle is the Magdalensian Helicon.

## 2.

Ours is no Whigling, chance-cramm'd for an honour,  
 That blooms in the Tripod, to fade in the House,  
 When Whiggism is stripp'd of each rag that's upon her,  
 The more shall our Granta exult in his *we*.  
     Moor'd in the Tory rock,  
     Proof to the gibes and mock,  
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow,  
     Ferrets and monkies then  
     Echo his praise agen,  
 Lawson the Magistrate, ho! ieroc!

## 3.


Proudly thy pibroch has shrill'd in the Union,  
 And Maberly's groans to thy alogan replied;  
 His house and his gig they are smoking in ruin, and  
 The Venus, unmov'd, still lies flat on her side.  
     The Huckster in Sidney-Street  
     Long shall lament thy feat;  
 Think of thy "Strictures" with fear and with woe,  
     S—f—d and S—m— —n  
     \* Shake, when they see again,  
 Tight little Marinaduke — ho! ieroc!

We missed the Ensign's stentorian,  
 ho! ieroc! at the conclusion of this stanza; and on turning round, discovered that he had inadvertently dropped asleep. Mr — immediately took out his pencil, and in a few moments produced a striking sketch of his fine countenance, in which he has retained all its characteristic dreaminess and re-

pose. When finished, he intends to present it to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, as a frontispiece to their first volume of *Transactions*.

Thus ended our first day's adventures. The series of occurrences which followed shall be carefully summed by,

Dear North,

Yours indivisibly, 

+ We sincerely hope they will not. C. N.

## THE SPORT OF FORTUNE. A FRAGMENT.

From a true History.

By SCHILLER.

ALOYS VON G—— was the son of a respectable commoner in the —asian service; and the germs of his promising genius had been early unfolded by a liberal education. When yet very young, but already furnished with well-grounded knowledge, he entered the military service of his sovereign; and, as a young man of great merits and still greater hopes, he could not long remain unknown to such a prince. G—— was in the full fire of his youth; so was the prince. G—— was ardent and enterprising; the prince, who was of a similar temperament, had a natural affection for characters so constituted. With a rich vein of wit, and a redundancy of knowledge, G—— had

a ready facility in giving animation to social intercourse; every circle in which he mixed, he enlivened by an unfailing festivity of mind; and upon every thing which chance brought before him, he had the art of shedding life and fascination. Graces such as these, and accomplishments which he possessed so eminently himself, the prince could not want discernment to appreciate in another. Every thing which G—— undertook, his very sports even, had an air of grandeur. Obstacles could not harm him; nor could any failures triumph over his perseverance. The value of such qualities was further enhanced by an attractive person, the perfect image of blooming health and of

gladiatorial strength—inspired by the eloquent play of gesture and expression natural to a mind of restless activity; and to these was added, in look, walk, and deportment, a native and unaffected majesty, chastened and subdued by a noble modesty. If the prince had been charmed by the intellectual attractions of his young companion,—by so fascinating an exterior his senses were irresistibly ravished. In a short time, through the combined influences of equal age and sympathy in taste and character, an intimacy was established between them, possessing all the strength of friendship, and all the warmth and fervour of the most passionate love. With the rapidity of flight, did G—— pass from one promotion to another; but these external marks of favour still halted in expression far behind the reality of his importance with the prince. With astonishing speed did his good fortune put forth its blossoms; for he, who was its creator, was also his devoted admirer and fervent friend. Not yet two and twenty years old, he found himself upon an elevation which hitherto had been to the most fortunate the goal and final consummation of their career. But a mind so active as his could not long repose in the bosom of indolent vanity; nor content itself with the glittering pomp of a high station, the substantial exercise of which he felt in himself courage and abilities to conduct. Whilst the prince was flying after the circles of pleasure, the young favourite buried himself among archives and books, and dedicated himself with laborious industry to business, of which at length he became so expert and perfect a master, that every concern which was of any importance passed through his hands. From the associate of his pleasures, he soon became the first councillor, the prime minister, and finally, the ruler of his sovereign. He disposed of all offices and dignities; and all rewards were received from his hands.

To this greatness G—— had mounted in too early youth, and by too hasty steps, to enjoy it with moderation. The eminence, upon which he beheld himself, made his ambition dizzy; and no sooner was the final object of his wishes attained, than his modesty forsook him. The respectful submissiveness of manner which was addressed to him by the first persons of the land, by those who were raised so vastly

above him in birth, consequence, and fortune, nay, paid even as a tribute by old men, to him, a youth,—all served to intoxicate his pride; and the unlimited power of which he had become possessed, soon drew into light a certain harshness of manner, which at all times had been latent, as a feature in his character, and which has since continued with him through all varieties of fortune. No service was so toilsome and so vast, which his friends did not with confidence anticipate at his hands; but his enemies might well tremble; for, as on the one side he pushed his favour to extravagant lengths, so on the other did he carry with him a total neglect of all moderation in the prosecution of his vengeance. The influence of his station he employed, not so much to enrich himself, as to lift into fortune and notice a multitude who should pay homage to him as the creator of their prosperity; but caprice, and not justice, determined the choice of his subjects. By a haughty and imperious demeanour, he alienated the hearts of those even he had most obliged, whilst at the same time he converted all his rivals and secret enviers into so many irreconcilable enemies.

Amongst those who watched his steps with eyes of jealousy and envy, and who were silently preparing instruments for his destruction, was Joseph Martinengo, a Piedmontese count, in the prince's train, whom G—— had himself placed in his present situation, as an inoffensive creature devoted to his interests, for the purpose of filling his own station about the prince in his hours of festal pleasure—a station which he himself gladly exchanged for one of more important business. Viewing this man as the creature of his own hands, that he could at pleasure throw back again into the original obscurity from which he had drawn him, he deemed himself assured of his fidelity through fear no less than through gratitude; and herein he fell into the very same oversight which Richelieu committed when he made over to Louis XIII., as a sort of plaything, the young Le Grand. Whilst, however, on the one hand, G—— had it not in his power to repair this oversight with the sagacity of Richelieu, he had, on the other, a far more wily enemy to deal with than he whom the French minister found it necessary to destroy. Instead of pluming himself on his good

fortune, and letting his benefactor feel that he could now dispense with his assistance, Martinengo was rather elaborately careful to maintain a shew of dependancy; and, with studied dissimulation, attached himself more and more submissively to the author of his prosperity. At the same time, however, he did not omit to avail himself in its fullest extent of the opportunity which his office procured him for being continually about the prince's person, and for thus making himself by degrees necessary and indispensable to his comfort. Very shortly, he had read, and knew by heart, the innermost mind of his master; every avenue to his confidence he had secretly discovered; and imperceptibly he stole into his favour. All those arts, which a noble pride, and a natural magnanimity had taught the minister to disdain, were brought into play by this Italian, who did not reject the most abject means that could in any way further the accomplishment of his purpose. Well aware that man no where feels his want of a guide and an assistant more powerfully than in the paths of vice, and that nothing gives a title to bolder familiarities than sharing in the knowledge of infirmities and degradations which have been concealed from others,—he roused passions in the prince which till now had slumbered within him, and then obtruded himself upon him as a confidant and an accomplice. He hurried him into excesses of that sort, which can least of all endure witnesses, and which shrink even from being made known to others; and, by this means, he accustomed the prince imperceptibly to make him the depository of mysteries from which every third person was excluded. Thus, at length, he succeeded in founding his infamous schemes of personal elevation upon the degradation of the prince; and, from the very same mystery which he had adopted, as an essential instrument of success, he drew this further advantage—that the heart of the prince was his own before G—— had even allowed himself to suspect that he shared it with any other.

It may appear matter of wonder that a revolution so important should escape the notice of the latter. But G—— was too well assured of his own value ever to think even of such a man as Martinengo in the light of a competitor; and Martinengo again was far

too much alive to his own purposes, and too much on his guard to allow himself, by any indiscretion, to disturb his enemy in this haughty state of security. That, which has caused thousands before him to lose their footing upon the slippery ground of princely favour, did also supplant G——— immoderate self-confidence. The secret intimacy between Martinengo and his master, gave him, no alarms. He readily made over to this stranger a privilege, which, for his own part, he heartily despised, and which had never been the object of his exertions. Simply, because in that way only he could pave his road to the supreme power, had the prince's friendship offered any attractions to him; and no sooner had the ladder lifted him to the eminence which he coveted, than with perfect levity, he suffered it to fall behind him.

Martinengo was not the man to rest satisfied with a part so subordinate. At every step which he advanced in the favour of his master, his wishes became bolder, and his ambition began to grasp at a more substantial gratification. The artful and histrionic sort of humility, which he had hitherto constantly maintained in the presence of his patron, grew more and more oppressive to him as the increase of his personal consequence roused his pride into activity. The carriage of the minister towards him not adapting itself by any more courtly air to the rapid progress which he was making in the prince's favour; but, on the contrary, not seldom appearing to be palpably directed to the purpose of abasing his lofty pretensions by recalling him to a salutary recollection of his origin,—at length, this constrained and discordant connection became so irksome to him, that he framed a serious scheme for putting an end to it at once by the destruction of his rival. This scheme, under the most impenetrable veil of dissimulation, he nursed into maturity. As yet, he durst not run the hazard of measuring his strength against that of his competitor in open combat; for, although the early bloom had passed away from the favour which G—— had once enjoyed, yet had it begun too early, and had struck root in the breast of the young prince too deeply to be thus abruptly dislodged. The slightest occurrence might restore it in all its original strength; and, therefore,

Martinengo well understood that the blow, which he was meditating to inflict, must be a mortal blow. What G—— might have lost perhaps in the affections of the prince, he had gained in his respect. The more it had happened to the prince to have withdrawn himself from the administration of public affairs, the less could he dispense with the services of a man, who, with the most conscientious devotion and fidelity, had consulted the private interests of his master, even at the expense of the country; and dear as G—— had formerly been to him in the character of friend, no less important to him was he at this moment in that of minister.

By what sort of means it was that the Italian accomplished his purpose, has remained a mystery between the few on whom the blow fell, and those who guided it. It is conjectured, that he laid before the prince the original draughts of a clandestine and very suspicious correspondence which G—— is represented as having carried on with a neighbouring court; whether authentic or spurious—is a point upon which opinions are divided. Be this as it may, however, too sure it is, that his scheme was crowned with a terrible success. In the eyes of the prince, G—— appeared the blackest and most ungrateful traitor, whose offences were placed so far beyond all colourable doubt, that, without further investigation, there seemed to be no room for hesitating to proceed against him. In the profoundest secrecy, the whole affair was arranged between Martinengo and his master; so that G—— did not, even from a distance, perceive the storm which had now gathered over his head. In this ruinous state of security, he continued up to that dreadful moment, at which, from being the object of universal homage, he was destined to sink down into that of the uttermost commiseration.

When this decisive day appeared, G——, according to his custom, visited the parade of guard. From the rank of ensign, in the short space of a few years, he had been pushed forward to that of colonel; and even this rank was but a more modest name for the station of prime minister, which, in fact, he was then filling, and which raised him above the native dignities of the land. The parade was the usual stage on which the incense of

universal homage was offered up to his pride, and where, in one little hour, he enjoyed that grandeur and dignity for which he suffered toil and privation the whole day through. Here it was, that those who were most illustrious for rank, approached him with reverential timidity; and those, who were without assurances of his favourable dispositions towards them, not without trembling; here even the prince, if he ever happened to be present, found himself neglected by the side of his vizier; inasmuch as it was far more dangerous to incur the displeasure of the last, than it could be servicable to have the other for a friend. Just this place, and no other it was, where heretofore he had been worshipped as a god, that was now chosen for the dreadful theatre of his humiliation.

Lightly, and with a careless step, he entered the well-known circle, that, anticipating no more than himself what was to happen,—on this day, as on all the former, opened before him respectfully, awaiting his commands. Short was the interval which elapsed, before there appeared, with two adjutants in attendance, Martinengo; no longer the supple, cringing, smiling courtier, but insolent, and with a peasant's arrogance, like a footman suddenly become a gentleman; with a determined step of defiance he strides up to G——; and, facing him with his head covered, he demands his sword in the prince's name. With a look of silent consternation the sword is surrendered to him; drawing it from the scabbard, he inclines the point to the ground; with a single step splits it in two, and throws the fragments at the feet of G——. At this appointed signal the two adjutants proceed to lay hands upon him; one busies himself in cutting away from his breast the cross of his order; the other in stripping off both his epaulettes, together with the facing of his uniform, and in tearing out of his hat the badge and plume of feathers. Throughout this appalling operation, which is all conducted with incredible speed, from the whole assembly of above five hundred persons, who were standing closely around, not a sound—not a single respiration is to be heard. With pallid faces, hearts throbbing, and petrified with death-like horror, stands the dismayed multitude in a circle about G——; who, during the con-

foundling disarray of his person—a rare spectacle of the ludicrous and the wonderful—has in a moment lived through all the feelings that can be experienced on the scaffold. Thousands there are, who, in his situation, would have been stretched senseless on the ground by the first shock; but his robust structure of nerves, and his firmness of spirit, bore up against this dreadful trial, and enabled him to drink up its horrors to the last drop.

Scarcely is this scene over before he is led through ranks of innumerable spectators to the extremity of the parade; where a close carriage is in waiting. A silent glance commands him to enter it; and an escort of hussars attends him. Meantime, the report of what has just passed is spread through the whole city; every window is flung up, every street is crammed with anxious spectators, who follow the cavalcade, shouting and repeating his name, amidst tumultuous and conflicting outcries of scorn, of malicious exultation, and of commiseration more bitter than either. At length he clears the town; but here a fresh shock awaits him. Sideways from the high-way, the carriage turns up an unfrequented desolate road—the road to the place of execution; close alongside of which, by express orders from the prince, he is slowly driven. From this place, after being made to suffer all the tortures of the last agony, he is conveyed back to a more public road. Seven dreadful hours of scorching heat, without refreshment and without human converse, he passes in the carriage, which, at last, about sun-set, halts at the place of his destination—the state-prison. Bereft of consciousness, mid-way between life and death, (for a twelve hours' fasting, and a burning thirst, had at length subdued even his colossal nature,) he is dragged out of the carriage; and, in a hideous subterranean vault, he first returns to his senses. The first object which presented itself to him, as life is again dawning upon his eyes, is a dreadful dungeon wall, feebly illuminated by a few rays from the moon, which penetrates downwards, through small crevices, to a depth of nineteen fathoms. By his side he finds a coarse loaf, together with a jug of water; and close to that, a bundle of straw for his bed. In this condition he remains up to the succeeding noon; when, at length, a trap-door

opens in the middle of the tower, and two hands appear, by which food, such as he had found on the preceding night, is let down in a hanging basket. At this moment, for the first time during this whole frightful revolution of fortune, did pain and the anguish of suspense extort from him a question or two—Wherefore was he brought hither? What offence had he committed? But no answer from above; the hands vanish, and the trap-door closes. In this abode of misery, without a glance even at “the countenance divine” of man, without a sound from human voices, without any ray of light to interpret his awful destiny, fearful doubts and misgivings overshadowing alike the past and the future, cheered by no beams of “day or the warm light,” with no refreshment of healthy breezes to his fainting spirits, inaccessible to help, shut out even and rejected from the sympathy of mankind,—in this abode did he number four hundred and ninety days of anguish; registering then by the wretched loaf which at every noon-time, day after day, in mournful monotony, were let down into his dungeon. But one discovery, which he made in an early stage of his confinement, filled up the measure of his affliction. He recognized the place;—he himself it was,—he, and no other, was the man, who, but a few months ago, had rebuilt it, under the impulse of an ignoble revenge, in order to inflict a languishing imprisonment on a deserving officer, who had been so unfortunate as to incur his displeasure. With barbarous ingenuity he had himself suggested the means of aggravating the horrors of confinement in this dungeon; and no long time before, he had made a journey hither in person, for the purpose of inspecting the building and hastening its completion. As if to push his torments to the uttermost, it so fell out that the very officer for whom this prison had been constructed,—a worthy old colonel,—had just succeeded in office to the late commandant of the fortress, recently deceased, and in this way, from being the victim of his vengeance, had become master of his fate. Thus vanished from his eyes the last melancholy consolation of his misery—the privilege of feeling pity for himself, or of taxing his destiny, harshly as it might treat him, with any injustice. To the lively sense of his own sufferings were



now added a bitter self-contempt, and the pain, which, to a proud spirit, is among the severest, of a conscious dependency upon the magnanimous forbearance of an enemy to whom he had himself shewn none.

But that just man was too noble to allow himself a base revenge. Infinite was the pain which it cost his benignant mind to enforce against the prisoner those severities of treatment which his instructions enjoined him. Nevertheless, as an old soldier who had been accustomed to observe the letter of his orders with unquestioning fidelity, he had it not in his power to grant him any thing more than his pity. A more active assistant the unhappy man found in the chaplain of the garrison; who, moved by the sufferings of the prisoner, which had reached his ears but lately, and then only through some obscure and incoherent reports, instantly took a fixed resolution to do something for their alleviation. This venerable clergyman, whose name it is with regret that I suppress, thought that he could in no better way fulfil the duties of his pastoral office than by exerting its whole influence in behalf of a wretched man whom he had no other means of serving.

Not being able to obtain leave of access to the prisoner from the commandant of the fortress, he repaired in person to the metropolis, there to urge his suit directly with the prince. He knelt before his highness, and besought him to extend his mercy to the unhappy man; who, shut out as he was from the consolations of Christianity, privileges of humanity which the heaviest guilt could not cancel, was pining away in helpless desolation, and possibly not far from despair. With all that intrepidity and dignity which the conscious discharge of duty bestows, he prayed—he demanded free entrance to the prisoner, as a son of affliction and of penitence, who belonged of right to him, and for whose soul's welfare he was answerable to God. The good cause in which he spoke made him eloquent; and, moreover, the first heat of the prince's displeasure time had already done something to soften. His prayer was granted, with full permission to cheer the prisoner by a visit of spiritual consolation.

After an interval of sixteen months, the first human countenance that G— beheld was the countenance of his be-

nefactor. The solitary friend, who in this world was yet living for him, he was indebted for to his afflictions: his prosperity had gained him none. To him the visit of the chaplain was as the revelation of an angel. His feelings I do not undertake to describe. Be it sufficient to say, that from this day forward he shed milder tears, because to one human being he saw himself the object of compassion.

But, for the chaplain, horror seized him upon his entrance into this murderous dungeon. His eyes were wandering about in search of a human creature; and, behold! from a corner opposite to him, which resembled rather the lair of a wild beast than the abode of any thing in human shape, crawled forth a creature that awoke a rueful and a shuddering pity. A ghastly and death-like skeleton,—all the hues of life perished from a face in which sorrow and despair had imprinted deep furrows,—beard and nails, through long neglect, grown to a hideous length,—clothes, from long use, half-rotted away,—and, from total want of ventilation, the very air about him thick, sickly and infectious;—such was the condition in which he found this darling of fortune; and even under such a condition his iron constitution had not given way. Transported with horror by such a spectacle, the chaplain hurried away upon the spot to the governor, for the purpose of extorting a second indulgence to the poor wretch, without which the first went for nothing.

As the governor again excused himself, by pleading the express letter of his instructions, he nobly resolved upon a second journey to the capital, with the view of once more making a claim upon the prince's clemency.—There he protests solemnly, that, without violating the holy majesty of the sacrament, he never could bring himself to go through any sacred rites with the prisoner, unless some resemblance to the form of man were first of all restored to him. This petition was also granted to him; and, from this day, the prisoner drew his breath again in an atmosphere of hope.

Several long years G— spent in this fortress; but, after the first summer of the new favourite had passed away, and others had succeeded to his post, who either thought more humanely, or who had no vengeance to wreak upon him, he spent them in a

far more tolerable condition. At last, after a ten years' confinement, the day of his deliverance appeared; but no judicial investigation, no formal acquittal. He received his freedom as a boon at the hands of grace; and, at the same time, he was enjoined to quit the country for ever.

At this point, my information in regard to his history, all of which I have been able to collect simply from oral traditions, deserts me; and I find myself obliged to step over an interval of twenty years. During this period G— began his career anew, in a foreign military service; and here also it conducted him to the very same glittering eminence from which he had, in his native country, been so awfully precipitated. At length, Time, who brings about a slow but an inevitable retribution, took into his own hands the winding up of this affair. The years of passion were now passed away with the prince; and, as his hair began to whiten, human nature began to assert her power over his mind. Standing now on the brink of the grave, he felt an earnest yearning awakened in him towards the favourite of his youth. In order to make some reparation if possible to the grey-headed old man, for the afflictions which he had heaped upon the youth, he sent a message to the exile, couched in kind and affectionate terms, inviting him back to his home; towards which the heart of G— had long since turned in secrecy with languishing desire. Touching was the interview of their re-union; fervent and flattering was the reception, as though they had been separated but yesterday. The prince perused, with a pensive eye, that countenance, whose lineaments were so familiar to him, and yet again so strange. And it seemed as if he were counting the furrows which he had himself imprinted there. With an eager scrutiny he sought in the face of the old man for the beloved features of

the youth; but what he sought was in this world to be found no more. Each constrained himself to an air of cold and cheerless confidence. But both hearts were for ever divided by shame and fear. To the prince *that* object could not be gratifying, which recalled to his remembrance his own cruel precipitation; and, on his part, G— could never more give back his affections to the author of his misfortunes. Comforted, nevertheless, and in tranquillity, he now looked back upon the past with the feelings of one cheered on recovering from a frightful dream.

In no long time, G— beheld himself again in possession of all his former dignities; and the prince put force upon his own feelings of secret aversion, in order to make him a brilliant amends for what was past. But could he also restore to him that heart which he had for ever untuned for the enjoyment of life? Could he give him back the years of hope? Or could he devise any happiness for the broken down old man, that could make but a semblance of reparation for that which he had stolen away from him in his early prime?

For nineteen years G— enjoyed this tranquil evening of his days. Neither misfortunes nor years had in him been able to wither the fire of passion, nor wholly to cloud the festal geniality of his spirit. In his seventieth year, he was still grasping at the shadow of a happiness, which he had actually possessed in his twentieth. Finally, he died, governor of the castle of \* \* \* where state prisoners are confined. It will naturally be expected that towards these prisoners he would display a spirit of humanity, the value of which he must have learned so well how to appreciate in his own person. But, alas! no: he treated ~~them~~ with harshness and caprice; and a paroxysm of rage towards one of them stretched him in his coffin, when in his eightieth year.

## SAPPHIC ODE

*To the Evening Star.*

(Clouds float around to honour thee, and Evening  
Lingers in heaven.

## SOUTHEY.

When from the blue sky traces of the daylight  
Fade, and the night-winds sigh from the ocean,  
Then, on thy watch-tower, beautiful thou shinest,  
Star of the Evening!

Homewards weary man plods from his labour ;  
 From the dim vale comes the low of the oxen ;  
 Still are the woods, and the wings of the small birds  
 Folded in slumber.

Thou art the lover's star ! thou to his fond heart  
 Ecstasy bequeatest ; for, beneath thy soft ray,  
 Underneath the green trees, down by the river, he  
 Waits for his fair one.

Thou to the sad heart beacon art of solace—  
 Kindly the mourner turns his gaze towards thee,  
 Past joys awakening, thou bid'st him be of comfort,  
 Smiling in silence.

Star of the Mariner ! when the dreary ocean  
 Welters around him, and the breeze is moaning,  
 Fondly he deems that thy bright eye is dwelling  
 On his home afar off :

On the dear cottage, where sit by the warm hearth,  
 Thinking of the absent, his wife and his dear babes,  
 In his ear sounding, the hum of their voices  
 Steals like a zephyr.

Farewell, thou bright Star ! when woe and anguish  
 Hung on my heart with a heavy and sad load,  
 When not a face on the changed earth was friendly,  
 Changeless didst thou smile.

Soon shall the day come, soon shall the night flee,  
 Thou dost usher in darkness and day-light ;  
 Glitter'st through the storm, and, amid the blaze of morning,  
 Meltest in glory.

Thus through this dark earth holds on the good man,  
 Misfortune and malice tarnish not his glory ;  
 Soon the goal is won, and the star of his being  
 Mingles with heaven.

△

## STANZAS ON PARTING.

Though we, beloved, now must part,  
 Who have so long together been,  
 Let not a cloud come o'er thy heart,  
 To dim thy bosom's pure serene.

And, though my thoughts may not refrain  
 Among past scenes to wander free,  
 Among past pleasures, which again  
 Not thou, nor I shall ever see.

I would not have one gloomy thought,  
 To make thee sorrowful, nor yet,  
 That, gazing o'er our vanish'd lot,  
 Should present griefs to thee beget.

But, when, alone, at eventide,  
Thou walk'st along the sounding shore,  
Think he, who wander'd at thy side,  
Beside thee wanders now no more!

And, when the sunbeams, o'er the deep,  
Shoot trembling from the glowing west,  
And crimson o'er the rocky steep,  
And burn upon the ocean's breast:

'Twas then I felt the pain of heart,  
Begirt with strong affection's chain,  
And scarce could let my steps depart,  
Unless thou vow'd'st to meet again!

Nor be forgetful, when the noon  
Of Night comes gently o'er the sky,  
And, from thy lattice, on the moon  
Thou musing turn'st a pensive eye!—

Remember—ah! the very dreams  
Gush like a flood along my soul,  
How we have rested, when its beams  
Reign'd o'er the soul with mild controul!

How we have sate in leafy shade,  
While, quavering in the fitful blast,  
A murmuring sound the foliage made,  
And bright the waters glitter'd past.

Alas! a thousand treasured scenes  
Upon me rush, before me glow,  
And then the sad thought intervenes—  
That all is vanity below!

That all the dreams we cherish'd warm,  
Have pass'd away, and are no more,  
And only left behind the charm,  
That memory lends to days of yore!

'Tis past—it came, and could depart,  
But cannot come, to pass again,  
The time, when love consumed my heart,  
And passion burn'd in every vein!

Go—let the selfish, and the proud,  
From friends divide, with foes combine;  
And let the sordid join the crowd,  
That ceaseless kneel at Mammon's shrine.

But, thou could'st tell them—I can tell,  
That peace must with ourselves begin;  
And that abroad in vain we dwell  
For joys, that must be found within!

Farewell!—but oh! remember thou,  
That wheresoe'er my bark be cast,  
That wheresoe'er may glide my prow,  
My hopes in thee are anchor'd fast!

## HORA GERMANICA.

## No. X.

*Darkness ; or The Venetian Conspiracy—a Tragedy,*

BY PROFESSOR RAUPACH, ET PETERSBURGH, 1819.

To an ordinary reader there are few tasks more repelling than that of endeavouring to understand the mere analysis of a play. The general interest, however, on which *this* tragedy hinges may be expressed in few words, and comprehended without effort. Rinaldo, the hero, is deeply attached to Clara, daughter of Contarini, (one of the old noblesse of Venice ; ) and the play opens with a long dialogue between the two happy lovers in a beautiful summer or vernal evening. *To-morrow is to be their wedding day.* This dialogue is interrupted by the entrance of Contarini, who, when left alone with his intended son-in-law, thinks proper to disclose to him a daring and horrible conspiracy, into which he has entered with Faledro, Doge of Venice, and father of Rinaldo. They have resolved to avail themselves of a public festival, to be held next day in honour of Rinaldo's marriage, to assassinate all the chief senators and their adherents ; and, aided by a chosen party of the people, to establish at once a new form of government, at the head of which should be Faledro, with unlimited monarchic power. To this scheme, Contarini has been incited partly by ambitious views on account of his daughter, and yet more by a base passion of private revenge against Cornaro, (one of the Council of Ten,) who had injured him. He doubts not that he is secure of Rinaldo's consent, as any refusal to co-operate with them would, among other consequences, deprive the hero of his bride, to whom he has just been expressing such ardent attachment. Faledro, indeed, had before warned his friend that Rinaldo was of a character not to be trusted in such a design, even though hemmed in by the most formidable dilemma ; and Contarini finds out, when it is too late, that he has gone much too far. In vain he holds out, as a temptation to the youth, that he would one day be himself elevated to the throne, along with Clara. Love is but a new and secondary passion in the heart of Rinaldo, in which patriotism and heroic enthusiasm hold

the first place. Consequently, he expresses, in vehement terms, his indignation at all that Contarini has uttered, with entire contempt for his threats and injunctions of secrecy. At once we perceive his anxious wish to check, if possible, the progress of the conspiracy. But, in this he cannot succeed, without, in the first place, losing Clara, and, at the same time, bringing his father and Contarini to the scaffold. His terrific struggles, therefore, betwixt conflicting passions and duties, form the subject of this tragedy.

We shall now proceed, as usual, through the five acts, giving extracts from each,—though briefly,—for the entire play is very long.

The versification of the first dialogue between Clara and her lover is excellent ; and the poetry seems to have been founded on that of the Spanish Shakespeare Calderon, though the metaphysical *conceits* are of a graver cast than his generally are. We shall quote only two pages,—which we recommend as a fair specimen of the ordinary style of Professor Raupach ; who is now, for the first time, introduced to our readers.—

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cl.* Speak on, sweet friend !—I love to hear thee thus !

Oh, could these moments be prolong'd for ever !

Nor envious warning bell, nor parting day  
Our happiness disturb !—This, then, thou say'st,

Is Love's true fountain ?—

*Rin.* Rather say, Love's bland,  
And yet resistless magic, that restores  
Peace to the heart on life's wild ocean tost.  
And thus it comes, that morning's roseate glow,—

The very moonbeams and the song of birds,—

The meadow flowers in spring,—all Nature's charms,

That long had past unheeded,—when we love,

Once more are dear to us.

*Cl.* Long may it be so !—  
Shared mankind but the glow of woman's heart,

Mild, yet enduring ! But *your* passions blaze

With short-lived violence—then expire !

*Rin.* Nay, *this*

Thou learn'd'st from Isabella—False words  
like these

Flow'd never from the fountain of *thy*  
heart—

How ! Thou believ'st that I could break  
the vows

That I have sworn to thee ! Judge not thy  
friend

Untried.

*Cl.* Ah, how long in thy Clara's power  
Wilt thou leave time for trial ?—Tell me,  
dearest.

How many months will thy proud spirit  
bear

That I may call thee *mine* ?

*Rin.* Even unto death.—

What but the grave can separate true lovers ?

*Cl.* *What* ?—Hear I not, *in thought*,  
the trumpets blow,

That call thee forth upon the stormy seas,  
Whence on a distant faithless shore the rage  
Of murderous battle threatens thee ?—Ha,  
*then*,

The lover in the warrior all is lost—

He calls aloud to spread the sails, and chides  
Impatiently the winds.—Even, in his heart,  
Already could rejoice, as conqueror,  
To welter on the blood-stain'd waves,—of  
death.

And all affection's former ties unheeded !—  
Meanwhile, the faithful widow'd heart at  
home

Pines on,—uncared for ;—trembles if one  
cloud

Rise on the heaven's wide azure ;—trem-  
bles too,

When all the winds are hush'd, and in the

The landscape lies unbroken ;—trembles

When, in the quiet skies, the silvery moon  
Moves on in cloudless calm ; and who can  
say,

That she should *not* thus tremble ?—Clouds,  
indeed,

Portend a tempest ;—but the smiling skies  
—The tranquil day, and moon-illumined  
night,

Fit all the murderous purposes of war !

*Rin.* Nay, dearest Clara,—yet thou can'st  
not blame me,

If to such dangers, for my country's sake,  
I had been summon'd—Should I then re-  
fuse

My life to venture—of thy love, indeed,  
I were most undeserving !

*Cl.* Ah ! hence flows

The sufferings of poor woman !—No where,  
even

In love, has she an equal right.—Yet,  
whole

And undivided, boldly thou demandest  
Thy Clara's heart. To man must every  
leaf

Of the chosen flower belong Her life on  
earth

Is all to him resign'd. But, oh ! what then  
Receives the victim in exchange ? Per-  
chance

One *leaf* that withers soon.—To what or  
whom

Belongs *thy* heart ?

*Rin.* To thee.

*Cl.* Away,—deceiver !—

'Tis to the phantom of thy brain enslaved !—

'Tis well for him who for such idol finds  
The most imposing name—"Honour," for-  
sooth,—

"Devotion"—"Patriotism !"—

*Rin.* Oh, thou dearest !

Though but indeed a second love,—blame  
not,

If to my first affection I am true.—

How (were it otherwise) might Clara trust  
me ?—

Sprung from the noblest lineage in our land,  
My soul, from earliest youth, by warlike  
fame

And patriotic ardour was inflamed ;—

To *this* I owe even all that I am now—

And if those passions were destroy'd, could  
love

Remain in such a changeling ?—What, in  
truth,

(Obtain'd for me thy favour ?—Surely not  
Mine outward form.—Man cannot boast of  
beauty—

But that I had obtain'd on battle field  
My country's praise,—and that the bravest  
knights

Acknowledged me for brother—*This* in-  
twined

The bands of our attachment—and, in  
Thee,

My country too, the noblest crown be-  
stow'd—

The richest recompence for all my toils.

*Cl.* Well, be it so—Since thou hast *won*  
the prize,

Change now thy lance and sword for myr-  
tle wreaths—

That round thy brows may twine—and lay  
aside

Thine iron helm.

*Rin.* Nay—wreaths that we deserve not  
Are heavier even than iron to the brows—

If by thy presence every hour henceforth  
Is wing'd with rapture, yet by duty still  
Those raptures must be earn'd.—If thou  
wilt have

Eternal spring,—it blooms not, unless fed  
By radiance ever new.

At this point in the dialogue, Con-  
tarini enters ; and, Rinaldo being left  
alone with him, the disclosure follows  
of the conspiracy, in the manner which  
we have already detailed in a preceding  
paragraph.

Rinaldo violently breaks from Con-  
tarini, to demand an explanation from  
his father ; and shortly afterwards we  
find ourselves in the palace of Faledro.

(*Rinaldo enters, much agitated.*)

*Rin.* You are alone, my father?

*Fal.* Quite alone.

*Rin.* No witness overhears us?

*Fal.* What has happen'd?

Whence com'st thou?—What has moved thee thus?

*Rin.* I come,

Even now, from a mysterious conference,  
That all my veins has fired and agitated,  
As in the wild rage of a half lost battle,  
'Twas never mine to feel.—From Contarini,  
I learn that you, my father, have conspired  
With him against our native land;—to crush

The establish'd laws of Venice, and yourselves

Raise up to power supreme;—reckless to shed,

To your own passions, in dire sacrifice,  
The blood of citizens and noblemen;  
With more of horrid crimes, that I repeat not.—

I say not—will not say that I believe him.—  
Yet, has the confidence wherewith he spoke  
Brought fearful doubts on me.—Therefore,

I come

From you at once to learn the truth.

*Fal.* Old babbler!

Whose hairs are white, and yet he has not learn'd

Wisdom's first rule,—to rein the tongue!

*Rin.* Ha! Then

He spoke indeed the truth?—By Heaven,  
I felt

A chilling apprehension when I met  
The looks of Israel, who left thee here!—  
For Heaven's sake, tell me—what must I believe?

*Fal.* (*sitting down.*) Only the tranquil  
mind is its own master,

And inward peace controuls an outward storm;

Therefore sit here, and listen to me calmly—

The people of our Venice once were free,

And for themselves a ruler chose and judge;

But nobles have arisen, who, in the times

When factious rage and violence prevail'd,

Fashion'd a new republic, all to suit

Their own caprice and individual gains.

Where is there visible in *Justice* so framed

The holy seal of Right, that year on year

Should roll away, observant and obedient—

That never once, even though from nature's store

Endow'd with gifts pre-eminent of soul,

Should dare, that constitution rashly form'd,

By laws more perfect to replace?

*Rin.* If thus

Past times against the present must be weigh'd,

Oh, what o'er all this earth could be held sacred?

Where is the *spot* wherein wild freedom once

Has never talk'd abroad?—What Venice *has been*

I loats on my soul,—a legendary dream;

But that which I have known and *have enjoy'd*

Seizes and rules resistlessly my heart.—

As I have known her from nune earliest years,

Even as I loved her with my first affections,  
Wears Venice still the garb of consecration.

*Fal.* Too lightly such divinities by youth  
Are fashion'd; for imagination then

Teems, like the fleeting clouds of morn and even,

With ever-changing hues; nor he-states,  
Even on the meanest phantom of the brain,

The beaming vernal glory to bestow.  
What seest thou of divinity in Venice?

Freedom, perchance? And yet, in sober truth,

The people are enslaved.—Not only they,—  
We all are slaves;—nor only *words* but

Are fetter'd here.—And no one knows to-day

What harsh come and awaits him on the morrow.

Our justice, then? Nay, boy, our judges sit

Calmly, and pour forth their anathemas,  
Even like the inscrutable decrees of fate,

On their defenceless victims. Oh, per-chance,

Thy fancy dwells in the free path that still  
Is open to preternant by high deeds?

But narrow is the circle whereto here  
Virtue dare claim her rights. Whether the

crown,

By merit won, our temples shall adorn,  
Birth must decide, though nature oft hath rear'd,

Even in the humblest cot, her favourites,  
And lavish'd gifts of her en-born genius

there

That in proud palaces are sought in vain!

We should willingly give the rest of the dialogue, but it is very long, and, by his liberal introduction of politics, we think the author has gone too far. The work, perhaps, was not designed for the stage, yet, an attempt to explain the constitution of Venice was here superfluous. Every mode of persuasion, however, is exhausted between the parties, and, towards the end of the scene the dialogue becomes sufficiently impassioned. It closes, at last, with the despair of Rinaldo, and denunciations of the implacable resentment and resolution of Faldro.

At the beginning of the second act, Rinaldo is discovered walking distractedly through his chamber, while near him, on a table with lights, appears a large book, which he has just been consulting. His soliloquy in the first paragraph is somewhat obscure, and yet not very original, the rest is better,

however, and we shall transcribe it entire.

*Rin.* One narrow path there is of rectitude—

A thousand lead to evil.—Virtue thus  
Is hard to win, while vice at once invites  
us.—

Are then the mystic bonds that nature  
weaves,

Or those that we, by Conscience and resolve

Frame for ourselves, most sacred?—Must  
we bear

The load of every debt, wherewith a power  
Hostile—capricious—seeks to overwhelm  
us?—

Nature demands affection to a father—  
Yet cleaves my soul unto my father-land!—  
Two elements there are, that in the realms  
Of space,—above,—below,—are joined in  
peace,—

Yet in the middle sphere of *real* life,  
In horrible contention are opposed.—

While thus, like storm with storm, they  
rage—(Oh! where

Shall their unhappy victim rest? For whom  
Take up the sword?—Yet, howe'er at  
last

He shall determine—'tis in vain!—Repent-  
ance

Or sufferings deep attend his hopeless  
choice!—

The grave affords sure refuge.—To *that*  
harbour

No raging waves find access.—All the storms  
Of life are calm'd by the great ruler—  
Death.—

But 'tis a coward's part, when he beholds  
On the horizon hostile flags arise,  
To steer for home.—Such refuge to obtain  
Is easier even than child's play.—What de-  
serves

The sacrifice of life?—To *act* indeed,  
And not to die, must be the watchword  
now.—

This truth arises on my wildered brain  
As to the criminal the judgment-seat  
Or scaffold.—(Oh! had the dire secret still  
Remain'd conceal'd!—Then for my coun-  
try's sake

Nobly I might have fallen.—Inglorious  
now,—

A hypocrite and traitor I shall die,—  
Shunning that free disclosure, which alone  
Might save our country.—But, alas!—my  
father!

And Clara too—who trusting to my vows,  
On me rests all her hopes of happiness—  
No—No!

At this moment Kalergos enters, an old preceptor of Rinaldo, to whom the latter immediately applies for an explanation of a passage in the book which he has just been reading. "If," says the law, "a son discover that his father is inclined to tyranny, and aims at the destruction of his country's

rights, shall the son, on such an occasion, be silent?—Surely not. On the contrary, he shall, in the first place; try every method of persuasion, and even threats, with his father, and if these do not succeed, it is his duty to give the preference to his country!" A dialogue now follows, displaying considerable ingenuity, but at the same time exceedingly undramatic. The author has very skilfully contrived, however, that every word uttered by Kalergos, tends more and more to distract and madden his unfortunate pupil.—Kalergos himself becomes at last so completely puzzled and confounded, that he retires, requesting a few days to deliberate on the subject in solitude, and leaving Rinaldo, if possible, much more miserable than he had found him.

A short scene follows this, which is in some respects sufficiently effective.—Faledro apprehending that his son would reveal the conspiracy, has formed the notion of keeping Rinaldo for the next twelve or twenty-four hours a prisoner in his chamber. For this purpose, Matteo, a servant of the doge, now appears; but the moment that Rinaldo is thoroughly aware of his intentions, he seizes his intended guard by the collar, thrusts him violently aside, and escapes. To this succeeds a short conference, full of anxiety and preparation between Faledro and Contarini, after whose disappearance we again meet with Rinaldo, who is now accompanied by, and in the house of his intimate friend Bernardo, to whom he has confidentially disclosed the extraordinary situation in which he is placed. Of the dialogue between them we can afford room only for a few lines at the beginning.

*Rin.* A dream? a jest!—Am I then  
such a jester?—

Or is there here a carnival when folly  
Reigns uncontroll'd?—

*Ber.* Thou speak'st in earnest then?

*Rin.* In earnest? ay! so my deep suf-  
ferings prove!—

I wonder not that thou should'st doubt.—  
The tale

Which I have told, no madman's dreams  
could equal!—

But here I warn thee 'tis indeed no dream,  
But the bare truth,—so horrible indeed,  
That every hope expires!

*Ber.* If power there were,  
More hostile here on earth than that of  
hell,

Thence should we say this plot had sprung  
against thee!—



Thy father—and the father of thy bride—  
Ha, Satan ! 'twas a master-stroke of art !—

*Rin.* From the fair harbour that with  
flowers was blooming,  
And smiled at my approach—to drive me  
forth

Amid the raging waves—

*Ber.* And what a choice !—

When in man's life there are so many  
days,

And one hour might suffice to earn dam-  
nation—

To choose thy wedding-day !—To poison  
all

The promise'd sweets of love !—

*Rin.* Of this no more—

'Tis past, Bernardo—All has fled away,  
Even like the visions of fantastic youth.—  
Black is the midnight storm that gathers  
round me—

And when those clouds shall break, Rin-  
aldo's head

At least must fall—

*Ier.* So shall it not, by Heaven !—

*Rin.* How so ?—My father will not yield  
—He cannot !—

Will not—his iron constancy forbids—

And cannot, for already in the plot  
Too many are engaged ; and if to them  
The price of their assistance were not grant-  
ed,—

They would yet seek reward by treachery,  
And bold disclosure—

Should we proceed any farther with this dialogue, it would be necessary to transcribe the whole, and considering that there are three long acts before us, this would be rather too much. It is indeed much more dramatic and poetical than the disputation on the same subject with Kalergos. The character of Bernardo is in itself finely drawn.—He is eloquent, impassioned, and (like Rinaldo) unhappy ;—but though his arguments, and the conclusions that he draws, are utterly different from those of Kalergos, yet they have precisely the same effect on our hero, by rendering him only more wretched than ever.—Bernardo, on one occasion, observes, that to injure a king on his throne, a priest at the altar, or a father in his own home, are all horrible crimes ; but that of those sacred persons, a father is of all the most important.—To this Rinaldo instantly replies, that such an argument is, in his estimation, utterly vain—for that by naming his native country, (" fatherland," he expresses in *one* word the concentration of *all* sanctities. Indeed, we think that the attempts of Rinaldo to obtain advice and consolation, first, from the learning of Kalergos ; secondly, from the friendship, spirit, and

sympathy of his brother soldier, Bernardo ; and, thirdly, (as it appears afterwards) from a Catholic priest, are, to a solitary student, among the best parts of the poem. Yet, notwithstanding this, their merit is altogether undramatic. Their beauty consists in the diversity of interest which the author has given to each dialogue ;—but this would be lost on the stage ; for an audience must of necessity judge of every thing in the gross. In like manner, they neither know nor care whether the diamonds in the tiara of an actress are true or false. It is the *tout ensemble* only that is conceived or cared for. These three scenes resemble each other in their general effect, and in their conclusion, all tending to weave more inextricably the meshes of perplexity and despair around Rinaldo. Though philosophically and historically correct, they would, on account of this resemblance, be tedious on the stage. We have been led *en passant* into this disquisition, because we think that Professor Raupach, as a dramatic author, is deserving of counsel and encouragement.

After the hopeless conference with Bernardo, Rinaldo has an interview with Isarel, one of the conspirators, from whom he obtains by stratagem every particular relating to the conduct of the enterprize. After another soliloquy, conceived much in the same spirit with that already quoted, the drop scene falls.

At the beginning of the third act, we find Clara waiting in the garden of Contarini's palace, to keep an appointment with her betrothed lover, which we forgot to mention, had been agreed upon, before their conversation was interrupted, in the first act. Clara is yet utterly unconscious of all the horrors, which have been disclosed, and whose consequences are darkly brooding over her. Her mind dwells yet on the beautiful imagery and passionate declarations of their former dialogue ; and her only cause of perturbation arises from the unaccountable delay of Rinaldo. He comes at last, however, and under the disguise of a *PRE-TENDED DREAM*, describes to her the fearful agitation which he has undergone.

#### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Night. The pleasure grounds behind Contarini's palace,—with a glass door opening from a veranda into the*

*garden. Rinaldo enters. Clara comes from the veranda to meet him. Isabelle remains behind.*

*Clu.* And art thou come at last?—How long has here

Thy Clara waited for thee! And how oft Her disappointed look, thy well-known form

Has through the garden, sought in vain!

*Rin.* Nay, dearest!

Be not thus angry.—'Tis unto myself A riddle, how I have so long delay'd!

*Clu.* The time

Perchance will come ere long, when I must learn

To bear such lengthened absence uncomplaining.—

That anxious longing of a lover's heart That flatters foolish woman, but extends 'nto the wedding day.—

*Rin.* Jest not, dear Clara!

I merit not thy scorn.—'Twas all the work Of adverse chance.—Heaven knows how it befell.—

I was so tir'd—yet would not leave the place,

Watching for thee, ere yet our hour was come;—

At last I sat beneath the dusky shade

Of a large oak there in the park;—while all

Was silent round me,—save the ceaseless voice

Of the deep murmuring sea.—

*Clu.* You fell asleep?—

*Rin.* Strange—yet 'tis true—I slept.

*Clu.* And dream'd perchance?—

*Rin.* Ay, love, I dream'd—but not those visions bland,

That sooth a bridegroom's solitary hours— Some wandering demon of the approaching night,

Wove o'er my senses such a horrid spell, That even in thy bright presence scarcely now—

Can I regain my courage.

*Clu.* Tell me,—dearest,—

What hast thou dream'd?—Yet evil dreams, 'tis said,

Are of good omen—even as morning clouds Portend a brilliant day.

*Rin.* Nay—from the depth

Of hell, methinks, the colouring was deriv'd That in my visious rul'd.—Methought, my father

Had join'd with *thine* in dire conspiracy, For the destruction of our native land,— And chosen our marriage festival to be Their carnival of murder.—All the nobles They had decreed to death. Nor bough nor twig

Should of our ancient oak of liberty Remain to Venice.—On her ruins then, My father sought to triumph and ascend The throne of power despotic.

*Clu.* Foolish world

Of shapes and thoughts fantastic—yet tormenting!

*Rin.* Yet listen to the rest—methought the shades

Of night were deep around me. In that hour

Of gloom and mystery was reveal'd to me Their horrid scheme.—All was to me disclos'd—

And yet I cannot now recall by whom, Nor where.—Methought I stood before the jaws

Of yawning hell, and cast a shuddering gaze

Into the dread abyss—whence racking doubts

In form personified of hideous fiends Swarm'd round me, and mine inmost heart assail'd—

Should I, methought, be silent—or reveal At once whate'er I knew?—Protect my father,—

Or save my country?—See our Venice fall From all her ancient glory and renown,

And henceforth from posterity in vain, Hiding her mournful aspect of disgrace

And slavish degradation? Then I swore A solemn oath—Be that day's light accurs'd,

That gleaming on her ruins, shall rejoice Rinaldo's eyes.—But how methought shall I—

How can I save my country?—

Mark I not,

Here by the lurid beams of hell disclos'd, Her chains already forg'd and rivetted?—

And then—my father too—his hoary head Bent on the block—his blood already shed—

Thee too I see before me—trembling, pale, And death-like—For the stroke that laid him low

Mars all our hopes.—Oh, dire concatenation!—

On earth no chance of rescue—In the grave No surety of oblivion!—

(*Recollecting himself.*

YET,—THANK HEAVEN!

\*T'WAS BUT A DREAM!—

*Clu.* Thank Heaven indeed!—It made My blood run cold!—No matter! 'Tis but foam

On the pure stream of thought—A transient cloud—

And yet I would thou had'st not told it me!—

How did it end?

*Rin.* With such a horrid choice,—

How could it end?—Man can encounter death,—

Ay, even in flames—but not eternal torment—

And yet, methought, if I remember right, My heart inclin'd to save my country.

*Clu.* Ay,—

In dreams it might be so.—In real life Thou would'st not thus decide.

*Rin.* Were all that now

I have unfolded but the truth,—and I Had put the question—what think'st thou were then

Rinaldo's duty?—By our love, I charge thee,

What were thy counsel?

*Cl.* Can a poor weak girl,  
Rear'd in these peaceful scenes,—to all the storms

Of life a stranger—in such fearful strife  
Give counsel to a warrior's dauntless soul?—

(*After a pause.*)

Yet—on reflection,—I would say to thee,  
Rinaldo, let us fly this rugged shore,  
Where peace nor joy for us can bloom again!—

Father and Father-land!—Of which could we

Pronounce the final doom?—Boldly indeed  
I would beseech thee—Let us fly to seek  
Even the most distant and unknown retreat,

Wherein some peaceful valley might conceal us—

There will no ties of duty us constrain,  
To share or to conceal another's crimes;—  
And if our path be not with dazzling store  
Of roses overspread,—yet has the wreath  
Of simplest wild flowers more than equal charms

Woven by the hand of love.

*Rin.* It is indeed  
Hard to resist these tones of bland attraction—

But can the bough, when from the parent tree  
Dissever'd, yet survive?—Thou can'st indeed

Plant it again—and morning's fostering beams,

And evening's dew will fall on it—In vain!  
Its verdant leaves will never more expand—  
Even such a wither'd hopeless branch is man

Torn from his native land—When all the bonds

Of cherish'd sanctities are rent asunder,  
What then is life?—If I should go with thee,

While yet I have the power to rescue Venice,

Were I not then a traitor to my country,  
Breaking the solemn vows wherein she trusted?—

And were such traitor worthy of thy love?

*Cl.* Nay, speak no more thus of your native land.

The realms of love should be our only home;—

From them exil'd, indeed, it matters not  
Wherein this world we shed our bitter tears.

*Rin.* Knew'st thou the sacred ties that bind the patriot,

Thou would'st not speak thus—Thou hast but a home,—

Thy father's house—no native land to cherish!

*Cl.* Nay, thou know'st but the twilight gleams of love,

And to his sun-bright realms art yet a stranger!—

Were this not so, wherefore would visions wild,

Without a real cause, thus haunt thy slumber?

Even as the current of my life flows on,  
My dreams are mark'd by varying pain and pleasure;

Thus, ofttest thy dear image I behold!  
If love inspir'd thee, as it rules thy Clara,  
Thy visions would not prove thus horrible.

*Rin.* How can'st thou blame me thus?  
I know, indeed,

Thou doubt'st not of my truth. If I am driven

By mine own sufferings thus to trouble thee,—

To dim the cloudless lustre of thine eyes,—  
Blame then my fate,—do not mistrust my love!—

But now, thou should'st retire—The mid-night hour

Is past—Arcturus sinks, and from the sea  
Cold morning breezes rise. Therefore good night!

(*Embracing her.*)

*Cl.* Ay, morning will be here, anon—  
Farewell!

And may your sleep be sound!—These fearful dreams

Indeed have marr'd our meeting.

*Rin.* (*Embracing her again, and violently agitated.*)

Now, good night!—

Good night!

No sooner is Clara left alone with her friend, Isabella, than she begins to suspect, from the singularity of Rinaldo's manner, that in what he has related, there is something more than a dream. She endeavours to resist this impression, however, and desires Isabella to sing. (The song, by the bye, is very good.) After interchanging a few sentences, they retire.

Rinaldo, meanwhile, has, as a last resource, betaken himself to his Father Confessor, with whom we find him in the next scene, seated on a tomb-stone in the church-yard, belonging to a neighbouring monastery. As we have said before, we think these conversations, in which the hero vainly endeavours to gain assistance from the advice of his friends, among the best parts of the play. But, like its precursors, this dialogue is too long to quote. Clara had, indeed, previously given her lover the best advice; but he had declared that his principles and conscience would not permit him to fly with her, and, if he remains at Venice, it is obvious that he cannot stand neuter. Consequently we now very soon perceive, that he has resolved to give up

the names of the conspirators to the Council; but, at the same time, to obtain for them, if possible, a mitigation of punishment. This conference with the monk is, of course, unsatisfactory; and, after the retirement of the latter, Rinaldo being left alone among the tombs, utters the following soliloquy:—

*Rin.* Father in Heaven! I am thy child  
—like all

That have already left this narrow sphere,  
For the wide realms of everlasting life.  
Thou hast assisted them! A share of light  
And darkness—calm and tempest—measur'd forth!

To every worm on earth, but me alone,  
This interchange has been allowed. Oh! why  
Hast thou deserted me? Why has there  
fallen

A weight upon my shoulders, that no frame,  
How ever gigantic, could uphold? Oh! send,  
From thine exhaustless realms of light, one  
beam,—

Whether it point to life or death—to guide  
Thy wandering suppliant. Lo! thou hast  
given

Light to th'unnumber'd stars that shine on  
high.

They need it not—they hold their course  
unerring,

Mark'd out by laws eternal. Oh! why,  
then,

To man alone, who, (as his own weak soul  
Directs him here below,) for every deed  
Is held accountable, refuse the gleam,  
Even of one star to guide his lonely way?

(*A pause, during which he gradually approaches nearer to the grave, and, at last, kneels on it.*)

Whatever of angel influences are known  
In our dim realms of earth,—Wisdom and  
Friendship—

Love and Devotion—these, with earnest  
prayer

And supplication I besought to guide me!  
Friendship speaks well—and Love;—but  
they, alas!

Betray too much of passion's base alloy,—  
While Wisdom and Devotion—these twin  
lights,

That should illumine our mortal pilgrimage,  
Are quench'd at once, even in the dark abyss  
Of torturing hesitation! Since the voice  
Of life, elsewhere so loud and talkative,  
Is mute at last, or impotent in counsel,  
Speak, then, thou wise and more experienced Death,

That hitherto in silence hast remain'd,  
Fearing to blab the secrets of thy mansion,  
Answer, I now conjure thee!

(*Bending over the grave.*)

Oh, blessed sleeper! Whom, on earth, I  
nam'd

My father and my guardian, speak to me!

Thou, whose example, through life's dreary  
waste,

Has been my column of celestial fire,  
If now thy soul survives, from earthly bonds,  
At liberty, thro' fields of ether borne,  
Be to me yet my pillar of salvation!  
Oh, send from thine abode of blessedness,  
To me, poor wanderer, but one beam of  
light!

Oh, send the token quickly!

(*A short pause.*)

Hark! The cock

Already greets the morn. The night hath  
fled—

And on the eastern skies already dawns

AN HORRIBLE REPUGNANCE!

(*He remains for a while motionless, resting on the grave, then looks up.*)

To my prayers,

Like heaven and earth, the grave is silent  
too!

No balm nor counsel for my suffering here!

(*He rises up.*)

Why am I wandering like some sprite accur'd,

Disturbing even the dead in their repose?  
Nor from on high, nor from the depth below,  
One ray of hope will dawn to comfort me.  
Therefore, as in the reckless battle's rage,  
Henceforth, blind impulse, be mine only  
guide,

And let me rush into the realms of night,  
Fulfil the desperate deed, whatever the load  
Of curses that await me, for I feel

My soul unstain'd by guilt. The eternal  
morn

(*Though life rejects me here*) will dawn un-  
clouded,

And curses may not reach beyond the grave!

(*Exit.*)

The scene now changes, and we next find ourselves before the palace of Leonni, one of the principal senators, to whom Rinaldo has resolved to reveal the conspiracy. He enters still alone, and his soliloquy, in which he gradually summons up resolution to knock at the gate, is in the author's best manner; but were we to give the beautiful address to the sun, with which it commences, we must, of necessity, go through with the rest,—and it occupies more than two pages. After a long contest with himself, he at last awakens the porter, and, after some delay, obtains an audience of Contarini, to whom he announces the conspiracy; but, before he agrees to give up the names of its authors, exacts from the senator a solemn oath or promise, that they shall not be brought to the scaffold, but shall expiate their crimes only by suffering banishment and confiscation. Notwithstanding the precaution which he has just ta-

ken. Rinaldo cannot prevail on himself verbally to utter the names, but goes to the table and writes them on a slip of paper, which Leoni reads with the greatest astonishment; and hastens away to summon a meeting of his brother senators. Then the third act concludes.

At the beginning of the fourth, we find ourselves in the house of Contarini, who is now already acquainted with the proceedings of Rinaldo, and disclosure of the conspiracy. He appears, therefore, in a state of violent excitement, and the miserable Clara is kneeling before him. The scene which follows may be looked upon as exhibiting too many peculiarities of that which has been in this country absurdly called the German school, and yet is in strict keeping with the character—rash, obstinate, and above all, revengeful, which we have already found ascribed to Contarini.—Shocked and terrified by her father's violence, we find that Clara has been led into some gentle supplications, which have only exasperated him the more;—till at last, in a transport of fury, he prescribes to his daughter a horrible curse against Rinaldo, which he insists on her pronouncing after him. She repeatedly declares, that she *cannot* comply.

*Clu.* Oh, father! Have compassion—mercy!—Think •

There is a Judge in heaven!

*Cont.* How! Thou delay'st?—

Then take the hellish blessing to thyself!—

On hearing this, Clara, seized by sudden horror, rapidly shrieks out the two first lines of the prescribed curse,—then falls to the ground in a state of insensibility, and is borne away by her servants.—Immediately afterwards, the officers of justice enter to take Contarini prisoner, and lead him to trial before the senators.

It would be quite inconsistent with our present limits, to analyze regularly the rest of this fourth act.—Faldro, on his trial, behaves with the utmost intrepidity,—confesses to every charge against him, and exults in his guilt. A highly effective scene is produced by Rinaldo rushing into the senate house, and pleading eloquently for his father. Leoni now remembers his promise, but his voice alone is unable to effect any mitigation of punishment for the conspirators, who are condemned to immediate death. The debate is interrupted by an insurrection and great

tumult of the people;—the assembly break up in confusion; the scene changes to the open street, and Rinaldo, violently incensed against the senators, places himself at the head of the popular party. In this desperate attempt, however, he is completely foiled by Cornaro, who makes a long speech to the mob, denouncing Rinaldo as the betrayer of his father, and a renegade to that cause which he now affects to support. The people instantly direct all their rage against their own leader, and his life is saved only by the interposition of Bernardo *disguised*, who casts his shield over him, and contrives the escape of his friend. Shortly afterwards the mob disperses, and the scene closes. The fourth act is concluded with a meeting afterwards between Rinaldo and Bernardo, in which our hero wishes to take refuge in his friend's house, which is violently refused to him.

We come now to the fifth act, which commences with the following evening, the time of the entire tragedy being about twenty-four hours. In thus hurrying on the catastrophe, our author has at least not violated probability more than some of his most eminent precursors. The first scene represents the ruins of a large building, through which are seen the beams of the setting sun. Rinaldo is seated at one side, on a broken pillar.

*Rin.* So yesterday did'st thou, delusive light,

Spread forth thy parting glories—Thus thy beams

Then promised us a cloudless morn. Who said

In foolishness, that thine ensanguin'd hues  
Had aught a-kin to roses?—But in truth,  
Deceitful Nature! in thy pageantry  
All is ambiguous ever!—To the brood  
Of serpents, and the fruit of poisonous trees,  
Thou giv'st attractive colouring;—and to

gold,  
(The direct of all poisons,)—glittering splendour,—

So that, when thitherward we turn our eyes,  
We may not from destruction's lure escape.—

Oh! to love these transient hues! Of all  
The millions that on earth have liv'd,—what

man,  
Ere he departed, did not yield to sorrow?—  
In heaven, the blackening clouds, and lightning fierce,

Are what they seem.—In *them* there is no fiction!—

But in the painted rainbow's lovely form,  
All is deception!—So, in mortal life,

Our brightest hope is but a painted cloud,  
Seen from afar,—which, when we think to  
grasp,

Dissolves at once in air!—MISERY ALONE  
IS DREAD REALITY. Bernardo's curse,  
Of endless madness, were indeed most  
kind.—

Who would not wish for ever to forget  
The horrid phantoms of a spectral dream?—  
But are not life,—and dreams,—and mad-  
ness, all

Alike delusive;—wrapt in clouds of night,—  
Broken by fitful meteoric rays,—  
Dreams within dreams;—yet sometimes  
must we shed

The bitter tears of suffering, when some  
glean

Of more than usual promise fades away!—

Baptista, a confidential servant of  
Rinaldo, now enters, to acquaint his  
master with the death of Faledro and  
Contarini. The dialogue is well man-  
aged; but we can only quote a few  
words.

*Rin.* How say'st thou? They are then no  
more? Already!

(Covering his face with his mantle.)

*Bap.* Their sufferings now are o'er.

(A pause.)

Signor! Dear master!

*Rin.* (Throwing back his mantle.)

'Tis past!—Say on!—How did they meet  
their fate?

\* \* \* \* \*

What said the Doge?—Nam'd he not any  
one,

Who there was absent?

*Bap.* No one, sir—nor spoke—

Save to the executioner, who delay'd  
And trembled. Then he said, "Come on,  
good friend!

I had once hop'd, indeed, another's hand,  
Not thine, would close mine eyes. But 'tis  
no matter—

Come on, I say!"

*Rin.* Another! Oh, I know that other  
well,

As I know thee, Baptista, and myself.

But who could trust to him?

I might indeed

Rely upon the clouds,—the wind that drives  
them,—

Or last year's dreams,—but on mankind,—

Oh never!—

Never, by heaven!—"Another" said he?  
Woe,

Woe to that other, who so well has earn'd  
The dying man's last curse.

*Bap.* No curses, sir,

Nor words of anger were upon his lips.

*Rin.* Then in his bosom they were felt  
more deeply,

And spoke, though voiceless, in his broken  
heart.

Oh, woe! Woe to that other!

*Bap.* Sir! What mean you?

In this fourth act, the tragic inter-  
est depends greatly on its not being yet  
universally known that Rinaldo has  
been the sole discoverer of the conspi-  
racy. Consequently, in addition to the  
torture of his own feelings, he has the  
misery of finding that every one, as  
he becomes here aware of the circum-  
stances, flies from him with horror.  
And, in this manner, Baptista now de-  
serts him. Shortly afterwards, a boy  
passes through the ruin, on his way  
home, and begs a little money from  
Rinaldo, to assist his poor and infirm  
father. Every word uttered by this  
child, expressive of his filial affection,  
of course, tends to increase the in-  
tellectual "darkness" of his auditor.  
At parting, Rinaldo gives him a purse  
of gold—and the scene closes.

There are but two more scenes, but  
these are of considerable length. The  
former will remind the reader of Ro-  
meo and Juliet, and the latter of Ham-  
let; but the resemblance is in the out-  
line only—the dialogue in both being  
purely original.

Rinaldo, in disguise, enters an illu-  
minated hall in the Contarini Palace,  
in which appears, in state, the coffin of  
the now departed Clara. Two Catho-  
lic priests are in attendance here, and  
from one of them, our hero receives an  
account of her last moments. He kneels  
at the coffin, and kisses her hand, (af-  
terwards, throwing aside his disguise  
for a moment, to account for this ac-  
tion,) and retires.

The last scene is in St Lorenzo's  
church-yard, where two gravediggers  
are employed on the tomb of Faledro.  
Rinaldo, for a short time, converses  
with these men; but as soon as they  
discover who he really is, they run off  
in great consternation.

With the following soliloquy, the  
Tragedy concludes:—

*Rin.* (Alone.) Thus, through all spheres  
of life, from high to low,

Have I been wandering. All the habitants  
Of earth, at once, pronounce my condem-  
nation.

Till now I heeded not the words of men;  
For whomsoever is in his own heart tranquil,  
No judgments of another need annoy;  
But, on a being with himself at war,  
They fall more heavily. From all nations  
now,

Mine only greeting would be maledictions.  
The soul that rules within me, stands alone,  
Even against all the world; yet ventures not  
To guard me with a shield of blessed approval,  
From blows of universal enmity;

For when my deeds on recollection rise,  
Cold shuddering shakes my frame—almost  
I feel

Repentance,—for I am a man.—A man !  
And yet unto the scaffold have I brought  
My father and his venerable friend ;  
And Clara, in her brightest bloom of youth,  
Mine own dear bride—an angel from the  
realms

Of light—unto despair and death devoted.

Nature ! I know that I have outrag'd thee—  
That I have trampled on thy holiest laws,  
And therefore would'st thou persecute me  
here,

And arm with scourges all thy sons against  
me.

Thou art the strongest in this earthly sphere.  
I yield to thee ; but henceforth shall no bonds  
Exist 'between us. The immortal soul  
Gives back to earth again its earthly frame.

Only three rude stones mark my father's  
grave,

To scare the passenger, who hurries on,  
Muttering some words of terror and of pray'r.  
Oh worthy monument of filial love,  
Such as no son e'er raised unto father !  
In future generations, even wilt thou  
Bear witness to my deeds ; but, of my grief—  
My sufferings, and torn heart, all will be  
silent !

There will the parent linger with his child,  
And tell my fearful story as a warning,  
How that accursed parricide gave up  
His father to the scaffold—then will pray  
To heaven, " O, be no son again like him !"  
Nay, more, when that which with its pre-  
sence now

So horribly affrights us, has become  
A legendary tale,—to me the curse  
Will cleave unyielding.—When our city's  
pomp

And glory have declined, and it will seem  
Impossible to die for such a country,—  
Still will the ties of filial love be honour'd—  
And therefore still the curse cleave to my  
name !—

Yet conscience tells me that I acted rightly—  
And wilt thou not—Almighty Judge ! ac-  
quit me ?—

It is thy sacred will that man should hold  
The narrow path of rectitude,—nor heed  
The warring tenets of his fellow men,—  
The rights of love, nor reasoning of vain  
wisdom—

Nor even the anguish'd cry of the rent  
heart.—

Life, (not by deeds heroic unadorn'd)—  
Fortunate love—fair fame—and my soul's  
peace—

All these I have given up in sacrifice—  
Nor only held at nought the world's ac-  
claim,—

But even its maledictions too.—Oh, then  
May I now hope forgiveness—if no more  
I can resist the torturing fiends of doubt,  
But from this fearful darkness to emerge,  
And gain conviction in the realms of light,  
I dare at once to cast this weary load

(Of life away !— *(He stabs himself.*  
*The curtain falls.)*

We have given but a hasty sketch  
of this play.—Indeed there are pre-  
vailing defects in Dr Raupach's style  
which almost baffle a translator.—  
There is more of inconsistency and  
inequality in his manner, than we re-  
collect ever to have met with in any  
other German author ; for which reason  
we had almost resolved to intro-  
duce this article as " *Horæ Ruth-  
enicæ*, No. 1."—for Doctor Raupach,  
though a native of Silesia, resides at  
St Petersburg, and may possibly be  
the founder of a new school in that  
capital. We are convinced, however,  
that our readers will agree with us in  
allowing, that even in the short ex-  
tracts which we have given, there are  
passages, here and there, of extraordi-  
nary merit. For example, the speech  
(in the first act) of Clara, beginning,

" *What ?—hear I not, in thought, the  
trumpets blow,*" &c.

and that admirable reminiscence of  
Rinaldo, after describing his own real  
sufferings as a vision—

" Yet—thank Heaven—  
'Twas but a dream !"

In the soliloquy also which commences  
the fourth act, the comparison of the  
rainbow is introduced in such manner  
as to deserve the full praise of origina-  
lity. To conclude,—the subject, in  
itself, is interesting, and will soon be  
more generally known, when Lord  
Byron's tragedy (the " *Doge of Ve-  
nice*") is given to the public.

## FLORES POETICÆ

## No. I.

— The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

THE aspects of external nature form a never-failing feast to the mind of the poet. In the contemplation of a cultivated valley, he feels a calm and tranquil delight; and every breeze that waves the ripening grain, awakens in his mind a train of delightful associations—the industry of man, and the return, which is to render him joyful. In the waving of a tree he discovers an image of graceful beauty—in the opening blossoms of a flower, a picture of innocent loveliness—in the murmur of the stream he hears the echo of tranquillity—and surveys, in the golden clouds of sunset, a spectacle of grandeur and magnificence. Amid the mountainous solitude, where nought is to be seen but bleak rocks, precipitous crags, and savage desolation; and nought heard save the murmur of the distant torrent, his associations kindle into sublimity, and his feelings transport him into the melancholy wastes of imagination. The summer heaven, in its serene and cloudless azure, sinks into his soul an emblem of tranquil repose; while the mustering of the autumnal tempest impresses his spirit like a dark foreboding, and spreads over his thoughts the shadows of despondency.

The associations of a poet are wider than those of any other man, and his feelings are deeper. He takes an interest in things that to all other beings are indifferent; and sees a meaning in the silent works of nature, which to all others “are as a book sealed.”

The objects on which a true poet delights most to expatiate, are those of innocence and beauty; such as waken feelings, which may be indulged without regret, and which tend to elevate our ideas of the lofty destiny of man. In his communications with the world, in his commerce with society, many things tend to strike him with chagrin, and to fret his temper. His thoughts are not as their thoughts, and the thirst of fame is more congenial to his ideas than the love of riches; but in the prospect of a landscape, he perceives images of beauty and delight offering themselves to his unsated gaze,

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“without money and without price;” silent beneath the cope of a still heaven, or stirred into a beautiful agitation by its breezes. It is harsh and unfeeling to say that many of the objects on which he lavishes his praise, are worthless and insignificant—that the grace of a youthful figure was made to fall away into the decrepitude of old age—that the leaves were destined to fade, the flowers to wither, and the weeds to be cut down.

On the contrary, it is with feelings of grateful delight that we can behold Shakespeare, after he has fathomed, with a masterly reach, the depths of the human soul, dived into the recesses of our nature, and laid before us the reflected picture of our thoughts, passions, feelings, and affections—open his heart to the genial impulses of simple nature; and, as if his soaring spirit had never accustomed itself to other intercourse, luxuriate amid its innocent beauties, and rife its sweets with an eloquence like the following,—it is from “The Winter’s Tale.” Perdita says,

— “Here’s flowers for you,  
Hot lavender, mints, savoury, marjoram,  
The marygold, that goes to bed with the sun,  
And with him rises, weeping; these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age. Y’are welcome.  
*Camillo.* I should leave grazing were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Perdita.* But alas!  
You’d be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you thro’ and thro’. Now,  
my fairest friends,  
I would I had some flowers o’ th’ spring,  
that might  
Become your time o’ day. O, Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, you let fall  
From Dis’s waggon! Daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets  
dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes,  
Or Cytherea’s breath; pale primroses

3 D



That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower de lis being one. O, these I lack  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet  
friend

To strew him o'er and o'er."

And Milton, in a poem, which is unquestionably among the mightiest productions of the human mind, and which is unrivalled for the long continued sublimity of its elevation; which divulges the secret mysteries of heaven and hell, and draws aside the veil of eternity, as if he were at times unconscious of his own mighty efforts and achievements, descends to the simplest images of pastoral description, and lavishes the attention he had just bestowed in the delineation of a celestial messenger, on the portraiture of flowers and shrubs. Witness the bower of Eve.

"The roof

Of thickest covert, was inwoven; shade,  
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew  
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side  
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub  
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous  
flower,

Iris all hues, roses and jessamin  
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between,  
and wrought

Mosaic; under foot the violet,  
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay  
Broider'd the ground."

Nor less exquisite is the following passage from *Lycidas*.

"Return, Sicilian muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast  
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.  
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers  
use

Of shades, and wanton winds and gushing  
brooks;

On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparsely  
looks—

Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd  
eyes

That on the green turf suck the honied showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flow-  
ers,

Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,  
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
The white pink, and the pansy, freak'd  
with jet,

The glowing violet,  
The musk-rose, and the well-attired wood-  
bine,

With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive  
head,

And every flower that sad embroidery wears;  
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,  
Tostrew the laureat hearse where *Lycid* lies."

Satirical poetry, we have always considered as the very lowest that can lay any claim to the appellation. It is pleasing and gratifying to think that Prior, one of the most admirable satirists that ever lived, could yet have an eye to the beauties of nature, so acutely alive, as to enable him to pen a description like the following:—

"I know not why the beech delights the  
glade

With boughs extended, and a rounder  
shade;

While towering firs in conic forms arise,  
And with a pointed spear divide the skies;  
Nor why again the changing oak should  
shed

The yearly honour of his stately head;  
Whilst the distinguish'd yew is ever seen,  
Unchanged his branch, and permanent his  
green.

Wanting the sun, why does the *Caltha* fade?  
Why does the cypress flourish in the shade?

The fig and date, why love they to remain  
In middle station, and an even plain;  
While in the lower marsh the gourd is  
found;

And while the hill with olive shade is  
crown'd?

Why does one climate, and one soil endure  
The blushing poppy with a crimson hue;  
Yet leave the lily pale, and tinge the violet  
blue?

Why does the fond carnation love to shoot  
A various colour from one parent root;  
While the fantastic tulip strives to break  
In twofold beauty, and a parted streak?

The twining jessamine, and the blushing rose,  
With lavish grace their morning scents dis-  
close,

The smelling tub'rose and jonquil declare,  
The stronger impulse of an evening air?  
Whence has the tree (resolve me) or the  
flower

A various instinct, or a different power?

Why should one earth, one clime, one  
stream, one breath,

Raise this to strength, and sicken that to  
death?

Whence does it happen that the plant  
which well

We name the sensitive, should move and  
feel?

Whence know her leaves to answer her  
command,

And with quick horror fly the neighbouring  
hand?

Along the sunny bank, or watery mead,  
Ten thousand stalks their various blossoms  
spread.

Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,  
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;  
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride  
Our vile attire, and impotence of pride.  
The cowslip smiles—in brighter yellow  
dress'd

Than that which veils the nubile virgin's breast.

A fairer red stands blushing in the rose,  
Than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows.

Take but the humblest lily of the field;  
And if our pride will to our reason yield,  
It must, by sure comparison, be shewn  
That on the regal seat great David's son,  
Array'd in all his robes, and types of power,  
Shines with less glory, than that simple flower."

This may be contrasted with Cowper's admirable lines on the variety of the tint in the foliage of forest trees, in the first book of the Task.

—"Attractive is the woodland scene,  
Diversified with trees of every growth,  
Alike yet various. Here the gray, smooth trunks

Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine  
Within the twilight of their distant shades;  
There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood

Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms,  
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,  
And of a wannish gray; the willow such  
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,  
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;  
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,  
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.  
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,  
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts  
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve  
Diffusing odours; nor unnoted pass  
The sycamore, capricious in attire,  
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet  
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright."

If this assemblage of trees be fine, still finer, we think, is the assemblage of flowering shrubs, which he has collected and contrasted together; so distinctly and admirably are they painted, that the diversified hues and odours of each, are as if present to the senses.

Laburnum, rich  
In streaming gold; Syringa ivory pure;  
The scented and the scentless rose; this red,

And of an humbler growth; the other tall,  
And throwing up into the darkest gloom  
Of neighbouring cypress, or more sable yew,  
Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf  
That the wind severs from the broken wave;  
The lilac, various in array, now white,  
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set

With purple spikes pyramidal, as if  
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved  
Which hue she most approved, she chose them all.

Copious of flowers the woodbine, pale and wan,

But well compensating her sickly looks  
With never cloying odours, early and late;  
Hypericum, all bloom, so thick a swarm  
Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,

That scarce a leaf appears; mezerion too,  
Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset

With blushing wreaths, investing every spray;

Althea with the purple eye; the broom,  
Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,  
Her blossoms; and luxuriant above all,  
The jasmine,—throwing wide her elegant sweets,

The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf

Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,

The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars."

We commenced our extracts with an enumeration of flowers, and shall conclude them by two others of equal value. Earnestly would we rejoice were all the writings of Shelley as exquisite and innocent as the following lines:—

"A sensitive plant in a garden grew.  
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,  
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,  
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,  
Like the spirit of love felt every where;  
And each flower and shrub on earth's dark breast,

Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss

In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,  
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,

As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,  
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,  
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odour,

From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall,

And Narcissi, the fairest among them all,  
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,

Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,  
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,

That the light of its tremulous bells is seen  
Thro' their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, white and blue,  
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew  
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,  
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath ad-  
drest,  
Which unveil'd the depth of her glowing  
breast,  
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air  
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,  
As a Mœnad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,  
Till she fiery star, which is its eye,  
Gazed thro' clear dew on the tender sky.

And the jessamine faint, and sweet tube-  
rose,  
The sweetest flower, for scent, that blows ;  
And all rare blossoms from every clime  
Grew in that garden, in perfect prime."

Of all contemporary authors, we do not know any one who has painted the aspects of nature with a more faithful and felicitous pencil than Southey. In this respect, his works abound with passages, whose merit is above all praise. His forests wave, and his waters gleam before us. We almost hear the rustling of the leaves, and the murmuring of the stream. His delineation of objects renders them all but palpable. We perceive their colour, and form, and consistence, so exactly and distinctly, we almost imagine we could touch them. As a man of imagination and genius, he has few equals ; though his flights are, perhaps, less original than the re-casting of other thoughts in the mould of a powerful will. In *Thalaba*, he leads us from the burning sands of the desert, to the regions of eternal frost ; and after alluding to

"The beautiful fields

Of England, where amid the growing grass  
The blue-bell bends, the golden king-cup  
shines,

In the merry month of May,"

We find him equally at home in the description of the luxurious beauty of an Asiatic garden.

"Where'er his eye could reach,  
Fair structures rainbow-hued arose ;  
And rich pavilions thro' the opening woods  
Gleam'd from their wavy curtains sunny  
gold ;

And winding through the verdant vale,  
Flow'd streams of liquid light ;  
And fluted cypresses rear'd high  
Their living obelisks.

And broad-leaved plane-trees in long colon-  
nades

O'erarched delightful walks,  
Where round their trunks the thousand-  
tendrill'd vine

Wound up, and hung the boughs with  
greener wreaths,

And clusters not their own.

Wearied with endless beauty did his eyes  
Return for rest ? Beside him teems the  
earth

With tulips, like the ruddy evening-streak'd ;  
And here the lily hangs her head of snow ;

And here, amid her sable cup,  
Shines the red eye-spot, like one brightest  
star,

The solitary twinkler of the night ;

And here the rose expands  
Her paradise of leaves.

And oh ! what odours the voluptuous vale  
Scatters from jasmine bowers,  
From you rose wilderness,  
From cluster'd Henna, and from orange  
groves,

That with such perfumes fill'd the breeze,  
As Peris to their sister bear,

When from the summit of some lofty tree,  
She hangs, encaged, the captive of the Dives.

They from their pinions shake  
The sweetness of celestial flowers,  
And, as her enemies impure,

From that impervious poison far away  
Fly groaning with the torment, she the while  
Inhales her fragrant food.

Such odours flow'd upon the world,  
When at Mahommed's nuptials, word

Went forth in heaven, to roll  
The everlasting gate of Paradise  
Back on its living hinges, that its gales  
Might visit all below ; the general bliss  
Thrill'd every bosom ; and the family  
Of man, for once, partook one general joy."

We heartily commiserate the man whose heart is not alive to the beauties of external nature ; and in whom the alternation of day and night, and the vicissitude of the seasons, awaken no feeling of delight and admiration. Assuredly to such a one, the key to a mighty volume of exquisite pleasure is a-wanting. Assuredly to him some of the most dignified trains of human association are as "a book sealed."

## RECOLLECTIONS OF

## MARK MACRABIN, THE CAMERONIAN.

## No. XI.

## THE HARVEST KIRN OF LILLYCROSS.

THE new risen sun was clearing away that close and cold rimy mist from the vale and hill-side which impedes the work of the sickle. A long and sinuous line of this frozen vapour pursued the current of the river, and shrouded its bosom and its grassy margin from the brightening luminary. The continued clang of harvest-horns was heard on every side, calling the reapers to their tasks, and the early shepherd already on the mountain-side, looked down from the verdant declivities and grazing flocks, on the bustle and agitation of the valley. Each farm-house poured forth its own tribe of reapers, who, with shining sickles, and eager steps, pursued their way to their day's tasks; and the farmers themselves, already in the field, stood shelling the ripe white grain between their teeth, and waving their hands for the labourers to come and cut the ripest. On a bench of stone, which the kindness of my fair Cameronian had covered with a rug, sat the old Border harper, Bernard de Aveyline; his faithful dog, and his well strung harp, were by his side, and he spread out his large and palsied hands to the pleasant eastern stream of warmth. Beside him was seated his fellow mendicant, known over the vale of Nith by the name of John Penpont, but as gray hairs began to claim the reverence of youth, he obtained the name of Auld Penpont—inimitable drollery and inexhaustible humour, mixed up with something like glimpses of a higher feeling, seemed to rest and revel in his demure look of self-enjoyment. Between the knees of this upland worthy was placed a wooden bowl, full to the brim, of that delicious beverage called "crop of whey," and the communication between the vessel and his lips was preserved by the constant travel of a horn spoon.

The Cameronian elder, standing on the green declivity before his door, sent forth the sound of his harvest-bugle over dale and river; and instantly to his side came in ready trim his whole boon of harvest-labourers, with Hamish Machamish at their head. Presently another harvest-horn replied

from a woody hollow, and instantly Ronald Rodan appeared with a score of able reapers behind him. The horn of the youth had a tone infinitely more mellow and melodious than the common instruments of that name—which are remarkable only for their clamorous din, unless distance softens the noise, before it reaches the ear of the listener. The youth came forward with the buoyant spring of health and joy, and the Border harper welcomed his approach by stretching out his hands and saying, "Let me touch thee, Ronald, my son." He hastened to the old man, who placed his hands on his shoulders, while he thus addressed him; "I am proud of thee, youth—thou lendest thy frank and free hand to thy neighbour, proving thy generosity of nature, and thy knowledge and observance of the ancient hospitable laws of Glenae. If thine own servants fault or fail in gathering thy crop, thou canst command the aid of thy neighbour, for all who sojourn in this land are as brother and friend. Look abroad, my son, and hearken to my words. Doth not Dalswinton's brown moorlands, Carmichael's mountain wastes, and the green hedge-rows of ancient Tinwold, bound thee in as with a wall—not a wall of hewn stone, but of nobler workmanship? Doth not the blue and glowing hollow of heaven form the ceiling and the canopy—do you not eat from the same land—breathe of the same air, and drink from the same clear stream?—Do you not, as of old, keep the portals of your house open to the wanderer after sun-set? You are all one family—and may the misery of blindness, and the curse of being childless, cling to the man who scorns the native and ancient law. Go, my son, and with the sickle, as with the harp, do thy ablest; and the renown of the beneficent husbandman will be thine, and the profit of the ripe ear."

As the old man concluded, the harvest band of the Cameronian proceeded towards a large field of standing corn, with which the labours of the sickle would conclude for the sea-

son. The Highland reapers, anxious for the van in the harvest-field, marched foremost. "They be a strange people," said the Cameronian; "they are ambitious of the front, whether they be summoned by the peaceful horn or the warlike trumpet—whether they come to lay their sharp sickles under the ripe ear, or descend as reapers to the harvest of death, with their steel blades in their hands—assuredly they are a strange people."—On the departing band looked Auld Penpont, supplying himself plentifully with the shepherd's beverage—crop of whey; while a simple dog, who expected a tasting from a bowl, equal to the rapacity of two drovers, sat and eyed the diminishing contents with an eye of fixed despair. He swallowed the remainder of the curd—trundled from him the empty basin to the foot of the milk-maid, and said, "Luck to the house, my sonsie quean, and thank ye—I supped them out—cause ought's gude that comes frae thy white hand—and forbye I wanted to shew I had nac ill will to the house."—He then followed the reapers with his eye, and said, as if speaking to himself, "Ay, ay, take the bent to yere pastime, and yere pleasant sport—I never liked, in the ablest hour o' my life, to see ane o' thae crooked corn-cutting weapons in my hand—Indeed, ony haul o' health I had was aye a-out meal-time—And as for binding the sheaf and stooking it, it's a braw pastime. Bairns, when ye're wearied shearing, ye can rest ye and stook the corn, quo' my grandfather; and bairns, when ye're tired delving, ye can rest ye, and pull kale-runts, quo' my grand-dame.—However, it's a braw and a bonny boon, and I'll warrant they'll steep their sarks in sweat afore they won the kirk. It's a bonny sight, I have lang said it, to see men laying the willing arm and the sharp sickle under the ready ear, and making the tall yellow corn come rustling down. Ay, truly, some men's gifts be in their hand, and some men's be in their head—and though Auld Penpont, wae'ful body, downae touch the white haft o' a hook ony mair than he dare a water-sadder, he obliges the world by helping it to an hour's mirth. There's plenty o' willing-handed gomersals to cut corn and thrash pea-strac, and snore at a sermon—but, conscience, the cannie chields are scant wha can make the mirk night

o' December short, and lend the leaden hours of human gloom the merry wings to flee with. They're scant, Auld Penpont, my sonsie man—sae tent and hain thyself, I say, and dinna wear thy carcase out that lives but to oblige the world." And with this wise conclusion he applied himself to a crusty ewe-milk cheese, somewhere about the weight of a Scotch pound, heedless of his blind companion, who sat and enjoyed, with the feeling and gratification of sight, the scene spread out in the morning light before him.

The field of corn which the harvest band of the Cameronian prepared themselves to cut, was both long and wide, and the riggs, ploughed under his accurate eye, were drawn with the precision of a direct line. It was the last day of reaping, and to win the glory of cutting the last handful of corn, is an honour for which few disdain to strive. The Cameronian, therefore, reserved several handfuls of the fairest and straightest corn for the harvest kirk, and which was to be cut by the sickle of the most dexterous reaper. The field was then lotted out into three landings, the Highland reapers took their station together, the Lowland shearers of young Ronald Rodan on the left, and those of John Macnukle on the right. The youth said aloud, as he whetted his sickle, "I shall either gain a kiss frae some fair lip for winning the kirk, or some shall have hot brows for it—But who's to be my partner?—wilt thou take the half of the rigg with me, Jessy, my sweet one?" addressing himself to a squat ruddy young maiden, who belonged to his own band.—"Me partner thee!" said the damsel, "and have to cut my awn half o' the rigg and thine baith—there's mair whistling than red land wi' thee, my sclender chield."—And the rustic nymph took her station by the side of a broad and brawny weaver, whose manly dimensions pleased the speculating eye of Jessy Magrubb better than the slim and elegant form of Ronald Rodan. "A bonnie tale," said Keturah Kissock, a rosy widow from Tynron Kirk, "that the burr dockan should scorn the stately lily. It would be a pleasant thing even to lose by the side o' sic a sonsie young lad."—The youth smiled and said, "If thou wilt be my partner, I have seen as great a marvel happen as the kirk-cut of corn coming to as sackless hands as thine

and mine—and thy hand, too, is one of the whitest.”—“Fair fa’ thy weel faured face,” said Keturah, for a widow speaks with a freer spirit than a maiden, and has fewer of those coy and malicious airs which unwon and unworn nymphs possess, “I have not heard sic a kindly word sin the departure o’ my ain puir Edie. I’ll warrant ye’ll mind him weel, Ronald, my kindly lad—the first time I saw him was at a Thornhill Fair, and the last time I saw him was gaun coffin’d owre the hill to the auld kirk-yard o’ Dunscore.” And uttering a half-suppressed sigh, she turned aside—seemed to try the keenness of her sickle, and dropt some tears to the memory of her lost lord.

While these arrangements were making, my fair Cameronian charge came suddenly to my side, and, putting a reap-hook in my hand, while she retained its fellow in her own, said in a low voice, “Mark, I see nought to hinder you and me from helping to give a hot brow to this bevy of notable kempers. See, there’s the upland fowk, they cut the corn as slow as a moth wad cat into ane o’ their tartan plaids—there’s small fear o’ them—then there’s kemping Tam Niveson, wha ance in the heat o’ the harvest field noticed nae that his rig was reaped, and that he had shorn a rood of whins, till the handsman pricked his knuckles! he lives, honest chield, on the fame of this visionary darke, and winna molest man with his sickle mair. Then there’s Ronald Rodan”—and her eyes became darker as she spoke—“and his rosie widow—Keturah winna heed her look for looking at him—see if she binna gazing under his eyelids even now as piteously as if she saw a mote—and for Ronald himself, he’s a dexterous kemper till some hair-brain’d ballad comes in his head—and he’s seldom without sic visitation—and then a dame o’ fourscore years and four may win the kirn for him—Sae, Mark, my lad, let us try; and gin ye’ll promise to cut the corn as cleverly as when ye kempit by the side o’ bonnie Mary Dinwiddie of Nether Bauffeggan, I dinna ken but I might bribe ye wi’ a cannie hour at gloaming-fa’ under the hazel bower birks, and no ane o’ a’ the Boons be the wiser for’t.”—“Indeed, my bonnie Mary,” I said, trembling with joy, “the rosie widow of Ronald Rodan will not look oftener in his dark eyes than I shall look in thine; how

can I think on kirns, and such a sweet and beautiful one beside me?”—“Mark Macrabin,” said the fair Cameronian, interrupting me, and with a smile of a mild but austere composure which sinks surer to the heart than the merriest look, “remember the boding words of the departing woman—it’s no for nought the dying speak”—And she laid her long white and trembling fingers on my hand and looked in my face, while her heart heaved as though it would sunder the cambric on her bosom.

At this moment the harvest-horn blew the signal blast; the sickles were instantly in motion, and the corn sunk before us in a straight line from side to side. On reaching the first landing, we found an ample breakfast prepared for us on the sunnait of a small green knoll. A line of wooden vessels, formed of variegated staves, and filled with whey porridge, appeared drawn in a rank as regular as a line of corn-shocks on a new reaped field. A line of ram-horn spoons, with their shafts stuck into the turf, surrounded each breakfast vessel, and beside the whole stood Marion Morehead, glancing an eye of pride on this trim and orderly arrangement. Over the whole the Cameronian poured one of these brief graces so common to the harvest field, when the love of the husbandman for the gains of the earth prevails against a sense of his own gifts in devotional eloquence. “Slow at meat and slow at wark,” is a favourite adage among the thrifty dames of Caledonia; and on a harvest-field, where all is regulated by the nicest calculation, it is a matter of prime importance to be adroit at the use of the spoon. Up started kemping Tam Niveson, and, throwing his spoon on the grass as he rose, called out, “Loup to yere heuks, and may the deil claw the clungest,” and every hand as he spoke quitting the spoon, seized on the sickle, and the corn began to fall.

We gained the second landing with great silence and regularity; but when we drew ourselves up against the third and last, it was easy to see, by the trembling anxiety prevailing from side to side, that a keen struggle for superiority would ensue. I could not avoid casting a glance over the long line of reapers as they stood in ready preparation. Hamish Machamish, with his pipes in order, drew himself behind the Highland shearers, and the look of import-

ance which he threw on his brethren and on himself was repaid by a wave of the reap-hook, and a smile from Mag Macfarlane, who called out, "Gude-sake, Hamish, give the bag of melody a merry squeeze, and the tartan petticoat shall win the gree frae the coat of callimanco. Gude right and gude reason!" Tam Neiveson stood relating his ancient exploit of the hot kemp and the rood of furze, which he modestly augmented to half an acre; and when he concluded, "It's a true tale," said Nancy Currie; "for Tam has some o' the whius in his thumbs to this hour, and canna keep up his rigg against my auld auntie, wha's twafauld with the rheumatics."—"Me twafauld wi' the rheumatics!" said Nancie's maiden aunt, standing as erectly as she could; "my certie, ye clip-tongued cuttie, ye rheumatic weel—I havena had a single stound o' the rheumatics these lang seven year—I can walk as straught in my black leather shoon as ye can do in yere pink slippers, ye cresting kimmer." A loud laugh told how accurately the maiden's wit had hit right and left, while the widow Keturah sharpened her sickle till it reminded her, she said, of the gleg edge that him that's awa aye put on her harvest tool. "And I wonder, Ronald Rodan, my lad, what makes me think on him whenever I look thee in the face—his eye was like thine, though barely so bright, and oh! its glance was kindly—his leg was sae taper and sae genty, it was lightsome to see him walk before me—and a kiss o' my gudeman was gude for the heart-burn. I'll never meet wi' his like again; and yet why should I asperse the handyworks o' Providence: there's nought without its marrow; and yet that's hardly the truth either, since I lack my ain joe and darling."—And she gazed in the fine face of the handsome youth, and sighed for a favourable hour and a convenient justice of the peace. Ronald Rodan himself stood conspicuous, not by his looks alone, but by his dress, from meaner-minded persons; he had laid neither coat nor bonnet aside, and seemed wholly unconcerned about the issue of the approaching contest. My fair Cameronian looked over the field while she whet her sickle, and whispered to me, in a tone approaching to intercession, "Dinna forget that I have bribed thee to do the best wi' the promise o' a gliff

at gloaming under the Tryste bower birks; I would rather add a whole night to the hour than Ronald Rodan and yon govan widow should waur us.—Sae nae a single word—that look was a full vow to do thy utmost—sae here's for the kirn." And the harvest-horn winding as she spoke, the sickles were laid to the root of the ripe grain, and the contest commenced. Those on the haft and those on the point of the hook exerted themselves with so much success, that Hamish Machamish was compelled to cheer up his lagging mountaineers by the charms of his pipe. But the music which breathed life and mettle into the men of the mountains seemed not without its influence on those of the plains. The Highland sickles, though kept in incessant and rapid motion, could not prevent the haft and the point from advancing before them, forming a front likè the horns of a crescent. The old bandsmen enjoyed the contest; and, from their conversation alone, I learned how the field was likely to go. "I see tell thee what, Lucas Laurie," said Saunders Creeshmaloo, "as sure as the seven stars are no aught—and the starry elwand will never measure the length o' the lang Bear—that sang-singing haspin o' a callant Ronald Rodan, and that light-ended, light-headed—I mean, widow-woman, Keturah, will win the kirn o' Crumacomfort—they are foremost by a lang cat loup at least."—"Heard ever any body the like o' that, Saunders Creeshmaloo," said his fellow expounder of shooting stars: "ye have an e'e that couldnae tell that a pike staff was langer than ane o' Tam Macgee's spoolpins! I sall eat a' the corn, chaff and a', without butter, that the ballad-making lad has cut afore our ain sonsie lass o' Jillycross and this mettled stripling that's her marrow. I wish, however, the lad bairn wad take counsel, and no lose time by keeking aye in the maiden's face ilka lauchter he lays down; and may I be suppered wi' shotten stars on the summit o' Queensberry gin they dinna win the kirn."—I adopted this self-denying counsel, and rejoiced to find the sacrifice was rewarded with success. "It's a bonnie sight, Gude-man o' Crumacomfort," said another bandsmen, as he hooded a stook behind me; "I say its a bonnie sight to see sae mony stark youths and strapping kimmers streaking themselves sae

eyedently to the harvest darke. Hech ! but that sonsie widow Keturah be a proud ane—she's marrowed wi' the proudest piece o' man's flesh in the vale o' Ae. He's a clever lad, though he be a proud ane ; he casts his sickle sae glegly round the corn, and rolls a lauchter like a little sheaf, and yet looks sae heedless a' the while, as gin he were framing some fule ballad. I wad counsel him to cast aside that black-and-blue bird bonnet, wi' its hassoc o' feathers. Sec, sec, how he makes them fan aye the hot brow o' the widow, and oh ! but she blinks blythely for't—Conscience, gudeman ! wer't no for thy well-fa'ard Mary and her marrow, they wad win the kirm—they're within a stane-cast o' the land-ing."

The Highland piper, whose music had augmented as we proceeded, now blew a perfect hurricane, and the sickles moved faster and faster ; but though they kept time with the music like the accuracy of a marching regiment, they failed to obtain the smallest visible advantage, and the unintelligible clattering and muttering they raised resembled the outcry of a disturbed flock of geese. " Deel blaw ye south for a pose o' gowd, and take ye to the Highlands wi' the same wind again, gin I can make ye gain the half length o' my chanter on thae brain-wude bairns on the haft and point.—God, gin I had them in Glentworth-glen, where deel hate grows but braken, wi' a straught blade, instead o' a bowed ane in my neeve, I wad turn the best o' them !"—So saying, Hamish Machamish relinquish'd the contest in despair, and the wind as it forsook his instrument grunted a long and melancholy whine, like the wind in a cloven oak. As we approached the landing, the old handsmen ran on either side, and looked on the concluding contest with accuracy of eye which counted every handful that remained unshorn. " Conscience ! but that sonsie woman Keturah merits to be married," said an old man, whose chin as he walked almost touched the stubble ; " and she sha'na want a man though I should take her mysel—she makes the corn fa' afore her like the devouring fire."—" And she would be an useful woman t'ye, Roger," said another old man, whose prolonged cough as he spoke seemed like a kirkyard

echo ; " she wad make ye a drib buttered gruel, and have aye something cozie and warm for ye whan ye daundered hame at gloaming."—" And I can tell ye," said one of their companions, " gin that callant Ronald Rodan wad give up the gowk-craft o' ballad making and bide by the craft o' cutting corn and passing the sharp coulter through the greensward, he wadnae hae his fellow atween Cosincon and Caerlaverock ; and I shouldnae grudge him my daughter Penny Holiday, wi' a tocher o' twal hundred as bonnie merks as c'er were minted."

While this conversation passed, the exertions of all seemed redoubled. It was a beautiful sight to see the rows of tall stooks ranked behind—the standing corn before diminished to a mere remnant, with half an hundred bright sickles glimmering in perpetual motion at its root, and the busy movement of so many fair and anxious faces shining with the dews of toil—the motion of curling haffet locks and white hands, and so many grey-haired men awaiting to commend the victor. " I may gae seek out the kirm-cut o' corn," said old Hugh Halbertson, " and dress and daikert out wi' lily white ribbons as gayley as I please, and a' for my ain bonny Mary o' Lillycross."—Even as the old man spoke, the four sickles on the haft and point reached the end at once, and so close were their companions, that ere John Macmuckle concluded his flourish on the harvest-horn, the corn was all lying on the bands. Ronald Rodan taking at the same time his horn from the hands of one of the handsmen, winded it so loud, and even melodious, that Ae water returned the echo from every double of her stream, the shepherd shouted on the hill, and the numerous reapers of neighbour Boons, staying their sickles, waved them around their heads at every repeated flourish of the horn. An old handsman conversant with the traditional ceremonies of winning harvest-kirms, took the last and reserved cut of corn, and, braiding it into two locks, crowned my fair Cameronian partner with one and the buxom Keturah with the other, who stood shedding the moisture with her white hands from her long hair, and giving the cooling breeze free admission to a white and shapely neck, glancing her blue eyes all the while on Ronald Rodan.



Having cooled our brows and temples in the neighbouring stream, we were agreeably surprised with the appearance of vessels full of curds and cream, accompanied with that delicious soft cake which the maidens of Dumfriesshire bake from wheat flour, mingled with potatoes. This enabled us to bear the distance of the dinner-hour with patience; for a more regular and substantial entertainment was preparing in the mansion of Lilly-cross. Hamish Machanish, over whom disappointment had flown like a cloud, snatched up the instrument, which failed in exciting the hands of his kinsmen in the harvest-field, but which, addressing its voice to the feet, called up to the sward with a bound Highlander and Lowlander; and even the old men forgot their grey hairs for a moment, and prepared to dance with the alacrity of seventeen. On the banks of the rivulet were several patches of flat green sward, nibbled smooth by the sheep, and studded thickly in spring with the earliest gowans; on these the dance began; and the sound of feet, and the laugh, and the shout, made all the stream-banks ring and re-murmur.

So passed the hours of afternoon, and ere the sun had reached the summit of the pasture-hills of Kcir, we began our march for Lilly-cross, and music and mirth, and noisy joy and open laughter, accompanied us. And mirth and prank no less abounded in the sober mansion of the Cameronian. As I entered the door, the milk-maid showered a whole reaming cap-full of cream on my head, and called out, "Confound ye, callan, wad ye bring cauldrie winter at yer back without something to creesh her frozen mou'?"—take that, and cannie Crummie will gie cream at Candlemas." I rewarded the nymph of the milking-pail by a kiss, which returned to her face and bosom a moiety of the rich liquid—she flew into a dark corner to avoid another from Ronald Rodan, who had not escaped her libation,—there she received a ~~carol~~ from old Hugh Halberson, whose black and stubbly beard shone, moistened in cream, by the exploit. Eyn the douce Cameronian elder rewarded his household for a twelve-month's austerity, by partaking of their mirth, and giving a loose to the honest joy of his nature, which penitential devotion had long damned up. He rebuked the increasing extravagance in

that arch tone which sounds to a renewal of the offence; and, meeting with the upland maiden, Mag Macfarlane, whose lips looked provokingly enticing, he bestowed on them the benediction of a kiss, saying, "There! that'll enable thee to keep thae rosie lips out o' harm's way till lips mair to thy liking cast up." Nor was the widow Keturah neglected—when she had submitted with a "haud awa, wilful man; lips havenae been laid on me since a twelmonth afore Roodsmass,"—to the salute of Ronald Rodan.—"Come, let me hae a mouthfou too o' the widow's mite," said the Cameronian elder; and a clamorous smack of Keturah's lips told how willingly the request was conceded.—"Hout, haud awa, gudeman o' Cruinocomfort," said the widow; "preserve us, Marion Morehead, your ain gudeman, douce and decent as I aye took him to be, is the wantonest o' us a', young though we are." A certain maiden of discreet years exclaimed, "Ay, sirs, but young fowk be daft," and hid herself in a dark corner, to provoke the salute that no one threatened her with. "Young diels!" said auld Archibald Brydone,—"five-and-thirty, faith! yet, auld as ye're horn is, ye're welcome to a smack."

In the midst of all this singular merriment, who was merrier than Hamish Machanish and his Highlanders; they laughed, they leaped, and shouted and yellocked, "heugh! heugh! troth, Hamish! troth, Ion! troth, Gillivert!" and the piper called out, in the ecstasy of enjoyment, "Got! she hasnae been sae blythe since Hiver Macivor, and plack Peter Tarbet, and her, kissed the six and the seven lass at the Brigg o' Johnstone." Even Marion Morehead, demure and sedate as she seemed, and looking on the revelry with an eye in which devotion appeared to weigh how far it could go without compromising its character, moved by the boundless joy of the scene, was observed to whisper some curious counsel in the ear of Ronald Rodan, to give variety of mirth. The Cameronian elder himself, unbonnetting, laid his arm round her neck, and said, "Bless thee, thou art a dainty lass yet,—I have seen thee on a day the pride of seven parishens." While all this went forward, one of the bandsmen ascended a hillock, and, putting the harvest-horn to his mouth, winded it three distinct

times, to wark the neighbours to the merry-making and the joys of the kirn.

I have heard, that in the homely amusements and observances at the close of a Scottish harvest, certain learned men, who call themselves antiquarians, have discovered the remains of heathen ceremonies, and raised scruples and doubts in pious bosoms on the Christian legitimacy of holding communion with a maiden's lips, and dancing to the heathen melody of flute and bagpipe. It is certainly to be lamented that the remains of the Druidic Baal and Ashtaroth should still be visible in the land, and that our sons and daughters should continue to worship those dormant divinities at a kirn-feast or a Christmas pastime, when the cleft-wood burns so brightly. To learn that the Scottish bregwort, or mead, so plentiful at a harvest supper, is the self-same drink with which the votaries of Rimmon cheered themselves, may well alarm a devout mind; and really there are so many relics of ancient superstition, still lingering in the land, and worshipped under the deluding and endearing names of "Gude all has-beens," that the amount disturbs the repose of those unfortunate peasants before whom the will-o'-wisp lantern of the Antiquarian Society has been glimmering. For my own part, it mattered little to me whether the venerable grey-headed peasants, who came hasting from hill and glen at the sound of the harvest-horn, were acquainted that the pastime they came to partake of was of that perilous kind called heathenish, or whether the damsel, who, with snooded locks and jimp boddice, tripped joyously by the side of some favoured peasant, was darting a bright glance over a rank of rustics, who, in her imagination, were alike influenced by the love she so plenteously showered from her eyes, and the melody of Rimmon's sworn ministers, the Lowland pipe and fiddle. In the mind of the Cameronian elder, these scruples were entirely overclouded and lost in the boundless joy of the moment. The sparkling of his eyes, as, with palm smiting on palm, he welcomed the men, and, with lip laid warmly to lip, he welcomed the maidens, bore token alone of that active spirit of friendship and charity,—glimmerings of which men may trace in the days of darkness of the Scottish Cimbri.

The harvest dinner-table, though

arranged by no other hands than those of my fair Cameronian Mary, presented various dishes which scrupulous Presbyterians might have sought scripture warrant for consuming; they were dubious compounds, and claimed their descent from Moloch himself, or the Lady of the Seven Hills, or the culinary good taste of the ambitious Hierarchy. But, as among sea-faring men there is no Sunday in seven fathom of water, so there are times when the conscience, which has held severe rule over the stomach, and administered meagre soup instead of the fatness of rams and bulls, relinquishes her sway, and, casting her bridle on the neck of appetite, lets it stray among the flesh-pots of the heathen. Even so it happened at the harvest dinner of the Cameronian. Hatnish Machamish and his upland companions heeded not whether the puddings and haggis were stuffed with scripture-prohibited blood and meal or prelatial spices, but let loose their knives and spoons with a licence and free-will which the sanction of the General Assembly would have failed to increase; while the Lowlanders themselves, who with Christian scruples had heathen stomachs, assisted their Highland auxiliaries so effectually that the vast dinner-heap of the Cameronian sank before their knives as fast as the ripe corn fell under their sickles in the field. Besides the general license of the time for this unscrupling consumption of food, the impatience of the young men for the dance assisted its speedy disappearance. The dinner seemed an impediment in the high-way of mirth, and no labour of the noble art of cookery was ever sooner demolished.

A brief grace was barely endured, when out gushed a flood of young and over-boiling spirits to the barn, which, clean swept, and lighted by candles, fastened to the walls in cloven sticks, above dancing height, presented ample room for entertainment. A fiddler, whose instrument had delighted the simple husbandmen of the vale of Ae for several generations, and the tone of which was as distinguishable above the ordinary note of all mercenary crowds as the voice of her we love is sweeter than the voice of all other maidens, seated himself on a sack of corn, and instantly passing his thumb o'er the extended thairn, it emitted a sound as pleasant and as shrill as the spring-note of the black-bird. The floor was instantly filled

with youths and maidens, and the fiddler, slanting his ear along the strings, and smiling, conscious of the glory of his craft, drew a gallant bow, and away bounded the impatient peasants, making the roof-tree quiver, from gabel to gabel, with the fall of their feet on the pine-floor. It was a scene capable of infusing the love of dancing into the most intractable feet. The waving of so many beautiful heads of hair, the beaming of so many bright eyes among those luxuriant tresses, the motion of so many white hands, and the descent of so many sympathetic feet, in exact measurement to the note of the fiddle, operated on the performers like intoxication. The faded eyes of the old fiddler waxed brighter and brighter as he witnessed the effects of the inspiration which he poured from his thairms among the multitude. On the beautiful Highland maiden, Mag Macfarlane, he threw one glance, and on the rosie young widow, Keturah, another; and every look he gave he drew a nobler bow and poured a deeper strain. At length his eye fell on my sweet Cameronian Mary, who was dancing with that native ease and modest grace which became the daughter of so devout a father. Her temple-locks danced in clusters to the motion of her feet, and her eye beamed with that holy light which inspires reverence and love. The old man addressed his speech to his fiddle: "Thou mayest be a proud piece o' timmer as ever bore melodious thairm, for many a white foot and merry black eye have bounded and laughed as the gallant bow passed o'er thee; but, by the powers o' horse hair, and the magic o' thairms!—never to speak o' my right hand, that has the craft to make the dumb speak,—I never saw a sweeter maid nor a fairer dancer than that Cameronian quean, Mary Macmuckle. May the fiend clap his flint hoof on my bass-string, and mar its merry-making, gin I ever heard a foot that mingled its sounds sae melodiously with the music. ~~And~~ wad swear the lassie's foot was a part o' the instrument." While my fair Cameronian danced with such modest glee and grace as to attract universal notice, her father and mother, accompanied by several old farmers, and shepherds, and cotters, entered the barn, and seated themselves around a large table, dispensing looks over the youthful assembly, by which the mirth

was regulated. A huge punch-bowl, full of rich punch, which, in James Johnstone's opinion, equalled one of the lakes of Lochmaben,—“as nae single man could ever see the bottom o' the tane or the tither,”—diffused a smoke, so thick and so fragrant as induced Hugh Halbertson to declare, that he heard the very mice cheeping in the riggen for gladness. In this pool of inspiration the ancient worthies of Glenae vale sought solace and refreshment from the fatigues of harvest,—not without whispering a sad word or two about the annually diminishing number of their coevals. From another bowl, which formed a kind of supplemental pond of punch to the basin on the table, a variety of quaighs and cups kept up a diligent communication with the dancers; and, as the night advanced, a basket full of country dainties followed the vessels: for good cheer is the stuff that mirth is made of. The old men, as they became warm with the music and the presence of so much youth and beauty, laid their bonnets aside, and rivalled the swains in the grace, if not in the activity of dancing. “Eh, sirs!” said the rosie widow Keturah, “the last time I danced was at a Lochmaben market, and the lad I danced with is lying low and lonely in the cold kirk-yard mools. He wore boot-hose, and was weel arrayed; for he had twa tap-coats and a plaid on. He came to me wi' a bingie and a bow, and said, Lass, will ye dance? and I said, I caredna. And, oh, sirs! I mind the very tune they played—it was “Bab at the bowster.” Wha wad hae thought then that I should haud his head i' the death-pang, and greet o'er his grave in Kirkmahoe kirk-yard!—We maun a' gang that gate at last, whether we sigh or sing.—Preserve me, bodie!” addressing the fiddler, “ye'll souk the laggin-gird off the quaigh, and mar yere minstrelsy and our mirth. Come, gie the horse-hair to the thairms, my cunning auld carle, and kittle us out Nelly Weems; or haith my feet will grow to the floor.”

In the middle of our mirth, a loud knocking was heard at the door: the dance ceased, and the meeting, late so joyous, became as mute and still as the summer air. The old husbandmen who had been leaning in a ring round my fair Cameronian, whose feet beat witchcraft to more hearts than mine, all retired to their seats, and, with an eye

of comic expectation, looked towards the door, on which the knocks continued to be repeated. Young Ronald Rodan, with a voice of assumed churlishness, demanded, "Who comes so late to mar our harvest mirth?" A rough loud voice responded,—"Ay! wha think ye, beardless questioner? Wha should it be but Auld Glenae, seeking in sorrow for a night's lodging—and wad rather make mirth than mar it—let him in and take a look at him." The youth accordingly opened the door, and a strange figure stalked slowly in, and gazed on the meeting with a look of comic consciousness and alarm. I could not imagine, for some time, whether this ancient mendicant was a real patriarchal beggar, or a peasant prepared to make a dramatic representation for the amusement of the meeting. From beneath an unusual projection of bonnet, in which the feathers of the tail of a midden cock supplied the place of the eagle's wing, streamed out a profusion of hair as white and abundant as a well combed head of the longest flax, and might have graced the robe of my fair Cameronian herself. The garment, something like a Spanish mantle, over which these ringlets fell, had, I afterwards learned, been worn by the doughty portioner of Bonshaw at the battle of Drumclog, and remained as a relique among the Cameronians. In order to give devotion some of that gall of bitterness, in which sectarian creeds are so wonderfully preserved, the garment of the persecutor was hung before the possessor's eyes—then anathemas abounded, and the destroying angel was placed in the path of all other creeds and persuasions. A large pike-staff served as a support to this apparition, who, almost bent twofold, and tottering with the oppression of seeming years, awaited the tardy decision of the youth. Ronald Rodan, surveying him from foot to head, with a look of unlimited curiosity, thus addressed him:—"Ye seem a thriftless and fizenless carle; what can ye do for a night's lodging? Can ye prepare hemp for the wheel?" "Brake hemp, my bonnie lad," said the mendicant, in a tone of great submission and sorrow—"let me keep my hands lang frae touching that detested weed; muckle ado hae I had to keep a tenderer place than my hands frae't. I wish the knave who sows such evil seed, to be choked in his own production." "A weel, thrift-

less bodie," said the youth, half in scorn and commiseration, "can ye kame wool? that's dainty wark for sic a daid-len bodie." "Kame wool," said the old man in Bonshaw's mantle, with a smile and a look of pure satisfaction; "conscience, there was nae sic a kamer o' wool in the port of pleasant Nith, and the green glen of Ae, to boot, in ancient days, as Auld Glenae. But if he ever touch sic gear again, I'll give ye leave to sew him up in a shroud of seventeen hunder linen, wi' a saft sappy young lass aside him. Conscience! gang and ask Kate Corson gin I canna handle woo rarely. Only for touching some ance or twice, in my flaffin, the hem o' an woollen garment, I had to endure sic rebuke and scorn afore a hale congregation, I'll never be an ain man again, that's certain." "Indeed, honest looking man," said the youth, "I pity thy fecklessness—but thy white hairs—and whiter never came under the hackle, canna buy thy up-putting. What d'ye say to binding sheaves behind a rank of sonsie young lasses?" "Aye, there now," said the reverend dramatist, "that sounds mair like a Christian proposal—put me as near to the lasses, and as far frae the sheaves as ye like; and yet this hard cough would make the pleasure o' my presence dubious. Dost thou think, youth, that warld's flesh can last for ever?—Look at my gray haffets—gray did I say? they're as white as the unsunned snow, and as ripe for the grave as the bent corn is for the sickle. Besides, its a matter o' special reservation atween me and my conscience, never to stoop and bind. I think there be scripture warrant for that?" "Truly, old man," said Ronald Rodan, "the dark road and you maun get speedily acquaint, unless ye can gie some return for kindness—ye'll no be able to clean the laggen o' a supper cog, unless some handy hizzie help ye wi't." "A supper dish, and a gude horn spoon! just let Auld Glenae see them, he wad do muckle to oblige ye, and wad drink ye're best browst, to show he had nae ill will to the house. Now I begin to understand ye." "Gude truly, my auld man," said the youth, "thou art but a daunderer a-down the dyke sides, and can lie in the sun and warm thge, while the sweat of sore labour reeks on honest men's brows—yet unwilling am I to turn the footsteps, even of the thriftless, frae the thresh-hold of Lillycross; yet something thou

must do to purchase a bield by ; so make thy election, and be ready to redeem thy speech by deeds." "Fair fa' thee, youth," said the old man, with a voice dropping into the most persuasive softness, "that's spoke with the tongue of discretion. Sae I shall even make mine election. I'un faun away, waes me, from the pith of strapping manhood, and am nae better than a thrashed head of wheat, or a shelled peascod—all, therefore, that I dow do, gaun down the back o' the hill o' life, is to shorten the way with a sang. Sae, therefore, youth, I shall sing thee a sang of kirk feud with my own proper self—may ye all have the grace to listen, and the sense to profit by my verse." So saying, Auld Glenae strode into the middle of the floor, and the fiddler, who was conversant with this amusing kind of interlude, prepared his instrument for the ancient and provincial

tune which accompanies the traditional ballad. The old man, with many an awkward obeisance, bespoke the attention of the meeting—then laying aside his bonnet, he said : "Auld Glenae must first hallow his lips for the task," and suddenly striding up to a rosy young maiden from the moorlands, he bestowed on her a clamorous kiss, which was echoed back by the laughter of the audience, and the damsel, blushing from brow to bosom, exclaimed, with true northern naivete, "Haith, bodie, but ye're wondrous at fourscore!" —The old man began with a tongue, in which good will seemed struggling with the infirmities of age, to fit his voice to the note of the fiddle, while Ronald Rodan took one of those rude pipes, made of sycamore, the common manufacture of schoolboys knives, with which he swelled the repetitions of the song with singular ease and effect.

#### AULD GLENÆ.

##### 1.

I am a silly auld man, gaun hirpling over a tree ;  
And fain would I woo a young lass, gin the kirk would let me be.  
For if a' my duds would grow into cozie hawslock claitthing,  
O, I could woo a young lass as weel as the wisest breathing.

##### 2.

Though sapless, silly, and dry as the thrashes flinging tree,  
For courting a quean in the dark, the kirk came haunting me.  
One cried, puir Auld Glenae, wi' brow sac bald and hoary,  
Ye have sinned, like sweet seventeen, and the parson will devour ye.

##### 3.

I louted me low to the ground, wi' many a grunt and groan,  
But the fiend a word spake I, for this choking cough came on.  
At last I broke out with a sob, "Ye corbie craws o' the scssion,  
Wha croak o'er the failings o' flesh, I'se make ye a frank confession.

##### 4.

By the bonnie stream o' Glenae, mang the lang and dewy grass,  
There, just for charity's sake, I spake kind to a beggar lass.  
Fair fa' thy charity, sir, its as gude in my pouch as siller ;  
But beware o' my awmous powks, else they'll make thee as white as the miller.

##### 5.

Ye're a wondrous wight, quoth she, and loving, and leash, and leal ;  
And gin ye'll be kind again, I'll gie a' my wee pickle meal."  
The elders gloomed and glowered—the priest was less than civil.  
I mind nae how he began, but he ended with death and the devil.

##### 6.

Ye maidens sae rosie and jimp, as ye wander by stream and wood,  
Come call on Auld Glenae, he can do ye a power o' good.  
It's sweet to woo when the moon in heaven aboon is beaming ;  
It's a golden planet, I trow, and rules the wits o' women.

Nothing could surpass, in rustic drolery, and curious extravagance, the manner in which the representative of Auld Glenae delivered this rude and traditional rhyme. The snows and frosts of age seemed to thaw as he proceeded; his voice, at first trembling and weak, and interrupted by painful coughing, waxed stronger and stronger; and ere it reached the third verse, was as loud and sonorous as the note of a Cameronian preeentor, when three acres of believers, on a hill side, call for his deepest and fullest note. Kindling too, as it seemed, with the progress of the rhyme, and the instrumental accompaniments, and forgetting the infirmities of years, he proceeded to dance a wild kind of hornpipe, which seemed of a kindred spirit with his verse, and kept exact time with the air of the ballad. The very luxury of the theme, and all its associations, together with some powerful punch, ministered by a willing maiden or two; and which he imbibed without any manifest interruption to his labours, seemed completely to intoxicate the dramatist; in the last verse, he reeled and fell, and, extended as he was on the floor, his heels, and staff, and head, beat audible time, and the song was completed amid unextinguishable laughter.

My love for ancient peasant lore, and the joy that I feel in submitting such a rich and curious relique to the curiosity of mankind, without emendation or mitigation, can only be calculated by those rare and learned spirits, who revere the scrupulous accuracy of Joseph Ritson, and the commendable and gainful credulity of an antiquarian collector of the poetic crumbs of Caledonia. The widow Keturah testified her delight, by clapping her hands before her face, and laughing so loudly, as to be audible above the swell of the song.

Ye're a funny auld man,—and gin ye'll call in by my gate end, ye shall have a gowpin o' meal for an awmous, and a drap o' the best o't—ch, sirs, but him whose head's laigh and happed, was fond o' that sinfu' sweet sang; and I mind o' him ance acting and singing himself—he had on straw-boots—on aye—on aye—and I'm sure Kate Kelloch and me laughed till ye might have bound us wi' straes—I'll never see his marrow again, though I should be married to-morrow." The Highland damsel gazed with a look of consternation at the approach of the mendicant, but

she soon changed her gaze for that of uncontrollable mirth, when she saw the fantastic gambols he performed, and heard the words of the ballad. My Cameronian maiden alone was unmoved by the labours of the dramatist, and sat and looked on him, and on the meeting, with the mild but sorrowful composure of monumental marble. As the representative of the licentious portioner of Glenae was raised from the floor by the hands of two peasants, the door suddenly opened, and an ancient alms-man, or strolling mendicant, advanced, eyeing, with a look of no ordinary wrath, this counterfeit presentment of himself. "What!" exclaimed the stranger, "wilt thou presume to forestall the beggarman's stock of evening pastime? I swear by my right hand pock, called muckle macfen—and I swear by its companion, called little macfen—I also swear by that notable bag under my crutch arm, called oxtter-gell, and by that greedy pocket, called pouch apron, and all my bags before and behind, to break thy knaves neck wi' this ashen crutch, if thou dost not instantly make thyself scarce in this goodly company." And suiting the deed to the word, he lifted up a stick, partaking of the offensive natures of crutch and pike-staff, and seemed about to deal the counterfeit mendicant a blow of no friendly kind. But the merry old man, with an agility worthy of seventeen, snatched up the raw skin of a sheep, which he found ready at his foot, in which he shrouded the head and shoulder of this new candidate for sympathy, and pulling off a piece of the purest flax from his head, which had passed current for snowy locks, he threw it on the floor, and darted out at the door, leaving the audience convulsed with laughter, and shouting out, "Bravely done, Penpont."

Our attention was soon recalled to the mendicant before us, whose ancient looks had the same demand upon our reverence as his predecessor. He seemed equipped after the beggar in the old song:

His wallets a-fore and a-hint did hing,  
In as gude order as wallets could be,  
And a lang kale gulley hung down by his side;  
And a muckle nowte horn to rowt on had he.

He thus addressed the Cameronian elder:—"Goodman of Lillycross, ye

have cut the last hookful of standing corn, and brought winter to the land—fair fa' ye, for with winter comes joy and song, and minstrel mirth, and an old man's tale will be rewarded by a patient ear, and a penny siller." "We hae nae time now, ye donard churl," said Hugh Halbertson, "to listen to lang tales; see nae ye the lasses impatient to spring; and hear nae ye the anxious thrumming of the Crowder's fiddle? We might find ye lugs for a

brief sang, sae be'et that it lacks thae lang screeds o' sheer nonsense, called chorusses, and is nae made up o' rinnin, streams, and growing birks, and lint-white locks o' lasses." The old man, taking the instrument from the fiddler, proceeded to sing the following song, which has been long current among the humble mendicants of Dumfries-shire, to a tune which seemed to spring from the same source as the song:—

#### THE BEGGARMAN'S SONG.

##### 1.

Were I a king, a crowned king,  
Hearken and hear how I would ryng—  
Gude croudy in my crapin should craw,  
In gude brown ale I'd douk and drown me,  
And make my bed ell deep o' straw,  
With a' the sacks o' the town aboon me.

##### 2.

Were I a king, a crowned one,  
Hearken how I would keep my throne—  
I'd reign in state, 'neath the green thorn tree,  
And bed my feet with new pulled rashes;  
The midnight sage, to counsel me,  
Should be a pair o' kilted lasses.

##### 3.

Were I a king, with gold on my brow,  
Hearken and hear how I would do—  
I'd cut the craigs o' the farmer's tykes,  
And pu' the tongue o' my lady's messan,  
And burn the stocks, and break the jouns,  
And win the blythesome beggar's blessing.

##### 4.

Were I a king, and a sword by my side,  
Hearken and hear how I would ride—  
I'd pluck the gown o'er the sheriff's neck,  
Drown priest, and justice, and the sinner.  
Who loves roast-meat should not taste food  
Till a blue-gowns man blest the dinner.

##### 5.

Were I a king, with a sceptred hand,  
Thus would I ride, and thus command—  
I'd level the sheep-folds and hen-roosts;  
And the bonny black-cock of the mountain  
Should be as free to the blue-gown man,  
As the silver fish in flood and fountain.

##### 6.

Were I a king, and wore a crown,  
Glory to meal-pocks and patched gowns—  
An awmous should be a Carlisle peck,  
And the sonsie lass, who spread the bedding,  
Should reign my queen, and I would fling  
Black stool and sackcloth sark to the midden.

The singular grace and glee with which this rude and characteristic old ballad was sung obtained abundant applause ; nor was the skill and agility with which he played and danced, as an accompaniment, undeserving of notice. Sometimes he kept the fiddle to his chin with becoming gravity, or shifted it to the crown of his head, and placed it behind his back, maintaining the harmony necessary to the performance through all those evolutions. When the mendicant ceased, all the old men and matrons rose, and, swathing themselves in their mauds, drank a farewell cup to the welfare of Lillycross, and its hospitable proprietor ; and, issuing forth among the clear moonlight, gathered their children around them, and proceeded home-

wards. The mirth of the harvest-ki-  
rn, restrained by the presence of so many  
austere and devout personages, rose  
loud and louder ; and the augmenting  
din overtook the departing peasants,  
who listened with a smile, and thought  
of the days of their youth. The fiddler,  
cherished by a fuller and a stronger  
cup, drew a bolder and a merrier bow ;  
and the swains, cheered by the frank-  
ness and condescension of the remain-  
ing damsels, became boundless in their  
joy, and made the barn-roof shake to  
its remotest rafter. Sometime before  
morning, the Cameronian elder winded  
his horn, the fiddler returned his in-  
strument to its case, and the merry  
reapers of Lillycross resumed the usual  
sanctity of their exterior, under the de-  
votional influence of its pious proprietor.

## HYMN

*To the Night Wind.*

Unbridled Spirit, throned upon the lap  
Of ebon Midnight, whither dost thou stray,  
Whence did'st thou come, and where is thy abode ?—  
From slumber I awaken, at the sound  
Of thy most melancholy voice ; sublime  
Thou ridest on the rolling clouds which take  
The forms of sphinx, or hypogriff, or car,  
Like those by Roman conquerors of yore,  
In Nemean pastimes used, by fiery steeds  
Drawn headlong on ; or chusest, all unseen,  
To ride the vault, and drive the murky storms  
Before thee, or bow down, with giant wing,  
The wondering forests as thou sweepest by !

Daughter of Darkness ! when remote the noise  
Of tumult, and of discord, and mankind,  
When but the watch-dog's voice is heard, or wolves  
That bay the silent night, or from the tower,  
Ruin'd and rent, the note of boding owl,  
Or lapwing's shrill and solitary cry,  
When sleep weighs down the eyelids of the world,  
And life is as it were not, down the sky,  
Forth from thy cave, wide roaming thou dost come,  
To hold nocturnal orgies.

Round the pile,  
Thou moanest wistfully, of dark abbaye,  
And silent charnel house ; the long lank grass,  
The hemlock, and the night-shade, and the yew,  
Bend at thy tread ; and through the blacken'd rails  
Fleetly thou sweepest, with a wailing voice !  
Wayworn and woe-begone, the traveller  
Bears on through paths unknown ; alone he sees  
The bright star's fitful twinkling, as along  
Night's arch rush sullenly the darksome clouds,  
And wilds and melancholy wastes, and streams



Forlorn, and joyless all ; no cottage blaze  
 Strikes through the weary gloom ; alone he hears  
 Thee, awful Spirit ! fighting with the stream  
 Of rushing torrent, torturing it to foam,  
 And tossing it aloft ; the shadowy woods  
 Join in the chorus, while lone shrieks and sighs  
 Burst on his ear, as if infernal fiends  
 Had burst their adamant chains, and rush'd  
 To take possession of this lower world.  
 His bosom sinks, his spirit fails, his heart  
 Dies in him, and around his captive soul  
 Dark superstition weaves her witching spells ;  
 Unholy visions pass before his mind,  
 Dreams rayless and unhallowed ; spectres pale  
 Glide past with rustling garments ; worn graves  
 Yawn round him ; while the dark and nodding plumes  
 Of melancholy hearse blast his view !

But not alone to inland solitudes,  
 To inland regions wide and mountains high,  
 Man's habitations, or the forests dark,  
 Are circumscribed thy visitings : Behold !  
 Stemming with eager prow, the Atlantic tide,  
 Holds on the intrepid mariner ; abroad  
 The wings of Night brood shadowy ; heave the waves  
 Around him, mutinous, their curling heads,  
 Portentous of a storm ; all hands are plied,  
 A zealous task, and sounds the busy deck  
 With notes of preparation ; many an eye  
 Is upward cast toward the clouded heaven ;  
 And many a thought, with troubled tenderness,  
 Dwells on the calm tranquillity of home ;  
 And many a heart its supplicating prayer  
 Breathes forth ; meanwhile, the boldest sailor's cheek  
 Blanches ; stout courage fails ; young childhood's shriek,  
 Awfully piercing, bursts ; and woman's fears  
 Are speechless. With a low, insidious moan,  
 Rush past the gales, that harbinger thy way,  
 And hail thy advent ; gloom the murky clouds  
 Darker around ; and heave the maddening waves  
 Higher their crested summits. With a glare,  
 Unveiling but the clouds and foaming seas,  
 Flashes the lightning ; then, with doubling peal,  
 Reverberating to the gates of heaven,  
 Rolls the deep thunder, with tremendous crash,  
 Sublime, as if the firmament were rent  
 Amid the severing clouds, that pour their storms,  
 Commingling sea and sky.

Disturbed, arise  
 The monsters of the deep, and wheel around  
 Their mountainous bulks unwieldy, while aloft,  
 Poised on the feathery summit of the wave,  
 Hangs the frail bark, its howlings of despair  
 Lost on the mocking storm. Then frantic, thou  
 Dost rise, tremendous Power, thy wings unfurled,  
 Unfurled, but nor to succour, nor to save ;  
 Then is thine hour of triumph ; with a yell,  
 Thou rushest on ; and, with a maniac love,  
 Sing'st in the rifted shroud ; the straining mast  
 Yields, and the cordage cracks. Thou churn'st the deep  
 To madness, tearing up the yellow sands

From their profound recesses, and dost strew  
 The clouds around thee, and within thy hand  
 Takest up the billowy tide, and dashest down  
 The vessel to destruction—she is not!  
 But, when the morning lifts her dewy eye;  
 And, to a quiet calm, the elements,  
 Subsiding from their fury, have dispersed,  
 There art thou, like a satiate conqueror,  
 Recumbent on the murmuring deep, thy smiles  
 All unrepentant of the savage wreck!

Yet sometimes art thou, Demon of the night,  
 An evil spirit ministering to good!—  
 Mid orient realms, when sultry day hath passed,  
 Breathless; and sunlight, on the western hill,  
 Dies with a quick decay; then, oh! how dear,  
 How welcome to the dry and thirsty glebe,  
 And to the night of woods, where Pagods rise,  
 And Bramah's priests adore their deity,  
 From ocean, journeying with an eagle speed,  
 Come the delightful fannings of thy wing!  
 The grateful heaven weeps down refreshing dew,  
 The twilight stars peep forth with glittering ray;  
 And earth outspreads the carpet of her flowers,  
 In tenderness exhaling their perfumes,  
 To lure within their cups thy gelid breath:—  
 There, 'mid the azure landscape, on his roof,  
 Piazza-girt, watching the evening star,  
 Among his myrtle blooms, the Indian sits,  
 Delighted, as with soft refreshing sighs,  
 Thou wanderest past, lifting his coal-black hair!  
 The smiles of Vishnoo gleam along the earth;  
 While, by high plantane groves, by limpid streams,  
 The maidens roan, as subtle Cambdeo lurks  
 Behind a lotus tuft; and, from his string  
 Of living bees, the unerring arrow twangs!  
 Malignant Genii lose the power to harm;  
 From Meru Mount the deities look down,  
 Well pleased, rejoicing in the general joy!

Nor grateful less, unto the realm where shines  
 Thy glittering crest, Canopus, on the verge  
 Of the ungirdled hemisphere, and frown  
 The earth-forsaking pyramids sublime,  
 In Nilus dipping, through the twilight sky,  
 Thou roam'st excursive; while, on minaret,  
 In solemn voice the Muezzin calls to prayer  
 His Moslem devotees. With thirsty beak,  
 The birds fly panting to the lilyed verge  
 Of Moeris lake, where swans unnumber'd oar  
 Their snowy way, amid the azure sheet,  
 To drink refreshment; while, at thy approach,  
 Through all their countless multitude of leaves,  
 The forests murmur, like an infant pleased  
 Beneath a sire's caress; and nightingales  
 Sing to thee, through the lapses of the night.

Unsocial Power! the realms of Solitude  
 Thou lovest, and where desolation spreads  
 Her far outstretching pinions; hoary weeds,  
 Like tresses hanging from the pillar'd pride  
 Of Balbec, thou dost wave with rustling sound;

Wistfully moaning through the column'd shrines,  
 By men deserted, and to Silence left,  
 Whose shadows in the moon-light darksome stretch  
 O'er the dry sands. The jackall from his den,  
 Where ancient monarchs held their revels high,  
 Wondering, comes forth, disturb'd, with upturn'd nose  
 Scenting the breeze.

Or through Arabian plains,  
 Thou hold'st thy solitary way ; the sands  
 Uptossing high, and mingling earth with heaven ;  
 Midst of the desert, on a spot of green,  
 Beside the well, the wearied caravans  
 Rest ; and, while slumber weighs their eyelids down,  
 The mountainous surges o'er their destined heads  
 Thou heap'st relentless. Long at Cairo wait  
 Their joyless friends expectant, long in vain,  
 Till hope deferr'd is swallowed in despair !

Farewell ! dark essence of regardless will,  
 That wander'st where thou listest, round the world  
 Thine endless march pursuing ; o'er the peak  
 Of Alpine Blanc, or through the streamy dells  
 Of Morven, or beyond Pacific wave  
 Climbing the mighty Andes, or the vales  
 Peruvian chusing rather, there to sway,  
 With creaking sound, the undulating arch  
 Of wild cane framed, and flung athwart the depth  
 Of gulphy chasms ; or, with demoniac howl,  
 While hazy clouds bedim the labouring moon,  
 Waffing the midnight Sisters on thy car,  
 To hold unhallow'd orgies on the heaths  
 Of northern Lapland.

\*

Spirit ! fare thee well !

In terror, not in love, we sing of thee !

△

#### NOTES.

1. *Dies with a quick decay.*—Twilight, in tropical countries, is of very short duration ; the transition from day to darkness being much more rapid than in our northern latitudes.

2. *Cambdeo lurks, &c.*—The Indian God of Love. By a beautiful allegorical fable, his bowstring is said to be framed of living bees.—Vide Southey's *Curse of Kehama*.—*Vishnoo*, the preserver, in the Hindoo Pantheon.—*Meru Mount*, the Olympus of Oriental Mythology, on which the Gods meet in conclave.—Vide Maurice's *Indian Antiquities*, Sir William Jones, &c.

3. *Maris lake.*—Moore's description of *Mæris*, in *Paradise and the Peri*, must be fresh in the recollection of every lover of poetry.

4. *Balbec.*—Vide Pococke's *Travels*.—The description of the desolation of Palmyra, in the Botanic Garden, is certainly one of the most picturesque sketches of Darwin's pencil.

5. *The sands uptossing high.*—Vide Park's *Travels*, Bruce, Volney and Niebuhr.

6. *The undulating arch, of wild cane framed.*—Campbell, in his exquisite "*Gertrude of Wyoming*," celebrates,

"The wild cane arch, high flung o'er gulphs profound,  
 That fluctuate when the storms of El Dorado sound."

## STANZAS,

*On this Green Bank, &c.*

On this green bank I saw thee lie,  
 Upon a lovely afternoon,  
 When not a cloud was in the sky,  
 And birds were singing piously  
 Their hymns to leafy June.

Too fair for daughter of mankind,  
 What marvel, if thou did'st appear,  
 Beloved ! to a poet's mind,  
 Some Houri come from realms of wind  
 To grace our lower sphere.

The rose-tree formed a pleasant shade  
 To shield thee from the burning sun ;  
 And, ever as the zephyrs played,  
 They caught the fragrance, and conveyed  
 Its sweets to thee alone.

Years have elapsed ; but yet, methinks,  
 Thy loveliness is present still,  
 Bright as the flowers on river banks,  
 Pure as the lily, when it drinks  
 The freshness of the rill.

The lake is calm, the sky is clear,  
 The woods arrayed in living green ;  
 The roses still are blooming near,  
 And only thou dost not appear,  
 Fair Naiad of the scene !

Thus, when the shadowy tempests lower,  
 With ruthless speed, the lightning blind  
 Flies arrowy downward, to devour  
 The landscape's solitary flower,  
 And leaves the weeds behind.

For desarts would be lovely, where  
 Appeared thy seraph face ;—  
 Scenes beautiful—however fair,  
 Even Eden, if thou wert not there,  
 Would be a lonely place !




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 WHY ARE PROFESSIONAL MEN INDIFFERENT POETS ?

J'avais appris la vie dans les poètes, elle n'est pas ainsi ; il y a quelque chose d'aride dans la réalité, que l'on s'efforce en vain de changer.

MADAME DE STAËL.

We believe that Hazlitt is the first who has told us in definite terms, that as the boundaries of science are enlarged, the empire of imagination is diminished. The position is quite true, and confirmed by every-day observation. Indeed it could not possibly be other-

wise ; if for a moment we will only consider, what it is the object of a poet to accomplish. He does not set himself, like the mathematician, to the exposition of abstract truths ; nor, like the historian, does his merit depend upon his unbiassed fidelity of statement. The

office of the poet is entirely different; his study is to adorn and embellish, to represent objects, not only in their most striking lights, and their most fascinating colours, but to add to them new properties, and represent them in all the splendour of redundant beauty; or, when he condescends to strict delineation, it is only in the most beautiful objects, which defy his skill to represent them with borrowed grace, for who would try

To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,  
Or add fresh perfume to the violet?

From this it is plain and evident, that he is the greater poet who can conjure up the most splendid of these exaggerations, and possesses the greater fluency and command in the management of these illusions; who can add a double poignancy, and a deeper gulph for the whirlpools of passion, and represent external objects in the most fascinating or sublime point of view. Whatever may be advanced or urged to the contrary, we decidedly think that it must be allowed, that romances, legends, and tales of heroism or superstition, everything, in short, that relates to the marvellous, the tragic, or the supernatural, makes its deepest impression on the mind of youth; from our susceptibility at that period, in some measure, perhaps, from our then not exactly discriminating the impossibility of the events narrated, and imagining that there may be more Elysian scenes in nature and life than have then fallen within the scope of our actual observation. Consequently there are more of the elements of poetry afloat in the mind during boyhood and early youth, than during any other period of human existence. A great deal of the finest poetry that the world can boast of, is merely the embalmed feelings and recollections of what had passed through and enchanted the mind of the writer in former days; and many poets, and poetical writers of prose, as Cowper, Wordsworth, and Rousseau, have felt a delight in solitude, from their feelings not being there so much exposed to those jarring discrepancies of society which tend to lower our ideas of human nature.

It may be very pertinently asked then, why are not young men the best poets? This we readily own is not the case, but the question is irrelevant, for the obvious reason, that writings deeply imbued with the feelings and per-

ceptions of poetry may, after all, be far from being excellent, from deficiency in the mechanical part, and from the absence of those finer shades of language, which can only be acquired by long study of the best models, and after long practical experience in composition.

The trains of thought and associations of ideas, which it is the business of the professional man and the poet to follow out, are diametrically opposite. The one exercises his judgment, and plods on with calm and patient research in the path of utility; the other gives the reins into the hands of imagination; usefulness is an object of secondary consideration, and the only standard of excellence which he acknowledges, is that of comparative sublimity or beauty.

Professional avocations have a deadening influence on the finer sensibilities of the mind; they destroy and annihilate our loftier aspirations, and reduce all that we perceive and feel to the dull standard of reality. Many of the great poets lived in the infancy of science, and the great ones who have lived as it was approaching maturity, have endeavoured as much as possible to blind their eyes to its progress; and to represent things as they seem, and not as they can be demonstrated to be. A few have thought otherwise, and they have failed;—for scientific poets we have no relish; they mistake the very nature of their art.

Poetry is only one of the many methods of deceiving; and the greater will be our poetical delight, the more entirely we allow ourselves to enter into the spirit of the illusion, and be carried away by the deception. It is cold and absurd to say of fine poetry, that it is physically or metaphysically untrue; it is quite enough if we can imagine things or sentiments to be so; or if we can feel them to be beautiful in their represented state. The natural lover of poetry "is pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore." "The peasant," says Mackenzie, "who enjoys the beauty of the tulip, is equally delighted with the philosopher, though he knows not the powers of the rays from which its colours are derived; and the boy who strikes a ball with his racket, is as certain whether it will be driven by the blow as if he were perfectly conversant in the dispute about matter and motion. The

music, the painting, the poetry of the passions, is the property of every one who has a heart to be moved; and though there may be particular modes of excellence, which national or temporary fashions create, yet that standard will ever remain which alone is common to all." A poetical reader can suppose, for example, that the stars are what Byron has emphatically denominated them, "the poetry of heaven," and that out of them we may read the destinies of men, and that we may claim a kindred with them;\* but the physical philosopher will find it impossible to conceive them other than material and far distant worlds, revolving in systems, and kept together by the law of gravitation. Virgil tells us that a star descended over Mount Ida to point out to Æneas the path which the Gods intended him to follow:

—————"Subitoque fragore  
Intonuit Iavoni, et de caelo lapsa per umbras

Stella facem ducens multa cum luce currit.

Ilam, summa super labentem culmina  
tetti

Cernimus Idæā claram se condere silva †  
Signantemque vias."

The astronomer will tell us, that the idea of the poet is absurd, and that the laws of nature would not be suspended for even a greater event than the foundation of such an empire as Rome. Yet Horace tells us that the Tiber overflowed its banks, and overthrew the temple of Vesta on account of the vices of the people;‡ and Shakespeare ushers us to the catastrophe of Cæsar's death, by the appearance of signs in heaven, and the sheeted dead walking upon the streets.§ The astronomer also shows the moon to be a planetary body, lighted up by the reflected glory of the sun, governing the tides, and performing its stated revolutions; and that it is not a sentient being hiding itself in "its interlunar cave"—a beautiful female capable of the passion of love—the Goddess of the silver bow—the Proserpine, who spends one half of the year in the infernal regions. To your mere man of science the rainbow is not "the arch of God's promise,

set in heaven"—"the bow that spans the storm"—but merely the physical effect of the sun's rays, falling in a certain direction on the dewy atmosphere; and the hurricane, the night gale, and "the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and no man knows whence it comes and whether it goeth"—and "the breath of heaven, the blessed air"—are, after all, no more than the motion of a combination of gases, which at any time the chemist will be proud to analyse for your inspection. "There," he says, "is the Oxygen, or vital air; the Hydrogen, or inflammable air; the Nitrogen, which does not support life, and a small quantity of Carbonic Acid." He smiles in contempt at the sublime question of Job

"Hast thou given the horse strength?  
Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"

"The ancients," adds he, "seem to have had very absurd ideas of celestial phenomena."

He says among the trumpets, ha, ha!"

"It is curious," rejoins the naturalist, "that the horse has lost the faculty of speech in our days."

"I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my youth where are they?' and Echo answered, 'where are they?'"

"What after all is an Echo, but the reverberation of sound."

Enough of this—let us return to the main subject of our essay. Professional avocations, we repeat, are entirely at variance with the phantasms of imagination. It is theoretically a fine thing, for instance, to make the practice of law a profession, to devote our lives to the distribution of justice, to settle the differences of our neighbours, to come forward as the advocate of the oppressed, to plead the cause of the innocent, and to be the champion of those who have no earthly help. Nor is it a less fine thing to alleviate the corporeal sufferings of our fellow creatures, to smooth the pillow of sickness, to disseminate the blessing of health, and to cause the languid and filmy eye of the dying man to look a blessing on our kind, though unavail-

\*. Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto third, stanza 85th.

† Æneid, Lib. 2. lin. 692.

‡ Horat. Od. 2do. Lib. 1.

§ Julius Cæsar, Act 1.

ing endeavours. Turn the picture; and what do we behold in the actual and breathing world? The lawyer selling his eloquence to the support of any cause, and prostituting his talents for the sake of gain; while the physician measures out his kindnesses and attentions in the direct ratio of his expectations of being repaid.

It is not to be supposed that a divine, one who has made the oracles of truth his chief study, and the promulgation of them the serious business of his life, could even for a moment throw over his lines the flush of the ancient superstitions, at once so imaginative and poetical; and describe Jupiter in the conclave of Deities on the top of Olympus, instead of the everlasting and omnipresent "I AM," whose shadow Moses saw in the burning bush; and, instead of the sun and moon, which he has created, delineate Apollo with the golden bow, "the lord of poesy and light," and Diana with her wood-nymphs.

It is not to be supposed that he will coincide in the opinions of a Dante, or a Homer, or promulgate their sublime, but often vague and absurd illustrations of religion and morality; in making the princely game of war the theme of his muse, and accounting the savage valour of the combatants as the acme of perfection; or distort the doctrine of future rewards and punishments into a scheme of his own formation. His poetry must of necessity be regulated by the principles he professes, and by the views which it is his duty to inculcate.

Can it for a moment be supposed that a physician, one whose business it is to be acquainted with the weaknesses and miserable diseases to which our bodies are subject; that one whose daily occupation is the inspection of loathsome sores, and putrifying ulcers, could, in despite of his own observation, preserve in the penetralia of his mind, a noble and unblemished image of human beauty; or that the anatomist, who has glutted over the debasing and repellent horrors of a dissecting table, where the severed limbs of his fellow creatures, "the secrets of the grave," are displayed in hideous deformity, to satisfy the hyæna lust

of knowledge, could look upon a female face with the rapture, which the mind that conceived Shakespeare's Juliet must have done; or with that sense of angelic delicacy, which must have penetrated the mind of Spenser, ere he conceived the glorious idea of "Heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb?"

Nor is it to be supposed that the lawyer, one whose youthful days, the days of the romance and chivalry of the imagination, are spent in poring over volumes, which can only operate in rendering "darkness visible," and in wrapping up that in mystery and clouds, which nature intended to form as clear as "daylight truth's salubrious skies," should unlearn what he has learned, and deeming

"where ignorance is bliss

'Tis folly to be wise,"

at length accord to the omnipotence of Virtue, and agree with Milton in his *Comus*, that the lion of the desert itself would turn away abashed from the face of innocent beauty. Lord Mansfield, ere he devoted his attention to "law's dry musty arts," shewed so great an aptitude for polite letters, that Pope himself bewails

"How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost."

And Judge Blackstone, ere he thought of composing his Commentaries on the Laws, wrote verses,<sup>†</sup> which at least augured well of what he might have accomplished in that way. Akenside brought out his *Pleasures of Imagination*, when a very young man; took to the study of medicine, was made physician to the Queen, and then published lyrics, which nobody cares about reading.

As Wordsworth most truly and poetically observes,

"The world is too much with us, early and late."

Counting-houses and ledgers have taken the place of generosity, romance, and chivalry; and though they have made us richer, have undoubtedly added little to our intellectual character as a nation. Life has become a scene of every-day experience, of sickness, dulness, and formality; etiquette has succeeded to simplicity, and ardour of spirit has left its place to politeness.

\* *Masque of Comus.* Colloquy in the wood between the brothers.

† Southey's *Specimens of English Poets.*

In a short time it will be impossible of us to conceive of such men as Alfred, or Lord Surrey, James Crichton, or Sir Philip Sidney.

The poetry of life is the sublimated essence of human existence, and not the every-day casualties that surround us, and beset us ; consequently an incessant intercourse with these alone, and the perpetual exercise of the judging and reasoning faculties, obliging the imagination to lie unused and dormant, has a deadening, a chilling, a withering influence on the mind, and tends entirely to obliterate those feelings and aspirations, on which the production of poetry depends. The poetical constitution, above all others, is remarkable for its delicacy, as the fineness of its conceptions sufficiently indicates ; and it, no doubt, is as impossible to preserve this undestroyed, and untainted amid the dull routine of the world, as it would be to expect fleetness and nimbleness in the animal that has been accustomed to the slow step, and unvarying paces of a loaded wain. The beauty of the fields and the sublimity of the mountains, come to be considered in no other light, but that of their utility, as being barren of pasture, or rich of grain, what rent they bring, and what is the extent of their acres. The ocean, whose waters teach "Eternity,—Eternity, and Power," comes to be regarded, only in as far as it furnishes a communication between us and distant lands, for the extension of commerce. Man, "with the human face divine," is not considered so much as a Being of majestic attri-

butes, and an immortal destiny, but as being of few days, and full of trouble, a petty insignificant creature, full of fraud, and deceit, and selfishness, and subject to an infinite variety of diseases and infirmities. Woman is not the demi-celestial object, without whose presence earth would be a wilderness, the paragon of ideal beauty, subsisting on the strength of the affections, which bind her to stronger man ; but a necessary part of society, encreasing its comforts, and keeping up the race. Childhood is not the state of innocent beauty and simplicity, of pure thoughts and warm feelings, but the idiocy of our minds, which requires training, and correction, and cultivation, to render us sober men, and useful citizens.

These are the common opinions of society, the chilling and disheartening truths, which we hear from all lips "every day, and all day long"—and they are unpoetical. How is it to be supposed then, that the men who are continually exposed to the withering influence of these current maxims, and who, to preserve unanimity, are obliged to echo them back, and to concur in their infallibility—how is it to be supposed, that they are to throw off the load that oppresses them—to forget what they hear every day—and to shut their eyes to every thing that is passing around them—and, in despite of their contracted and desolate view of human nature, and the external world, form a bower of happiness for themselves, in the paradise of imagination ?

#### BRODIE'S INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.

*Delivered at the Royal-College of Surgeons, May 8, 1820.*

MR BRODIE'S name stands deservedly high in the world, and in the profession of which he is so great an ornament, not merely from his practical skill, and liberal and benevolent mind, but also from the zeal and perseverance with which he is accustomed to devote the little leisure that can be abstracted from the calls of an arduous pursuit, to the purposes of keen and scientific research into subjects which, a century or two ago, were scarcely considered as collateral branches of the surgical profession. He is one of that

not very numerous class of writers, on philosophical subjects, whose works will always be perused with pleasure, and instruction, because his attention appears directed more to the ascertainment of facts, than to the forming of brilliant and ingenious theories on hasty and insufficient data. As far as he proceeds, he may always be relied on as an acute and faithful guide—his object is truth alone ; and though we may occasionally differ from him, he is always intelligible, and certainly never, intentionally, misleads. In en-



tering upon his subject, Mr Brodie seems fully aware of the disadvantages under which he labours in performing the arduous duties of the office, which he has been so handsomely solicited to fill.—“I cannot,” says he, “but be aware how difficult, and how extensive is the science of which I am about to treat; and I am also conscious of the imperfect nature of my own qualifications,” adding, “that his knowledge of it, is no more than can be acquired by an individual who joins the pursuit of science with that of an arduous profession.” These difficulties too have perhaps received some augmentation from his being the immediate successor, in the lectureship of a gentleman, who, though he has been very severely, but somewhat justly, censured, for rashly indulging in speculations foreign to his purpose, is, nevertheless, admitted to be a man of high professional character, and of acknowledged ability and genius.

It is the object of Mr Brodie, in the Lecture before us, to treat “of the Laws which regulate the Phenomena of Life, and the changes which Matter undergoes, and the forms which it assumes, when it becomes associated with this mysterious and active principle;” and he seems desirous, after the example of Baron Haller and Mr Hunter, to refer “the phenomena of life to peculiar laws, instead of explaining them as had been done before by the mechanical and chemical laws which operate on dead matter.” He admits, “that matter, when endowed with life, does not lose those properties which belong to it in its inorganic form;” and adduces many instances in support of the assertion, though he considers such properties as being in combination with others; and that the changes “which are consequent to death, shew *not* that they are suspended, but that they are modified and counteracted by the influence of another principle.” His great object seems to consist in a desire to prove that the laws which govern life differ from those “which govern the changes of inorganic matter;” and we think, that through several pages, he has argued the question with great apparent probability and clearness: we do not, however, quite agree with him when he seems to *infer*, from certain examples which he produces, that life

may exist in a kind of dormant state, independant of any *active* principle; and we think no one of his instances conclusive on the subject. “In general,” says Mr Brodie, “we see life combined with action, and living beings present an endless multitude of phenomena in perpetual and rapid succession: Life, however, may *exist* independent of *any* action which is evident to the senses. The egg continues unaltered, and giving no sign of an *active principle* within it for days and weeks; but its vitality is demonstrated by its resisting putrefaction; and when subjected to the influence of a higher temperature, it begins within itself a series of changes, which end in the developement of a new animal. The seeds and bulbous roots of plants are under parallel circumstances; and trees are frost-bound in the winter, and put forth new leaves and blossoms in the ensuing spring. A leech, which was immersed in a cold mixture, was instantly frozen into a hard solid substance; at the end of a few minutes the animal was gradually thawed; the leech revived, and continued to live for thirty-six hours after the experiment. A curious illustration of this subject is afforded by the animalcules which occasion the blight in corn, called by farmers the purples or ear-cockle. These animalcules, which are not to be discerned by the naked eye, become distinctly visible when moistened with a little water, and placed on a piece of glass in the field of a microscope. They are seen in constant motion, and even the ova may be detected in the act of escaping from the oviduct. If the moisture be allowed to evaporate, a dry stain is left on the glass, which is scarcely perceptible, but, on the addition of a little water, the animalcules revive, and move briskly as before. This experiment was repeated by Mr Bäuer with the same animalcules at intervals of several months, during a period of more than six years, and always presented the same phenomena.” Among the foregoing examples the experiment of the leech is, perhaps, the most favourable to Mr Brodie's supposition; but here, it appears to us probable, from the short time during which the leech remained in a frozen state, that the *active principle* was not completely destroyed, and consequently that little

or no conclusion can be drawn from the experiment. In the instance of the egg, our author does not appear to be aware that a very *sensible degree* of warmth exists in what has been called the "cicatrice" of an egg not in a state of putrefaction; this warmth is felt more decidedly in fresh laid eggs, than in those which have been lain for several weeks; and any of our readers may convince themselves of the truth of this, by simply pressing the larger end of an egg to the lips. It is by this test that the farmer's wives in some parts of England learn to distinguish a good egg from a bad one. Experiments, as to the real existence of heat, cannot well be tried with respect to the purple, or ear-cockle; but, reasoning from analogy, we should feel inclined to believe that the active principle was never "annihilated," in the experiments made by Mr Bäuer, although, from the extreme minuteness of these animalcules, it would be difficult, if not absolutely impossible, to detect its existence.—As to the "bulbous roots of plants" and "trees frost-bound in the winter," we should draw a conclusion opposite to our author, even from the fact he has himself noticed in a subsequent part of his lecture; for if, "In the midst of a long-continued frost, a thermometer introduced into the centre of the trunk of a tree does not sink to the freezing point," and again, if, "The temperature of the interior of a tree is said to be above that of the atmosphere, if the latter be below 57 of Fahrenheit's thermometer," and "if the temperature of the atmosphere rise above this point, that of the tree does not rise in the same proportion." To what possible cause can these phenomena be assigned, unless to the absolute existence of some active principle, which enables the tree so powerfully to resist these various degrees of heat and cold in the external atmosphere? especially as, we believe, no such power of resistance is observable in a tree actually dead.—In remarking on the foregoing examples, we do not mean to deny the possibility of Mr Brodie's supposition, however we may think them insufficient to prove the accuracy of his notion. He proceeds to some of the most remarkable circumstances incident to life in "its active state," and gives a very admirable account of the elements that

enter into "the composition of all living bodies," and of the wonderful effects produced in the structure of living things, by the various combinations of a few simple materials, and the chemical changes they undergo; "and on the influence of the living principle."

In speaking of the blood, we do not exactly comprehend the author's meaning, when he tells us, that "The blood is necessary to life, inasmuch as it supplies to the different organs that, without which life cannot exist—but no farther;" and yet, immediately after, gives the instance of a frog, that lived and crawled an hour after the excision of the heart, "by which time, the vessels must have become empty of blood." Again, he says, "life, in its active state, exists no where, except where there is access to the atmospheric air;" but, if this be true, and we believe it to be so, what possible effect can the air have on an animal, when it has been entirely deprived of the only medium through which the air can have any influence; and may it not be more reasonable to conclude, in the instance adduced, that the blood was never completely exhausted till the animal ceased to exist? It is well known that the animals, instanced by Mr Brodie, are capable of existing for months, and even for years, in a state of torpidity; and hence, may it not appear probable that they are able to carry on a kind of temporary life, after they have been almost entirely drained of blood? The real nature of this most important fluid is, and probably ever will remain, one of the most difficult questions in physiology; and, perhaps, the author may be less clear on the point than usual, from his possessing some different, though indistinct views of the subject, which, in the present imperfect state of the science, he has wisely abstained from producing.

Our limits will not permit us to follow him throughout the whole chain of his admirable reasoning, on the great question of a "particular creation;"—his arguments, in support of it, appear to us to be conclusive, and absolutely unanswerable. It has been asserted by some writers, from what is known of the nature of parasitic animals, and from other instances, "that there is in nature the power of forming the lower orders of living beings by an equivocal

generation," and that "dead matter is, under certain circumstances, capable of hursting into life, where life before did not exist." To these suppositions Mr Brodie offers the following objections: "These same animals, when once called into existence, are endowed with the generative faculty, and bring forth young in the usual manner. Is it probable that the origin of the parents should be different from that of their off-spring? Is it not more reasonable to conclude, that something respecting the production of these minute creatures is concealed from our view, than that they should be produced in a manner entirely contrary to the analogy of what is observed in other beings endowed with life, whose larger size makes them more fit subjects of observation? It is not difficult to believe that their ova may be too small and insignificant to be cognizable to our senses—that they exist where their existence is not suspected; and that it is only when conveyed by accidental circumstances, into a proper nidus, that they give birth to the young animals."—Page 27.

The succeeding twenty pages are chiefly devoted to proving, "that an animal is something more than a mere assemblage of instruments, which are connected and act in concert with each other." We shall not attempt to remark on this part of the lecture, except by stating generally, that for accurate investigation, sound judgment, and perspicuous reasoning, it has rarely been surpassed; while the simplicity of the style, the total absence of all affectation, and the feeling with which the whole is written, throw a charm around it not often possessed by works on similar topics, otherwise containing great intrinsic excellence. Mr Brodie's opinions, on these subjects, form an admirable counterpoise to many prevalent notions of the day, and do no less credit to the soundness of his understanding than to the excellent qualities of his heart. Some objections may possibly be raised to the want of methodical arrangement of his sub-

ject; but, on this point, we shall leave our author to speak for himself.

"We cannot, as in some sciences, set out with what is most simple, and gradually ascend to what is complicated. In considering one set of phenomena, I shall often have occasion to refer to others, which I have not had an opportunity of explaining, and I shall feel it difficult to say all that I would wish to say on these subjects, without supposing my audience to be already possessed of a general information respecting them. This, I am anxious to state in the commencement of the course, as an apology for many things in the subsequent parts of it, which might otherwise be attributed to a want of method, and a careless arrangement."

Towards the close of the Lecture, a warm and just eulogium is pronounced on the deep research and splendid powers of Mr Hunter, who seems to have been the first philosopher who emancipated the science of physiology from the "clumsy mechanical, and chemical notions," under which it had so long laboured. The concluding sentences of the Lecture cannot be too often, nor too seriously reflected on, by those whose business it is to devote their time and abilities to the study not only of surgery, but of its collateral branches, on the attainment of which, so mainly depends the dignity of the profession, and the rank it must hold in society. We suspect, that, in these observations, Mr Brodie writes from the experience of his own professional career; and, if the distinguished situation he holds, at an early age, be the result of the study and persevering course which he has undeviatingly pursued, from the commencement of his public life, we hope it may prove a sufficient stimulus to others of his profession, zealously and vigorously to follow his animating example, in making strenuous endeavours to throw additional lights upon an art, which is of such vital importance to the comfort and happiness of human nature.

## SKETCHES OF VILLAGE CHARACTER.

## No IV.

*The Humours of a Village Fair.*

I ask no inspiration—all I ask  
Is, that the pen pursue the pencil's task,  
O'er village scenes diffuse a living air,  
And paint, Oh Wilkie, thy "Pitlessie Fair."\*

THE dawning day has scarcely scared the night,  
The village slumbers in a doubtful light—  
On frequent dunghill perched the crowing cock,  
'Through morning dreams of happiness has broke,  
Aroused the maid from vision'd scenes of joy,  
And to long wish'd for raptures waked the boy ;  
Already has the "Pig Wife's" early care  
Mark'd out a station, for her crockery ware ;  
'The bustling Packman pinn'd his blanket o'er  
'To screen from sun-beams—or to ward from shower ;  
And huckster dame, with play of tongue and hand,  
Has fix'd the limit for her future stand ;—  
And now arrives the grating waggon slow,  
Big with the wonders of the future show—  
'The dog-defended cart, with merchant ware,  
To claim the custom of the village fair.

" 'Tis twelve o'clock"—and expectation lies—  
In business-looks, and pleasure-beaming eyes ;  
'The "Sweetie-Wife," awaits with apron'd hands,  
And *broad before*, an empty *pouch* expands—  
'Then timely provident of future sale,  
Spreads out her sweeties, and adjusts her scale ;  
Her pastry store in studied order shews,  
'The round in heaps, but all the square in rows.  
At distance keeps the "*Lout*," of longing eye,  
Who seems to covet, what he cannot buy ;  
But spies the "pennied" purchaser at once,  
And kindly bids the *ruffled* "Imp" advance.

The Aunt-imparted penny, Jessic's all,  
Has led her early to a neighbouring stall,  
A stall replete with trumpets, children's joy,  
The bird to chirp, the whistle to annoy—  
'The noisy trumpet—*Grauny's* perfect dread,  
Which weakens all the echoes in her head,  
The lady-doll, with long depending hair,  
The jointed-soldier, with a martial air ;  
Long, long, she halts, in doubt betwixt the two,  
And holds them up alternate to the view :  
The lady's cheeks are red, she smiles so sweetly,  
The "Man-of-war," in scarlet, looks so neatly,  
With string depending to invite the hand,  
Which all his "*feugal*" motions may command.

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\* "Pitlessie Fair,"—the earliest, and in all those graphic excellencies by which the pencil of Wilkie has since been distinguished, perhaps the richest of his future productions,

"The fairest of her Daughters Eve,"

So off he travels in triumphant guise,  
 High raised in air to bless his Jessie's eyes,  
 And strike the passenger with wonder due,  
 And wap his supple leglets in their view.  
 As drives from lurking-place in quest of prey,  
 The villain fox, and rends his prize away—  
 So sudden, and so swiftly to his aim,  
 The hand of Jessie's elder brother came—  
 Surprised the Guards-man in unguarded hour,  
 And stretch'd him far beyond the Owner's power.

Now friend with friend, in jocund rustic guise,  
 Tries many a trick of playful artifice:  
 Sly the approach, and noiseless is the pace,  
 Mute is the tongue, and muter still the face;  
 Slow the advance, as watchful kitten slow,  
 Or *his* who catches birds in time of snow—  
 One hand in air, a hazel "rung" displays,  
 And o'er a neighbour's back the cudgel plays  
 On distant comrade, soon to recognize  
 The author of the jest, with gleesome eyes.

'Tis "two o'clock," the crowded street displays  
 Its motley madness in unnumber'd ways—  
 The country Laird, with brandish'd whip in hand,  
 A passage for his gig can scarce command,  
 And not the Parson, as he shoots along,  
 Can gain a *hat* amidst the driving throng.  
 This flies the trampling of his *honour's* beast,  
 And that avoids, with equal care, the Priest.  
 The lowing cattle, pass amidst the throng,  
 With tossing horns, they fearless drive along,  
 Not mindful they of Maiden's Sunday dress,  
 They squeeze their hairy sides amidst the press:  
 Nor care have they for Serjeant's brandish'd stick,  
 But greet a bastinado with a kick,  
 Or sideling sweep of filth-dispersing tail,  
 Which travels o'er his doublet like a flail.  
 This way—and that, the jostling clusters run,  
 Impell'd by wonderment—and led by fun;  
 Whilst tawdry lasses, arm in arm, repair,  
 With fellow-servants, to obtain their "fair;"  
 And *laps* are out—and portion'd fairings fall,  
 And Watty's half-year's wages pays for all.  
 Anon to public-house, or whisky-shop—  
 By twos, and threes, the lads and lasses drop;  
 The rap is plied—the maid is "coming," still,  
 And loud the outcry—"bring anither gill!"—  
 One damsel, gifted with unwonted sense,  
 Softly reminds her partner of expence—  
 "Damn all expence,"—the maddening lover bawls,  
 And, "fill that stoup again,"—indignant calls.—

"And happy be, the happiest of his kind,"  
 To whose enraptur'd bosom is consign'd  
 The Miller's daughter—Queen, beyond compare,  
 O'er all the rustic beauties of the fair—  
 His be the room where neighbouring gentry dine,  
 And his to *treat* the favour'd *maid* with wine,  
 No cost to grudge—no calculation make—  
 But spend his every sixpence for her sake.

And happier still the village "Widow," who,  
 Last night, the spiggot of a barrel drew—  
 And sees this day, her customers come "*ben*,"  
 A set of sober—drouthy—country men—  
 Determin'd to be drunk—as suits the day—  
 And kindly help the "Widow's" wort away.  
 And 'tis, indeed, a kindly sight to view  
 These crony-friends their sympathies renew—  
 Of recollected feat, revive the tale,  
 Relate the bargain, calculate the sale,  
 O'er dangling tankard, all their senses drown,  
 And wash with frequent pull the whiskey down—  
 The ready hand and ready purse extend—  
 And only, "who shall pay the *last*" contend,  
 Till each half-mutchkin propagate its kind,  
 As who, that has not paid—will be *behind* ?  
 Then hand in hand, and *nose* approaching nose,  
 Sink softly down to silence and repose.

But hark—the Trumpet's voice is clear and loud,  
 And riot rules amidst the rushing crowd—  
 The pyc-bald "Merriman," his station takes,  
 His mouth he lengthens, and his head he shakes ;  
 Heels over head he swiftly shoots away,  
 Then bolts upright in all his droll array.  
 His priest-grey duffle—spiral-taper'd cap—  
 Upon his breech descends with sounding flap.  
 At length comes forth—with solemn look and sage,  
 The long-expected Doctor of the stage ;  
 The whip applied to Merry Andrew's back,  
 He thus in "Bendo"\* phrase begins his clack—

"That box of plaster, as it seems to all—  
 "That little box—I sovereign balsam call.  
 "Does gout afflict you with its fitful throes ?  
 "Do corns, with shooting pains, infest your toes ?  
 "Does wild-fire spread behind your childrens' necks ?  
 "Do bruises fester—or does scurvy vex ?—  
 "Whate'er the depth of your corporeal woe,  
 "This searching balsam deeper still will go.  
 "That powder too—*this* little box within,  
 "Will banish "freckles," and improve the skin,  
 "Redden the lips, make teeth all sound and white,  
 "In spite of tartar, and in nature's spite.—  
 "Do vermin mar your rest,—with sudden start,  
 "Apply this powder to the proper part—  
 "You then may sleep till doomsday, 'tis so killing,  
 "And both the boxes only cost a shilling."

The shilling moves the prison hold within,  
 And scorns the limits of the "Moudy skin.†  
 Fast wrapt in napkin-corner takes its flight—  
 Like meteor shooting o'er the brow o' night.—

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\* Seetruer copy of Lord Rochester's speech when he set up for an Italian mountebank on Tower Hill, under the feigned name of Alexander Bendo.

ROCHESTER'S Works.—1731.

† "Mole-skin," of which the purses of the Scotch peasantry were frequently made ;—It was reckoned lucky to possess one.

Now shoulder'd up, and much averse to stand,  
And bide the jeerings of the "fool's" command,  
A curly-headed cub ascends the stage,  
Destin'd to act the Doctor's humble page!—  
The tickets to distribute—all may see—  
When such the case—collusion cannot be.

Here "Gawky Bess"—a *bretches piece*, has got—  
And "Joering Sandy" boasts—a *petticoat*—  
A waistcoat piece is "Lusty Leezie's" prize—  
"I would make a dicky—had it but been size"—  
And "lucky Geordie" bears the watch away—  
But first must condescend his "*pound to pay*."  
Old Aunty Kate, whose dreams were wont to scare  
Some little jumping gentry, she could spare,  
Black Parthian troops—all silent in attack,  
Who on th' enraged pursuer—turn their back—  
This way and that into detachments sever,  
Yet to repeat th' assault are ready ever!—  
This sober dame had heard, unmoved, untouch'd,  
The all of nonsense which the Doctor preach'd,  
Till raised at last, by promise of repose,  
To purchase future rest—"the *shilling goes*."  
No prize is hers—but what she valued most,  
She has the "*powder*"—this could not be lost—  
And now bethinks her of the remedy—  
How she the box may properly apply—  
Her enemies were sudden in the flight,  
Dark was *their* hue, and sorely fail'd *her* sight,—  
The Doctor is referr'd to.—He replies,—  
"Why catch *them* first, and dash *it* in their eyes."  
"But should I catch—why, can't I kill them too.—"  
"Right," says the Doctor,\* "*either way will do!*"—

Loud rolls the drum amidst the reeling mass,  
As through the crowd recruiting parties pass;  
The Serjeant stalks, a moving man of war,  
His sword, and helmet, figure from afar.  
Behind him march, in scarlet coat array'd,  
The feather'd victims of his bloody trade:  
In tatter'd doublet, to bring up the rear,  
Come raw Recruit—and home-bred Volunteer;  
Arrived at length the village inn before,  
He musters up his followers at the door,  
The deaf'ning *flourish* o'er—he hems—and then  
Attacks the listening mob—in serjeant strain.  
"Is there a lad, whose *Father* is unkind,  
"One who has not a *Master* to his mind—  
"Whose sweetheart has "*begunked*" him—won his heart—  
"Then left him all forlorn to dree the smart?"

---

\* I here allude to "Dr Green," who was very well known some thirty, or thirty-five years ago, all over Scotland, in the capacity of Stage-Doctor. He was a man eminent in his profession, and, in fact, conferred, by the assistance of his fool, or Merry Andrew, who was afterwards his successor, under the designation of "Dr McMill," a certain degree of respectability upon a calling originally none of the most dignified. Some of his jests were indeed coarse—and broad enough in all conscience, but the one I have attempted to instance, was one of the best of them. Whether it arise from any decrease of gullibility in the Scottish peasantry, or from a shifting in the channels of professional ambition, I know not, but the character of "Stage Doctor," is now extinct.—A. D. 1821.

" One lad of spirit, who disdains to toil,  
 " And crawl about, the earth-worm of the soil ;  
 " One who will listen to ambition's call,  
 " And be at length perhaps " a General"—  
 " In coach-and-six, by courtly lady ride,  
 " And dash along, with " Flunkies" at his side—  
 " His be that purse, with twenty yellow guineas ;  
 " And his a bowl of punch might float a " *Pinnace*."

Old " Andrew Gemmel," shakes his tatter'd rage,  
 And hoisting full in view his " mealy bags"—  
 'Cries, " this will never pass—'tis just a ' hum,'  
 For after all, my lads—to this you come."—

E'en Silly Sam—his mother's carly Pet—  
 Who ne'er had dared to aim at courtship yet,  
 The lasses' constant sport, by night, and day,  
 Who laugh'd at all poor " silly Sam" would say,  
 Vex'd him eternally with that or this,  
 And chased him round the hay-stack for a kiss :  
 E'en *he* inspir'd, by Serjeant's brimming bowl,  
 Beneath the ribbon'd hat displays a soul,  
 Plucks up a soldier main, " presents his staff,"—  
 Bursts o'er the loudest, with a hoarser laugh ;  
 Around the waist, infolds each passing dame,  
 And hugs, and smacks, beyond the reach of shame—  
 The Serjeant smiles—to mark his points and size,  
 And calculates the value of his prize.—

And there she goes—the Laird's own lovely daughter,  
 Who long had been a wife, could wealth have bought her  
 But much she loath'd a rotten hulk of age,  
 Nor would with " imbecillity" engage—  
 Her fortune is her own. That rosy glow—  
 That rounded chin—that neck of purest snow—  
 That alabaster breast, where Cupid sleeps,  
 Upon his pillow'd couch of drift'd heaps—  
 That Sheba-lip a Solomon might please—  
 That circling of the eye—" chevaux de frise"  
 Th' embattlement of Love, his fortress sure,  
 Through which his direst shafts he wings secure—  
 That, " *something*" which o'erspreads, sublimes the whole,  
 Surprising, whilst it captivates the soul.  
 These too are *her's* ; and who in all the fair  
 To treat this form of loveliness, may dare ?  
 A knott of country bucks have traced her long,  
 And arm in arm have eyed her through the throng,  
 Have laid a " rump and dozen" on her head,  
 To pay, if farmer " Morrison" succeed.  
 This yeoman bold could measure six feet three,  
 From all peculiarities of look was free,  
 Had heir'd his father's " lease" but six months gone,  
 And in a mourning suit genteelly shone.  
 With whip in hand, and swaggering forward air—  
 " Will" dashes up to supplicate the fair,  
 With him, in public house, " a glass" to share. }  
 He halts at last—turns round—and turns again,  
 Hermetically seal'd his lips remain :—  
 The watchful scoundrels laugh in concert near ;  
 So Will must pay the *smart*—and stand the *jeer* —



With rascal grin, and voice of harshest note,  
 With tatter'd hose—and not less tatter'd coat ;  
 With all the gill, he gulp'd in either eye—  
 Here " Andrew Bishop " *grunts*, his grating cry—  
 Of " Almanack," he bawls, from " Aberdeen"—  
 Or famed " Belfast"—both & new, and truc' I ween.—  
 And still the rustic purchaser to hum,  
 He slyly adds—for " forty years to come."  
 Yet free from challenge, Andrew learns to steer,  
 Prepared to plead, he only meant " the year."

This is the cottage " register"—and shews,  
 How much of future fate, the stars disclose :—  
 Of January's frosts, it boldly tells ;  
 A drifted heap, o'er February swells,—  
 March comes, in black and white alternate shed,  
 And cloudy damps o'er April flowers are spread ;  
 May warm and sunny like an eastern Bride,  
 And June succeeds her in his Bridegroom pride ;  
 Of thunder July speaks, and " sumps" of rain ;  
 And August winds uproot the growing grain ;  
 September struts with equinoxial puff,  
 October either rots, or *inns* the stuff ;  
 November gloomy urges on his speed,  
 December blasts are bitter cold indeed.—

This is the cottage jest-book—stories queer,  
 Arc cornered *in*—to supplement the year ;  
 Odd blackguard sayings, and unhallow'd wit,  
 Which from their very breadth of humour, hit.

Amidst the very onset of the crush,  
 When elbows shoulders—shoulders elbows push—  
 A voice ascends, of female shrilly squall,  
 Commix'd with sailor's hoarse and husky bawl ;  
 And long and direful is the ballad tale,  
 Of foundering ship, and still encroaching gale—  
 Of lightning's lurid glare, with night combined—  
 Of shipwrecked mariner, all scathed and blind.  
 The ditty sells apace, as Jock or Jenny  
 Retire behind, to finger out the penny.

A dress of rags, with manners wild and crazy ;  
 Song, shout, and dance, 'tis harmless " Maggy Cazy."  
 But deem not Maggy will abide to hear  
 That hated nick-name sounded in her ear.  
 Macdonald is her name, she loves to tell,  
 And sends the " Cazy" shouting mob to hell.  
 She is the queen of Boys—around they come—  
 She deals her threats to all, her blows to some ;  
 Blows, as they seem, of murderous intent,  
 But all in deadly demonstration spent.  
 She gathers up a stone, and, high in air,  
 She meditates the throw, the mob to scare.  
 Away they scud, some luckless Imp remains  
 Within her reach, from fall or anole sprains.  
 The merry-hearted maniac rushes by,  
 And leaves him, in his panting fears, to ly.

She is the farmer's guest, nor will she stand  
 With cross-grained Menial to dispute command.  
 The kitchen is her home, her hall, her pride.

Her *Empire* is the farmer's ingle side.  
 And bold is she who may resist her claim,  
 To cool the boiling pot, or beat the flame,  
 To scold the children, with unmeaning ire,  
 And dance her madrigals around the fire.

The canny country laird, whose parlour bein,  
 Supplies from corner press a tass of gin,  
 He is her Surgeon, and he knows to heal,  
 What else were past the reach of human skill :  
 He is her Lawyer, and he can pursue,  
 To horn,—and caption put the Devils bluc.  
 He is her ghostly father—can console  
 The deepest, inmost sorrows, of her soul.

And there she goes, all bounding on the leap ;  
 “ Hop-step-and-jump ”—her feet a cadence keep,  
 To thumbs, like castanets, all hard and dry,  
 That snap their music in each passing eye.

Her story is a trite one, nothing new.  
 Her lover proved like other lovers, *true*—  
 True to the one thing needful—all's a dream :  
 But yet at times, amidst a phrenzied scream,  
 She meets him in her path way—names his name—  
 And rates him with her infamy and shame.

That well-known squeaking voice, these frequent gingles,  
 Bespeak the Ass and follower, “ Robin Pringle's.” \*  
 No tinker *he*, with brown Egyptian cheek—  
 Of pot, or caldron, kettle clout, to speak.  
 No gipsy *Ans* is she, of thieving race,  
 Cadging unchristen'd Brats from place to place,  
 But o'er the country wide, the brute may pass,  
 For no one will molest poor Robin's ass.  
 And Robin sells his ready tin made ware,  
 At country steddin', and at “ village fair.”  
 “ You want a † pingle, lassie, weel and guid—  
 “ 'Tis thretty pennies ” ‡—pit it whar it stood !  
 “ Let it abee. I never saw sic fike  
 “ About a pingle—tak' it gin ye like—  
 “ Or gin ye dinna like it, ye can let it ly :  
 “ Ye seem inclined to *steal* 'em, rather than to buy !”

“ Run, Robby Dawson, run with all thy might.  
 “ Saw ever mortal eyes so strange a sight !  
 “ A creature, as I live, upon a pole,  
 “ With long and hairy arms, and visage droll. •  
 “ It nods, it grins, it spreads its little hands,  
 “ Alike on *four*, or only two it stands.  
 “ A monkey this ! I vow—and I declare,  
 “ There's nothing so diverting in the fair !”

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\* “ Robin Pringle's.” His name was “ Wightman ;” but as is customary in the country, he was saddled with a *professional* appellation. We say “ Νεφεληνεπτα χεως ”—and why not “ Robin Pringle's.”

† A small tin-made goblet, used in Scotland for preparing children's food.

‡ Two-pence halfpenny British.

Now, Robby Dawson, with his cousin Jean,  
 Of magic art the wonted feats have seen.  
 The shilling, mark'd, at Conjuror's command,  
 Become a guinea, in the open'd hand.  
 Again, the guinea,—what amazing skill!—  
 Commute its form, and there's a shilling still:  
 Each ready card, by artful hand arranged,  
 To any card amongst the number changed.  
 Has seen the pancakes smoking in his hat—  
 He surely could not be deceived in *that*;  
 And full fledg'd fowls from broken eggs arise,  
 To flap their wings before the gazer's eyes;  
 Till Jean, amaz'd, in terror whispers Bob,  
 The *Diel* must have a finger in the job.

Heard you these accents, joyous, loud, and clear—  
 These frequent jests bespeak the "Auctioneer."  
 Upon a cart he takes his wonted stand,  
 The magic yard-wand waving in his hand,  
 "A-going, still," his arm is raised on high,  
 He hangs the signal in the bidder's eye—  
 Once, twice, he calls—the cheapen'd piece he shews,  
 Now thrice he thunders, and away it goes.  
 Along his thumb-ball, Will his pen-knife tries,  
 And *breathes*, to see how fast the metal dries,  
 Whilst Betty thrusts her fingers through a flaw,  
 And finds, too late, the piece not worth a straw.

Squeak, squall, and grunt—the devil sure is near—  
 They *have* him *there*—and now they *have* him *here*.  
 The "hue and cry" is rais'd amidst the throng,  
 As through their deepen'd ranks he drives along:  
 One grasps his tail, and by the pendant *lugs*,  
 Hangs a whole bevy of the village dogs.  
 Back, back, he speeds, and in his headlong plight,  
 O'er plates and pottingers maintains his flight.  
 Smash go the stands—the cups in pieces fly—  
 Whilst Hucksters curse, and ruin'd Pig-wives cry.  
 The madden'd crowd, like cavern'd wave is toss'd,  
 All central power of gravitation lost!  
 This way and that, in fitful swing they heel,  
 And over booths, in broken fragments reel—  
 While sacks of apples strew the trodden street,  
 And scatter'd sweet-meats crumble under feet.  
 How long had lasted this unseemly fray,  
 Upon the Muse's troth, I cannot say—  
 Had not the Sutor's hand, which might not fail,  
 Stuck like a burdock to the "devil's" tail.

Apart, retired from all these dire alarms,  
 Old "Rowly Powly," each adventurer arms.  
 'Tis but a penny, and you have your throw;  
 Whilst two-pence hangs on every winning blow.  
 With greasy whip across his shoulders tied,  
 Black carter Jock his rustic skill has tried,  
 The cudgel balanced, in his better hand,  
 And swung it fruitless o'er the scatter'd sand;  
 Anon, the Sutor tucks his apron by—  
 Levels the play-stick, with prophetic eye,

Drive at the "pins," the spinning weapon swings,  
Full on the Tailor's shins the cudgel rings,  
Who, ill prepared this rude assault to meet,  
Effects, in caper droll, his swift retreat.

Upon that wide extended canvass sheet,  
What natures shew, what various climates meet.  
Millenium state, in ancient song foretold,  
When "*mild*" communion with the "*fierce*" should hold,  
And creatures of all aspects should agree,  
To spend their days in peace and jollity,  
The lion and the jackall should consort,  
The bear and monkey join in harmless sport,  
The eagle with the jackdaw build his nest,  
And kites, with chattering magpies sink to rest.  
Here Robby Dawson is again arrested,  
And long with cousin Jean th'affair's contested :—  
"There might be danger, and there must be money ;  
"A groat's a groat—those Tygers are uncanny ;  
"And that half-human face, with eyes so glaring,  
"Of man or woman's flesh would not be sparing.  
This prologue past—ascends the ladder stair,  
This unassured, and all but trembling pair.  
The double groat a ready entrance shews ;  
So down the inner-side the couple goes ;  
But fear is fear, whate'er the "*Stoic*" mean ;  
And Rob had scarcely time to rally Jean,  
When in the keeper stalks, with lengthen'd pole,  
And eyes with whisky burning like a coal ;  
"This tyger from Bengal, (he is a male)  
"Can shew you *sixteen* feet from snout to tail ;  
"When stirr'd up with the pole, and turn'd about,  
"He measurs *eighteen* full from tail to snout !  
"There is no danger, madam, do not fly—  
"He cannot eat you, can he ? with his eye.  
"This is the lion, madam—hear him roar—  
"Nay, do not start, he cannot burst the door ;  
"Though fierce in aspect, and though strong in paws,  
"You soon shall sec my head within his jaws.  
"The elephant, within that cage abides—  
"That brute, on which the eastern Indian rides—  
"He knows his master—stoops to let him on—  
"Laments his death, with many a piteous moan—  
"That there long snout, the Emperor of noses,  
"That rope of twisted skin, *we* term *probosies* ;  
"With this he can perform all human work—  
"Cut with a knife, or figure with a fork,  
"Can lift a sixpence, if you please to try him,  
"(You need not fear, a child may venture nigh him),  
"Down on your knees, 'good Delchi,' learn to pray,  
"Whate'er the wise may write \* or fools may say."  
Thus, round the ark, our "*Noah*" press'd along,  
His various "*beasts and beastesses among*"—  
Shew'd the opossum, with her kennell'd young,  
All from her under parts, in wallets hung :—  
The naked ostrich, stalking in her cage,—  
The stern hyæna, ever in a rage,—

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\* It was long a received opinion, that the elephant and the elk had no knee joints, and therefore slept in a standing position leaning against a tree, which, being previously cut almost through, often occasioned, by its sudden fall, their capture.

The monkey tribe, all mimic mirth and chatter—  
The Greenland bear, delighting still in water—  
With more of lesser craft, than fits to say,  
In this our free and easy off-hand way.

The Pig-wives outspread ware, of every hue—  
Pots, plates, and tea-cups, yellow, white, and blue—  
Some bottom'd in each other, tower on high,  
And some in separate exhibition ly—  
Those gilt around the edge, in view remain ;  
And these are cased in straw—" *but these are plain.*"  
Around this gay temptation, wives are priggig ;  
And even maidens go sometimes " a priggig."  
" This bowl for half the price must needs be given—  
" A dish which will not ring, of course, is riven.  
" From these the edging is rubb'd off, you see.  
" The rest were sold at *four*, they're yours at *three*."  
Thus prig and lie, alternate wife and dame,  
Without or sense of honesty or shame.

But *stoups* are needed, *tubs*, and *pails*, and *knuaps*,  
For all the old are "*grisand*" into staps ;  
So to supply this wooden waste, at hand,  
The Cooper piles the treasures of his stand.  
" Yet who would purchase wood so very new,  
" This bottom here is fairly knotted through—  
" This wants an iron hoop around the lip,  
" The fast'ning here will manifestly slip.  
" 'Tis strange the good old fashion should have fled.  
" When double-girded '*possing tubs*' were made."

And children must be shoed, the old gudeman  
Deems shoes in summer an unhealthy plan,  
But still, as winter comes, with prudent care,  
He makes his purchase at the "*Rudesmas*" fair.  
Arrested brats, around their Grandsire kneel,  
Who takes their measurement, from toe to heel ;  
The "*met-stick*" pair'd away to suit the size,  
He bids, at length, th' impatient captives rise,  
And wait his coming, from to-morrow's fair,  
When each barefooted imp shall have " a pair."  
Along the market sped, he lingers long,  
The lesser and the larger "*pairs*" among—  
Inserts his measurement in many a shoe,  
Which will perchance—perchance which will not do—  
Bends back the soles, in testy tradesman's sight,  
And sees if all the inner seams be tight—  
Then, at the lowest farthing stands and stares—  
The present prices, with the past, compares,  
His money clinks before the Seller's eyes,  
And asks, at each advance, "*will that suffice ?*"  
Then bundles up his purchase in a bag,  
And lays it o'er the shoulders of his Nag.

And now the farmer fees his harvest band,  
With ready *arles* crossing many a hand ;  
The sweet-meats circulate with better will,  
And *Huckster Maggy* coifs her dinner gill.  
The boyish mouth with London candy reeks,  
And gingerbread sits painted on his cheeks ;  
And dogs run masterless amidst the crowd,  
And speak, with many a howl, their loss aloud

But evening comes, at last, array'd in blue ;  
 And of their home, reminds the sober few,  
 Full on the husband's fancy paints the wife,  
 In all the kindliness of wedded life—  
 The mother recollects her infant band,  
 And stores her pocket from the neighbouring stand.

Along that hedgeway row, the sparrows hop,  
 And pannier'd Asses here the thistles crop ;  
 The road is narrow, and enclosed with care,  
 So to this well known *pass* the boys repair—  
 'This market eve, the rogues escap'd from task,  
*Here* take their stand, the "market fair" to ask.

And first a douce old Grauny heaves in sight—  
 The sail long doubtful, in the dubious light,  
 But ever as she nears, with motion slow,  
 Her "pocket-magazine" begins to show.  
 A "prize a-head," each knowing urchin cries—  
 "And to the water loaded," each replies.  
 And now—nor entreaty, nor threats succeed—  
 'Tis theirs to rifle, whilst 'tis hers to plead.

A brace of lovers next advancing, seem  
 One broad two-headed monster in the gleam.  
 But safer far, the prudent Pirates know,  
 To let this love-cemented couple go.

Now shooting on, now cutting short his pace—  
 Maintaining still, from side to side, a race—  
 Now pulling up into a "hiccup" sudden—  
 Then dashing forward, all his length the mud in,  
 Cursing, in broken syllables, his hap—  
 Then 'gainst the sloethorn hedgeway falling slap,  
 Advances *one* in all the pride of folly—  
 Who is, himself allows, a *little jolly*—  
 But murmurs still, at each succeeding fall,  
 "*I can't be drunk—I had no drink at all.*"  
 The laugh is loud, amidst the giggling throng,  
 As through their ranks he swings and tides along,  
 With ready staff, lets drive at urchin near,  
 Receiving still the payment on his rear.

And "Crombie" next all rope direction scorns,  
 But tosses up her way with bridled horns.  
 No Ffish runt—she scorns with "Jock" to plead—  
 But shews at every pull "the Ayrshire breed ;"  
 Contests the onward line, at each advance,  
 And leads her leader many an idle dance.  
 No season *this* to plead for market fair—  
 So 'tis resolv'd the struggling brute to scare.

"The Auld Guidman!" resounds from side to side.  
 The Auld Guidman can scarce his "Maggy" ride—  
 But nods, and veers, and rights anew, and then  
 Applies the spurless heel with might and main—  
 Grasps at the bag, well strutted out with shocs,  
 Discussing to himself "the market news."  
 Then rhyming o'er some catch, or Scottish glee—  
 "For Auld Lang Syne," or "Sandy o'er the Lea."

He may not, can not, ~~does~~ not, strive to speed,  
 Without producing *toll* in gingerbread—  
 'Then, midst a storm of blessing, jogs along,  
 Pursuing still the burden of his song.

But tolls are frequent on the turnpike way,  
 And riders ~~sure~~ must halt the toll to pay—  
 And Drovers, too, come up with lots of cattle—  
*Here* all the riff-raff of the market settle—  
 'Then wouldst thou count our vices by the score—  
 I pray thee enter that "toll-licensed" door,  
 There shalt thou learn, with higher aim to sin,  
 Whilst darkness rules *without*, and drink *within*.  
 Around that board, where brute confusion reigns,  
 Clothed in the drapery of unnumber'd stains,  
 Where filth sits lumbering on each broken plate,  
 Holding, 'midst fragments foul, her throne of state,  
 Where glasses footless need the propping hand,  
 Or midst the spreading streams forget to stand,  
 Behold the faces, which upon thee glare,  
 Where vice seems furrow'd to extreme despair,  
 Those eyes that lightening with the ebbing howl  
 Betray the inward darkness of the soul,  
 As sudden gleams of heaven's vengeful light  
 Reveal the closing horrors of the night.

Heard'st thou that rush of long protracted sound,  
 Which startled all the horse and cattle round—  
 'That roar of laughter spoke the jest profane,  
 And vollied oath, most horrible to name—  
*There* fell some maiden's reputation low,  
 And there the murderer gloried in the blow.  
*There* worldly wisemen sold the damaged beast  
 Esteeming faith and sober truth a jest.  
 With horrid grin, and meaning shrug express'd.  
 'There boasted Vulcan of his *feather'd nest*—  
 And there the Carter took th'acustom'd load  
 But wisely lighten'd "Bessy" by the road.

Anon the power of each successive glass,  
 Makes each man's individual power the less—  
 They nod, they reel, they slowly heel around,  
 The table strike, or beat upon the ground—  
 Upright they bolt, in menacing array—  
 Then quickly sink on yielding joints away.  
 One holds his neighbour by the collar'd coat,  
 Another grasps him rudely by the throat:  
 Of all expence, one calculates his share—  
 Another fairly tumbles from his chair,  
 In damn, and curse, and devil, soul, and hell,  
 His very last articulations fell!

Bring me an Almanack, and let me count,  
 Of "Scottish fairs" the full and just amount.  
 'Tis a lengthen'd record, black with sin—  
 Here, take the book, 'twere folly to begin!

JUVENALIS JUNIOR.

## KENILWORTH.\*

KENILWORTH is remarkable for an uncommon unity in the design, and for the close relation of all the characters to one story; so that the interest is, from beginning to end, dependant upon the same train of events. In the art and beauty of the composition, it is evidently superior to most of those novels which have come before it from the same pen. But its merits are like those of a dramatic piece, and it contains none of the poetry of the heart communing with nature. Thus the same mind, which at first listens to the voice of poetry in the indefinite sound of the elements, and, by sympathy, almost feels what is their internal being, may afterwards turn to consider the intellectual relations of external appearances, and actuated by the spirit of art, may produce compositions having the merit of fine arrangement, beautiful progression, and the display of opposed causes and powers, and though colder in relation to sympathy, more gratifying to intellect and to contemplative taste. But, although the story of Kenilworth has nothing very pathetic or profoundly natural, it is very far from being cold in the interest. In many parts the reader is hurried impetuously along. The predominating interest is that of elevated chivalrous feeling, and the anxieties of ambition. This novel is full of the pomp of courtly state, and of hopes and fears depending upon personal favour; and never did a more able hand represent those fine shades of behaviour and of politic management, upon which the losing or winning of favour depends. Of all the historical characters which have been represented by the same author, Elizabeth is probably the one whose portrait has been most felicitously executed. The undertaking was a bold one; but its success is undeniable, and is already acknowledged by the public. And, in the sketches of other remarkable persons who then adorned her court, the same happy freedom of delineation appears.

The Earl of Leicester, the then favourite of Elizabeth, and also personally beloved by her, is the hero of the tale. At the time that he stood highest

in the esteem of his royal mistress, his affections had wandered elsewhere. The object of his love was Amy Robsart, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart. But, on account of the situation in which Leicester then stood with regard to Queen Elizabeth, he is unable openly to come forward as the suitor of Amy Robsart. He therefore employs a confidential person, Richard Varney, one of his retainers, to appear in the affair, and to carry off Amy from her father's house. She is conveyed to Cumnor-Hall, a secluded manor-house, inhabited by a dependant of Leicester, and is there privately married to him. Leicester frequently visits her, and she often importunes him to acknowledge her publicly as his countess, that the minds of her kinsmen might be satisfied, as they had supposed her to have been seduced by Varney. Tressilian, a former lover of Amy, sets out in quest of her; and, discovering by a certain train of circumstances that she is secluded in Cumnor-Hall, he finds means to see her there, but without discovering that Leicester has any thing to do with her situation. In returning, he meets Varney and they combat, but are interrupted and separated; and Tressilian resolves to go to London, and appeal to Elizabeth for redress to Amy Robsart's kindred, against Varney, for having acted dishonourably to the daughter of a noble family. After the reader has been made acquainted with these things, the narrative proceeds to describe a visit of Leicester to his lady at Cumnor-Hall.

"There was some little displeasure and confusion on the Countess's brow, owing to her struggle with Varney's pertinacity; but it was exchanged for an expression of the purest joy and affection, as she threw herself into the arms of the noble stranger who entered, and clasping him to her bosom, exclaimed, "At length—at length thou art come!"

"Varney discreetly withdrew as his lord entered, and Janet was about to do the same, when her mistress signed to her to remain. She took her place at the farther end of the apartment, and remained standing, as if ready for attendance.

"Meanwhile, the Earl, for he was of no inferior rank, returned his lady's caress with

\* A Romance; by the author of "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. Archibald Constable and Co. and John Ballantyne, Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London.



the most affectionate ardour, but affected to resist when she strove to take his cloak from him.

" 'Nay,' she said, 'but I will unmantle you—I must see if you have kept your word to me, and come as the great Earl men call thee, and not as heretofore like a private cavalier.'

" 'Thou art like the rest of the world, Amy,' said the Earl, suffering her to prevail in the playful contest; 'the jewels, and feathers, and silk, are more to them than the man whom they adorn—many a poor blade looks gay in a velvet scabbard.'

" 'But so cannot men say of thee, thou noble Earl,' said his lady, as the cloak dropped on the floor, and shewed him dressed as princes when they ride abroad; 'thou art the good and well-tried steel, whose only worth deserves, yet disdains, its outward ornaments. Do not think Amy can love thee better in this glorious garb, than she did when she gave her heart to him who wore the russet brown cloak in the woods of Devon.'

" 'And thou too,' said the Earl, as gracefully and majestically he led his beautiful Countess toward the chair of state which was prepared for them both.—'thou too, my love, hast donned a dress which becomes thy rank, though it cannot improve thy beauty. What think'st thou of our court taste?'

" 'The lady cast a sidelong glance upon the great mirror as they passed it by, and then said, 'I know not how it is, but I think not of my own person, while I look at the reflection of thine. Sit thou there,' she said, as they approached the chair of state, 'like a thing for men to worship and to wonder at.'

" 'Ay, love,' said the Earl, 'if thou wilt share my state with me.'

" 'Not so,' said the Countess; 'I will sit on this footstool at thy feet, that I may spell over thy splendour, and learn, for the first time, how princes are attired.'

" 'And with a childish wonder, which her youth and rustic education rendered not only excusable but becoming, mixed as it was with a delicate shew of the most tender conjugal affection, she examined and admired from head to foot the noble form and princely attire of him, who formed the proudest ornament of the court of England's Maiden Queen, renowned as it was for splendid courtiers, as well as for wise counsellors. Regarding affectionately his lovely bride, and gratified by her unrepressed admiration, the dark eye and noble features of the Earl expressed passions more gentle than the commanding and aspiring look, which usually sate upon his broad forehead, and in the piercing brilliancy of his dark eye, and he smiled at the simplicity which dictated the questions she put to him concerning the various ornaments with which he was decorated.

" 'The embroidered strap, as thou call-

est it, around my knee,' he said, 'is the English Garter, an ornament which kings are proud to wear. See, here is the star which belongs to it, and here the Diamond George, the jewel of the Order. You have heard how King Edward and the Countess of Salisbury'

" 'O, I know all that tale,' said the Countess, slightly blushing, 'and how a lady's garter became the proudest badge of English chivalry.'

" 'Even so,' said the Earl; 'and this most honourable Order I had the good hap to receive at the same time with three most noble associates, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Northampton, and the Earl of Rutland. I was the lowest of the four in rank—but what then?—he that climbs a ladder must begin at the first round.'

" 'But this other fair collar, so richly wrought, with some jewel like a sheep hung by the middle attached to it, what,' said the young Countess, 'does that emblem signify?'

" 'This collar,' said the Earl, 'with its double fusilles interchanged with these knobs, which are supposed to present flintstones, sparkling with fire, and sustaining the jewel you inquire about, is the badge of the noble Order of the Golden Fleece, once appertaining to the House of Burgundy. It hath high privileges, my Amy, belonging to it, this most noble Order; for even the King of Spain himself, who hath now succeeded to the honours and demesnes of Burgundy, may not sit in judgment upon a Knight of the Golden Fleece, unless by assistance and consent of the Great Chapter of the Order.'

" 'And is this an Order belonging to the cruel King of Spain?' said the Countess. 'Alas! my noble lord, that you will defile your noble English breast by bearing such an emblem! Bethink you of the most unhappy Queen Mary's days, when this same Philip held sway with her in England, and of the piles which were built for our noblest, and our wisest, and our most truly sanctified prelates and divines—And will you, whom men call the standard-bearer of the true Protestant faith, be contented to wear the emblem and mark of such a Romish tyrant as he of Spain?'

" 'O, content you, my love,' answered the Earl; 'we who spread our sails to gales of court-favour, cannot always display the ensigns we love the best, or at all times refuse sailing under colours which we like not. Believe me, I am not the less good Protestant, that for policy I must accept the honour offered me by Spain, in admitting me to this his highest order of knighthood. Besides, it belongs properly to Flanders; and Egmont, Orange, and others, have pride in seeing it displayed on an English bosom.'

" 'Nay, my lord, you know your own path best,' replied the Countess.—'And this

other collar, to what country does this fair jewel belong ?

" ' To a very poor one, my love,' replied the Earl ; ' this is the Order of Saint Andrew, revived by the last James of Scotland. It was bestowed on me when it was thought the young widow of France and Scotland would gladly have wedded an English baron ; but a free coronet of England is worth a crown matrimonial held at the honour of a woman, and owning only the poor rocks and bogs of the north.'

" The Countess paused, as if what he last said had excited some painful, but interesting train of thought ; and, as she still remained silent, the Earl proceeded.

" ' And now, loveliest, your wish is gratified, and you have seen your vassal in such of his trim array as accords with riding vestments ; for robes of state and coronets are only for princely halls.'

" ' Well, then,' said the Countess, ' my gratified wish has, as usual, given rise to a new one.'

" ' And what is it thou can'st ask that I can deny ?' said the fond husband.

" ' I wished to see my Earl visit this obscure and secret bower,' said the Countess, ' in all his princely array ; and now, methinks, I long to sit in one of his princely halls, and see him enter dressed in sober russet, as when he won poor Amy Robsart's heart.'

" ' That is a wish easily granted,' said the Earl—' the sober russet shall be donned to-morrow, if you will.'

" ' But shall I,' said the lady, ' go with you to one of your castles, to see how the richness of your dwelling will correspond with your peasant habit ?'

" ' Why, Amy,' said the Earl, looking around, ' are not these apartments decorated with sufficient splendour ? I gave the most unbounded order, and, methinks, it has been indifferently well obeyed—but if thou canst tell me aught which remains to be done, I will instantly give direction.'

" ' Nay, my lord, now you mock me,' replied the Countess ; ' the gaiety of this rich lodging exceeds my imagination as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love—at least one day soon—be surrounded with the honour, which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor from the silks and jewels with which your generosity adorns her, but which is attached to her place among the matronage, as the avowed wife of England's noblest Earl ?'

" ' One day ?' said her husband, '—Yes, Amy, my love, one day this shall surely happen : and, believe me, thou canst not wish for that day more fondly than I. With what rapture could I retire from labours of state, and cares and toils of ambition, to spend my life in dignity and honour on my own broad domains, with thee, my lovely Amy, for my friend and companion ! But, Amy,

this cannot yet be ; and these dear but stolen interviews, are all I can give to the loveliest and the best beloved of her sex.'

" ' But *why* can it not be ?' urged the Countess, in the softest tones of persuasion, '—why can it not immediately take place—this more-perfect, this uninterrupted union, for which you say you wish, and which the laws of God and man alike command ?—Ah ! did you but desire it half so much as you say, mighty and favoured as you are, who, or what, should bar your attaining your wish ?'

" The Earl's brow was overcast.

" ' Amy,' he said, ' you speak of what you understand not. We that toil in courts are like those who climb a mountain of loose sand—we dare make no halt until some projecting rock afford us a secure stance and resting place—if we pause sooner, we slide down by our own weight, an object of universal derision. I stand high, but I stand not secure enough to follow my own inclination. To declare my marriage, were to be the artificer of my own ruin. But, believe me, I will reach a point, and that speedily, when I can do justice to thee and to myself. Meantime, poison not the bliss of the present moment, by desiring that which cannot at present be. Let me rather know whether all here is managed to thy liking. How does Foster bear himself to you ?—in all things respectful I trust, else the fellow shall dearly rue it.'

" ' He reminds me sometimes of the necessity of this privacy,' answered the lady with a sigh ; ' but that is reminding me of your wishes, and therefore I am rather bound to him than disposed to blame him for it.'

" ' I have told you the stern necessity which is upon us,' replied the Earl. ' Foster is, I note, somewhat sullen of mood, but Varney warrants to me his fidelity and devotion to my service. If thou hast aught, however, to complain of the mode in which he discharges his duty, he shall abye it.'

" ' O, I have nought to complain of,' answered the lady, ' so he discharges his task with fidelity to you ; and his daughter Janet is the kindest and best companion of my solitude—her little air of precision sits so well upon her.'

" ' Is she indeed ?' said the Earl ; ' she who gives you pleasure, must not pass unrewarded—Come hither, damsel.'

" ' Janet,' said the lady, ' come hither to my lord.'

" Janet, who, as we already noticed, had discreetly retired to some distance, that her presence might be no check upon the private conversation of her lord and lady, now came forward ; and as she made her reverential courtesy, the Earl could not help smiling at the contrast which the extreme simplicity of her dress, and the prim demureness of her looks made, with a very pretty countenance and a pair of black eyes,

that laughed in spite of their mistress's desire to look grave.

" 'I am bound to you, pretty damsel,' said the Earl, 'for the contentment which your service hath given to this lady.' As he said this, he took from his finger a ring of some price, and offered it to Janet Foster, adding, 'Wear this, for her sake and for mine.'

" 'I am well pleased, my lord,' answered Janet, demurely, 'that my poor service hath gratified my lady, whom no one can draw high to without desiring to please; but we of the precious Mr Holdforth's congregation, seek not, like the gay daughters of this world, to twine gold around our fingers, or wear stones upon our necks, like the vain women of Tyre and of Sidon.'

" 'O, what! you are a grave professor of the precise sisterhood, pretty Mrs Janet,' said the Earl, 'and I think your father is of the same congregation in sincerity. I like you both the better for it; for I have been prayed for, and wished well to in your congregations. And you may the better afford the lack of ornament, Mrs Janet, because your fingers are slender, and your neck white. But here is what neither papist nor puritan, latitudinarian nor precisian, ever boggles or makes mouths at. E'en take it, my girl, and employ it as you list.'

" So saying, he put into her hand five broad gold pieces of Philip and Mary.

" 'I would not accept this gold neither,' said Janet, 'but that I hope to find a use for it, will bring a blessing on us all.'

" 'Even please thyself, pretty Janet,' said the Earl, 'and I will be well satisfied—And I pray thee let them hasten the evening collation.'

" 'I have bidden Master Varney and Master Foster to sup with us, my lord,' said the Countess, as Janet retired to obey the Earl's commands, 'has it your approbation?'

" 'What you do ever must have so, my sweet Amy,' replied her husband; 'and I am the better pleased thou hast done them this grace, because Richard Varney is my sworn man, and a close brother of my secret council; and for the present, I must needs repose much trust in this Anthony Foster.'

" 'I had a boon to beg of thee, and a secret to tell thee, my dear lord,' said the Countess with a faltering accent.

" 'And both be for to-morrow, my love,' replied the Earl. 'I see they open the folding doors into the banquetting parlour, and as I have ridden far and fast, a cup of wine will not be unacceptable.'

" So saying, he led his lovely wife into the next apartment, where Varney and Foster received them with the deepest reverences, which the first paid after the fashion of the court, and the second after that of the congregation. The Earl returned their saluta-

tion with the negligent courtesy of one long used to such homage; while the Countess repaid it with a punctilious solicitude, which shewed it was not quite so familiar to her.

" The banquet, at which the company seated themselves, corresponded in magnificence with the splendour of the apartment in which it was served up, but no domestic gave his attendance. Janet alone stood ready to wait upon the company; and, indeed, the board was so well supplied with all that could be desired, that little or no assistance was necessary. The Earl and his lady occupied the upper end of the table, and Varney and Foster sat beneath the salt, as was the custom with inferiors. The latter, overawed perhaps by society to which he was altogether unused, did not utter a single syllable during the repast; while Varney, with great tact and discernment, sustained just so much of the conversation, as, without the appearance of intrusion on his part, prevented it from languishing, and maintained the good humour of the Earl at the highest pitch. This man was indeed highly qualified by nature to discharge the part in which he found himself placed, being discreet and cautious on the one hand, and on the other, quick, keen-witted, and imaginative; so that even the Countess, prejudiced as she was against him on many accounts, felt and enjoyed his powers of conversation, and was more disposed than she had ever hitherto found herself, to join in the praises which the Earl lavished on his favourite. The hour of rest at length arrived, the Earl and Countess retired to their apartment, and all was silent in the castle for the rest of the night."

Next morning Leicester departed, and returns to London. The scene afterwards changes to London, and to the household of Sussex, the rival of Leicester, in influence with Elizabeth, and then struggling, by every means, to supplant him. Walter Raleigh, afterwards knighted by Elizabeth, is one of his retainers, and is represented as a spirited and thoughtless gallant. There is reason to believe that the portrait given of him in this novel, is thoroughly imbued with the spirit and manners of these times. The whole of the scenes laid in London are full of gay lustre, and of courtly gallantry, as appearing under the reign of a female. The turns of the language attributed to the speakers, are completely in character, and carry the mind back to these times, with a power of delusion that has never been equalled. One of the characters is an impostor, practising the arts of alchemy and astrology; for

the love of these sciences was then at its height.

Among other things of that period, there is the petition of the proprietor of a place for baiting bears, complaining that his exhibition was deserted by the public, who were all drawn away by the charm of the rising drama, which was then spreading forth its new-born attractions, and filling the bear-baiter with dismay, lest his rougher pastime should fall into neglect. The Queen, however, on hearing Walter Raleigh recite the celebrated lines about "the fair vestal throned in the west," drops the bear-baiter's petition into the Thames. Elizabeth finding that both Sussex and Leicester have their houses in London filled with armed retainers, ready for strife and bloodshed, resolves to call them both into her presence, and force them into a sort of external appearance of reconciliation, which would help to prevent broils. They accordingly attend in her presence chamber. On this occasion, also, Tressilian appears in the train of Sussex, to accuse Varney before the Queen. This scene is a masterpiece of composition, picturesque in reference to the imagination, enchainning the mind with artful suspense of curiosity; and, at the same time, shewing the character of Elizabeth, both as feminine and royal. A certain fine fluctuation of interest pervades the duration of the interview. Varney, who appears along with Leicester, takes upon him the culpability of having carried off Amy Robsart from her kindred, and even acknowledges that he is married to her. By this means Leicester is sheltered from the anger of Elizabeth, who announces to him, that presently, in making a summer's Progress through her dominions, she will be his guest at his castle of Kenilworth; and, at the same time, intimates her pleasure that Sussex be invited, in token of the amity established between the two noblemen. Thither she also commands Varney to bring his wife, that she may be produced before her. After their return from court, this order occasions many anxious consultations between Leicester and Varney.

'Elizabeth will not be satisfied without her presence,' said the Earl; 'whether any suspicion hath entered her mind, as my own apprehensions suggest, or whether the petition of Tressilian is kept in her memory by Sussex, or some other secret enemy, I know

not; but amongst all the favourable expressions which she uses to me, she often recurs to the story of Amy Robsart. I think that Amy is the slave in the chariot, who is placed there by my evil fortune to dash and to confound my triumph, even when at the highest. Shew me thy device, Varney, for solving the inextricable difficulty. I have thrown every such impediment in the way of these accursed revels, as I could propound even with a shade of decency, but to-day's interview has put all to the hazard. She said to me kindly, but peremptorily, 'We will give you no farther time for preparations, my lord, lest you should altogether ruin yourself. On Saturday, the 9th of July, we will be with you at Kenilworth.—We pray you to forget none of our appointed guests and suitors, and in especial this light-o'-love, Amy Robsart. We would wish to see the woman who could postpone yonder poetical gentleman, Master Tressilian, to your man, Richard Varney.'—Now, Varney, ply thine invention, whose forge hath availed us so often; for sure as my name is Dudley, the danger menaced by my horoscope is now darkening around me.'

"Can my lady be by no means persuaded to bear for a brief space the obscure character which circumstances impose on her?" said Varney, after some hesitation.

"How, sirrah! my Countess term herself *thy* wife!—that may neither stand with my honour nor with her's."

"Alas! my lord," answered Varney, "and yet such is the quality in which Elizabeth now holds her; and to contradict this opinion is to discover all."

"Think of something else, Varney," said the Earl, in great agitation; "this invention is naught.—If I could give way to it, she would not; for I tell thee, Varney, if thou know'st it not, that not Elizabeth on the throne has more pride than the daughter of this obscure gentlen an of Devon. She is flexible in many things, but where she holds her honour brought in question, she hath a spirit and temper as apprehensive as lightning, and as swift in execution."

"We have experienced that, my lord, else had we not been thus circumstanced," said Varney. "But what else to suggest I know not.—Methinks she who gives rise to the danger, should do somewhat towards parrying it."

"It is impossible," said the Earl, waving his hand; "I know neither authority nor entreaties would make her endure thy name for an hour."

"It is somewhat hard though," said Varney, in a dry tone; and, without pausing on that topic, he added, "Suppose some one were found to represent her? Such feats have been performed in the courts of as sharp-eyed monarchs as Queen Elizabeth."

"Utter madness, Varney," answered

the Earl; 'the counterfeit will be confronted with Tressilian, and discovery become inevitable.'

"Tressilian might be removed from court," said the unhesitating Varney.

"And by what means?"

"There are many," said Varney, 'by which a statesman in your situation, my lord, may remove from the scene one who pries into your affairs, and places himself in perilous opposition to you.'

"Speak not to me of such policy, Varney," said the Earl, hastily; 'which, besides, would avail nothing in the present case. Many others may be at court, to whom Amy may be known; and besides, on the absence of Tressilian, her father or some of her friends would be instantly summoned hither. Urge thine invention once more.'

"My lord, I know not what to say," answered Varney; 'but were I myself in such perplexity, I would ride post down to Cumnor Place, and compel my wife to give her consent to such measures as her safety and mine required.'

"Varney," said Leicester, 'I cannot urge her to aught so repugnant to her noble nature, as a share in this stratagem—it would be a base requital to the love she bears me.'

"Well, my lord," said Varney, 'your lordship is a wise and an honourable man, and skilled in those high points of romantic scruple, which are current in Arcadia, perhaps, as your nephew, Philip Sidney, writes. I am your humble servitor—a man of this world, and only happy that my knowledge of it, and its ways, is such as your lordship has not scorned to avail yourself of. Now I would fain know, whether the obligation lies on my lady or on you, in this fortunate union; and which has most reason to shew complaisance to the other, and to consider that other's wishes, conveniences, and safety?'

"I tell thee, Varney," said the Earl, 'that all it was in my power to bestow upon her, was not merely deserved, but a thousand times overpaid, by her own virtue and beauty; for never did greatness descend upon a creature so formed by nature to grace and adorn it.'

"It is well, my lord, you are so satisfied," answered Varney, with his usual Sardonian smile, which even respect to his patron could not at all times subdue—"you will have time enough to enjoy undisturbed the society of one so gracious and beautiful—that soon as such confinement in the Tower be over, as may correspond to the crime of deceiving the affections of Elizabeth Tudor—a cheaper penalty, I presume, you do not expect."

"Malicious fiend!" answered Leicester, 'do you mock me in my misfortune?—Manage it as thou wilt.'

"If you are serious, my lord," said

Varney; 'you must set forth instantly, and post for Cumnor Place.'

"Do thou go thyself, Varney; the devil has given thee that sort of eloquence, which is most powerful in the worst cause. I should stand self-convicted of villainy, were I to urge such a deceit.—Begone, I tell thee—Must I entreat thee to mine own dishonour?"

"No, my lord," said Varney—"but if you are serious in entrusting me with the task of urging this most necessary measure, you must give me a letter to my lady, as my credentials, and trust to me for backing the advice it contains with all the force in my power. And such is my opinion of my lady's love for your lordship, and of her willingness to do that which is at once to contribute to your pleasure and your safety, that I am sure she will condescend to bear, for a few brief days, the name of so humble a man as myself, especially since it is not inferior in antiquity to that of her own paternal house."

Leicester seized on writing materials, and twice or thrice commenced a letter to the Countess, which he afterwards tore into fragments. At length he finished a few distracted lines, in which he conjured her, for reasons nearly concerning his life and honour, to consent to bear the name of Varney for a few days, during the revels at Kenilworth. He added, that Varney would communicate all the reasons which rendered this deception indispensable; and having signed and sealed these credentials, he flung them over the table to Varney, with a motion that he should depart, which his adviser was not slow to comprehend and to obey."

Varney then sets off for Cumnor-Hall. He arrives there, and, in a private interview, proposes to the Countess, that she should pass for his wife, at Kenilworth; but the idea of such a scheme only fills her with rage and scorn. This, however, she does not express till she has fairly heard him out; and Varney, being deceived by her apparent acquiescence, even dares to say a word or two for himself; for he secretly had designs against the honour of his master. At last the storm bursts. Varney perceives that he has committed himself too far, and gets the assistance of Alasco, an alchemist and astrologer, for the purpose of administering poison to her. The scheme fails; and the Countess, with the assistance of Wayland, a travelling pedlar, who had found his way to Cumnor-Hall, contrives to escape. Her wish is to repair to Kenilworth, to find her husband, and make him acquainted with her wrongs; for she had all along refused to believe that

Leicester sanctioned the scheme of her appearing as Varney's wife. But, in the meantime, to evade pursuit, she and Wayland, her guide, assume the disguise of masquers going to play a part in the festivities at Kenilworth. In that garb, they are admitted into the castle; and Amy is safely lodged, by one of the ushers, in an apartment, where she writes a letter to Leicester. In the meantime, it turns out that the apartment into which she was put had been previously allotted to Tressilian, who had come there as one of Sussex's followers. Tressilian enters, and sees with surprise Amy Robsart. She, however, does not reveal to him her true situation; but obtains from him a promise, that he will not interfere with her plans, nor let any one know of her arrival, for twenty-four hours. Tressilian then leaves her, he still supposing her to be only connected with Varney. Her letter miscarries. She is driven from her apartment by drunken rioters, and escapes into the pleasure grounds that surround Kenilworth, and hides herself in a grotto. Elizabeth, in her progress through the grounds, happens to walk unattended into that grotto. She finds Amy, and hears her accusations and complaints against Leicester. The Queen, filled with anger and astonishment, brings forth the Countess before her husband; but here Varney again interposes, and claims her as his wife, stating, that the reluctance he had shewn to produce her before Elizabeth was in reality owing to her insanity, which also was the cause of her present behaviour. The Queen is convinced, and the Countess, overpowered with grief and despair, is carried into one of the apartments of the castle, to remain there till taken back to Cumnor-Hall. Varney, finding that the apartment which the Countess had formerly occupied, had been that of Tressilian, and that he had visited her, makes use of these circumstances to deceive Leicester. He makes it appear that Amy's flight from Cumnor-Hall had been under the auspices of Tressilian, and that the Countess had been unfaithful. The Earl, therefore, no longer hesitates, but resolves that she shall die, and no longer stand in the way of his ambition. The Countess is sent off under the charge of Varney, to Cumnor Hall. In the meantime Leicester disguises his feelings as well

as he can, and a splendid masque is exhibited before the Queen. But the twenty-four hours being expired, Tressilian pulls Leicester by the cloak, and desires to have a conference in the pleasure grounds, at a certain hour and place. Leicester repairs thither, and Tressilian endeavours to expostulate with him, but Leicester will not listen. They fight, and are interrupted, but agree to meet again, and terminate the combat. They accordingly meet again next day. Tressilian is disarmed and thrown down. At the moment when Leicester was about to pierce him with a mortal wound, the arm of the Earl is held by a boy who had obtained possession of the Countess's letter. Leicester peruses the letter. His delusions are removed, and succeeded by remorse. They separate, and afterwards Leicester goes to reveal to the Queen the true state of the case.

"Accordingly, she extorted by successive questions, the whole history of his first acquaintance with Amy Robsart—their marriage—his jealousy—the causes on which it was founded, and many particulars besides. Leicester's confession, for such it might be called, was extorted from him piece-meal, yet was upon the whole accurate, excepting that he totally omitted to mention that he had, by implication, or otherwise, assented to Varney's designs upon the life of his Countess. Yet the consciousness of this was what at that moment lay nearest to his heart; and although he trusted in great measure to the very positive counter-orders which he had sent by Lambourne, it was his purpose to set out for Cumnor-Place in person, as soon as he should be dismissed from the presence of the Queen, who, he concluded, would presently leave Kenilworth.

"But the Earl reckoned without his host. It is true, his presence and his communications were gall and wormwood to his once partial mistress. But, barred from every other and more direct mode of revenge, the Queen perceived that she gave her false suitor torture by these inquiries, and dwelt on them for that reason, no more regarding the pain which she herself experienced, than the savage cares for the searing of his own hands with the hot pincers with which he tears the flesh of his captive enemy.

"At length, however, the haughty lord, like a deer that turns to bay, gave intimation that his patience was failing. 'Madam,' he said, 'I have been much to blame—more than even your just resentment expressed. Yet, Madam, let me say, my guilt, if it be unpardonable, was unprovoked; and that if beauty and

descending dignity could seduce the frail heart of a human being, I might plead both, as the causes of my concealing this secret from your Majesty."

"The Queen was so much struck by this reply, which Leicester took care should be heard by no one but herself, that she was for the moment silenced, and the Earl had the temerity to pursue his advantage. 'Your Grace, who has pardoned so much, will excuse my throwing myself on your royal mercy for those expressions, which were yestern-morning accounted but a light offence.'

"The Queen fixed her eyes on him while she replied, 'Now, by heaven, my lord, thy effrontery passes the bounds of belief, as well as patience!—But it shall avail thee nothing.—What, ho! my lords, come all and hear the news—My Lord of Leicester's stolen marriage has cost me a husband, and England a King. His lordship is patriarchal in his tastes—one wife at a time was insufficient, and he designed us the honour of his left hand. Now, is not this too insolent,—that I could not grace him with a few marks of court-favour, but he must presume to think my hand and crown at his disposal?—You, however, think better of me; and I can pity this ambitious man, as I could a child, whose bubble of soap has burst between his hands. We go to the presence-chamber—My Lord of Leicester, we command your close attendance on us.'

"All was eager expectation in the hall, and what was the universal astonishment, when the Queen said to those next her, 'The revels of Kenilworth are not yet exhausted, my lords and ladies—we are to solemnize the noble owner's marriage.'

"There was an universal expression of surprise.

"'It is true, on our royal word,' said the Queen; 'he hath kept this a secret even from us, that he might surprise us with it at this very place and time. I see you are dying of curiosity to know the happy bride—It is Amy Robsart, the same who, to make up the May-game yesterday, figured in the pageant as the wife of his servant Varney.'

"'For God's sake, Madam,' said the Earl, approaching her with a mixture of humility, vexation, and shame in his countenance, and speaking so low as to be heard by no one else, 'take my head, as you threatened in your anger, and spare me these taunts! Urge not a falling man—tread not on a crushed worm.'

"'A worm, my lord?' said the Queen, in the same tone; 'nay, a snake is the nobler reptile, and the more exact similitude—the frozen snake you wot of, which was coiled in a certain bosom'—"

"'For your own sake—for mine, madam,' said the Earl—"while there is yet some reason left in me'—"

"'Speak aloud, my lord,' said Elizabeth, 'and at farther distance, so please you—'

your breath thaws our ruff. What have you to ask of us?'

"'Permission,' said the unfortunate Earl, humbly, 'to travel to Cumnor-Place.'

"'To fetch home your bride belike?—Why, ay, that is but right—for, as we have heard, she is indifferently cared for there. But, my lord, you go not in person—we have counted upon passing certain days in this Castle of Kenilworth, and it were slight courtesy to leave us without a landlord during our residence here. Under your favour, we cannot think to incur such disgrace in the eyes of our subjects. Tressilian shall go to Cumnor-Place instead of you, and with him some gentleman who hath been sworn of our chamber, lest my Lord of Leicester should be again jealous of his old rival.—Whom wouldst thou have to be in commission with thee, Tressilian?'

"Tressilian, with humble deference, suggested the name of Raleigh.

"'Why, ay,' said the Queen; 'so God ha' me, thou hast made a good choice. He is a young knight besides, and to deliver a lady from prison is an appropriate first adventure.—Cumnor-Place is little better than a prison, you are to know, my lords and ladies. Besides, there are certain favourites there whom we would willingly have in fast keeping. You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the warrant necessary to secure the bodies of Richard Varney and the foreign Alasco, dead or alive. Take a sufficient force with you, gentlemen—bring the lady here in all honour—lose no time, and God be with you.'

"They bowed, and left the presence.

Varney having conveyed the Countess to Cumnor-Hall, there contrives the means of her death, which is effected before the arrival of the persons sent from Kenilworth, and thus the romance has a tragic conclusion.

The best scenes throughout are certainly those in which Elizabeth appears. The manners depicted in the novel of Kenilworth produce a strong interest, and appear more real than the remoter modes of life that are shewn in *Ivanhoe*. And this work in a style almost entirely new, and coming from a pen already fertile in so many different inventions, has therefore been received with new enthusiasm by the public, who are not able to anticipate what a brilliant and bold imagination may produce, when expatiating freely, and *con amore*, either on the past, or the possible. There is reason to believe, that too close sympathy with public feelings often operates as a drag on the ascending power of genius, and prevents the search after intellectual beauty and poetical feeling from being carried as far as it might be.

## DOMESTIC POLITICS.

My son, fear thou the LORD and the King ; and meddle not with them that are given to change.—*Proverbs*, Chap. xxiv. v. 21.

THERE is a great renovating power in the British mind, a *vis medicatrix*, that has always sustained it under its injuries, and generally recompensed the suffering of the time, by a noble and permanent accession of vigour. The outrages of the common enemies of society are at length compelling the spirit and honour of the friends of good government and rational religion to take the field.

An association, on a scale of great extent in number, principle, and public influence, has lately been formed in London, for the purpose of resisting to the utmost, the progress of revolutionary fanaticism. The names already comprehend the chief of that class which forms the sinew of the public strength—members of the different learned professions—commercial men of known respectability—and persons

of independent private income. All this is, so far, an actual accession of strength to the state ; for few of this *Association* have been in the habit of taking a part in public affairs ; their activity is so much raised up from the inactivity of the friends of order, they are a real draught from that great levy of unexerted force which makes the strength of England ; and the summoning of this band is at once a security for the crisis, and a pledge, that the true and ancient resources of the national spirit are as undiminished as ever.

A meeting has been already held ; and the “ Constitutional Association ” has properly begun, by publishing a statement of its views.

The following are the principal passages.

“ Possessing, as this nation does, a Constitution which is the envy and admiration of the world—at peace with every other country—covered with the glories of a long, an arduous, and a triumphant contest—enjoying an impartial administration of justice—and subjected to the mild and paternal government of a patriotic Sovereign, it might have been hoped that all ranks and degrees of men would have bent in humble gratitude for such unexampled blessings to the Almighty and Merciful Disposer of human events.

“ But that this is far from being the case, and that, on the contrary, a spirit of hostility exists against our most sacred and estimable institutions, we have only to appeal to the uniform testimony of those numerous *loyal Addresses* which have of late been laid at the foot of the Throne by Corporations or Meetings of Individuals. Framed by bodies of men in different and distant parts of the kingdom, without concert or communication, and containing opinions drawn from actual observation and conviction, these addresses indisputably prove at once the lamentable existence of the evil, and its fearful extent ;—they prove that it menaces not the predominance of this or that party in the state, but the safety of the state itself ; not the separate interests of this or that class of men, but the liberty, the property, the security of ALL.

“ The CONSEQUENCES which have already resulted from this perversion of public principle, are but too obvious. Among them are to be numbered, a daily weakening of the bonds of union between the humbler ranks of society and their natural guardians and protectors—insubordination—disregard of the laws, and frequent attempts to obstruct their operation—increase of crimes—denunciations of hatred towards the greatest and best men in the country—mockery of Religion—querulous impatience of all controul and restraint—vain and ostentatious contempt of all sound learning, experience, and knowledge—interruption of the courses of honest industry—and derangement of the great concerns and enterprizes of the nation.

The CAUSES of the evil are no less apparent : it may be distinctly traced to



the machinations of a comparatively small number of individuals. These persons act partly by means of the turbulence and excitement of *public meetings*, at which the most unfounded and inflammatory speeches are delivered ; and partly through the medium of a *licentious press*, which, without excepting even the day of sacred rest, inundates the nation with an unexampled profusion of slanderous, seditious, and blasphemous publications.

“ The Press has unhappily become, in the hands of evil men, a lever to shake the very foundations of social and moral order. It cannot but be matter of serious alarm to observe that a very large proportion of our periodical publications is under the direction either of avowed enemies of the Constitution, or of persons whose sole principle of action is their own selfish interest. By these, and by occasional writers of a like character and description, every artifice is employed, with daily increasing boldness, to render the people discontented with the Government and disobedient to the Laws ; to persuade them that they are betrayed by those who should protect them ; to seduce them from their affection and allegiance to their Sovereign ; and, finally, to bring about a *Revolution*, to which the wealth, the prosperity, the internal happiness, and the political greatness of the Empire, must inevitably be sacrificed.

“ As it is clear that isolated, individual exertion, would be utterly inadequate to cope with all the evil energies now arrayed against public order and the public peace ; so it is to be feared, that the Government and Legislature themselves might find the contest difficult, without the active, zealous, and persevering co-operation of the loyal and well-disposed part of the community ; which co-operation, to be effectual, must be the result of a regular and systematic union of individuals.

“ Persuaded that by these means alone the progress of seditious principles can be arrested ; and feeling that to arrest it, if possible, is the bounden duty of every good subject and sincere patriot ; the members of this Society have adopted the following resolutions :—

- 1st. That they will use their best exertions to maintain order, and to support the due execution of the Laws.
- 2d. That they will employ their influence, individually and collectively, in discountenancing and opposing the dissemination of seditious principles.
- 3d. That they will encourage persons of integrity and talent in the Literary World to exert their abilities in confuting the sophistries, dissipating the illusions, and exposing the falsehoods, which are employed by wicked and designing men to mislead the people.
- 4th. That they will resort to such lawful measures as may be deemed expedient to restrain the publishing and circulating of seditious and treasonable libels.

That this is a manly, rational, and seasonable call upon British patriotism, there can be no doubt ; that it will be a successful call, leading to a solid and lasting public benefit, is as little to be doubted, as the result of any attempt, in which the weakness of man follows the line of his duty. Their resolutions have the merit of distinctly and simply explaining their objects. The line of demarcation between them and the declamatory extravagance that flourishes over the manifestoes of Reform is ob-

vious. Mystery in public declarations is always for the purpose of delusion ; and the plain language of those Resolutions is intrinsically a proof of their honesty. They comprehend nearly all the forms in which a good subject can assist the cause of the country. Personal exertion, to support the laws ; personal influence, to disseminate salutary principles ; personal expenditure, to encourage men of ability to the vindication of the public cause, through the press ; and as the crown and seal of all,

a determination to keep up a constant and vigorous appeal to the laws for the suppression of the enormous abuses of the press. If this discipline is followed in sincerity, there can be no fear for the result. The "Constitutional Association," limits itself to our *Civil Policy*. The interests of religion are left to the associations, formed for the peculiar purpose of their defence.

It is possible that there may be found individuals, neither corrupted nor insincere, who will question the fitness of interfering in matters which seem the proper object of government. To those an answer ought to be given, and it is easily given. The essence of the English constitution is freedom; and, therefore, the essence of the authority of government is opinion. Without the national reliance, the most powerful administration is feebleness; it is met, at every step, by some new obstacle; it may carry on, for a time, a heartless, tormenting, losing warfare, against the embittered and pursuing animosity of the nation; but it must finally, and that at no great interval, find its resources cut off, and its only hope in a degrading capitulation.—With the public faith for its ally, there is, humanly speaking, no limit to its power; it is the *Giant*, with the hundred hands, yet lifted and mighty only for the purposes of preservation; it has found the spot from which the realm, and with it the world, is to be moved; it stands a conspicuous and magnificent concentration of the mind, and soul, and strength of the commonwealth, resistless for good, weak only for evil; an image of an earthly providence, perhaps as perfect, as it may be permitted to our intellects to form.—No ministry has ever been able to despise the national feeling with impunity. It is their business to lead; but, to make their power perfect, it must be shared; to lead, they must in some degree follow; the noble equipment and tackling of the ship of the state will not carry it forward over the first surge, without the mighty impulse, the "popularis aura." Their system, stately and illustrious as it may be, must stop, in all its orbits, with the first stoppage of that invisible and fluctuating ocean in which they float, which they impel, and by which they are impelled. It is in the spirit of that wisdom which built up the constitution that the national mind should go-

vern itself; that administration should chiefly display its higher opportunities in hints and suggestions of good, in clearing away the obstructions to the view of the general interests, rather than in the absolute compulsion of the public mind, to whatever rank of virtue. And this wisdom works well, for it is grounded in a knowledge of that human nature which will act vigorously only where it acts upon conviction, and which feels no conviction complete but the result of its own labours.

The charge of corruption in the popular heart is fully made out. On what other principle are we to account for the sudden insolence of the agitators of the rabble, the power of every outcast to raise a popular ferment, the new faculty of ignorance to wage battle against knowledge;—of beggary and shame to shake honourable opulence and ancient dignity;—of blasted tergiversation and vulgar ferocity, in all its shapes of burlesque and terror, to stir up rebellion in the bosom of the land. Can there be a more singular, or more fearful phenomenon than this, to see the multitude suddenly giving unlimited reliance to individuals, to whom not the most trusting Reformist of the hundred thousand would lend five shillings on his personal faith; to see offences against the state and religion registered among the first claims to confidence, until the very brand of the law becomes a badge of distinction, and *Newgate* a necessary step to the power of inflaming the people.

That there should be candidates for those desperate and guilty distinctions, is to be wondered at only by those who are ignorant of the cravings of poverty and vice, or how rapidly they are maddened by gross ambition and personal hostility. From the beginning of history, the temptation, the mind, and the means of all demagogues, have identified the family. The casual difference in their close, makes but slight distinction in this long pedigree of guilt. The same habits of flagitiousness and profligacy, black falsehood and thirsty cupidity, stooping to any prostration to slake its throat in the "sacred well" of the national freedom, property and blood, are characteristics of the race. But of those men, some have been of a rank of accomplishment and ability, that might almost excuse their influence.

on the national fates,—potent and lofty spirits, made to wield the elements of disorder, and awing men into a brief admiration even of their violence by its splendour. But our disturbance is fated to come from a lower source; we are to have none of the excuses of a vague wonder at the noble influences convertible to our misfortune. We are not to be withered by the lightning; no generous future superstition is to dignify our raiments, as of the victims of what in the moral world might be looked on as little less than a resistless destiny,—a stroke of the lightning that makes the spot memorable, if not hallowed. We are to be consumed by the steams of the marsh, that nothing but our own indolence suffers to remain offending Earth and Heaven. It is this strange submission to an influence which it requires only the common feeling of a manly mind to extinguish, this shrinking before baseness, disgrace, and imposture, that marks the peculiarity of the moment, and with it makes the necessity for the union of all honest men. The keys of our Citadel are not to be given up to the requisition of the first insolent outlaw that comes with a troop recruited from the jail and the highway, and dares to beard the armed and lawful strength within. The value of such associations is clear, on the simple ground that the first necessity of the loyal is *to know each other*; thus gaining the strength that belongs to a knowledge of strength, and a knowledge of those in whom confidence is to be placed in the hour of difficulty.

Another result is the operation of *combined force*, the mutual thought of intelligent minds, the united vigour of brave hearts. If Associations in this spirit had been fixed in the more important towns, it is impossible to doubt that the libel, outrage, and treason against church and state, which have for the last two years covered a large portion of England with all but open insurrection, would have been crushed at once. Would the corrupting and infamous caricatures against the King have stared upon us from every stall in every village? Would the missionaries of plunder and massacre have made their regular visitations through the land, not simply untouched by authority, but in its defiance? Would the whole Host of Rebellion have been suffered to muster and equip itself in the face of

day, and receive its hourly orders from the *Staff* in London, without the seizure of a despatch? If those things have been done, and are doing, even while my pen is tracing this paper, it is because there have not been *Associations* to put a stop to the system at once. Government have been vigilant, but it must again be said, that the direction of its services must be rather to *suggest* than to *act*. They are the grand jury of the constitution. They examine in the first instance; but beyond that brief office, the greater part of their duty is devolved into other hands. The true court is the nation; and there is passed the only sentence that can be enforced without reproach or fear. We have before our eyes a remarkable instance of the superior advantage with which the rights of the community may sometimes be vindicated by an *Association*. The government prosecutions for blasphemy had failed to an alarming extent; something scarcely less than a conspiracy to acquit, seemed to have grown up in the jury box, and the officers of government were avowedly repelled from prosecutions where no verdict was to be found, and where the simple fact of having been thought culpable by the legislature made the fortune of the culprit. There is a fashion in all things; the fashion of acquittal in all cases of blasphemy was advancing into an established rule; and the outrageous menaces, mixed with outrageous panegyrics, which were used to break down the timid, or bring over the fools of popularity, were on the eve of destroying all confidence in the administration of the laws. The whole transaction is matter of history, and of the most instructive nature to those who would judge of the force of fanaticism, and of its fitting remedy. The evil of the blasphemy was notorious, it glared upon the public eye from every corner of the realm. The *Hydra* had ten thousand heads, all alike armed and active, but not one was cut away.

To the remonstrances against this course, and some of those remonstrances were made by the very men who had “fed the dragon, and worshipped before it;” the answer, even in Parliament, was given by asking, “Are we to throw down the law before this new madness? Are we to assist in raising bankrupt villainy to wealth and popular notice? Are we

to give loathsome imposture and brutal atrocity a direct claim to the subscriptions of Radical Baronets, Peers, and Dukes, by proving the criminal to be deserving of the severest exercise of justice? No,—we must wait for better times, the delusion of the day will expire with the day. We will not hazard all that remains of dignity to British Legislation, by committing it in a struggle with offences which look to our prosecution as their necessary seal of reward."

In this exigency, and nothing could be more pregnant with alarm to the well-wishers of English freedom, an *Association*, unconnected with Government, honourably came forward, and, with whatever hopelessness, dragged a notorious trafficker in impiety and sedition before the tribunal. It can be no aspersion to a jury who did their duty, to say, that the *private nature* of the prosecution was of advantage to the soundness of their judgment. Politics were not standing on the table to overawe or corrupt. It was a decision of scarcely more than private quarrel. Carile, after an attempt to earth himself in the old refuge of rabble passions, was dragged out, and, upon the clearest evidence of wilful and boastful villainy, convicted. But this sentence was not upon a solitary ruffian. It struck the whole tribe at once. The fact that a blasphemer *could* be convicted, broke the spell both of the inactivity of the friends of order, and of the impunity of its enemies. From that hour every prosecution (I believe without a single exception) succeeded. The dungeon or banishment has relieved the country of the burthen of nearly all the original malefactors. But the breed is not extinguished. While the union of passion with ignorance is to be found in the heart, it will find room for discontent. In that mighty mine of the national spirit, there will be the material of explosions mixed with its nobler products; and it is to make these innoxious, by the letting in of light and air, that human science may be most wisely employed. Popular ignorance of the *Truth* is the natural stimulant, as it is the common security of the disturbers of civilized life. The cavern shelters the robber, and sometimes the robber is tempted by the cavern. There will be evil, perhaps, at all times, or till that higher dispensation in which religious men

hope that all enormous error will die before the crowned glory of Christianity; and it may be, that all our human diligence will not be able to conquer the malignant influences that are made to desolate and destroy. But it is something to be able to remove the evil from our doors, to sit in the midst of our families without seeing the spirits of our children tainted by infidelity, to lay our heads on the pillow without dreading in every sound of the night, the footsteps of massacre. If there must be a reserve of evil to show the future age the contrast, produced by religion and the laws, to that fearful period when the moral world was a waste, abandoned to the domination and wanderings of savage nature; it must be our honour to raise the great fence against this rabid appetite for blood; to appoint to the lion and the tiger its wilderness, beyond which it must not stray; and as our strength grows, push into the thicket and the swamp, and subdue their sterility, and drive their monsters farther within their place of desolation.

A feature of the highest importance in the objects of the "Constitutional Association," is new, or has been but feebly shadowed out before. It is the *3d Resolution*, "That they will encourage persons of integrity and talent in the literary world, to exert their abilities in confuting the sophistries, dissipating the illusions, and exposing the falsehoods, which are employed by wicked and designing men to mislead the people." Under what forms this service may be summoned, is yet to be developed. But the establishment of the principle is invaluable. The feeling against the abuse of the press is universal. But the abuse is not to be checked by impotent alarm. The press is not to be put down by power. As well might we attempt to put down the pestilence by imprisoning the air. The *abuse* is to be purified by the *use*. The same instrument, that "*pastorale signum*," which the lips of sedition inspire with sounds of discord and bloodshed, must be taught the sounds of peace. It will echo the one as truly as the other. The activity of the public mind cannot be extirpated, but it is the part of wisdom to turn this weedy and pernicious exuberance into productiveness and beauty. The press must be taught to speak the truth, no less to the people than to the King.

Hitherto the instances have been few, in which it has spoken the truth to either. This subject is extensive, and it may be resumed. The literary resources of England are of incalculable variety, opulence, and vigour. The number and talent of her public writers, admirable as a class, and as such fully justifying her claim to a new *Augustan age*, may give but a faint impression of the means which she hides within her bosom for the day of soliciting her treasures. What she now shows, are perhaps but the indications, the jutting fragments of silver that are to lead the eye to the inexhaustible ore buried in the caverns of the intellectual *Potosi*.

For the general purposes of the Association, it has been determined,

1. To establish a Fund, by the voluntary contributions of the members, at such rate as each individual may think fit.

2. To appoint a Committee for conducting the business of the Society.

3. To adopt a system of Correspondence with those members who live at a distance, and with such Associations as may be willing to co-operate in promoting the same objects.

The purpose of the plan is beyond all praise. It has already succeeded in obtaining a large portion of public confidence, and the diffusion of the principle may be among the highest hopes of national preservation.

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POEMS BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.\*

THIS is a collection of verses, chiefly of the lighter kind, on the various occasions that stimulate writers who have other employment in the world than the discussion of their own objects and opinions, under the form of couplets or stanzas. Mr Gent's brief and neat preface tells us something of this, in his allusion to previous publications. "I cannot omit this opportunity of thanking those writers who have honoured me by reviewing my verses. I owe them my warm acknowledgments for measuring my poems by their pretensions. They have looked at them as they really were—as the amusements of the leisure hours of a man, whose fortune will not favour his inclination to devote himself to poetry; and, conceiving a favourable opinion of them in that character, have kindly expressed it."

There are sixty of those poems in the volume; and they of course give considerable opportunity for display. A few graver topics are honoured with an occasional sonnet; and there are some very graceful and expressive stanzas to the memory of the Princess Charlotte, a sainted memory, and worthy of all the offerings of national sorrow and national genius. But the writer's spirit seems to turn with a natural propensity, to the joyous and the poignant. His sallies are in that style of lively simplicity which is perhaps the true

tone of written wit, and he evades the grossness that is the besetting sin of humorous poetry, with the tact of a gentleman. It would be no honour to inherit the morals or the manners of Peter Pindar's poetry; but its humour—that natural quaintness, unlaboured jest, and unwearied ridicule of the affected—the common-place and the presuming, has hitherto had no successor, or has found it in the present writer. None of the poems before us are in the peculiar measure of that ingenious profligate; but our impression is strong that Mr Gent would be secure of popularity in that career.

We give our extracts as the book opens. The very first poem supplies an instance of the sly and easy satire of the author's vein. It is a lucubration on the dreams of an inexperienced candidate for the laurel. After some lines in which the young aspirant details his ambition, he thus proceeds to enjoy its fruits in vision:—

Then while my name runs ringing through  
reviews,  
And maids, wives, widows, smitten with my  
muse,  
Assail me with platonic *billet doux*;  
From this suburban attic I'll dismount,  
With *Count's* or *Barclay* open an account;  
Rang'd in a mirror, cards with bright gilt  
ends,  
Shall shew the whole nobility my friends.

That happy host with whom I chuse to dine,  
Shall make set parties, give his choicest wine;  
And age and infancy shall gape to see,  
Whene'er I walk the street, and whisper,  
"That is he!"

Poor youth! he prints and wakes, to *sleep*  
*no more,*

The world goes on indifferent as before;  
And the first notice of his metric skill  
Comes in the likeness of his printer's bill;  
To pen soft notes, no fair enthusiast stirs,  
Except his laundress, and who values her's?  
None but herself; for though the bard may burn

*Her* note, she still expects one in return.  
The luckless maiden, all unblest shall sigh;  
His pocket tome hath drawn his pocket dry;  
His tragedy expires in peals of laughter;  
And that soul-thrilling wish to live here-  
after,

Gives way to one as hopeless quite, I fear,  
And far more needful—*how to live while*  
*here.*

Where are ye now, divine illusions all!  
Cheques, dinners, tomes, admirers great and small!

'Chang'd to two *followers*, terrible to see,  
Who dog him when he walks, and whisper,  
"That is he."

The subject of the following extract is rather *citizenish*, for it is nothing more remote or romantic than *Hornsey Wood*, eminent for tea-gardens and trellises, and all the calamitous clippings of shears, educated cast of Temple-Bar. Yet there is beauty in trees, and green shrubs, however they may be tortured, and the poet for a while discusses their captivities with obvious partiality. He then runs into pleasantry.

Oh! ye who pine in London smoke im-  
mur'd,

With spirits wearied, and with pains un-  
cur'd,

With all the catalogue of city evils,  
Colds, asthmas, rheumatism, coughs, blue  
devils!

Who bid each bold empiric roll in wealth,  
Who drains your fortunes, while he saps  
your health;

So well ye love your miry streets and lanes,  
Ye court your ailments and embrace your  
pains.

And scarce ye know, your spectacles between,  
If corn be yellow, or if grass be green.

Why leave ye not your smoke-obstructed  
holes,

With wholesome air to cheer your sickly  
souls?

In scenes where Health's bright goddess  
wakes the breeze,

Floats on the stream, and fans the whisp-  
-ring trees.

Soon would the brighten'd eye her influence  
*speak,*  
And her full roses flush the faded cheek.

Then, where romantic Hornsey courts the  
eye,

With all the charms of sylvan scenery,  
Let the pale Sons of Diligence repair,  
And pause like me.—

The lines to a child are very touch-  
ing and pretty; equally free from extra-  
vagant, pathetic, and baby simplicity.

TO MARY.

*Written at Midnight.*

Oh! is there not in infant smiles  
A witching power, a cheering ray,  
A charm that every care beguiles,  
And bids the weary soul be gay?

There surely is, for thou hast been  
Child of my heart, my peaceful dove.  
Gladdening life's sad and chequer'd scene;  
An emblem of the peace above.

Now all is calm, and dark and still.  
And bright the beam the moonlight  
throws

On ocean wave, and gentle rill,  
And on thy slumbering cheeks of rose

And may no care disturb that breast;  
No sorrow dim that brow serene,  
And may thy latest years be blest,  
As thy sweet infancy has been.

The closing Poem is addressed to a formidable race, whom it well behoves authorship to pacify. Whether verses of the following order, are more likely to appease by their wit or provoke by their satire, we leave to time and the *Reviewers*.

As some raw squire, by rustic nymphs ad-  
mir'd,

Of vulgar charms, and easy conquests tir'd;  
Resolves new scenes and nobler flights to  
dare,

Nor "waste his sweetness on the desert air,"  
To town repairs, some fam'd assembly seeks,  
With red importance blustering in his  
cheeks;

But when, electric on th' astonish'd wight,  
Bursts the full floods of music and of light,  
While levell'd mirrors multiply the rows  
Of radiant beauties and accomplish'd beaux,  
At once confounded into sear sense,  
He *feels* his pristine insignificance;  
And blinking, blust'ring from the general

*quiz,*  
Retreats "to ponder on the thing he is."  
By pride inflated, and by praise allur'd,  
Small authors thus strut forth, and thus get  
cur'd.

But critics, hear! an angel pleads for *me*.  
That tongueless, ten-tongued cherub—*Mo-*  
*desty.*

Sirs, if you damn me, you'll resemble those  
That say'd the traveller who had lost his  
clothes.

Are there not foes enough to *do* my books ?  
Relentless trunk-makers and pastry-cooks ?  
Acknowledge not those barbarous allies,  
The wooden box-men and the men of pices.  
For Heaven's sake, let it ne'er be understood,  
That you great censors coalesce with *Wood* ;  
Nor let your actions contradict your looks,  
That tell the world you ne'er colleague with  
cooks.

On the whole, this volume does great

credit to the liveliness and poetic spirit of the writer. Without doubting that he has powers for pathetic poetry, we would wish to see him produce a work of some length on a humorous subject. He is in the best spot of the earth for his selection. Let him give us a laughing view of the oddities of the metropolis ; let him call his work " *The Streets*," and take his way from Cheapside to Bond Street. The work must be popular.

#### THE EARTHQUAKE.\*

THIS Novel consists chiefly of a series of adventures, which are supposed to befall the natural son of a Sicilian actress. It takes its name from the events of the story being connected with the earthquake which destroyed Messina. The general outline of the story is well conceived ; but, owing to a want of that progressive interest experienced, when the mutual derivation of events is all along made sufficiently intelligible to the reader, the pleasure felt in the perusal of the book as a narration, is not in proportion to the merit of the outline. The incidents are often trivial and disagreeable, and have an excessive tendency towards scenes of mere horror and disgust, which have no alliance to the nobler emotions of tragic horror and pity, but are only shocking like night-mare dreams. For, the picture of what is painful and terrible to be contemplated, is only valuable in proportion, as the shock awakens the mind to the internal feeling of moral truth and beauty. But many scenes of this Novel are fitted to produce that effect. It does not corrupt the mind by dwelling upon the delights of the passions, but hastens throughout to shew the ruin they produce. The design of the book seems to be to shew the mental degradation and perplexity produced by guilt, and to exemplify the painful commotions of a spirit naturally generous, but which has lost as it were its moral freedom by the commission of crimes. The mind of Castagnello, the hero, is seen alternately struggling to rise into integrity and nobler hope, and again drawn back into dismal opa-

city by the predominance of sensual habits, despondency, and downward-tending passions. But the tone is too desponding throughout, and, if the ascendancy of good in the mind of Castagnello had ultimately been greater, the moral would have been better. Throughout the narrative, there frequently occur observations not only original and indicative of earnest thought, but also finely expressed, and the whole narration shews an ample power of expression. The chief fault is the want of scenes directly agreeable to the imagination, and of a more interesting progression in the incidents. The following quotation is from the conclusion.

" We have simply endeavoured to delineate a character not uncommon in the world ; who abandoning himself to the impulses of passion, unchecked by any impressed sentiment or principle, yet in the main possessed of the rudiments of many virtues, acts throughout life, with as little self-respect, and equally exposed to ignominy, as the libertine, who is as it were naturally vicious and artificially fraudulent.

" It is wicked to palliate crime, (as it has been done in some instances, with wonderful success, by German authors, of surprising talent) and it is not a good taste that would ingraft interest on any fiction, by adopting incidents calculated to revolt the common sympathies of mankind, as in some late instances nearer home has been the case ; but it cannot be detrimental to a judicious benevolence, to discriminate the distinctive characteristics of guilt and error. In the foregoing pages, Castagnello appears to have touched the edge of the grossest iniquities, and in more than one instance to have been spared from the commission of

\* A Tale ; by the author of " *The Ayrshire Legatees*," 3 vols. 12mo. William Blackwood, Edinburgh ; and T. Cadell and W. Davies, London.

crime, by the intervention of circumstances over which he had no controul. But in all these particular situations, we have endeavoured to mark the difference between the error of yielding to temptation, and the viciousness of seeking opportunities to sin. We conceive it quite probable indeed, that there may be many in the world for whose misconduct it would be difficult to find any excuse, and yet who retain in their outcast condition the materials and ruins of a better nature. The wildest flights of guilt are often dictated by the despair of virtue, and victims have been consigned to disgrace and punishment by their own sense of humiliation, when the world, even with all its severity, was disposed to overlook their offences. There is no judge, perhaps, so austere, as the indignant conscience of a generous and ingenuous mind; and we know not how often, when we condemn and exclude the wild and reckless, as unworthy of confidence and as traitors to indulgence, we ought rather to court them into a belief that they are less in fault, than their own high notions of purity and honour suggest.

"But in proportion to the tenderness which we would inculcate towards the errors that flow from circumstances and situation, is the austerity which we would claim against the propensities of inborn guilt. Few men have had any experience of life, without soon discovering that the world really contains characters intrinsically bad, whose very observance of the rites of religion and the obligations of the law, in which they sometimes greatly excel, is a proof either of their consciousness of the evil in themselves, or of that evil being actively in operation to procure the sinister advantages sometimes attained by hypocrisy. Between such characters and the thoughtless, the imprudent, or the passionate, there is an immeasurable difference; and, if we have exhibited the adventures of Castagnello, conceiving that he illustrated the extremest case of the latter class, more fully than those of Corneli, which we have thrown into the back ground, it is because it can never be favourable to correct moral impressions, to excite sympathy towards the condition or the feelings of the criminal, who sacrifices himself untempted. But the moral tendency of a tale or a drama is the last thing considered by a reader; and if we have failed to interest, we cannot presume to hope that we shall be able to instruct; or expect to redeem by general reflections and metaphysical distinctions, the defects of our narrative, or the want of portraiture in our characters."

Castagnello is the natural son of an English nobleman, and owing to the situation of his mother, a Sicilian actress, is educated from the beginning in habits and pleasures above his station. Being sent to Rome with a recommen-

dation to Cardinal Albano, he there learns all the modes of dissipation common among the youth of the nobility, so that it soon becomes necessary for the Cardinal to find him a place in the Austrian army. There he rises in esteem and in rank, till it is discovered that he is the son of an actress; after which the officers, according to the aristocratical feelings prevailing in the German army, consider him as an unworthy companion, and he finds his situation so disagreeable that he leaves the regiment. He then goes to Paris where he falls into habits of gaming, and accidentally meets with Bellina, a lady of rank, whom he had formerly loved as his foster sister in childhood. But his visits to her, although innocent, excite the jealousy of her husband; and, one night, after having been completely ruined at the gaming table, his intemperate behaviour at the house of Bellina, causes him to be driven out into the street by her husband and domestics. He then, in despair, embarks for the East Indies. He is wrecked on the coast of Africa, and afterwards meets with adventures, which are neither amusing nor at all connected with the story. From Africa coming to Malta, he becomes one of the Knights of St John, and intrigues with the mistress of another member of that holy order. A quarrel ensues, and, the affair becoming public, Castagnello is for the scandal banished from Malta. He then, with some others of the Maltese knights, also banished, goes to Sicily and they become robbers, and have their haunt among the ruins of ancient Selinus. Here an unfortunate Countess Corneli falls into their hands. Her husband, soon after her marriage, wishing to be released again from the bonds of matrimony, had consigned her during her illness to the abbess of a Sicilian convent, to be kept as an insane person, that Count Corneli might act as if she were no longer alive. She, however, escapes from the convent, and in travelling towards the residence of one of her relations, she is deserted by the persons who accompanied her, and falls into the hands of the robbers. Here some scenes ensue in the old-fashioned style of Mrs Radcliffe. They are, however, neither amusing nor written with much taste. The robbers also take Count Corneli, who by accident is travelling that way. But the robbers them-



selves are seized by a troop from Palermo. So the husband is again burdened with his wife. The robbers are brought to trial and convicted; but Castagnello is fortunately pardoned at the intercession of an English traveller, Lord Wildwaste. This nobleman turns out to be brother of Castagnello, by the same father, who after leaving his mistress the actress, had gone home and married in England. From Lord Wildwaste Castagnello receives pecuniary assistance. He then resolves upon going to Palermo, and travels thither with a young Sicilian, who had been formerly schoolmaster and poet in a village, but now wishes to try his fortune as a dramatic poet in Palermo. Here Castagnello, being seized with his former passion for gaming, induces poor Salpano, the young poet, to accompany him to the gaming table to look on. Castagnello, finding Lord Wildwaste in Palermo, is engaged for some days with him. Afterwards, upon inquiring after Salpano, he cannot find him at their lodgings. At last he discovers him dying in a miserable house. Salpano had lost all his pittance at the gaming table, and having wandered afterwards through Palermo in a state of wretchedness, till hunger overpowered him, he was carried dying into the house of a charitable mechanic. Castagnello witnesses his death.

"The old man gave the following account of Salpano.

" 'About a fortnight ago, Signor, as I was one evening sitting at my door smoking a segar, and thinking on my past life, as I always do at the close of the day, wondering by what strange turns of fortune I have been so long provided with the means of living, though but in a stinted measure, a young man, with a box under his arm, passed by, with a quick pace and a wild look. Our street is narrow, and it is closed at the one end. He went to that end, and turned back evidently more agitated than before. His appearance struck me: he had a simple recluse look, and he was evidently in great distress. Friend, said I, you seem to have lost your way, and you appear very tired; rest yourself a little beside me, and I will afterwards set you right. At these words he came towards me like a lost dog, that has found one whom he would like for a master. He placed his box on the ground, and taking hold of my hand, kissed it with the reverence of a sinner to a saint.

" 'Where are you going?' said I: but he answered not; he only shook his head, and expanding his arms, looked the very picture of one woe-begone, and wild with

despair. 'Are you a Sicilian?' for I thought he was some stranger, who understood not our language, and at these words he cried, 'I was, but I know not what I am now! I am lost! I am friendless! Heaven has deserted me: I can only now die.'

" 'I spoke to him kindly, and requested him to sit down beside me, which he did as if he knew not what he was doing, and began to sob and weep bitterly. Thus, Signor, was very unmanly, but yet at the time, it seemed more to come from the simplicity of his heart than the weakness of his character.

" 'I inquired into the cause of his grief, and he replied, in an incoherent manner. 'O! ask me not—I have been enchanted—I have been in bad company—Satan has had dominion over me—the powers of heaven and hell have been at war with me, and between them I have been lost, for I am innocent of any crime, and yet I am ruined for ever. My fame is destroyed in the bud; the harvest of my glory cut off in the blight that has fallen on my opening.'

" 'I allowed him to run on in this manner, until he had so exhausted himself, that he, in consequence, became calmer, and I at last learnt that he had lost his little all at the gaming table, to which he had been allowed to return, in the fallacious hope of recovering his first losses. I invited him to stop all night in my house, and tried what I could to sooth his distress, and appease the upbraidings of his own mind, but without success. Benevolence, however, obliged me to constrain him to remain, but no effort of kindness could recall him from the despondency into which he had fallen.

" 'I became alarmed for the unhappy youth, for he did nothing but wring his hands, and give way to his forebodings. All the night he lay wakeful, sighing, and wretched; and in the morning, when he rose, instead of being interested by the objects to which the day-light gave cheerfulness, he sat in an obscure corner, dropped his clasped hands between his legs, and hung his head in a state of the most deplorable dejection.

" 'This could not endure long. Towards the afternoon his lips became parched, and his face flushed with fever: a draught of cold water was all he could taste, and with scarcely more sustenance he has continued in the same state ever since; but nature is exhausted; the oil of life is burnt out, and the lamp, by pale and feeble flashes, shows that it will soon expire.'

"The old man had, during this narration, conducted Castagnello to his door.

" 'Tread softly,' said he, 'as you enter, lest you disturb the last moments of the miserable youth.'

"Castagnello needed no admonition to do this. His own feelings were wrought up

to a painful pitch ; he breathed with difficulty, and his footsteps fell softly on the ground, from some unconscious action of the mind.

"The room into which he was conducted was large and lofty, but the walls were exceedingly mean : the rafters and ceiling were blackened by flies and smoke, and in one corner of the apartment stood an humble couch ; a table was placed near it, on which stood an apothecary's phial, a rude earthenware pitcher, and a brazen lamp. On the opposite side of the bed sat an old woman, the wife of Buretti, the landlord. In her one hand she held a ragged handkerchief, with which she wiped the lips of the patient, while with the other she supported his head.

"Castagnello had often seen death in battle, on the plains of Africa, but never by disease. He was awfully shaken when he looked at the emaciated Salpano, whose eyes had deeply sunk into their sockets ; his nose was pinched into a dreadful anatomy, his mouth frightfully distended, and his upper teeth horribly protuberant. The dead rattle was loud in his throat.

"The signals of death were too strikingly manifested to render the situation of the ill-fated poet doubtful ; but although the powers of articulation were destroyed, the expression which floated over his countenance when he turned his glassy eyes towards Castagnello, shewed that he recognized him. The outcast, horror-struck, was unable to move, but continued to gaze on him, as if under the influence of the greatest terror. The dying man, panting and heaving, and turning and catching at the bed-clothes, as if grasping and groping for life, again discovered him, and made a wild and haggard effort to raise himself up in bed. The effort exhausted his strength. It was convulsive : he raised his head and neck, and uttering a troubled, and hollow, and sepulchral sound, stretched himself out, and shivering from head to foot, expired.

"Castagnello staggered back three or four paces, and hid his face against the wall of the room. In this situation he continued some time, stunned with what he had witnessed ; but, after a short time, he recovered his presence of mind, and giving the woman his purse, for, in the meantime, the old man had gone into another apartment, he hastily withdrew from the house."

Castagnello afterwards, to receive farther assistance from his brother, repairs to Florence, but finds him gone to England. However he is taken notice of by Lord Kenelsmore, another English nobleman, whose sister Lord Wildwaste had married before his departure. Being introduced into the family of Lord Kenelsmore, he, by a certain concurrence of circumstances, finds out that a sister of Lord Kenelsmore's had

been seduced by the profligate Count Corneli.

"While he was inquiring for his brother at Lord Kenelsmore's gate, one of the domestics who had been with him in Sicily, and who was left behind to accompany his Lordship's collection of pictures and antiquities home by sea, happened to see him, and informed the household of his name and relationship. The Countess of Kenelsmore, on learning this circumstance, desired him to be shewn in. She had heard part of his history, and was anxious to see him. Her Ladyship at the time was sitting with Alicia, whose faded beauty and sinking spirits had begun to excite her maternal anxiety, but she never suspected the ignominious cause.

"As Castagnello entered, the ladies rose to receive him, which the Countess did with much cordiality, and introduced him to her daughter. The eye of a stranger will often discover peculiarities which familiars overlook. The outcast was struck with the appearance of Lady Alicia, and when he understood she was not married, which he learnt in the course of conversation, he eyed her so sharply and suspiciously, that she could not but perceive what was passing in his mind. In this ~~case~~ Lord Kenelsmore came in, and expressed himself so glad to see Castagnello, that our unfortunate hero began to think the ebbing tide which had left him so far on a dreary shoal, was beginning to turn, and might yet bear him happily into port. His Lordship invited him to supper, and added that as he wished to have some particular conversation with him respecting his future life, they would for that night sup by themselves.

"On his way back to his inn from the residence of Lord Kenelsmore, it happened that the carriage of Count Corneli passed, and Castagnello immediately recognized the person of the Count, who had also seen him, and had shrunk into the corner to avoid his eye. By one of those inscrutable operations of the mind, which beget in us thoughts that we can never account for, Castagnello instantly associated the image of the Count with that of Lady Alicia ; and with no other reason for the notion, he suspected that her deplorable situation was occasioned by that accomplished libertine.

"All thoughts of himself were swallowed up in this singular fancy, and the remainder of the day he spent in tracing on what footing the Count was with the Kenelsmore family. The result of his inquiries strengthened his suspicion, and he was determined to discover the whole mystery. But chance superseded all the stratagems that he intended to practise.

"On going in the evening to sup with Lord Kenelsmore, he perceived a man wrapped in a Spanish cloak, walking before him ; and by the light of a small lamp that stood

opposite to the image of a saint at the corner of a street, he discovered, as the stranger turned, the features of Cornelli. It was evident from his disguise that the Count did not wish to be known, and Castagnello conjectured, as he seemed to be walking also towards the house of Lord Kenelsmore, that he was going to meet Lady Alicia. It was now near his Lordship's supper hour, but the interest which the outcast took in this adventure, outweighed every other consideration, and he determined to see the result.

"The Count walked straight on to the portal of the mansion, and was admitted by the porter, to whom he gave money, and who was evidently subservient to his designs. Castagnello allowed him to enter, and then also went forward. Instead, however, of ascending the great staircase which led from the inner court to the state apartments, he contrived to linger in the court, and soon perceived the Count admitted at a low door which opened at the foot of a narrow staircase. This ascent led to an open gallery over the state rooms, and along which the bed-chambers of the family were arranged. While Castagnello stood in the court, he saw one of the doors open, and by the light of a lamp within, he discovered that it was opened by Lady Alicia; in less than a minute after, the Count having ascended the stairs, was seen in the gallery conducted by a female to her ladyship.

"This discovery so affected Castagnello, that he felt unable to ascend to the supper room. He was at a loss what to do, and while he thus hesitated, he heard the door above again open, and on looking up saw, by the light within, the Count come forward to the front of the gallery, and throw something down into the court; but which, instead of reaching the pavement, fell into the basin of a fountain that played in the centre of the court. Castagnello instinctively darted forward, and plunging his hand into the water, found a phial, the contents of which had been emptied. A horrible thought glared athwart his imagination, and he staggered gasping from the fountain with the phial in his hand as if he had been stunned by a sudden blow. In this situation he was not, however, allowed to remain long; for the Count hearing some one moving in the court, and dreading detection, hurried down the private staircase, and springing out from the door, by the connivance of the porter at the gate, effected his escape before Castagnello was able to articulate a word of alarm.

Castagnello did not want presence of mind, but the mystery, the phial, and the frightful thoughts that it suggested had overcome him. When he saw, however, the Count escape beyond his reach, he reflected on what he ought to do. His first idea was to apprise Lord Kenelsmore of what he had seen, and to mention what he feared; but,

on second thoughts, he considered that he ought not to interfere, and upon this he acted. He put the phial in his pocket, and calmly ascending the great staircase, entered the hall where the groom of the chambers was in waiting, and conducted him to the Earl's study.

"Castagnello had not greatly exceeded his time, but Lord Kenelsmore being remarkably punctual to his engagements, was displeased that he should have been so tardy, and received him coldly compared with the friendliness of his demeanour in the morning. This, with the scene that he had witnessed, embarrassed the ill-fated Castagnello, and when the Earl alluded to his delay, hoping it had not been occasioned by any engagement with indiscreet acquaintance, in attempting to make the best apology he could, his voice faltered, he blushed, and became confused. The Earl immediately interpreted his agitation unfavourably, and said, in a stern and haughty tone, 'It is of no use to trouble oneself with a man so wedded to his vices.'

"'I am not worse,' replied the outcast firmly, 'than many who wear the appearance of more virtue. But the sins of my youth, although past, still leave their shadows behind, and they darken to the hue of guilt every thing that befalls me.'

"There was nothing in this sentence to give offence, but Lord Kenelsmore was of a quick temper, and not knowing well what reply to make, grew angry. Castagnello endured his injustice with some degree of patience, till his Lordship contemptuously alluded to his mother, by saying, 'he was only fit for a player.' 'This is not to be borne,' cried the indignant outcast. 'Look to your own house, my Lord; there may be as much dishonour, and greater crimes in it, even now, than either my mother or her miserable son have yet known.'

"The anger of his Lordship flamed out into a dreadful conflagration at this insolence, as he called it, and he raised his hand in a menacing attitude. Castagnello flung it aside contemptuously, and hastened to quit the room. In the same moment several of the domestics who had heard the contention, and who had learnt from Lord Wildwaste's servants who had been in Sicily, something of the character of Castagnello, came rushing into the room, and seized him by the arms. Lord Kenelsmore, in the frenzy of passion, declared that Castagnello had struck him, and ordered him to be taken to the police office.

"The servants also declared that they had seen him aim a blow, so that next morning, when the wretched young man was carried before the criminal tribunal, he was sentenced to a month's hard labour in the streets. It is probable that Lord Kenelsmore, when he came to reflect on all the circumstances, would have used his influ-

ence to procure a mitigation of the sentence, but a distressing event in his own family overwhelmed him with anxiety and sorrow.

"In the course of the night, after the servants had so forcibly dragged Castagnello to the police office, Lady Alicia was taken ill. She would not, for some time, allow any medical aid to be procured, but the alarm of the Countess became excessive at some of the symptoms, and in a state little short of distraction she quitted her daughter's room. Immediately after this, two medical gentlemen were sent for, and when they had seen the patient and administered some medicine, they consulted in private together. It was evident to all the servants that they were at a loss what to say, and also that they considered the patient in great danger. In the course of a short time, however, the violence of her symptoms abated, and she herself appeared happily delivered from apprehension. But the medical attendants were not so well satisfied with her situation, and one of them remained all night by her bedside. Towards morning she was feverish, attended with slight convulsions of delirium, in which she spoke often of Count Corneli, and hoped it was not poison that he had persuaded her to swallow.

"Her mother never returned to her room, nor inquired concerning her, although Alicia had been always considered her favourite daughter. But she wept bitterly and would not be consoled. The fever gained ground, and on the third day the doctors informed the Earl that they had no hope. 'What is her disease?' said the afflicted father.

"The doctors looked at each other as if the one left it to the other to explain, both evidently embarrassed. At last one of them replied,

"'The immediate cause of danger is fever and inflammation.'

"The Earl sighed, and the doctors bowed and withdrew. The same night the beautiful Alicia breathed her last. Her father was sunk into the deepest sorrow, and delighted to dwell on the remembrance of her grace and virtues, but the Countess instantly appeared quitted."

At this part of the story there is both confusion and improbability in the incidents; but the result is, that Castagnello, by making Corneli feel the power he had over him in knowing his crimes, gains the advantage of participating in his pecuniary fortune—and, there being similarity of physiognomy and figure, he resolves to personate Count Corneli, but leaves Florence. Being thus provided with ample wealth, he travels into Asia Minor, visiting the remarkable places, and afterwards extends his journey into Georgia. His travels are minutely narrated, but this part of the story

has no connection with the rest, except as shewing Castagnello's state of mind. In Georgia, upon the ridges of Caucasus, he is overwhelmed by the snow dust raised by the falling of an avalanche. Upon recovering his senses, he finds himself under the care of an Italian doctor, who had settled in that region.

After various other adventures, Castagnello returns and goes to Venice, where he is seen by the real Corneli, who secretly accuses him to the police, in order to get him destroyed. Castagnello, however, is, upon examination, acquitted and liberated. Corneli's design for recovering the command of his fortune is, in the meantime, defeated. After farther travels through Europe, Castagnello returns to Messina, and discovers Corneli labouring, as a convict, at the public works, but has not the inclination to release him from that state. Soon afterwards, the earthquake happens; one of the magistrates, Baron Alcamo, after that event, proposes, for the purposes of public utility, that some of the convicts be released from their chains. Among these is Corneli, passing then under the name of Don Birbone. But Castagnello, personating the Count Corneli, and living in his mansion, is overwhelmed by its ruins. The following account is given of his being dug out:—

"Father Anselmo, a Benedictine friar, who justly merited the perpetual gratitude of the city, for the zeal with which he assisted the inhabitants to superintend a band of labourers appointed by the magistrates to dig out those who were discovered to be alive in the ruins, on hearing that Count Corneli was in this situation, hastened to his assistance. It happened as he and his attendants passed along, that Don Birbone was standing at a small huxtry booth, greedily eating a morsel of bread which the charity of Baron Alcamo had enabled him to purchase; the convict, struck with the haste of the people, inquired of the friar where they were going so fast, and on being told, to dig out Count Corneli, who was alive under the ruins of his palace, the bread dropped from the convict's hand, and he exclaimed in a tone of exultation almost terrible, 'Corneli alive and in Messina!' The crowd hurried on, and he joined them.

"Father Anselmo, on reaching the spot, having ascertained where the Count was, instructed the labourers to proceed cautiously, lest the fragments which hung loosely together should fall and crush them; but Don Birbone, heedless of his admonition, seized a pickaxe, and began to dig and plunge it into the mingled wreck of mar-

bles and furniture. In vain did Anselmo entreat him to desist, till the superincumbent mass, undermined by his exertions, began to shake, and falling down with a hideous crash and hurl, almost suffocated him with dust; but he had given liberty to the Count, and springing forward on obtaining the first glimpse of his person, drew him out into the air.

"A glance of mutual recognition took place instantly between them; the convict appeared triumphant, but the Count seemed abashed and terrified; the people ascribed the exultation of Don Birbone to his success, and the pale and abject looks of the nobleman to the dreadful imprisonment from which he had been released.

"In the course of a few minutes, however, the Count recovered his wonted self-possession, and assuming the habitual dignity of his deportment, cordially recommended Don Birbone to the care of Father Anselmo, assuring him, at the same time, that he might freely claim to participate in his fortune. The crowd who heard this, and for whom it was intended, applauded the just generosity of Corneli; but the audacious felon smiled at the expression, and gave the Count a look so significant, that he was a second time abashed, and subdued to the most abject timidity.

"The Friar, who had not attended to what passed, informed Corneli that the house of his friend the Baron Alcamo had withstood the shock of the earthquake, advising him to retire there for the night; the Count, without speaking, moved to go away, and the convict indicated by his manner an intention to accompany him, but the former, in evident alarm, abruptly requested him to remain with the Friar, till he could make some arrangement for suitably rewarding his services. Don Birbone paused for a moment and placed his finger on his lip, as if reflecting on what he ought to do, and Corneli hesitated awaiting his decision. The convict looked at him askance, and observing his uncertainty, bowed, apparently with much humility, and thanking him for his goodness in setting so high a value on his service, respectfully wished him good night.

"The Count bowed in return and walked away in silence, with despondency so visibly depicted in his countenance, that the crowd were touched with a sentiment of awe for which none of them could account.

"When he reached the residence of the Baron, he found the old gentleman and his nephew in a pertinacious conversation respecting Don Birbone, and which they scarcely suspended to give him welcome, or to congratulate him on his deliverance.

"The Baron was decidedly of opinion that the convict was an unfortunate man of rank, whom the malice of fortune, or the treachery of friends, had driven into some rash act of criminal indiscretion; and Francisco was no less persuaded, that he was only one of those adventurers of low origin, who are led by peculiar endowments of

mind and person, to acquire tastes and habits above their condition, and seduced into a life of expedients, sink step by step into a course of crimes. 'Such men,' said Francisco, 'even in the greatest depravity, retain a keen sense of remorse, but the strength of their passions, and the flexibility which habits of deceit and artifice give to their principles, render them infinitely more dangerous to society than delinquents of less qualified wickedness.'

"It was at this point of their argument, that the Count entered. Francisco was much struck with his wan and troubled countenance, and eyed him inquisitively, but said nothing. The Baron, after hastily inquiring how he had escaped from the fall of his house, without waiting for a reply, told him with much self-satisfaction, that he had procured the emancipation of several of the convicts, and described Don Birbone with enthusiasm.

"Francisco, during the time that his uncle was speaking, kept his eye steadily fixed on the Count, and when he had finished, said, 'I think, my lord, that you have known this Don Birbone?' A gleam of alarm wavered over the visage of Corneli, but in a moment he was again master of himself, and answered negligently, 'I dare say it is the same person to whom I am indebted for my deliverance from the ruins.' "

At Messina, Castagnello meets again with Lord and Lady Wildwaste, and is obliged to surrender to the true Corneli his fortune. In the meantime, Corneli, having conceived a violent passion for Adelina, the daughter of Baron Alcamo, is enraged at the vigilance of her brother Francisco, who sees into his evil designs; and, therefore, Corneli resolves to remove him from his way by assassination. The following is the account of his attempt to do so:

"The reflections with which Corneli was engaged instinctively led him to the gate of Baron Alcamo's residence, where he found a number of poor persons assembled in the expectation of receiving that dispensation of alms, which is commonly made by the Sicilians, at the funerals of their friends. He inquired among the crowd as to the cause of their assemblage, and was informed that there was to be a burial that night of some one of the family, who had been killed in the earthquake, and whose body had, about an hour before, been carried home to them in a litter.

"While he was thus speaking with the crowd, the servants came out with the customary gift of money, and the mendicants left him to obtain their respective shares. In the pressure of a multitude, in the silence of a funeral performed in the darkness of the night, his guilty imagination saw a chance of perpetrating his bloody purpose, with a better prospect of escaping, than he might easily again possess; for it

is customary in Sicily to send the body privately to the church nearest to the cemetery where it is to be laid, and for those friends to assemble there, who intend to assist in the last offices; on which occasions the concourse of persons is often very considerable. It was the funeral of his own wife that was to be performed. As she had died a nun, the Baron her brother was not prepared for this ceremony, but the body was sent to him from the hospital, and he had no choice. Preparations were therefore made as quickly as possible for the interment the same evening, many imperious and awful considerations, arising from her wounds, rendering the utmost expedition requisite.

Francisco happened to be absent when the body arrived, and had strayed, as he ever afterwards considered it, by an unconscious providential impulse, to the very place where the grave was dug. The funeral was delayed a short time in expectation of his return, but the persons who had charge of the interment became impatient; for the number of the dead in the city, waiting burial, was so great that they could afford to lose no time, so that the family were induced to consent to allow the funeral to proceed without Francisco.

When the servants had distributed the alms, the bier with the dead was brought out, and carried towards the church. Presently after the Baron's carriage came also from the portal, and Corneli saw that it contained four persons, the Baron, his lady, Adelina, and a young man, who held a handkerchief to his face, and whom he naturally supposed to be Francisco, but it was his own son.

Having learnt where the interment was to take place, Corneli, with eager but perturbed steps, ran to the Marina, and hired a boat, which he assisted himself to row towards the church. He promised the boatman a liberal reward if he arrived before the funeral, after which he was to convey him as rapidly as he could to the Calabrian shore. No explanation was given of this urgency, nor did the boatman think it extraordinary, but plied his oars to the best of his ability. It was this boat which disturbed the reverie of Francisco, and it was the convict-Count that he had seen land from her, and whom he followed into the cloister.

In the obscurity of the cloister he lost Corneli and paused. The sight of the ready grave made his blood curdle with a vague superstitious horror, and he looked at the sexton-monk, the heap of earth, the glimmering lantern, and the mouldering bones as an ominous spectacle, which strangely concerned himself. In this moment the bier with the body arrived at the gate, and before it was brought into the cloister, the Baron's carriage drove up, and the party alighted. Francisco immediately recognized his friends, but he was so struck by the remarkable coincidence of their ap-

pearance, and his own gloomy anticipations, that he was rivetted to the spot, as by the influence of a spell. Before the church door was opened, round which the monks who were to assist in the funeral service were assembling, he discovered the mysterious stranger from the boat stepping softly along towards the mourners, with a knife which faintly glimmered in his hand.

Before Francisco had power for utterance, the deed was done; the atrocious Corneli had consummated his crimes by the assassination of his son, who fell prostrate over the corpse of his mother.

Francisco saw the act, and in the same instant grasped the murderer by the wrist, as he still held the bloody weapon. A shriek of horror from Adelina brought all the attendants of the monastery with their lamps from the church into the cloister—and Corneli looking round, exclaimed, on discovering that it was Francisco who held his arm—'What have I done?'

Francisco dropped his hold, and with an accent of supernatural solemnity, said—'He is your own son—that is his mother's body.'

Corneli glared rather than looked upon him, and, with a howl of indescribable horror, darted out of the cloister, and leaping into the boat, was in an instant conveyed beyond the reach of immediate pursuit.

It would be a vain attempt to describe the whirlwind of the murderer's mind. He breathed gaspingly; he tugged one minute fiercely at the oar, the next he started up, and looked to see if he was pursued. The boatman whom he had hired, and who had no conception of what had taken place, plied his task in silence.

When they had rowed into the mid channel, between Seylla and Charybdis, the fearful glances of the assassin discovered a boat with a hidden light on board coming swiftly with muffled oars towards them. He stopped and would have addressed the boatman, but his throat and tongue were parched with terror, and he could not articulate. 'I am lost, lost, for ever,' were the first words that he was able to utter, and he looked upwards. The heavens were gloriously illuminated, but it seemed to him as if the innumerable stars were only so many eyes of light that vigilantly watched him. In the same moment a splendid meteor fell from the skies, and was lost in the dark abysses of the air. The boatman shouted with admiration at its beautiful course, but Corneli sighed, and felt that he was himself fallen for ever."

Corneli is afterwards apprehended, condemned, and executed. In the meantime, Castagnello, being received into the family of his brother, does all in his power to amend his conduct, and retrieve his character. But, unfortunately, a friend of Lord Wildwaste's takes it into his head to suspect him of improper feelings towards Lady Wild-

waste, and hints his suspicions to Lord Wildwaste, who begins to doubt Castagnello, but not his lady. One day, however, Lady Wildwaste, having spoken to Castagnello in a friendly manner, to cheer up his mind with regard to his future prospects in life, the unfortunate man kneels gratefully, and kisses her hand. At this moment, Wildwaste and his friend enter the room, and, the worst construction being put upon Castagnello's behaviour, he is banished from his brother's house. The truth is afterwards found out; but Castagnello, after having in despair attempted to commit suicide, from which he is prevented, retires and dies in a convent.

It will easily be perceived that this novel is too much filled with horrors and crimes; the extracts, however, are sufficient to shew that some parts of it are ably written. In the beginning of the tale there is an injudicious attempt to invest the character of Corneli with some of that mysterious gloom and energy of wickedness which is frequently represented in Lord Byron's writings. This kind of stage effect was not very sublime, even when new, and has now entirely lost its powers of delusion. In the poem of *Lara*, for instance, this gloom and mystery of external appearances was carried to the utmost, and was seen there approaching to the verge of an idle and ignoble species of poetical quackery, unfit to give permanent satisfaction to the mind. The intellect, viewing such characters as the *Corsair* externally, can find no sublimity in their passions or crimes. But a poetical sympathy, with such vehe-

ment movements of pride and passion, produces a sort of extension of internal existence, which may be communicated to the most vulgar and ignorant minds; for these are always eager to sympathise with ranting force, and a vehement spirit of action, or with fond attachment and hatred; which are things, that extend the natural passions of the multitude into a kind of poetry, but which do not make their minds encounter unwelcome light, by being lifted into the feeling of fixed and unchangeable relations. The first step beyond those passions, which have their limits within the nature of the individual, is when tragic pathos depends upon the sentiment of abstract justice. In that case, the mind is awakened to a feeling of fixed relations, existing independently of itself and of its temporary movements. And a single step beyond the feeling of submission to the feeling of justice carries the mind into the love of abstract beauty. In some of Lord Byron's more recent productions, his Lordship has renounced the fierce bravadoing tone with which he first fired ardent souls, and, in *Don Juan*, he evidently inclines more towards sarcasm, reflection and tears. The passions cannot, with truth, be represented as grand in their uninterrupted sweep, but only as pathetic, in their broken force, or in regretful tenderness and remorse. In *Anastasis*, this is done with great power. The story of *Euphrosine* conveys a feeling of pity and remorse, which goes through the mind's innermost core, and is the most perfect pathos of unavailing "desiderium" and natural affection.

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TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LESS FAMILIAR LATIN CLASSICS. No. IV.

*Silius Italicus.*

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

THE occasion of the following episode may be very shortly explained. It is the poetical account of the celebrated serpent which impeded the march of the army of *Regulus*. *Serranus*, the son of *Regulus*, is supposed, by the poet, to have taken shelter, after the rout of *Lake Thrasimene*, in the cottage of a veteran who had served under his father; and, by him, the story is related to the son of his old general.

The defect of the "*Punica*" of *Silius Italicus*, or rather of its claim to the technical denomination of an epic poem, is in its plan. There is no unity of interest, unless we conceive it to arise from the opposition of the Republic of Carthage to the Romans being continued throughout the poem. It is, in fact, a chronicle versified—and beautifully versified; and is valuable as a document of historical reference, as well as a source of poetical recreation.

The action is carried through seventeen books, and the glories of *Scipio* succeed to those of *Annibal*. *Paulus Æmilius* is killed at *Cannæ*, in the tenth

book, and Scipio triumphs in the seventeenth—the statue of the conquered Hannibal forming part of the procession.

“Sed non ulla magis mentes oculosque tenebat,  
Quàm visa Annibalis campis fugientis imago.”

I am, &c. &c.

T. D.

*SILIUS ITALICUS. Book VI.*

Where Bragada's slow river scarce contains  
Its shrinking current, midst the Iybian plains,—  
And yet no stream more daringly expands  
Its vent'rous waters o'er those burning sands,—  
There, pleased, we drink, or, by the river's edge,  
Sit, tired but happy, in the cooling sedge.  
Fast by the bank, a dark'ning grove defies  
The sultry warfare of those burning skies,  
A wood of gloomy shadow, and of hue  
As if by Styx's hellish waves it grew.  
From the deep arches of those antique trees,  
Borne on the flagging pinions of the breeze,  
A horrid odour strikes, and through the screen  
Of blacken'd trees a cave is darkly seen,  
With downward windings struggling deep, to shun  
The piercing glances of the tyrant sun.  
Here, horror to relate! a monster fell,  
Born in the spite of Earth, was found to dwell;  
Nor eye hath witness'd, nor tradition told  
• Of such a serpent, coil'd in such a fold;  
There, dark, in many a loathsome knot he lay,  
Sullyng the splendour of the outer day.  
Around the shore are scatter'd fragments seen,  
That tell where many a bloody feast hath been,—  
The lion hath been there his thirst to slake;  
His bones beneath the whitening sun-beams bake.  
The timid antelope, whom quenchless heat  
Hath driv'n to venture near the dark retreat,  
His slender limbs are crush'd.—The venomous breath  
Brings down the vulture, hovering near—to death.  
Gorged with repast, and tired with slaughter, then  
Sluggish he lies, and heaves within his den,  
And sleeps a death-like sleep; and, should he feel  
The waking thirst of such a murd'rous meal,  
Mound-like he lies across the river's course,  
And dams the current with resistless force,  
Through the vext stream his restless folds are spread,  
The further bank supports his scaly head.

Thoughtless of such a danger, we explore—  
My friends and I—the melancholy shore.  
We breathe—we know not why—a passing pray'r,  
To ev'ry unknown Power presiding there,  
And fearful, though unconscious of the cause,  
We enter on the Cavern's yawning jaws.  
Lo! from its entrails a Tartarean breath  
Is volumed forth—and in the gale is death;  
It rushes forth more angry than the east,  
When all his cavern'd fury is releas'd;  
And, then, methought I heard a deeper sound,  
With less of earth, but rising through the ground—  
The rock on which we trod, I felt to move,  
And darker shadows swept along the grove.

Vast as those Titan giants erst who strove,  
Sons of the earth, against the rule of Jove,



Vaster than that which erst Alcides strake,  
 Amid the flags of the Lernæan lake,  
 The ringed monster rous'd him from his lair,  
 And breath'd a sickness on the tainted air.  
 We fly ; and panting with our headlong fear,  
 Strive, in faint shouts, to make our comrades hear,  
 In vain—Tremendous hissings load the wind,  
 And we can feel the monster's breath behind.  
 Havens, whom dread almost of sight bereaves,  
 Clings to a tree, and hides amid the leaves ;  
 When lo ! mine eyes beheld the serpent clasp  
 The black and quivering oak, with spiral grasp,  
 And, in gigantic circles winding round,  
 Tear from its roots and level with the ground,  
 —A mossy tower—I saw it bend and break—  
 I heard the final crash and smother'd shriek.  
 Aquinas, just as hapless, tried the wave,  
 Nor found his differing choice avail to save ;  
 Seiz'd in the middle of the stream, his blood  
 Tint'd with a deeper stain, that faithless flood—  
 Half drown'd—half crush'd,—it hath no life for him—  
 The monster hath entomb'd him, limb by limb.  
 Alone I scap'd—and told, as wretches tell,  
 Sav'd from some horrid chance, what hap befell.  
 Then sudden fury seiz'd our leader's breast,  
 To wreak full vengeance on this hateful pest ;  
 In rage he draws his blade, and with him go,  
 Both horse and foot, to see the reptile foe ;  
 There the spear'd horsemen march—the bowmen here—  
 The huge Balista moves far in the rear,  
 And turrets, wheel'd t' approach a hostile wall—  
 Prepared to stand, whatever may befall.

Hard hoofs, and ceaseless shoutings shake the ground,  
 Till the wide cave re-echoes with the sound ;  
 But all give back, and all are silent when  
 The roused snake rolls slowly from his den.  
 He eyes us—and his eyes shoot keener fires ;  
 Louder and louder his hot breath expires—  
 High in the air his restless head he's flung,  
 And seems to lick it with protruded tongue.  
 But when the startling trumpets ring, at length  
 He twists him sudden, in convulsive strength,  
 As suddenly the massive folds subside,  
 And, at full length, and with the lightnings' glide,  
 In all his ire, he rushes on the line—  
 Then wheel the horses round, the shouts decline—  
 The broken cohorts mix—and 'midst the press,  
 Is the fell snake in all his ghastliness.  
 Above the tottering standards—crossing spears—  
 Writhing, with sudden leap, his crest he rears,  
 And down he comes resistless, dire as fate,  
 And man and horse are crush'd beneath the weight.  
 Then, on a thought, he flies, as in disdain,  
 And with strange swiftness bounds along the plain,  
 Then nears the troops again, and, from his track,  
 Standard, and steed, and phalanx, all give back.

Our leader foams, and cries, " What, will ye fly  
 " A serpent's pow'r, ye youth of Italy ?  
 " Is Rome's best chivalry o'ermatch'd, to wake  
 " And scotch the fury of one Lybian snake ?  
 " If all your strength has found a sudden death,  
 " Struck with the blast of that pestiferous breath ;

" Or, if the reptile's eye your valour awes—  
 " Or ye wax faint to see his bloody jaws,  
 " Alone your general ventures, through the storm  
 " Of sand and stench, on this portentous worm."—  
 He said, nor paus'd, but, with determined force,  
 Drove at the twisting snake his shrinking horse ;  
 And, straining to the task his sinews, sped  
 A whizzing javelin at the monster's head.  
 Deep in that hideous head, the weapon stood,  
 And a loud shout proclaim'd the following blood.  
 The madden'd monster spins in rage to feel  
 The pang and shock of the encumbering steel ;  
 And blindly dashes, with tremendous force,  
 In dizzy circles, round the frightened horse ;  
 Nor joy, nor peril Regulus confounds,  
 Firm he eludes the foe's successive bounds,  
 And, with an apt and strongly stiffen'd rein,  
 Makes many a turn, elusive, on the plain—  
 To Marus, then, when greater were afraid,  
 'Twas granted to afford his leader aid.  
 This hand, in all that warlike host, was found  
 The readiest to inflict a second wound ;  
 Deep, in that body, ring'd with many a joint,  
 I plunged, in desperate strength, my steely point,  
 Just as the terrors of that forked tongue  
 Above the charger's fault'ring haunches hung,  
 And the lost rider deem'd his fate was near,  
 And felt the poison hissing in his ear.

Struck with fresh pain, and stopp'd in his intent,  
 On me the reptile's open mouth is bent,—  
 But now the cohort launches dart on dart,  
 Barb follows barb, and smart succeeds to smart.  
 Still with new pangs the baffled monster burns,  
 Convulsive writhes, and threatens all, by turns,  
 Till the discharged Balista maims, at length,  
 And breaks th' array of his enormous strength ;  
 Then the crush'd spine refuses to supply  
 The vengeance threaten'd by the burning eye,  
 And the raised head twists in increasing pain,  
 And the tired mouth breathes hissing, now in vain.

Then were the reptile's volumed entrails riven  
 By the Phalarica,—and strongly driven,  
 By the unerring archer, venturing nigh,  
 A shaft is buried deep in either eye.  
 With many a gasp the eddying air he draws,  
 And belches back envenom'd from his jaws ;  
 In vain,—with swords and heavy poles they wound  
 His writhing tail, and pin it to the ground,  
 Till the huge beam from the vast engine sped  
 With final bruise, quells the still threat'ning head ;  
 Then all his length he stretches on the shore,—  
 And slowly gasps—and dying—moves no more.  
 — But from the mournful River there arose  
 A sound, as of the voice of many woes,—  
 Along the waves it came, that grove beside,  
 And there—within that darksome cavern,—died ;  
 Ah ! too prophetic of our future doom,  
 Of sad mischances and of ills to come !  
 For when upon those sullen waters crept  
 That wail of death, and all their Naiads wept,  
 'Twas no vain augury ;—as thou can'st tell,  
 O Son of Regulus—alas ! too well.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*True Unicorn, an inhabitant of Thibet.*—"We have no doubt that a little time will bring to light many objects of natural history peculiar to the elevated regions of central Asia, and hitherto unknown in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, particularly in the two former. This is an opinion which we have long entertained; but we are led to the expression of it on the present occasion, by having been favoured with the perusal of a most interesting communication from Major Latter, commanding in the Rajah of Sikkim's territories, in the hilly country east of Nepaul, addressed to Adjutant General Nicol, and transmitted by him to the Marquis of Hastings. This important paper explicitly states that the unicorn, so long considered as a fabulous animal, actually exists at this moment in the interior of Thibet, where it is well known to the inhabitants. 'This,'—we copy from the Major's letter—"is a very curious fact, and it may be necessary to mention how the circumstance became known to me. In a Thibetian Manuscript, containing the names of different animals, which I procured the other day from the hills, the *unicorn* is classed under the head of those whose hoofs are divided; it is called the one-horned *tsu'po*. Upon inquiring what kind of animal it was, to our astonishment, the person who brought me the manuscript described exactly the unicorn of the ancients; saying, that it was a native of the interior of Thibet, about the size of a *tattoo*, (a horse from twelve to thirteen hands high,) fierce and extremely wild; seldom, if ever, caught alive, but frequently shot; and that the flesh was used for food.'

'The person,' Major Latter adds, 'who gave me this information, has repeatedly seen these animals, and eaten the flesh of them. They go together in herds, like our wild buffaloes, and are very frequently to be met with on the borders of the great desert, about a month's journey from Lassa, in that part of the country inhabited by the wandering Tartars.'

This communication is accompanied by a drawing made by the messenger from re-

collection. It bears some resemblance to a horse, but has cloven hoofs, a long curved horn growing out of the forehead, and a boar-shaped tail, like that of the '*fera monoceros*,' described by Pliny.\* From its herding together, as the unicorn of the Scriptures is said to do, as well as from the rest of the description, it is evident that it cannot be the rhinoceros, which is a solitary animal; besides, Major Latter states, that, in the Thibetian manuscript, the rhinoceros is 'described under the name of *seruo*, and classed with the elephant; 'neither,' says he, 'is it the wild horse, (well known in Thibet,) for that has also a different name, and is classed in the MS. with the animals which have the hoof undivided.' 'I have written (he subjoins) to the Sachia Lama, requesting him to procure me a perfect skin of the animal, with the head, horn, and hoofs; but it will be a long time before I can get it down, for they are not to be met with nearer than a month's journey from Lassa.'

*Capital of New South Wales.*—The town of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, has increased very considerably in extent; and the style and regularity of the more recent buildings have been much improved. It has a population of about 7000 souls; a market, well supplied with grain, vegetables, poultry, eggs, butter and fruit; and a bank with a capital of £20,000 in 200 shares, the paper of which is the principal circulating medium of the colony; its flourishing condition may be presumed, from the proprietors having the last year divided 12 per cent. on their capital. There are also two good public schools, one for boys, and the other for girls; the latter contains sixty children, who are gratuitously taught reading, writing, arithmetic, sewing, and the various arts of domestic economy. On completing their education, they are assigned as servants to such families of respectability as apply for them; or married to free persons of good character, when a certain portion of land is given in dower from a tract set apart for that purpose.

Sydney possesses two other public schools,

\* In speaking of the wild beasts of India, Pliny says, with regard to the animal in question, '*Asperrimam autem feram monocerotem, reliquo corpore equo similem, capite cervo, pedibus elephantis, cauda apro, mugitu gravi, uno cornu nigro molia fronte cubitorum duum eminente.*—*Ilanc feram rivam argant capi.*'—*Plin. Hist. Mund. lib. 8, cap. 21.* The resemblance is certainly very striking.

containing upwards of 220 children of the higher classes, both male and female; and, it should be stated, to the credit of the local governments, that provision is made in every populous district for the diffusion of education; to defray the expenses of which, one eighth part of the colonial revenues, amounting to about £2,500, has been added to the 'Orphan Dues' on coals and timber. Besides these laudable institutions there are two private societies, one called 'the Auxiliary Bible Society of New South Wales,' the other 'the New South Wales Sunday School Institution.'

*Paramatta.*—The town next in importance to Sydney is Paramatta, situated at the distance of fifteen miles from it, at the head of Port Jackson harbour. It consists of one street nearly a mile in length; its population amounts to 1200 souls, chiefly inferior traders, artificers, and labourers. The principal public buildings are a church, a female orphan house, a hospital, and a manufactory of coarse cloth, in which such of the female convicts as misconduct themselves, and such as, on their arrival in the colony, are not immediately assigned as servants to families, are employed. The wool is received from the settlers, and a certain portion of the manufactured article is returned in exchange; the rest is used for clothing the gaol gang, and the re-convicted culprits who are banished to the Coal River.

There is, besides, another institution in Paramatta, that does honour to its founder, the present governor, Colonel Macquarie. It is a school for the education and civilization of the aboriginal natives of the country. It is not more than four years since it was opened; and, by the last accounts, it contained eighteen children who had been voluntarily placed in it by their parents; and it is stated that they were making equal progress in their studies with European children, or rather with children of European parents, of the same age.

*Windsor, in New Holland.*—Windsor is a rising town, situated near the confluence of the south creek with the river Hawkesbury, about thirty-five miles from Sydney. Its population, amounting to about six hundred souls, is composed chiefly of settlers who have farms in the neighbourhood. The Hawkesbury is subject to occasional inundations, when the water rises sometimes to the astonishing height of 70 or 80 feet; owing, it is supposed, to the branch called the Nepean, running along the base of the Blue Mountains for 50 or 60 miles, collecting in its course all the mountain torrents, and pouring them into that river.

*Newcastle, in New Holland.*—Sixty miles to the northward of Sydney, is the town of Newcastle, at the mouth of the Coal river. Its population, consisting chiefly of incorrigible offenders, convicted of fresh crimes in the colony, amounts to about five

hundred souls. They are employed from sunrise to sunset in burning lime, and in procuring coals and timber for the public works, and for sale on government account.

*Liverpool, in New Holland.*—The last town is Liverpool, founded by Governor Macquarie, about five or six years ago. It is situated on the banks of George's river, at the distance of 18 miles from Sydney, and has a population of two hundred souls. The river empties itself into Botany Bay, and is navigable by boats of twenty tons burden up to the town.

*State of Society in New Holland.*—The state of society in all these places, is just what might be expected from so heterogeneous and discordant a mass of materials as are thus thrown together; indifferent in the abstract, it is not improved by that spirit of scandal which usually exists in little communities, where every one is disposed to inquire minutely into the concerns of his neighbour. At Sydney they raised a theatre, and instituted annual races, but it was found that they were not quite ripe for these kind of amusements. The races, we should have thought, would have suited their taste; they have, however, frequent dinner and supper parties, and regular subscription balls. 'Upon the whole,' says Mr Wentworth, 'it may be safely asserted, that the natural disposition of the people to sociality, has not only been in no wise impaired by their change of scene, but that all classes of the colonists are more hospitable than persons of similar means in this country.'

*Homer.*—It is known that the first manuscript from which the editions of Homer were made, is of no later date than the 10th century. A recent discovery has taken place in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, of a manuscript, consisting of several fragments of the Iliad, which appears to be of the 4th century, being about six hundred years more ancient than the former. The characters are all capitals, and of a square form, similar to those of the most refined ages, without distinction of words, and without accents, or any indications of modern orthography.

This manuscript is embellished with 60 paintings on vellum, equally antique: the subjects represent the principal passages of the Iliad.

M. Angelo Maio, Professor at the Ambrosian College, has caused the manuscript to be printed in one volume, with engravings from the pictures, and the numerous scholia which accompany them.

*Lunatic Infirmary.*—The Directors of the Lunatic Asylum at Konisberg have established the game of nine pins for the amusement of the unfortunate inmates. The desire of winning, as well as the anxiety displayed in taking good aim, and the interest excited in counting the number of skittles overthrown with precision, oblige the play-

ers to fix their thoughts upon a particular object. Order and tranquillity have already succeeded the noisy confusion which first attended the opening of the games, and happy results are expected from this experiment.

*Longevity.*—The foreign journals give the following extraordinary statement, which we shall be thankful if any of our friends who reside in Russia, or have correspondents in that vast and interesting empire, will do us the favour to ascertain to be genuine.

The tables of longevity published for the year 1817, in the Russian empire, give the following results :

Amongst 828,561 persons who have died, all belonging to the Greek Church, there appear to have been as follows :—

1	above 140 years of age	
1	do.	135 do.
7	do.	130 do.
21	do.	125 do.
51	do.	120 do.
83	do.	115 do.
783	do.	100 do.

The banks of Lake Champlain, in the United States of America, afford an instance of longevity which has seldom been equalled since the period of holy writ ; the individual alluded to is a German by birth, aged 135 years. This venerable character belonged to Queen Anne's Guards, at her coronation in the year 1702, at which time he was 18 years old ; and having served to the end of the war, he then went to America. He is still robust, and very strong ; he sees and hears perfectly, and has still preserved his hair ; he has a soldier-like air, and is proud of his temperance, in having always abstained from spirituous liquors. His youngest son is 27 years of age ; so that he was born when his father was 108 years old.

The above communication is from a Missionary, and therefore its correctness cannot be doubted.

*The Secrets and Whole System of Freemasonry Exposed.*—A chief of the Society of Free-masons in Germany, who died about two years ago, left, amongst his papers, a most remarkable MS., containing a complete History of all the *Secret Ceremonies, Views, and Plans of the Association.* This manuscript has been printed, and its publication, we are told, has excited an extraordinary sensation throughout the continent. It has already passed through many editions, and occasioned the publication of numberless controversial tracts.

*FRENCH INSTITUTE.*—The following is a copy of a letter, lately received by Thomas Edmondston, Esquire, of Bunces, Shetland, from the Institute and Board of Longitude of France.

It will be gratifying to our readers to observe the polite and handsome terms in which these learned and illustrious Societies

express their acknowledgments, for attentions shewn to their members when engaged in the pursuits of science.

INSTITUT DE FRANCE.

ACADEMIE ROYALE DES SCIENCES.

PARIS, le 10 Juin, 1820.

LE SECRETAIRE PERPETUEL DE  
L'ACADEMIE SECRETAIRE DU BUREAU  
DES LONGITUDES.

MONSIEUR,

L'INSTITUT et le Bureau des Longitudes de France avaient appris déjà par les discours de M. Biot, prononcés dans nos séances et publiés dans nos mémoires, la manière généreuse et hospitalière dont vous l'aviez accueilli, et les soins que vous vous étiez donnés pour qu'il pût réussir complètement dans la mission difficile et délicate qu'il avait à remplir, nous savions en général combien il vous avait d'obligations. Le détail imprimé de ses observations quo tout nouvellement il a mis sous nos yeux, en fixant nos idées, nous a fait sentir plus vivement encore tout ce que vous doivent et la physique et l'astronomie.

Dans la séance où ce travail vient de lui être présenté le Bureau des Longitudes, d'un mouvement unanime, a pris l'arrête que son secrétaire aurait l'honneur de vous offrir les remerciemens de la compagnie et nous pourrions dire ceux de tous les savans et de tous les amateurs de la science.

Permettez, monsieur, que je me félicite d'une occasion qui me procure l'avantage de vous exprimer en mon nom particulier toute ma reconnaissance pour des procédés, auxquels je dois être d'autant plus sensible, que pendant la mesure de notre meridienne, j'ai été moi même plus d'une fois à portée de sentir combien un tel accueil et des pareils secours deviennent précieux dans les lieux éloignés ou l'observateur n'est connu de personne.

J'ai l'honneur d'être avec la plus haute considération, Monsieur,

Votres très humble et très obeissant  
Serveur,

DELAMBRE.

Monsieur Edmondston, à Unst, Shetland.

*The Niger.*—It is at length ascertained that this river empties itself into the Atlantic Ocean a few degrees to the northward of the equator. This important fact is confirmed by the arrival of Mr Dupuis from Africa. This gentleman was appointed Consul from this country at Ashantee (where Mr Bowdich resided for some time). He is acquainted with the Arabic and Moorish languages, and got his intelligence by conversing with different traders with whom he fell in at Ashantee. He thought it so important as to warrant his voyage home to communicate to government what he had learnt. We say that Mr Dupuis has confirmed this fact ; for it so happens that he has been anticipated in the dis-

covery by the geographical acumen of a gentleman of Glasgow, who arrived at the same conclusion by a most persevering and diligent investigation of the works of travellers and geographers, ancient and modern, and examining African captives; and had actually constructed, and submitted to the inspection of Government two or three months ago, a map of Africa, in which he lays down the Niger as emptying itself into the Atlantic in about four degrees north latitude, after tracing out its entire course from the interior.

*Live Bat found in the centre of a tree.*—A woodman, engaged in splitting timber for rail posts, in the woods close by the lake at Haining, a seat of Mr Pringle's, in Selkirkshire, discovered in the centre of a large wild cherry tree a living bat, of a bright scarlet colour, which he foolishly suffered to escape, from fear,—being fully persuaded (with the characteristic superstition of the inhabitants of that part of the country) that it was a "being not of this world." The tree presents a small cavity in the centre, where the bat was inclosed, but is perfectly sound and solid on each side.—*Caledonian Mercury*, Nov. 11.

*Greek Translation of Zadig and Antenor.*—M. Iskenterji, a Greek merchant settled in Constantinople, has published in Greek, an elegant translation of *Zadig*, a romance of Voltaire. He has also translated the voyage of Antenor, and is now printing it. The author is indefatigable in his exertions for the diffusion of knowledge and the civilization of Greece in general.

*Scholia on Juvenal.*—M. Cramer, Counsellor of State of Keil, has published certain passages of a curious MS. which he found two years ago in the library of the convent of St Gall. It is of the eleventh century, and consists of Scholia upon Juvenal; they have the character of being superior in value and correctness to any others now known. His programme, which was composed on occasion of a fête given by the King of Denmark, has the title of *Specimen nova Editionis Scholiasta Juvenalis*.

*Krause's Illustrations of Homer.*—Professor Krause, of Gottingen, has written and added a sixth volume to an unfinished work, comprising notes and illustrations on Homer's *Iliad*. The five first volumes have been repeatedly reprinted; new editions of them have appeared at Bonn and Hanover, and the sixth volume completes the whole series of notes. They are stated to bear the impress of profound erudition. A similar commentary is preparing on the *Odyssey*.

*Autobiography of Linnæus.*—There has lately been discovered accidentally, among the papers of a shopkeeper, a biographical account of Linnæus, written by himself, and since continued to his death. The autograph MS. which is in the Swedish language, has been sent to Upsal, and will speedily be

printed. It will form a book of 500 pages in 8vo., embellished with six engravings, exhibiting two portraits of the great naturalist, a fac simile of his hand-writing, his monument in the Cathedral Church, and the arms of his family.

*Newly discovered Islands in the South Sea.*—M. Graner, a major in the Swedish service, who set out last year to explore in the South Sea, a new route for merchant vessels from Chili to the East Indies, has discovered in that ocean a group of islands hitherto unknown to mariners. To the largest of them he has given the name of Oscar. It is to be regretted that the Swedish journals, from which this intelligence is extracted, furnish no details relative to the position of these islands.

*Great encouragement to trade of Egypt by the Pasha.*—There have been lately imported at Trieste, samples of sugar cultivated and refined in Egypt. The Pasha has also established manufactures of cotton, silk, and cloth, under the direction of his favourite Jussuf. He invites Europeans from all countries, to exert and make the best of their talents and industry. He has his ships and materials also from Europe. The brother of Jussuf is settled at Trieste, as the Pasha's principal agent. About twenty other agents are employed in different countries, forming commercial relations.

The grand canal of Ramanieh, from Cairo to Alexandria, was finished about the end of January last. The Pasha proceeded to inspect the various works that have been executed according to his plans.

*Gor Thur, a new variety of the Wild Ass.*—The Marquis of Hastings, Governor-General in India, has received as a present from the Nabob of Bhawalpur, a wild ass, of the species called *Gor Thur*, by the Indians. This beautiful animal is from 11 to 12 hands high, has long ears, black eyes, and is of a chamois colour. He is not to be tamed, and in this and many other respects, he resembles the African Zebra. He is represented as a most finished model of beauty, agility, and strength.

*Calcutta Museum.*—The Museum of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta, among other curiosities, contains a bulrush, cut in Nepal, 84 feet in length, a serpent with two heads, specimens of Mosaic from Agra and Golconda, crystals from Nepal, and sculptures from Persepolis, Java, &c.

*First book printed in Van Diemen's Land.*—In 1810, a printing press was set up in Hobart's-town, Van Diemen's Land, New Holland. The first book from this press is the history of a fugitive exile, named Michael Howe, who, at the head of twenty-eight other runaways, disturbed the tranquillity of the colony for six years. The work derives importance from the singularity of the circumstances, and from the story.

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION

## LONDON.

WE understand that a Tragedy on the subject of Cataline's Conspiracy is forthcoming. It is written by the Reverend George Croly, author of "The Angel of the World," &c. The subject is obviously of great dramatic capability. The stern and magnificent ambition and atrocity, that made the mind of the Roman Conspirator, mark him for one of the chief among the characters with which great effect is to be producible on the stage.

In the press, a Memoir of the Operations of the British Army in India, during the Mahratta War of 1817, 1818, 1819, illustrated by maps and topographical plans; by Lieut-Col. Backer, Quarter-Master-General of the Army of Fort St George.

Preparing for publication, a Supplementary Volume to the Rev. John Hughes's *Horæ Britannicæ*; containing a Translation of the Welsh Historical Triads, &c.

*Favourite of Nature*; a novel.

A Series of Sermons on the Christian Faith; by the Rev. J. B. Sumner, Rector of Durham.

Will be published in February, Mr Bache's work on the Beauties, Sublimities, and Harmonies of Nature.

Preparing for publication, an Original Miscellany, to be entitled the Quarterly Magazine, and to appear in March or April.

A new edition of George the Third, his Court and Family, with Important Additions; 2 vols. 8vo. with 16 portraits.

The Dramatic Works of Mr Sheridan; 3 vols. 8vo. in a few days.

*Happiness*; a Tale for the Grand and the Gay.

A second volume of *Sacred Lyrics*; by Mr James Edmeston.

The third part of Mr Bellamy's New Translation of the Bible.

A Brief Account of the General Hospital near Birmingham, with the Musical Festivals that have been celebrated for its benefit, to October, 1820; by Mr Pyc.

A new edition of the *Speeches of the Hon. J. P. Curran*, with a Preface and Notes; by his Son, W. H. Curran, Esq. Barrister-at-law.

*The Philosophy of Painting*; by Wolfstenholme Parr.

A new edition of Mr Harris's Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Institution, considerably enlarged and improved.

A new edition of the Rev. John Foster's Essay on Popular Ignorance.

*The Principles of Foreign Medicine Explained*, illustrated and applied to British Practice; by J. G. Smith, M.D.

A new and improved edition of the *Hermit in London*; in 3 vols. uniform with the British Essayists.

A second volume of Clark's *History of Intolerance*.

In a few days will be published, *The Doge of Venice*, an Historical Tragedy, in Five Acts; 8vo. By the right honourable Lord Byron.

In February will be published, a Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, performed by his Majesty's Ships *Hecla* and *Griper*, under the orders of Captain Parry, in the years 1819 and 1820; containing a full Account of the Interesting and Important Geographical Discoveries, the Nautical and Astronomical Observations, and the Natural History of the Seas and Islands to the westward of Baffin's Bay, more particularly of Melville's Island, in the Polar Sea, where the ships were frozen up for nearly eleven months. 4to., with maps, charts, plates, &c.; by authority of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty.

*Memoirs of William Wallace*, Esq. late Captain in the 15th Hussars; with a View of his Character and Conduct on some well known recent Events.

Nearly ready for publication, Mr T. Arrowsmith's Map of the Constellations, on two very large sheets, accompanied by a Memoir.

In the press, the concluding volume of Bryan's Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland. 8vo.

*The Life of a Boy, a Tale*; in 2 vols.

In the press, *Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of Laplace*, comprehending the First Book; with an Introduction, containing the Rudiments of the Mathematics; being the First Part of a Work intended to Supply the Student with every link that is actually required for a complete Chain of Demonstration, extending to the Whole Theory of Planetary Motions. 8vo.

L. Towne of Newark-upon-Trent, Nottinghamshire, has in the press, and speedily will be published, the *Farmer and Grazier's Guide*; containing a collection of valuable recipes for the most common and fatal disorders to which horses, horned cattle, and sheep are subject, both tried and approved by most of the great farmers in the land.

*Oliver Cromwell and his Times*, by Thomas Cromwell, with a portrait. 8vo.

*The Celts Paradise*, a Poem, by John Bannin, foolscap 8vo.

A new poem; by James Bird, author of the *Vale of Slaughden*, entitled, *Martin, or, The Discovery of Madeira*.

Nearly ready for Publication, *Practical Observations in Midwifery*, with a Selection of Cases; by Dr Ramshottom.

*Lectures, chiefly on the Dramatic Literature of the age of Elizabeth*, delivered at the Russel Institution, by William Hazlitt. Second edition. 8vo.

*The Belvidere Apollo.* Fazio, a Tragedy. And other Poems; by the Rev. H. H. Milman.

*Essays on Character;* by William Hazlitt. 8vo.

*The First Part of Mr David Booth's Analytical Dictionary of the English Language* is now in the press. The same gentleman is also preparing for publication, a work to be entitled, *The Morality of Human Nature*, compared with that of Religious Systems, and with the Doctrines of Modern Philosophers.

*Naval and Military Calendar.* It is proposed to publish, by subscription, a compilation under the above title. The principal object of this work, is to embrace, in addition to all useful articles found in any

annual work of this nature, such other beads of information as may be more immediately useful and interesting to officers of the army and navy. An Almanack will also be given, price 7s. 6d. sewed, or 10s. 6d. bound in red.

A new edition of the *Practice of the Customs*, with considerable additions, including the new consolidated duties; by Mr Smyth, one of the surveyors-general of his Majesty's customs, is in the press, and will be published in the month of January.

A very interesting work on the *Apocalypse*, by the Rev. George Croly, is nearly ready.

In about three weeks will be published, Paris in 1815, a Poem, by the Rev. G. Croly, Part the Second.

#### EDINBURGH.

*Manual of Mineralogy.* By Robert Jameson, Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. 1 vol. 8vo.

Part Vth of *Bibliotheca Britannica;* or a General Index to the Literature of Great Britain and Ireland, ancient and modern; including such foreign Works as have been translated into English, or printed in the British dominions: As also a copious selection from the writings of the most distinguished Authors of all ages and nations. In two Divisions. In the First, the Authors, and in the Second the Subjects, are arranged alphabetically. By the late Dr ROBERT WATT of Glasgow, 4to. 2ls. This part extends from the middle of the letter P to the commencement of the letter W; and consequently contains, among other great names, those of Plato,—the two Plinys,—Quintilian,—Richardson,—Reid,—Robertson,—Rousseau,—Salust,—the Scaligers,—Sir Walter Scott,—Seneca,—Shakespeare,—Adam Smith,—Smollett,—Spencer,—the Stephens,—Tacitus,—Thomson,—Tytler,—Virgil,—Voltaire, &c. &c.

The eighteenth and concluding volume of Kerr's General History and Collection of Voyages, will very shortly be published.

In the press, and speedily will be published, Mr Owen's Report to the County of Lanark, of a Plan for relieving Public Distress, and removing Discontent, by giving permanent, productive employment to the poor and working classes;—under arrangements which will essentially improve their character and ameliorate their condition, diminish the expenses of production and consumption, and create markets co-extensive with production. With the Report of a Committee, appointed by the County to take the same into consideration, and Proposals by A. J. Hamilton of Dalzell, to form an establishment on the said plan, in the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire, on land offered by him for that purpose, and of which an engraving, exhibiting the arrangements proposed, is annexed.

*The Works of John Dryden*, Illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Second Edition, revised and corrected, 18 vols. handsomely printed by Ballantyne.

*The Works of John Playfair*, F. R. S. L. & E. late Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh: with an Account of the Author's Life. 4 vols. 8vo.

*The Works of John Home*, Esq. Author of "Douglas, a Tragedy," &c. To which is prefixed, an Account of his Life and Writings. By Henry Mackenzie, Esq. F. R. S. E. 3 vols. 8vo.

An Edition of the *Life* will also be printed for separate sale.

*Flora Scotica;* or a Description of the Plants indigenous to Scotland and the Isles. By W. J. Hooker, LL. D. F. R. S. L. & E. Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow. 1 vol. 8vo.

*Historical Sketches of the Highlands of Scotland;* with Military Annals of the Highland Regiments. By David Stewart, Colonel in the Army. 2 vols. 8vo.

*Journal of a Horticultural Tour* in the Netherlands and North of France, in the Autumn of 1817. By P. Neill, J. Hay, and James Macdonald, a Deputation of the Caledonian Horticultural Society. 8vo.

*Substance of Lectures on the Ancient Greeks*, and on the Revival of Greek Learning in Europe, delivered in the University of Edinburgh, by the late Andrew Dalzell, Professor of Greek, A. M. F. R. S. E. Published by John Dalzell, Esq. Advocate. 2 vols. 8vo.

\* \* \* This Work consists of Four Parts; the subject of the First Part is the Political Situation of the Greeks,—of the Second, their Manners and Character,—of the Third, their Language and Polite Learning, embracing comparisons with, and Criticisms upon Roman and Modern Authors,—and of the Fourth Part, the Revival of Greek Learning in Europe after the dark Ages.



## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## LONDON.

## AGRICULTURE.

GRISENTHWAITE'S New Theory of Agriculture. 5s.

The Farmer's Memorandum Book for 1821, or Journal of Country Business and Accounts throughout the year. 4to. 10s. 6d.

## ARCHITECTURE.

Plans, Elevations, &c. of the Pauper Lunatic Asylum, lately erected at Wakefield; by Watson and Pritchett, architects. Medium fol. £2, 12s. 6d. Royal, with proof plates, £3, 3s.

Observations on the Construction and Fitting up of Meeting Houses for Public Worship. Illustrated by Plans, &c. 4to. 9s.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY.

W. Baynes and Son's General Catalogue of a New Extensive and Valuable Collection of Second Hand Books for 1821; containing many early printed black-letter, scarce, curious, historical, and other works; a large assemblage of books and prints, and illustrated books, classics, lexicons, grammars, &c. of the various European and oriental languages, arts and sciences, biography, divinity, miscellanies, &c.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of the Life of Nicolas Poussin; by Maria Graham. 8vo. with a portrait, 10s. 6d.

The Life of Voltaire, by F. H. Standish, Esq. 8vo. 12s.

## BOTANY.

The Botanical Cultivator; or, Instructions for the Management of Plants Cultivated in the Hot-Houses of Great Britain; by Robert Sweet, F.L.S. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

## DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Family Cyclopædia; or, Manual of Useful and Necessary Knowledge; by James Jennings. Parts I. to VII. 2s. 6d. each.

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Commodus; a tragedy, in five acts. 2s. 6d.

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Mirandula; a tragedy, in five acts; by Barry Cornwall. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

## EDUCATION.

Acrostic Rhyme, with some Originals; by Jemmy Taylor, of Ongar. 12mo. 4s.

Pictureque Piety; or, Scripture Truths. Illustrated by 48 beautiful engravings, with an Original Poem to each; by the Rev. Isaac Taylor of Ongar. 2 vols. 6s.

## FINE ARTS.

Practical Treatise on Perspective, adapted for the study of those who draw from Nature. Nos. I. and II.; by John Varley. Folio. 5s. each.

Illustrations of the Monastery, engraved by C. Heath, from drawings by R. Westall, R.A. 8vo. 12s. 6d. 12mo. 9s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Principles of Landscape Design. Nos. I. to VII.; by John Varley. Folio. 5s. each.

The English Lakes, No. VIII. 4to. 6s.

The Cabinet of Arts. No. XXIV. Royal 4to. 3s.

Boydell's Illustrations of Holy Writ; by J. Taylor. Royal 4to. £6, 6s.

The Picturesque Tour in Italy; illustrative of Addison, Eustace, Forsyth, &c. consisting of 63 engravings, by the first artists; from drawings by James Hakewill, architect, and J. M. W. Turner, R.A. 4to. £7, 10s. Proofs, £10, 10s. On India Paper, £18.

## HISTORY.

Pictures, Historical and Biographical, drawn from English, Scottish, and Irish History; by John Galt, Esq. 2 vols. f4s.

New South Wales; being a Historical Account of the Colony and its Settlements; with 12 views, engraved by W. Preston, a convict, from drawings by Captain Wallis, 46th regt.; with a map of Port-MacQuarie, and the newly discovered River Hastings; by J. Oxley, Esq. 4to. £2, 2s.

Anecdotes and Characters of the House of Brunswick; by John Brown. 8vo. 9s.

The History of the Rebellion in 1745, and 1746, with portraits of both the Pretenders, from original pictures; by the Chevalier de Johnstone. 4to. £2, 2s.

## LAW.

A History of the Juridical System of Bengal. Royal 8vo. 8s. 6d.

A Compendious Abstract of the Public General Acts passed 60 Geo. III. and 1 Geo. IV.; by Thomas Walter Williams, Esq. 8vo.

## MATHEMATICS.

A Treatise on Involution and Evolution; being a New Method of Extracting the Roots of Equations and Numbers, by Arithmetical Rules; by Peter Nicholson. 8vo. 6s.

A New Method of Solving Equations with Ease and Expedition; by Theophilus Holdred. 4to. 7s.

A Collection of Examples of the Differential and Integral Calculus; and also of the Calculus of Finite Differences, and of Functions. 2 vols. 8vo. £1, 10s.

Analytical and Arithmetical Essays; by Peter Nicholson. 8vo. 6s.

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## MEDICINE.

A Synopsis of the Disenses of the Eye, and their Treatment; by Benjamin Travers, F.R.S. with 6 coloured plates. 8vo. £1, 6s.

A Dissertation on the Treatment of Morbid Local Affections of the Nerves; by Joseph Swan. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Practical Treatise on the Diseases of the Eye; by John Veitch. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Descriptive, Diagnostic, and Practical Essay on the Disorders of the Digestive Organs; by Marshal Hall, M.D. 8vo. 7s. MISCELLANIES.

The Quarterly Review. No. XLVII. 6s.

The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon; a new edition. 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.

The Quarterly Journal of Science, Literature, and the Arts. No. XX. Edited at the Royal Institution. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Tour of Doctor Prosody in search of the Picturesque; or, a Tour to Scotland, its Lakes and Isles. No. 1, with 3 coloured engravings from designs by Cruickshanks. 2s. 6d.

A New Series of the Lonsdale Magazine; or, the Repository of the Lakes; upon a much improved plan, each number to be illustrated with an Aquatinta engraving, was commenced on the 1st January.

A Treatise on the Art of Making Good and Wholesome Bread; by Frederick Accum. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

Perry Anecdotes. Part XIV. 2s. 6d.

London; a Periodical Essay, No. I. 1s.

Philosophical Recreations; or, Winter Amusements. 2s. 6d.

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## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.—12th January, 1821.

*Sugar.* SINCE our last there has been a considerable demand for Sugar. The quantity sold has been extensive, and the prices have accordingly improved. Whether this is merely a temporary rise, or the forerunner of greater improvements, is difficult at this moment to determine. The stock is considerably reduced, in comparison with what it was at the commencement of last year, while the internal consumpt has certainly increased. There are favourable appearances for a progressive improvement, of which the Colonial interests stand so much in need. Considerable demand has also taken place in the refined market, principally, however, it is believed, on speculation, the prices having sunk below a medium value. The accounts from Russia, owing to some Commercial regulations not so favourable as had been anticipated, are rather of a discouraging nature. While the late advance has been maintained, the Sugar market has again become less animated—Still, the appearance of the Sugar market is, from all appearances, favourable for an advance.—*Cotton.* The market for Cotton continues very dull, and prices declining. The stock has accumulated, notwithstanding the consumpt of the country has increased. The appearances for the Cotton market are by no means encouraging, and it is probable that a still farther reduction in price will take place; if the demand, however, continues the same as it has been, there is a chance, from the already reduced prices, that the farther depreciation in value cannot be great. We understand that large quantities of Cotton are now coming to this country on consignment, a thing which neither augurs well for the market from whence it came, nor for that to which it has come.—*Coffee.* The market for Coffee has for sometime past been dull and heavy. The principal demand is for the home consumpt. The navigation to the continent and northern parts of Europe being closed by the winter, occasions a greater degree of dullness in the Coffee market than might otherwise take place. As the season for shipping advances, it is probable a revival may take place both in the demand and prices.—*Corn.* In the London market, nothing is doing of any importance, owing to the navigation of the Thames being impeded by ice. Over the country, the grain market may be considered as declining, and the prices are certainly ruinously low for the farmer and landholder. It is to be hoped that prices will improve, otherwise the present rental cannot be paid. Large sales of Sugar, Cotton, &c. advertised at the India House, have been postponed on account of the excessive dullness of the markets. Indigo alone keeps up in price, and is in demand. The Rum market is uncommonly dull. Brandy is looking up; but Geneva remains without variation. The price of Tallow is maintained—all other articles remain in such a state as to merit no particular observation. In our next, we hope to be able to give the general exports and imports of the Empire, accompanied with some observations on the trade and commerce of Great Britain for last year.

## Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Dec. 1820.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock, .....	219½ 19	223½	222½ ½	221
3 per cent. reduced, .....	69 8½	70½ ½	69½ ½	69½ ½
3 per cent. consols, .....	69½ ½	shut	shut	shut
3½ per cent. consols, .....	78 7½	79½ 9	78½ ¾	78½ ¾
4 per cent. consols, .....	86½ ¾	88½ 8	87½ ¾	87½ ¾
5 per cent. navy ann. ....	105½ ¾	shut	shut	shut
Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ....	—	—	67½	68½
India stock, .....	—	shut	shut	shut
— bonds, .....	25 pr.	24 pr.	25 26 pr.	24 25 pr.
Exchange bills, .....	par. 2 pr.	1 3 dis.	par. 2 dis.	2 dis. par.
Consols per acc. ....	70½ 69½	71½ ½	70½	70½ ¾
American 3 per cents. ....	70	70	70	70
French 5 per cents. ....	77 fr. 25 c.	78 fr. 20 c.	—	—

*Course of Exchange, Jan. 12.*—Amsterdam, 12: 9. Rotterdam, 12: 10. Antwerp, 12: 10. Hamburg, 38: 2. Altona, 38: 3. Paris, 6 d. sight, 25. Bourdeaux, 26: 5. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburg, 9½: 3. Vienna, 10: 25. Trieste, 10: 25. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 35. Barcelona, 34½. Seville, 35. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 40½. Genoa, 42½. Venice, 17: 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 30½. Palermo, 115. Lisbon, 48½. Oporto, 48½. Rio Janeiro, 51. Bahia, 59. Dublin, 8 per cent. Cork.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Portugal gold, in coin, £0: 0: 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 10½. New Doubloons, £0: 0: 0. New Dollars, £0: 4: 11. Silver in bars, stand. £0 4: 11½.

PRICES CURRENT. Jan. 9.—LONDON, Jan. 5.

SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60 to 65	57 62	56 60	58 60
Mid. good, and fine mid.	76 86	62 74	61 70	61 66
Fine and very fine, .	84 96	— 76	85 75	82 82
Refined Doub. Leaves, .	130 145	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto, .	106 110	— —	— —	92 110
Single ditto, .	105 108	— —	100 104	— —
Small lumps, .	94 98	— —	98 105	— —
Large ditto, .	91 94	— —	90 91	— —
Crushed Lump, .	44 56	— —	48 50	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	27 27 6	27 28	28 —	25 0
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.	— —	— —	— —	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	115 122	112 119	115 122	90 122
Mid. good, and fine mid.	125 128	120 128	124 132	125 158
Dutch Triage and very ord.	80 115	— —	90 116	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120 128	— —	120 126	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	132 138	— —	128 135	— —
St Domingo, .	122 126	— —	114 117	— —
Pimento (in Bond) . lb.	8½ 8½	8½ 8½	8 8½	— —
SPIRITS,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 10d 3s 0d	2s 7d 2s 8d	2s 2d 3s 6d	2s 5d 4s 0d
Brandy, .	4 0 4 6	— —	— —	5 4 4 0
Geneva, .	2 2 3	— —	— —	2 0 2 2
Grain Whisky, .	7 7 3	— —	— —	— —
WINES,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	60 64	— —	— —	£55 £65
Portugal Red, pipe.	35 46	— —	— —	50 51
Spanish White, butt.	34 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	50 52	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, .	55 65	— —	— —	55 45
LOGWOOD, Jam. . ton.	£7 7 7	5 15 6 0	6 10 6 15	6s 10d 7s 0d
Honduras, .	8 —	6 0 6 6	6 15 7 5	6 10 7 0
Campeachy, .	8 —	— —	7 15 8 0	— —
FUSTIC, Jamaica, .	7 —	7 10 8 0	7 0 7 10	7 0 8 0
Cuba, .	9 11	9 10 10 0	8 10 9 0	1 3 1 6
INDIGO, Caracas fine, lb.	9s 6d 11s 6d	7 6 8 6	8 0 9 0	10 0 10 6
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6 1 8	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, .	3 0 3 4	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (duty paid.)	2 —	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 4 1 8	1 2 1 8	— —	— —
St Domingo, ditto, .	— —	1 4 3 0	1 0 1 4	— —
TAR, American, . bri.	— —	— —	1 3 1 9	19 0 —
Archangel, .	18 —	— —	20 —	16 0 —
PITCH, Foreign, . cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	8 6 10 6
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	52 54	53 54	53 54	— —
Home melted, .	36 —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	46 47	— —	— —	£42 —
Petersburgh, Clean, .	42 —	— —	— —	40 —
FLAX,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Riga Thies. & Drup. Rak.	58 60	— —	— —	59 £60
Dutch, .	58 100	— —	— —	58 —
Irish, .	— —	— —	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . 100.	75 80	— —	— —	3, 15s 4 0
BRISTLES,	— —	— —	— —	— —
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	13 10 14	— —	— —	— —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	54 55	— —	— —	37 38
Montreal, ditto, .	41 46	— —	40 40	42 43
Pot, .	58 44	53 54	53 54	35 40
OIL, Whale, . tun.	£25 —	23 23 10	— —	25 —
Cod, .	8½s (p. bri.)	— —	— —	25 —
TOBACCO, Virgin, fine, lb.	8 3½	6½ 7½	0 6 0 8	0 8d —
Middling, .	6½ 7½	5½ 6½	0 5 0 5	0 4 0 4½
Inferior, .	6 6½	5 5½	0 5 0 5½	0 3½ 0 5½
COTTONS, Bowd Georg.	— —	0 9½ 11½	0 8½ 0 11	0 9 0 11
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 8 2 0	1 10 2 0	1 4 1 10
Good, .	— —	1 7 1 8	1 5 1 6	— —
Middling, .	— —	1 5 1 6	1 5 1 6	— —
Demerara and Berbice, .	— —	1 0 1 2	0 10½ 0 11	0 11 1 1
West India, .	— —	0 10 0 11	0 9 0 10	0 9 0 11
Pernambuco, .	— —	1 1 1 2	1 0 1 1	1 0 1 1
Marsnam, .	— —	1 0 1 1	0 11 1 0	1 0 1 0½

## EDINBURGH.—JANUARY 3.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....30s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 6d.	2d,.....17s. 6d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.
3d,.....24s. 0d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.	3d,.....14s. 6d.	3d,.....16s. 6d.
Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : per boll.			

Tuesday, January 2.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Quartern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	0s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 2d. to 0s. 0d.
Vcal	0s. 8d. to 0s. 10d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone	8s. 6d. to 9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.

## HADDINGTON.—JANUARY 5.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d,.....29s. 6d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.
Average, £1 : 10 : 5, 10-12ths.				

*Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 23d December 1820.*

Wheat, 55s. 11s.—Rye, 51s. 5d.—Barley, 26s. 3d.—Oats, 19s. 7d.—Beans, 35s. 1d.—Pease, 41s.  
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 21s. 11d.

*4. average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels, and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 140 lbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th December 1820.*

Wheat, 52s. 9d.—Rye, 51s. 4d.—Barley, 26s. 6d.—Oats, 20s. 5d.—Beans, 35s. 3d.—Pease, 32s. 11d.  
Beer or Big, 21s. 4d.—Oatmeal, 16s. 10d.

London, Corn Exchange, Jan. 1.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, new	51	to 46	Hog pease	28	to 29
Fine ditto	48	to 52	Maple	50	to 51
Superfine ditto	53	to 55	White	56	to 40
Ditto, old	—	to —	Ditto, boilers	41	to 42
White, new	58	to 45	Small Beans, new	50	to 32
Fine ditto	55	to 57	Ditto, old	41	to 47
Superfine ditto	58	to 60	Tiek, new	24	to 22
Ditto, old	—	to —	Ditto, old	58	to 39
Brank, new	26	to 28	Foreign	32	to 34
Rye	28	to 50	Feed oats	15	to 19
Barley	21	to 22	Fine	20	to 21
Fine, new	21	to 25	Poland ditto	17	to 20
Superfine	27	to 28	Fine	21	to 23
Malt	42	to 52	Potatoe ditto	21	to 25
Fine	54	to 58	Fine	24	to 26
Foreign oats, 18s. to 22s.					

Seeds, &amp;c. Feb. 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown,	6	to 10	Hempseed	56	to 58
—White	5	to 8	Linseed, crush.	56	to 60
—Pares	4	to 6	New, for Seed	72	to 76
Turnips	12	to 28	Ryegrass	10	to 32
—Red	—	to —	Clover, Red	35	to 84
—Yellow, new	—	to —	—White	50	to 100
Caraway	70	to 80	Coriander	10	to 12
Canary	60	to 63	New Trefoil	10	to 28
Rape Seed, per last, £35 to £38.					

Liverpool, Jan. 1.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.	8	5	to 8	9	—
Eng. Old	8	5	to 8	9	—
American	—	to —	—	—	—
Dantzic	—	to —	—	—	—
Dutch Red	—	to —	—	—	—
Riga	—	to —	—	—	—
Archangel	—	to —	—	—	—
Canada	—	to —	—	—	—
Scotch	7	9	to 8	2	—
Welch	—	to —	—	—	—
Irish	7	4	to 7	10	—
Barley, per 60 lbs.	—	to —	—	—	—
Eng.	4	0	to 4	6	—
Malting	—	to —	—	—	—
Scotch	5	6	to 4	3	—
Irish	2	3	to 3	4	—
Oats, per 45 lb.	—	to —	—	—	—
Eng. pota.	2	9	to 3	2	—
Irish do.	2	8	to 3	0	—
Scotch do.	3	0	to 2	2	—
Rye per qr.	30	0	to 32	0	—
Malt per b.	—	to —	—	—	—
—Fine	8	6	to 9	0	—
—Middling	6	6	to 7	0	—
Beaus, per qr.	—	to —	—	—	—
English	45	0	to 45	0	—
Irish	37	0	to 38	0	—
Rapeseed, p. l.	£34	to 35	—	—	—
Pease, grey	54	0	to 38	0	—
—White	56	0	to 62	0	—
Flour, English,	—	to —	—	—	—
p. 240lb. fine	39	0	to 41	0	—
Irish	36	0	to 38	0	—
Ameri, p. 196 lb.	—	to —	—	—	—
Sweet, U. S.	—	to —	—	—	—
Do. in bond	20	0	to 22	0	—
Sour do.	50	0	to 52	0	—
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	—	to —	—	—	—
English	27	0	to 29	0	—
Scotch	23	0	to 25	0	—
Irish	23	0	to 25	0	—
Bras, p. 24 lb.	1	0	to 1	2	—
Butter, Beef, &c.	—	to —	—	—	—
Butter, per cwt.	—	to —	—	—	—
Belfast, new	91	to 92	—	—	—
Newry	89	to 90	—	—	—
Waterford	80	to 81	—	—	—
Cork, pick. 2d.	84	to 86	—	—	—
3d dry	76	to 78	—	—	—
Beef, p. tierce	110	to 120	—	—	—
Tongue, p. fir.	75	to 80	—	—	—
Pork, p. brl.	70	to 72	—	—	—
Racon, p. cwt.	—	to —	—	—	—
Short middles	56	to 58	—	—	—
Hams, dry	54	to 58	—	—	—

**ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 31st December 1820, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.**

Anderson, John, and Co. merchants, Glasgow  
 Clark, Robert, drover and cattle dealer, Twomerkland of Glencairn  
 Crawford, James and Andrew, merchants, Glasgow  
 Dickinson, Adam, and Co. booksellers, Edinburgh  
 Dunlop, John, baker, grocer, and spirit-dealer, Stewarton  
 Finlayson, Thomas, farmer and cattle-dealer at Allan, county of Ross  
 Galloway, Robert, merchant, Dundee  
 Kincaid, Thomas, corn-merchant, Leith  
 Lamb, William, builder, Leith  
 M'Callum, Donald, sometime innkeeper at Otter Ferry, Argyleshire, now vintner and merchant at Port-Bannatyne, island of Bute  
 Mungall, Robert, lately distiller at Carse Mill, now in Glasgow  
 Milligan, James, cattle-dealer, Boghouse, parish of Crawfordjohn, Lanarkshire  
 M'Kendrick, Andrew, plasterer and builder, Glasgow  
 Paterson, Richard, merchant, Edinburgh  
 Rae, John, merchant at Footdel, Aberdeen  
 Ritchie, William, grocer and spirit-dealer, Dalry  
 Robertson, James, merchant in Austruther  
 Scott, Francis, linen and woollen-draper, Lockerbie  
 Snelhse, William, merchant and spirit-dealer, Hamilton  
 Turnbull, John, skinner and wool-merchant, Galloway  
 Watson, J. plumber and tinplate-worker, Dundee  
 Wilson, James, baker and flour-dealer, Glasgow  
**DIVIDENDS.**  
 Barclay, A. and Co. merchants, Glasgow; a dividend on 25d January

Brown, A. and Co. merchants and manufacturers in Arbroath; a dividend on 11th January  
 Clark, J. and Co. cotton-spinners, Caltoun, Glasgow; a dividend 12th January  
 Gibson and Dunean, merchants, Leith; a dividend of 3s. on 25d January  
 Herbertsons, Thomas and James, wrights and builders in Laurieston of Glasgow; a dividend on 9th January  
 Knox, J. and Sons, cotton-yarn merchants, Glasgow; a dividend on 12th January  
 Lang and Cochrane, haberdashers in Glasgow; a dividend on 30th January  
 Murray and Bonnard, booksellers and stationers, Glasgow; a dividend of 4s. per pound on 30th January  
 Oughterson, A. and Co. merchants in Greenock; a dividend on 8th January  
 Pappillon, Charles, merchant, Glasgow; a final dividend on 29th December  
 Pollock, Andrew and John, cotton-yarn merchants, Paisley; a dividend on 8th January  
 Philip and Taylor, merchants in Aberdeen; a dividend on 26th December  
 Sutherland, G. and Co. grocers, Edinburgh; a dividend on 15th January  
 Thomson, Thomas and James, merchants in Auchtermuchty; a dividend of 6d. per pound on 9th January  
 Woodmas and Lockup, late tanners, in Dumfries; a dividend on 13th January  
 Wright, Thos. late in Prunlaws, Fifeshire; a dividend on 6th January

The List of English Bankruptcies for the month will be given in our next Number.

**APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.**

**I. MILITARY.**

Brevet. Capt. J. P. Adye, Royal Artillery to be Major in the Army 12th Aug. 1819  
 4 Dr. Brevet Major Onslow, Major by purchase vice Shore, ret. 25 Nov. 1820  
 Lieut. Hodgson, from 10 Dr. Captain by purchase. do.  
 J. N. Musgrave, Cornet by purchase. vice Lord Loughborough, 21 Dr. 16 do.  
 0 Cornet Hon. R. Watson, Lieut. by purchase. vice Hodgson, 4 Dr. 23 do.  
 T. Trollope, Cornet by purchase. do.  
 1 Serj. Bambrick, Cornet, vice Crole, prom. 14 Dec.  
 '1 Cor. J. A. Ld. Loughborough, fm. 9 Dr. Lt. by purchase. vice Thompson, ret. 9 July  
 1 F. G. Surg. Gibson, from 62 F. Surg. vice Barrett, h. p. 21 Dr. 14 Dec.  
 11 F. Ensign Kerr, Lieut. vice Lander, 7 Royal Vet. Bn. 23 Nov.  
 — White, from h. p. Corsican Rang. Ensign do.  
 Quar. Mast. Edwards, from h. p. Bourbon R. Quar. Mast. vice Coghlan, ret. full pay 14 Dec.  
 35 Lieut. Petry, from h. p. 89 F. Lieut. paying diff. vice Hart, 86 F. 23 Nov.  
 Quar. Mast. Matthews, from h. p. 2 Greek Light Inf. Quar. Mast. vice Foote, 2 Royal Vet. Bn. 2 Dec.  
 13 Ensign Plumb, Lieut. by purchase. vice Schonfeldt, ret. 30 Nov.  
 E. C. Fletcher, Ensign by purchase. do.  
 Ensign St. Maur, Lieut. by purchase. vice Elliott, prom. 16 do.  
 E. J. Johnston, Ensign by purchase. do.  
 W. T. Morhead, Ensign 14 Dec.  
 Lieut. Dawson, from 2 W. I. Regt. Lt. vice Trevenen, h. p. 2 W. I. ft. 30 Nov.  
 Ensign Nugent, Lieut. vice Leacroft, dead 7 Dec.  
 C. Gascoyne, Ensign do.  
 Lieut. Lewis, Capt. vice Tompkins, dead do.  
 Ensign O'Brien, Lieut. do.  
 Carr. Serj. Maj. J. M'Garry, from Cav. Dep. Ensign do.

59 Gent. Cadet G. Clark, from R. Mil Coll. Ensign, vice Fortune, cancelled do.  
 62 Assist. Surg. Gibson, from Gren. Gds. Surg. vice Mackenzie, 65 F. 25 Nov.  
 Surg. Spencer, from h. p. 21 Dr. Surg. vice Gibson, Gren. Gds. 14 Dec.  
 67 J. Gilchrist, Ensign, vice Eliot, prom. 25 Nov.  
 Hosp. Assist. J. Triganee, Assist. Surg. vice Gelder, prom. Staff 9 do.  
 80 Lieut. Twigg, from 89 F. Lieut. vice Darke, h. p. 73 F. rec. diff. 7 Dec.  
 86 — Hart, from 33 F. Lieut. vice Leebch, h. p. 89 F. rec. diff. 25 Nov.  
 88 W. S. H. Fitz Roy, Ensign, vice Wynne, Cape Corps do.  
 89 Lieut. Cowell, from h. p. 73 F. Lieut. paying diff. vice Twigg, 80 F. 7 Dec.  
 2 W. I. R. — Dunn, from h. p. Lieut. vice Dawson, 53 F. 30 Nov.  
 Assist. Surg. Spry, from h. p. 53 F. Assist. Surg. vice Macleuchlan, Staff 6 do.  
 Quar. Mast. Serj. Dukos, from Depot, Isle of Wight, Quar. Mast. vice Fair, 7 Royal Vet. Bn. 14 Dec.  
 1 Ceyl. R. Lieut. Dely, from Paymaster 2 W. I. R. Lieut. vice Page, prom. 16 Nov.  
 — Dyas, from 51 F. Capt. vice Cleather, dead 14 Dec.  
 Cape Cps. Ensign Wynn, from 88 F. Adjutant and Lieut. 25 Nov.  
 Col. Corps at the Mauritius. } Lieut. George Ford, from Royal Art. Capt. 30 do.  
 2 R. V. Bn. Quar. Mast. Foote, from 35 F. Ensign, vice M'Callroach, cancelled 7 Dec.  
 4 Lieut. Agar. Quar. Mast. at Cav. Depot, Lieut. vice Tisdall, cancelled do.  
 7 — Lauder, from 11 F. Lieut. 23 Nov.  
 — Munro, from 86 F. Lieut. vice Simpson, cancelled 14 Dec.  
 Quar. Mast. Fair, from 2 W. I. R. Ensign, vice Knight, cancelled do.  
 Ensign Hogan, Adjutant, vice Stewart, res. Adjutant 30 Nov.  
 N. York Mil. Lieut. Col. Sheldon Craddock, Colonel, vice Lord Dundas, dead 23 do.

*Ordinance Department.*

R. Art. Brevet Col. Fisher, Colonel 6 Nov. 1820  
 Brevet Lieut. Col. Drummond, Lieut.  
 Colonel do.  
 Brevet Major Skyring, Major do.  
 Capt. Adye, from h. p. Captain do.  
 1st Lieut. Heron, 2d Captain do.  
 1st Lieut. and Adj. Saunders, 2d Captain do.  
 1st Lieut. Doyle, from h. p. 1st Lieut. do.  
 2d Lieut. Slater, 1st Lieut. do.  
 Longmore, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.

*Medical Department.*

Assist. Surg. Maclauchlane, from 2 W. I. R. As-  
 sist. Surg. to the Forces 6 Nov. 1820  
 Apoth. Wheadon, from h. p. Apothecary do.  
 Hosp. Assist. Parken, from h. p. Hosp. Assist.  
 to the Forces 25 Oct.  
 —G. Dartnell, Hosp. Assist. to the Forces,  
 vice Blair, dead 30 Nov.  
 —J. Wilson, do. 14 Dec.

*Exchanges.*

Bt. Col. Ellice, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. between full  
 pay Cav. and full pay Inf. with Major Harding,  
 h. p. 101 F.  
 Bt. Major Croker, from 18 Dr. rec. diff. between  
 full pay troop and full pay company, with Capt.  
 Western, h. p.  
 Capt. Hamilton, from 5 F. G. with Capt. Crewe,  
 17 F.  
 —Blake, from 24 F. with Capt. Le Mesurier,  
 h. p.  
 —Phillipotts, from 35 F. with Capt. Delhoste,  
 h. p. 4 W. I. R.  
 Lieut. De Lapastures from 18 Dr. with Lieut.  
 Vaudeleur, 38 F.  
 —Hilhard, from 28 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.  
 Drury, h. p. 45 F.  
 —Parker, from 29 F. with Lieut. Hilton, h. p.  
 —Smith, from 61 F. with Lieut. Patience, h.  
 p. York Rang.  
 —Rich, from 65 F. with Lieut. Workman, h.  
 p. 4 W. I. R.  
 —Wallace, from 65 F. with Lieut. Mainwa-  
 ring, h. p. York Chas.  
 —Walseley, from 80 F. rec. diff. with Lieut.  
 Grueber, h. p. 100 F.  
 —Ryan, from 82 F. with Lieut. Drummond,  
 h. p. 21 F.  
 —Taylor, from 6 Vet. Bn. with Lieut. Ire-  
 land, h. p. 87 F.  
 Ensign W. L. L., from 11 F. with Ensign Richmond,  
 Cape Corps  
 Assist. Surg. Price, from 17 Dr. with Assist. Surg.  
 Holmes, h. p. 96 F.

*Resignations and Retirements.*

Colonel Shore, 4 Dr.  
 Lieut. Thompson, 21 Dr.  
 —Schonfeldt, 45 F.

*Appointments Cancelled.*

Lieutenant Ireland, 9 Vet. Bn.  
 Ensign Fortune, 69 F.  
 Assistant Surgeon Trigrance, 17 F.

*Cashiered.*

Paymaster Clark, 52 F.

*Deaths.*

Colonel Nesbitt, h. p.  
 Lieut. Col. Napier, 83 F. on passage from Ceylon  
 8 Nov. 1820  
 —French, h. p. 89 F.  
 Major Cameron, 21 F. at Tobago Oct. 20  
 —Harrison, R. Art. at South Sea Common,  
 Portsm. 10 Dec.  
 Captain Jervois, 9 F. at Tobago Oct. 20  
 —Gray, 67 F. at Bombay 8 June  
 —Clencher, 1 Ceylon Rept.  
 —W. C. Smith, h. p. Roy. Art. at Saughton  
 Hall, Edinburgh 30 Sept.  
 —Brennan, late 1 R. V. Bn. 4 Jan.  
 —Pring, h. p. 27 F. 2 May  
 —Skottowe, h. p. 75 F. at Berwick on  
 Tweed 11 Nov.  
 —Arch. Campbell, h. p. 91 F. in North  
 Britain 19 Oct.  
 —Mallory, h. p. 89 F. 4 Oct.  
 —Low, h. p. 89 F. St Helena 27 Sept. 1819  
 —Teuto, h. p. 1 Hussars, German Leg. at  
 Hanover 10 Mar. 1820  
 —Duncker, h. p. 112 F. 25 Jan.  
 —C. D. Montmarin, h. p. 60 F. at Paris  
 15 July  
 Lieut. Lindsay, 21 F. at Tobago Oct. 20  
 —Lencroft, 54 F. Cape of Good Hope 8 Sept.  
 —Rock, h. p. 61 F. 1 Aug.  
 —Diekson, n. p. 67 F. Calcutta Sept. 18  
 —D. Cumming, h. p. 95 F. 5 Sept. 1820  
 —Magennis, h. p. 103 F. Ireland  
 —N. Ashurst, Town Maj. of Portsmouth,  
 late of Royals 19 Dec.  
 Cort. & En. Smith (Adj.) 17 Dr. Bhoaj, Bombay.  
 20 June, 1820  
 —Thursby, 89 F. Quilon, Madras  
 —Lorimer, h. p. 34 F. 24 June, 1819  
 —Downes, l. p. 97 F. Isle of Man  
 19 Oct. 1820  
 Paymaster Scott, late 11 R. V. Bn. London  
 6 Dec. 1820  
 Quar. Mas. Horton, Stafford Mil. 5 Dec. 1820  
 —Mitchell, h. p. 15 Dr. 29 Nov.  
 —Gough, h. p. 25 Dr. 9 Mar.  
 St. & R. Surg. Cockell, at St Vincent's, 20 Sept. 1820  
 —Richards, 15 F. London 20 Dec.  
 —Burrell, 65 F. on passage from Bom-  
 bay 19 May  
 —Gallagher, h. p. 110 F. 6 Jan.  
 —Moore, h. p. Canad. Fenc. at St Ca-  
 tharine's, Up. Can. 15 May 18  
 Assist. Surg. Colvin, 21 F. at Tobago 22 Oct. 1820  
 Hosp. Assist. Haltridge, Jamaica 30 Aug. 1820  
 —Higgins, Africa 21 do.  
 Vet. Surg. Seddall, Blues, Windsor 15 Dec. 1820

## II. NAVAL.

*Promotions.*

Names.	Names.	Names.
<i>Captains.</i>	<i>Lieutenants.</i>	
Alex. Montgomerie	Robert Justice	Wm. F. Martin
Sir Wm. S. Wiseman, Bart.	Chas. J. Hope Johnstone	Joseph Nias
John W. Montagu	Geo. Markham	Andrew Reid
	Harvey Williams	W. J. Dealy
<i>Commanders.</i>	Thos. B. Bond	Charles Palmer
Alex. S. Pearson	Hon. F. Maude	Andrew M. Skene
Robert Gordon	Orbell Oakes	
Digby Dent	Chas. M. M. Wright	<i>Surgeons.</i>
Wm. Edw. Parry	John Alexander	Evans Davies
John N. Campbell	Henry M. Twight	James Boyle
Wm. Fletcher	W. H. Molyneux	Patrick Boyle
	John L. Wynn	Alex. Fisher
<i>Superannuated Commanders.</i>	Edw. I. Parry	C. J. Beverley
George Paul	Chas. Thomson	
George Muckle	Henry Aug. Finucane	<i>Purser.</i>
		Arthur Ph. Dent
		James Hawker



## Appointments.

Names.	Ships.	Names.	Ships.
<i>Captains.</i>			
Henry Bourchier	Atholl	William Sidney	Pigny
Edward Stewart	Brisk	James Ellerton (act.)	Plumper
*Francis Newcombe	Bulwark	Wint. Seacole (act.)	Protector
Robert Gordon	Confiance	K. Knapp	Redpole
Charles A. Baker	Drake	John Jordan	Rosario
R. Hockings	Medina	B. Ainsworth	Satellite
Edward R. Sibley	Niemen	Joseph Perriam	Seringapatam
P. D. H. Hay	Redpole	John Stedford	Surinam
Alex. Montgomery	Sapphire		
A. L. Corry	Satellite	<i>Surgeons.</i>	
*Samuel Warren	Seringapatam	Michael Goddair	Atholl
George French	Sophie	Alexander Stewart (2)	Bann
W. M. K. Godfrey	Surinam	G. Acheson	Cambrian
Sir W. S. Wiseman, Bt.	Tamar	William Rodgers	Drake
		Peter Comrie	Esk
		John Rainey	Euryalus
<i>Lieutenants.</i>			
Francis Ormond	Atholl	James Lawrence (act.)	Heron
Joseph P. D. Larcom	ditto	James Gilchrist	Niemen
John S. Murray	ditto	Evan Davies	Pheasant
Yard Eastley	Chanticleer	William Thomson	Roy. Sovereign, yt.
A. F. Gardiner	Dauntless	John Tern	Satellite
John Chamberlayne	Esk	William Stanbridge	Seringapatam
William Kitchen	Forte	John Urquhart	Spencer
Hon. F. Maude	Jealous	James M'Kerrow	Surinam
George Baker	Leander	J. E. Anderson	Sybilite
Thomas E. James	Lee	Rob. Johnstone (2) sup.	ditto
George Pigott	Leveret	George Lillies	William & Mary, yt
Edward I. Parry	Liverpool	Thomas Robertson	Sheerness, ordinary
*John B. Dundas	Niemen	Arch. Lang	Jamaica Hospital
Samuel E. Cook	ditto		
John Graham	Ontario	<i>Assistant Surgeons.</i>	
Henry Williams	Nunrod	John Walker	Albion
Lewis Cramer	Redpole	Pat. Kelly	Atholl
John Wilson	ditto	Wm. Irwin	Bulwark
Henry V. Huntley	Sappho	Joseph Kerr	Niemen
Alex. Robertson	Satellite	Wm. Morgan	Plumper
Michael Quin	ditto	John Sumners	Protector
M. J. Currie	Seringapatam	Jas. Campbell (super.)	Queen Charlott.
Henry Slade	ditto	Wm. Strang ditto	ditto
Henry Warde	ditto	Chas. Stodart ditto	ditto
Thomas M. Williams	ditto	Jos. Steret ditto	ditto
Colson Pesting	Seyn	D. P. Williams	Hamillies
Samuel Wheeler	ditto	Geo. Cunningham (sup.)	Rochfort
Samuel Hellard	ditto	John Wilson (2) ditto	ditto
Rich. Douglas (super.)	Snapper	Chas. Mortimer ditto	Satellite
James Pratt (act.)	Sophie	George Imley	Seringapatam
G. W. Mason	ditto	Lawrence M'Kay	Severn
John Alexander	Superb	William Bell (super.)	Spencer
C. S. Cochrane	Surinam	W. F. O'Kane	Surinam
William Caswall	ditto	Alexander Paterson	Sybilite
John Wilson (a)	Sybilite	Dan. Schaw (super.)	Tartar
Charles Crole	Tamar	Charles Inches ditto	ditto
J. L. Wynn	Tartar	J. S. Birse ditto	ditto
B. G. Waterhouse	Tees	John Wilson (3) ditto	ditto
George Markham	Topaze	George Black ditto	ditto
Charles M. M. Wright	Wye	Watson Seales ditto	ditto
John Drake	Weymouth	Mathew Little ditto	Vigo
William Vosper	Weymouth, ordiny.	J. G. Sobire ditto	ditto
James Reid (a)	Defence, Rev. Cutter	Peter Millar ditto	ditto
William Flagg	Sylvia ditto	John Hall (2) ditto	ditto
Henry Nazer	Badger ditto	H. Gordon Brock, Despen- ser	Trincomalee Yard
Stephen Pain	Dove ditto		
F. E. Collingwood	Kite ditto		
<i>Royal Marines.</i>			
2d Lt. John M'Laughlan	Atholl	<i>Pursers.</i>	
1st Lt. Richard Farmer	Impregnable	John Walker	Atholl
Capt. H. W. Cresswell	Liffey	Robert Lewer (act.)	Carron
2d Lt. James Thomson	Niemen	Thomas Shears	Curlew
		John Brown (e)	Esk
		William Bowden	Medina
		Thomas Godfrey	Niemen
		Philip Winsor	Redpole
		John Ryan	Satellite
<i>Masters.</i>			
Samuel Truck	Atholl	John Ryan	Seringapatam
Edward Rose (act.)	Brasen	Wm. B. Brewer	Sophie
R. Holmes	Cherokee	John Edgar	Surinam
R. Bonner (act.)	Curlew	John C. Taylor	Plymouth, ordinav
Michael Brown	Driver	John Gullet	
William Gowan	Liverpool		
James Hardie	Menal	<i>Chaplains.</i>	
Edward Sabben	Niemen	John Taylor	Cambrian
Charles Waldron	Nimrod	Michael Sampson	Forte
Thomas Manton	Pheasant	Philip Panter	Spencer
		Richard Bickell	Sybilite

## Miscellaneous Appointments.

Commissioner of the Board of Longitude—Capt. Thos. Colly.  
 Astronomer at the Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope—Rev. Fearon Fellows, M.A.  
 Assistant to the Astronomer—James Fayer, jun.  
 Secretary of the Navy—George Smith, Esq.

## METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR 1820.

Latitude 56° 25". Elevation, 185 feet.

1820.	THERMOMETER.								BAROMETER.									
	Months.	Mean of greatest heat.	Mean of greatest cold.	Mean temp. 10 M.	Mean temp. 10 E.	Mean of Extremes.	Mean of 10 and 10-.	Mean range in 24 hours.	Mean temp. Spring wet.	Mean 10 M.		Mean 10 M.		Mn. of both.		Mean range in the Day.	Mean range in the Night.	Mean range in 24 hours.
										Temp.	Pressure.	Temp.	Pressure.	Temp.	Pressure.			
Jan.	35.8	24.8	30.7	30.4	30.3	30.5	11.0	37.3	38	29.703	38	29.717	38	29.713	.135	.164	.209	
Feb.	43.3	34.8	39.6	38.6	39.1	39.1	8.5	39.5	47	.840	47	.830	47	.839	.103	.112	.215	
Mar.	46.9	34.8	41.6	39.0	40.8	40.3	12.1	40.6	47	.702	47	.714	47	.708	.133	.127	.200	
Apr.	54.2	39.3	49.3	44.3	46.7	46.3	14.9	45.7	53	.746	53	.772	53	.759	.127	.110	.237	
May	55.6	43.3	51.5	47.3	49.4	49.4	12.3	48.1	55	.601	55	.584	55	.592	.083	.073	.156	
June	61.5	47.6	57.1	52.3	54.6	54.7	13.9	51.9	59	.793	59	.819	59	.803	.098	.084	.182	
July	64.6	50.6	60.6	54.6	57.6	57.6	14.0	56.9	63	.816	63	.824	63	.821	.052	.063	.115	
Aug.	62.6	49.1	55.6	53.6	55.8	56.1	13.5	56.2	61	.599	61	.620	61	.614	.101	.111	.212	
Sept.	59.2	45.7	55.1	50.3	52.5	52.7	13.5	54.4	59	.759	59	.773	59	.760	.097	.112	.209	
Oct.	49.5	39.1	46.3	43.3	44.3	44.8	10.4	48.6	51	.455	51	.455	51	.455	.123	.135	.258	
Nov.	45.7	37.4	42.2	41.3	41.5	41.8	8.3	44.9	48	.722	48	.740	48	.731	.090	.090	.180	
Dec.	42.1	34.8	39.0	38.6	38.4	38.9	7.3	42.8	45	.826	45	.822	45	.824	.109	.099	.208	
Avg.	51.7	40.1	47.6	45.9	44.5	46.1	11.6	47.2	52	29.714	52	29.723	52	29.718	.104	.106	.210	

1820.	HYGROMETER.													
Months.	Amount of Rain.	Amount of Evaporation.	Leslie.			Anderson.								
			Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mn. of both.	Point of Deposition.			Moss. in 100 cub. In. of air.			Relative Humidity.		
						Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mean of both.	Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mean of both.	Mean 10 M.	Mean 10 E.	Mean of both.
Jan.	1.321	.630	5.3	6.0	5.7	26.5	25.7	26.2	.118	.113	.115	87.5	85.7	86.6
Feb.	1.198	1.240	10.0	7.6	8.9	33.0	33.7	33.3	.143	.144	.144	80.8	84.6	82.7
Mar.	.332	1.720	16.5	11.3	13.9	30.4	31.4	30.9	.134	.136	.135	70.1	77.7	73.9
Apr.	.080	2.450	26.8	15.4	21.1	34.5	35.2	34.7	.152	.154	.153	63.4	74.6	69.0
May	5.447	2.040	20.9	12.0	16.4	41.4	41.0	41.2	.190	.186	.186	74.0	82.1	78.0
June	1.745	2.370	28.7	14.2	21.4	45.2	46.3	45.7	.216	.220	.218	69.1	82.4	75.8
July	1.635	2.480	28.9	15.9	21.9	50.0	48.6	49.3	.247	.235	.241	72.0	82.2	77.1
Aug.	2.228	2.380	27.0	13.9	20.4	48.2	47.9	48.0	.233	.230	.231	72.1	83.2	77.6
Sept.	.973	1.980	23.3	12.1	17.7	44.9	44.7	44.8	.214	.211	.212	72.8	83.6	78.2
Oct.	2.295	1.200	16.0	11.1	13.5	37.7	37.1	37.4	.165	.161	.163	76.2	81.5	78.8
Nov.	1.658	.520	6.1	6.3	6.2	38.8	37.6	38.2	.171	.163	.168	80.2	88.6	88.9
Dec.	2.165	1.120	9.2	8.6	8.9	32.8	32.6	32.7	.144	.145	.144	81.6	82.0	81.8
Avg.	21.687	20.136	18.2	11.1	14.7	38.6	38.5	38.6	.177	.175	.176	75.7	82.3	79.0

## METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE weather during the month of December, though generally open, has presented a great variety of temperature. For several days towards the beginning of the month, the Thermometer ranged between 54 and 48; and towards the close, between 34 and 31. The mean of the whole month is about six degrees higher than that of December last year. The range of the Barometer is somewhat less than in December 1819; but the average height is greater, by nearly 3-10ths. Leslie's Hygrometer is also higher by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  degrees, which indicates an unusually dry atmosphere for the season. The point of deposition, by Anderson's formula, is consequently 2 degrees below the mean minimum temperature. The mean of the daily extreme temperature, is again a little less than the mean of 10 morning and evening; and it will be seen from the abstract for the whole year, that the same holds in the general averages. In the three years immediately preceding 1820, the mean of the extremes was a little higher than that of the morning and evening observations.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept on the Banks of the Tay, four miles east from Perth, Latitude 56° 25', Elevation 185 feet.

DECEMBER 1820.

Means.		Extremes.	
THERMOMETER.		THERMOMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Mean of greatest daily heat, . . . . .	42.1	Maximum, 10th day, . . . . .	54.0
..... cold, . . . . .	34.8	Minimum, 1 th . . . . .	27.0
..... temperature, 10 A. M. . . . .	39.0	Lowest maximum, 30th . . . . .	54.0
..... 10 P. M. . . . .	38.8	Highest minimum, 8th . . . . .	50.0
..... of daily extremes, . . . . .	54.4	Highest, 10 A.M. 10th . . . . .	51.0
..... 10 A. M. and 10 P. M. . . . .	38.9	Lowest ditto, 14th . . . . .	29.0
..... 4 daily observations, . . . . .	54.7	Highest, 10 P. M. 10th . . . . .	50.0
Whole range of thermometer, . . . . .	225.5	Lowest ditto, 14th . . . . .	50.0
Mean daily ditto, . . . . .	7.3	Greatest range in 24 hours, 6th . . . . .	18.0
..... temperature of spring water, . . . . .	42.8	Least ditto, 24th . . . . .	1.0
BAROMETER.		BAROMETER.	
	Inches.		Inches.
Mean of 10 A. M. (temp. of mer. 45) . . . . .	29.826	Highest, 10 A. M. 29th . . . . .	30.260
..... 10 P. M. (temp. of mer. 45) . . . . .	29.822	Lowest ditto, 10th . . . . .	29.540
..... both, (temp. of mer. 45) . . . . .	29.824	Highest, 10 P. M. 28th . . . . .	30.250
Whole range of barometer, . . . . .	6.465	Lowest ditto, 10th . . . . .	29.400
Mean ditto, during the day, . . . . .	.109	Greatest range in 24 hours, 29th . . . . .	.630
..... night, . . . . .	.099	Least ditto, 14th . . . . .	.025
..... in 24 hours, . . . . .	.203		
HYGROMETER.		HYGROMETER.	
	Degrees.		Degrees.
Rain in inches, . . . . .	2.165	Leslie. Highest, 10 A. M. 10th . . . . .	22.0
Evaporation in ditto, . . . . .	1.130	..... Lowest ditto, 5d . . . . .	1.0
Mean daily Evaporation, . . . . .	.056	..... Highest, 10 P. M. 12th . . . . .	25.0
Leslie. Mean, 10 A. M. . . . .	9.2	..... Lowest ditto, 6th . . . . .	0.0
..... 10 P. M. . . . .	8.6	Anderson. P. of Dep. Highest, 10 A. M. 10th . . . . .	48.0
..... both . . . . .	8.9	..... Lowest ditto, 12th . . . . .	15.1
Anderson. Point of Dep. 10 A. M. . . . .	34.8	..... Highest, 10 P. M. 8th . . . . .	50.0
..... 10 P. M. . . . .	32.6	..... Lowest ditto, 12th . . . . .	12.0
..... both, . . . . .	32.7	..... Relat. Hum. Highest, 10 A. M. 5d . . . . .	98.0
..... Relat. Humid. 10 A. M. . . . .	81.6	..... Least ditto, 12th . . . . .	50.0
..... 10 P. M. . . . .	82.0	..... Greatest, 10 P. M. 6th . . . . .	100.0
..... both . . . . .	81.8	..... Least ditto, 12th . . . . .	40.0
..... Grs. mois. in 100 cub in air, 10 A. M. . . . .	144	..... Mois. 100 cub. in. Greatest 10 A. M. 10th . . . . .	2.20
..... 10 P. M. . . . .	145	..... Least ditto, 12th . . . . .	.078
..... both, . . . . .	144	..... Greatest, 10 P. M. 8th . . . . .	290
		..... Least ditto, 12th . . . . .	1067

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		
Dec. 1	M. 29 A. 56	29.705 .606	M. 59 A. 58	N.W. Mod.	Fair, but dull.	Dec. 17	M. 27 A. 54	29.406 .550	M. 55 A. 54	N.E. Mod.	Frost, snow on ground.
2	M. 31 A. 40	.493 .722	M. 40 A. 38	Cble. Mod.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	18	M. 28 A. 50	.655 .655	M. 51 A. 59	S.W. High.	Fresh, rain at night.
3	M. 29 A. 37	.470 .528	M. 57 A. 45	Cble. High.	Snow morn. rain day.	19	M. 56 A. 56	.702 .951	M. 45 A. 45	S.W. Mod.	Fair and mild.
4	M. 32 A. 47	.504 .520	M. 46 A. 43	W. High.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	20	M. 56 A. 44	.940 .551	M. 45 A. 43	S.W. Mod.	Rain foren. fair aftern.
5	M. 35 A. 39	.558 .576	M. 45 A. 40	Cble. Mod.	Rain all day.	21	M. 55 A. 48	.508 .776	M. 48 A. 45	N.W. Mod.	Fair and mild.
6	M. 30 A. 36	.740 .518	M. 59 A. 40	Cble. Mod.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	22	M. 54 A. 59	.776 .815	M. 45 A. 45	N.W. Mod.	Ditto.
7	M. 31 A. 51	.525 .495	M. 48 A. 50	W. High.	Fair day rain night	23	M. 54 A. 39	.815 .815	M. 41 A. 41	Cble. Mod.	Showery. Fair, but
8	M. 40 A. 50	.567 .567	M. 50 A. 52	W. High.	Fair	24	M. 54 A. 36	.815 .858	M. 39 A. 58	F. Mod.	Fair, but dull.
9	M. 40 A. 54	.454 .405	M. 55 A. 53	Cble. High.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	25	M. 50 A. 55	.825 .870	M. 57 A. 56	F. Mod.	Fair, but cold.
10	M. 47 A. 55	.248 .248	M. 53 A. 52	High.	Ditto	26	M. 27 A. 52	.851 .814	M. 55 A. 51	S.E. Sharp.	Frost and snow.
11	M. 34 A. 36	.402 .470	M. 46 A. 15	F. Mod.	Rain for the day.	27	M. 28 A. 51	.855 .875	M. 55 A. 55	S.E. High.	Frost with snow.
12	M. 29 A. 33	.458 .457	M. 58 A. 57	N. Sharp	Fair	28	M. 27 A. 53	.998 .999	M. 55 A. 55	S.E. Mod.	Ditto.
13	M. 25 A. 52	.554 .575	M. 56 A. 54	N.E. Sharp	Keen frost	29	M. 27 A. 53	.999 .978	M. 55 A. 54	S.E. Mod.	Ditto.
14	M. 28 A. 50	.768 .768	M. 52 A. 54	Cble. High.	Frost foren. fresh aftern.	30	M. 26 A. 55	.978 .974	M. 54 A. 55	S.E. Mod.	Ditto.
15	M. 27 A. 33	.720 .696	M. 51 A. 35	N.E. High	Keen frost	31	M. 21 A. 60	.866 .815	M. 52 A. 52	S.E. Mod.	Ditto.
16	M. 25 A. 33	.406 .302	M. 53 A. 34	N.E. High.	Ditto snow at night.						
Average of Rain, 2.414 inches.											

Average of Rain, 2.414 inches.

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

June 1. At Bombay, the lady of Michie Forbes, Esq. a son.

Nov. 22. At Ghent, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Muller, of the 1st Royal Scots, a son.

26. Mrs Abercromby of Birkenbog, a daughter.

Dec. 3. At Castle Craig, the Hon. Lady Gibson Carmichael, a son.

— Mrs William Young, a son.

4. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, the lady of the Hon. Lord Cringle, a daughter.

— Mrs Dr Maclean, George Street, a son.

— At Montpelier Lodge, Cheltenham, the lady of Pearson Thompson, Esq. a daughter.

— At Preston, the lady of William Marshall, Esq. a son and heir.

— Mrs Thomas W. Shaw, Rankeillor Street, a daughter.

— At Balloch, the lady of Hope Stewart, Esq. a daughter.

6. In George Street, the lady of Henry Harvey, Esq. a son.

7. At No. 34, Charlotte Square, the lady of Robert Warder, Esq. of Parkhill, a daughter.

8. Mrs Fisher, Albany Street, a daughter.

9. At Comely Bank, Mrs Bam, a daughter.

11. At Knowsboth, the lady of William Oliver, Esq. of Dunlabyre, a son.

— At Davenham Lodge, the lady of the Rev. A. H. Buchanan, a son.

13. At Rassy-house, Mrs Macleod of Rassy, a son.

14. The lady of William Hay, Esq. of Drumclog, a son.

— Mrs William Smith, 5, Brown's Square, a son.

20. At Brompton, the lady of A. Macdonnell, Esq. of Inchgarry, a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Craige of Dumbarnie, a daughter.

23. At Edinburgh, Lady Pringle of Stichel, a daughter.

— At New Saughton, the lady of James Watson, Esq. Saughton, a son.

26. At Leith, Mrs Dr Anderson, a son.

— At Charlotte Street, Leith, Mrs Menzies, a daughter.

29. At Dehdon Hall, Essex, Mrs William Campbell, a daughter.

Lately—Mrs Douglas, Great King Street, a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

June 17, 1811. At Bombay, Captain Macleod, of the Hon. the East India Company's service, to Miss Gwynnett, eldest daughter of Theodore Gwynnett, Esq. of Cheltenham.

July 13. At Bombay, Lieutenant-Colonel Hunter Blair, 87th regiment; to Eliza, eldest daughter of Thomas Morris, Esq.

Nov. 21. At Bonnington, Lanarkshire, the seat of Lady Mary Ross, Sir Guy Campbell, Bart. son of the late General Campbell, to Pamela, eldest daughter of the late Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

24. At London, Major Terry, of the 25th regiment, to Eliza, second daughter of Major-General Benjamin Gordon.

25. At Oban, John Bell MacLachlan, Esq. surgeon, to Mrs L. Campbell, daughter of William Campbell, Esq. Collector of the Customs.

27. At Cheltenham, Lieutenant-Colonel Green-tree, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to Jane E. Marin, eldest daughter of the late Sir John Dyer, K.C.B.

28. At Rhue, Lieutenant-Colonel D. McDonald, Hon. East India Company's service, to Ann Isabella, eldest daughter of Archibald McDonald, Esq. Rhue.

29. At Felbridge, Norfolk, the Rev. Colin Campbell, to the Hon. Beatrice Byng, daughter of the late Viscount Torrington.

— At Vevey, M. Antoine S. Palceieux de Falcomet, of Vevey, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late William Fairholme of Chapel, Esq.

Dec. 4. At Chapelhill, parish of Carluarock, Captain Alexander Borthwick, R.N. to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Richard Rawlue, Esq. of Drungans.

— At Whitehatis, Mr A. V. Whyte, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, second daughter of John Russell, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Burne, Commission, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr William Dumbreck, St Andrew's Square.

5. Richard Greeley, Esq. of Stowe-house, near Lichfield, to Mrs Drummond, widow of Robert Drummond, Esq. of Meggach Castle.

— Mr Andrew Swann, Northumberland Street, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Mr William Hill, merchant, Edinburgh.

6. At Eyemouth, Dr Andrew Kennedy, physician, Edinburgh, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Charles Wightman, Esq. Tohsago.—Also, on same day, the Rev. George Home Robertson, minister of Ladykirk, to Eliza, daughter of the late Charles Kenney, Esq. of St Catherine's.

10. At Wolverhampton, the Hon. Captain Joceline Percy, R. N. second son of the Earl of Beverley, to Sophia Elizabeth, third daughter of Moreton Walhouse, Esq. of Hathorn, in Staffordshire.

12. At Leith, John Phillip, Esq. surgeon, Burntisland, to Margaret Louisa, eldest daughter of Robert Ogilvy, Esq. of St John's Place.

11. At St George's Chapel, Jaures Dove, Esq. of Patriot-hall, to Anne, daughter of the late John Arnaud, Esq. of the city of London.

15. At Edinburgh, George Lloyd, Esq. of Clifton, Yorkshire, to Miss Marion Christian Maclean, fourth daughter of Alexander Maclean, Esq. of Coll.

18. In St Paul's Chapel, Carrubber's Close, Mr William Grey, merchant, to Lewis, only daughter of the late Mr Lewis Mackie, Kingston, Jamaica.

19. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas E. Napier, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Falconer, Esq. of Woolcroskirk.

20. At Ayr, Lieutenant-Colonel James Shaw, late of the 43d regiment, to Mary Primrose, second daughter of David Kennedy, Esq. of Kirkmichael.

21. At Brislington Church, Somersetshire, John Gordon, Esq. eldest son of the very reverend the Dean of Lincoln, to Miss Matthews, late of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

— At Edinburgh, Henry Paul, Esq. accountant, Glasgow, to Catharine, second daughter of Duncan Stewart, Esq. of Glenbuckie, Perthshire.

22. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant Andrew Smith, R.N. to Janet, only daughter of William Simson, Esq. solicitor at law.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Belfrage, Kingknows, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr James Muirhead, printer.

— At Greenhall, Mr Arnot Elphinstone, to Agnes, daughter of Peter Handside, Esq.

25. George Stirling, Esq. captain in the army, second son of the late Sir John Stirling, Bart. of Glorat, to Ann Henrietta, only daughter of the late William Gray, Esq. of Oxbang.

— At Parkhead, Mr John White, Hanover Street, Edinburgh, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr Roy.

— At Borrowstounness, Mr William Calder, merchant, to Martha, third daughter of Mr John Thompson, shipowner there.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr Erasmus H. Simon, agent to the United Society of London for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, to Barbara Anne, daughter of the late David Allau, Esq.

Jan. 1, 1821. At Edinburgh, David Hay, M.D. to B. Augusta, daughter of Alexander Walker, Esq. 21, Queen Street.

Lately—At Clifton, William Nepean, Esq. of the 16th Lancers, son of Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. to Amelia, daughter of Colonel Yorke.

— At Edinburgh, William Russell, Esq. advocate, to Margaret, eldest daughter of C. F. Du Fresnoy, Esq.

— At Queen's Place, Leith, Thomas Marshall Thorburn, Esq. merchant, London, to Mary, only daughter of George Forrester, Esq. Surveyor-General of the Customs for Scotland.

## DEATHS.

April 18, 1819. At Chuaocle, in the East Indies, Lieutenant George Dun, of the 21st regiment of native infantry, third son of James Dun, Esq. of Shawpark, near Selkirk. His death was occasioned by a fever brought on by over zeal and fatigue in the discharge of his duty.

June 5. At Nagpore, India, Alexander Muir Campbell, assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment, son of the late Matthew Campbell, Esq. Wigton.

Sept. 24. At Kingston, Upper Canada, Mr William Mitchell, merchant there.

26. At Berbice, after three days' illness of a brain fever, Andrew, fourth son of the late Hugh Ross, Esq. of Kerse.

29. In the island of Tobago, Alexander Law, Esq. Carriacou.

At sea, Theodore Forbes, Esq. of Bombay, second son of John Forbes, Esq. of Boyndie.

Oct. 3. In Kingston, Jamaica, Mr John Hally Henderson, of the ordinance office there, only son of the late Rev. John Henderson, minister of the gospel at Wanlockhead.

11. At Westwood Cottage, Balthayock, Mary, daughter of the late John Blair of Balthayock, Esq.

— At St Ann's, Jamaica, Mrs Dr William Graham. Also at St Alban's, same island, on the 25d, Dr Robert Graham.

13. In the colony of Berbice, Alexander Gordon Matneson, Esq. youngest son of Colin Matneson, Esq. of Bennettsfield.

Nov. 8. At Havre-de-Grace, Mrs Rachel Brodric, wife of Captain Robert Houyman, R. N.

9. On his passage from Ceylon, Lieutenant-Col. Napier, 83d regiment, after a lingering illness.

10. At Bellary, East Indies, Lieutenant Thomas Hadaway, 12th native infantry, Sub-Assistant Commissary-General.

19. At Barns, James Burnett, Esq. of Barns, in his 84th year.

20. At Edinburgh, Miss Thomson, daughter of the late Mr John Thomson, merchant, Cupar-Fife.

22. At Hutesontown, in the prime of life, Malcolm McGeiger, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

23. At Aberdeen, the Dowager Lady Haunerman, aged 77.

— In the 24th year of her age, Janet Morison, wife of Mr William Whitehead, farmer, Clieken, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

27. At manse of Dumbane, the Rev. Robert Gordon.

28. At Rose Bank, Newington, Janet Hume, wife of Mr James Hume, merchant, Nicolson St.

29. At East Mill, Chesh, Mr James Brand, student of divinity.

— At Balcarrais, Anne, Countess Balcarrais, widow of James, Earl of Balcarrais.

— At his house, in Hart Street, Captain James Walker, late of the East India Company's artillery service.

— At Bourdeaux, Colonel George Ramden, of the Guards, in the 53d year of his age.

30. At St Andrews, Miss Elizabeth Brand Vilant, daughter of the late Mr Nicholas Vilant, Professor of Mathematics in the university there.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs M'Harg, widow of the late Mr Arch. M'Harg, writer in Edinburgh.

Dec. 1. At Gilmore Place, Alexander Tudor, infant son of Joseph Macdonald, Esq.

— James Fisher, Esq. of Sorrowsfield, near Earlston.

— At Humber, James Hepburn, Esq. of Humber, the last male representative of this ancient family.

3. At Waukmill, Musselburgh, Mr Robt. Primrose, aged 75.

— At her house, Buccleuch Place, Mrs Anderson, aged 81.

— At Kelso, Miss Marion Paton, only daughter of the Rev. William Paton, late minister of the gospel at Eckford.

4. At Edinburgh, Sarah, second daughter of G. Sandilands, Esq.

— At Stiches, Gilbert Chisholm, Esq. of Stiches, infant daughter of Archd. Douglas, advocate.

— At Park Street, Edinburgh, Mr R. Gourlay.

— At Laudie, Eun M'Lachlan, Esq. of Killmore.

8. At Hartham-house, the seat of Walter Long, Esq. his son-in-law, after a few days' illness, the Right Hon. Archibald Colquhoun, Lord Register.

— At St Andrews, in her 84th year, Mrs Jane Russell, relict of the late Mr William Tullis.

9. At Drumdryn-house, Mrs Macdonald, sen. of Clanranald.

— At Kirkcaldy, Mr Henry Oliphant, aged 88.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Fortune, merchant.

10. At her father's house, George's Square, Mary M. Anderson, spouse of James Anderson, Esq. younger of Stroquhan.

— At her house, in Castle Street, Mrs Helen Edgar, relict of the late Henry David Inglis, Esq. advocate.

— At Edinburgh, Gavin Hamilton, Esq. late of Tenby.

11. At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Mathie, Jeweller.

— At London, Anne, widow of Thomas Graham, Esq. of Kinross and Burleigh, late M.P. for the county of Kinross.

— At No. 50, Fountainbridge, Mr Robert Hunter, late farmer in Woodhouse, East Lothian.

12. At Edmonstone, James Brown, Esq. of Edmonstone.

13. At Stonebyres, Mrs Vere of Stonebyres.

— At Ratho, James Wright, Esq. youngest son of the late Thomas Wright, Esq. of Greenhill.

14. At Edinburgh, James Foggo, Esq. of Kilmarnock.

— At Edinburgh, Janet, daughter of George Wauchope, Esq.

— At Devon Iron-Works, near Alloa, in the thirteenth year of her age, Ann, youngest daughter of Mr James Donaldson, of that place.

— At Bathgate, Mrs Isabella Moffat, relict of the deceased Mr John Johnston, writer there.

15. At the Manse of Kingarth, Bute, the Rev. Mark Marshall.

— At Bath, Lady Christina Elizabeth Keith.

16. At Edinburgh, Euphemia, fifth daughter of the late Michael Ramsay, Esq. of Mungall.

17. At Fountainhall, Sir Andrew Lauder Dick, of Fountainhall and Grange, Bart.

— At her house in Albemarle Street, London, Mrs Margaret Adam, in her 84th year.

— At Ayr, Mrs Henri Reid, relict of Major S. Donlitt, Heligoland.

— At Newton Green, Miss Wilhelmina Allason, youngest daughter of the late Robert Allason, Esq. of Cowdam.

— At Caithness, George Innes, Esq. Island.

18. At Berry, near Gosport, George, the son of Captain M'Kinley, R.N.

— At Oban, at an advanced age, Mr Hugh Stevenson, senior, a gentleman well known and highly respected. Of him and his brother (who died a few years ago) the following honourable mention is made in the Statistical Account of Scotland. "We cannot omit mentioning here, with all due respect, two gentlemen, brothers, of the name of Stevenson, who have contributed very much, by their industry and activity, to the improvement and prosperity of Oban. They came to the place in 1778, in the line of plain tradesmen; and, by their genius and ability, displayed in various branches of traffic, they have greatly improved their own fortunes, while they have at the same time promoted the good of the country at large: Oban, in particular, may look on them as its founders; for the elder brother commenced, and successfully keeps up the business of ship-building—a branch never attempted to any extent before in this country; and the younger brother employs many artificers in house-building. In a word, Oban and its environs are singularly indebted to them."

20. At his house, 19, St Patrick's Square, Mr Robert Laing.

21. At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel John Grant, late of Long.

23. At her house, 43, Prince's Street, Miss Margaret Law, eldest daughter of the late James Law, Esq. of Bruntton.

24. At Holyroodhouse, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Murray, in the 74th year of her age.

Lately—At his seat of Bishopscourt, in Ireland, whilst sitting in his chair, William Ponsonby, Esq. the only son of the late Right Hon. George William Ponsonby, M.P. Mr Ponsonby had for many months been in a declining state of health.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## EDINBURGH:

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VOL. VIII.

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT POLITICAL ASPECT OF THE TIMES.

HISTORY, says Bolingbroke, borrowing his observation from the Greck, is Philosophy teaching by example. This is, perhaps, rather what History ought to be, than what it is; for, however mankind may profit in their individual capacities from the lessons of experience, it would seem to be otherwise in the case of nations. The great body of a people, indeed, can seldom act in concert to the accomplishment of any good end. "Every thing *for* the people, and nothing *by* the people," is an axiom in politics, of which it is impossible not to admit the truth. Unfortunately, however, this incapacity of the people to act for themselves, does not always dispose their rulers to undertake the task of assisting them; for, while the spirit of innovation and improvement is so busily at work in every other department of art and science, the art of government seems too often to stand still. In vain does the page of history point out the consequences of misrule. It is not that the statesmen of the present day are blind to the mistakes of their predecessors, but, while they perceive the effects of former errors, they persist themselves in the same fatal neglect of the signs of the times; and their misconduct will be again recorded in history, to be alike derided and disregarded by their successors.

There is a passage in the Memoirs of the great Sully, that is often quoted, and which well deserves the attention of all  
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those who are entrusted with the administration of public affairs. "*Les Révolutions qui arrivent dans les grands états ne sont point un effet du hazard ni du caprice des peuples. Rien ne revolte les grands d'un Royaume comme un gouvernement foible et derangé. Pour la populace ce n'est jamais par envie d'attaquer qu'elle se soulève, mais par impatience de souffrir.*" At the present moment, when growing discontent pervades so large a portion of Europe, it may be well worth the while to consider, whether this maxim will not explain the cause of those general and almost simultaneous efforts which have been made by the people of so many different states, to effect a change in the form of their governments.

When the Emperor Napoleon was advancing with rapid strides to the completion of his purpose, in the conquest of the world, the dread of his power, and the detestation of his tyranny, roused a spirit of resistance in the hearts of the people of Europe, which effected in two campaigns, what the hired coalitions of confederated sovereigns had in vain attempted to perform during a war of twenty years. But the people were not incited by their *fears* alone. A more generous principle of action was supplied by the *hopes* they entertained for themselves; hopes founded on the promises of their respective rulers, which encouraged them to expect, that the destruction of the Corsican stratocracy should be suc-



ceeded by the general establishment of free constitutions and representative governments. How these promises were fulfilled, is too well known to need a long recital. The downfall of Bonaparte was scarcely achieved, when the allied sovereigns conspired together to put down and extinguish that very spirit to which they had been indebted for all their triumphs, and thus lost an opportunity, such as may probably never recur, of establishing their thrones in the hearts of their subjects, and securing the cause of monarchy for centuries to come, by associating the title of King with every generous and glorious recollection. As it is, they have acted as if they wished to destroy for ever that ancient feeling, which has hitherto been expressed by the word *loyalty*; and it will require almost superhuman skill to efface the impressions of the last five years. Conciliation and concession, applied with judgment, and applied in time, might yet do much; but such remedies are too often neglected, till the season is past when they might be applied with advantage. It is too late to conciliate, when the bayonet has been used, and perhaps used in vain, to intimidate. It is true, force may prevail for a time, but it is the people who win the game at last; and all that is really left to the option of their governors is, to decide whether they will, by quietly consenting to such reforms as the progress of information demands, prevent the horrors and confusion which must attend upon a revolution. Who does not see that all the great revolutions upon record may be traced to that obstinate and inflexible resistance to innovation and improvement, which is so generally the characteristic of those in power; and "which at last so irritates common sense and right moral feeling, as to make them pass their proper bounds, and accomplish that reform by force, which ought to be the quiet result of following nature through the gradual stages of human improvement." Thus, the peace of Christendom might have been preserved, and the separation of the Protestants prevented, but for the obstinate pertinacity with which the Catholic Church defended even the abuses of her establishment.

Again:—Humanity would have been spared the disgrace which the frightful excesses of the French revolution have stamped upon it, if the rulers of that

people, instead of continuing a monstrous system of feudal oppression, down to a period when all the habits and feelings of society were in opposition to it, had from time to time accommodated their constitution to the altered state of the world, by the silent introduction of such changes as would have satisfied the growing appetite for improvement. Lastly:—Ferdinand might be now reigning in Spain the limited monarch of a united people, if, at his first restoration, he had put himself at the head of the *Liberals*, and been content with directing that reforming spirit, which could not be any longer restrained. By the voluntary grant of a part, at a time when it would have been accepted with gratitude, he would have avoided the necessity of yielding all,—a necessity to which he has been reduced by delaying the moment of compliance till he had no longer the power to deny. For, as it is, his conduct has been such as to forfeit irrevocably the confidence of his subjects, and the consequence of his conduct has been a reaction, which has produced correspondent excesses on their side, in the formation of a constitution, which must give rise to worse evils than those it is intended to prevent.

"What seems its head,  
"The likeness of a kingly crown has on;"

but Ferdinand has little more than the name of King; he is not only deprived of the power of doing harm, but debarred from the privilege of doing good; his title is a sarcasm, and his crown a mockery. The people too will find, that in their anxiety to secure the ascendancy of democracy, they have been destroying the bulwarks of liberty, and it is to be feared that the whole constitution will tumble to pieces, and furnish another instance of failure, to be noted down and quoted by the enemies of popular government. Let us hope, however, that it may rather induce both rulers and people to cultivate a good understanding with each other, by teaching them that they must co-operate together in order to accomplish any real and lasting benefit to their country. Above all, it will help to demonstrate, that the current of public opinion is every day becoming more irresistible. The attempt to oppose it altogether is about as practicable as it would be to ob-

struct the course of a river. For, though this might perhaps be done for a time, near the source, in the full vigour of the stream it is impossible. If from a superabundant supply there should be reason to apprehend an overflowing of the banks, it is surely wiser to provide additional water-courses, than to attempt the construction of a dam to arrest its progress;—a protection that must give way to the first flood, and expose the whole country, far and wide, to the danger of being deluged and destroyed by the overwhelming force of the inundation. The application of this illustration is obvious. In the other states of Europe, none will deny that it is *l'impatience de souffrir*, and not *l'envie d'attaquer*, which has been the cause of their insurrection; and every Englishman, who has one genuine drop of the crimson sap of freedom circulating in his veins, must sympathise with the efforts of his continental brethren, and wish them success in their just and rightful efforts to ameliorate their political condition.

Let us now turn our eyes nearer home, and examine whether the clamours of discontent which here too assail us on all sides, will admit of the same explanation. Here the question between the governors and the people becomes a more complicated one. In reading the passage of Sully which has been quoted above, it must be remembered, that in his time there was no such thing as the *liberty of the press*. Had he lived in our days, it is possible, that he might have in some degree qualified his maxim; for, though we agree with him that *l'envie d'attaquer* is never the motive of an insurrection when the people are left to themselves, yet we doubt whether the same doctrine will apply to a people, whose passions are inflamed by daily and weekly doses of the most stimulating quality, administered to them under every form and shape by the agency of the press. There is a period in the history of a country when the universal diffusion of knowledge creates a general sentiment of equality, which is productive of consequences not wholly dissimilar to what might be expected to result from a state of anarchy. In such a stage of society, it is of the utmost importance that there should be a constant supply of those MASTER SPIRITS, whose privilege it is

to stamp the age in which they live with the impress of their own character, and who, by the splendour of their talents, and the integrity of their principles, command at once the deference and the confidence of the people; and, while they preside at the helm of the state, keep the course of the vessel even and steady. Without this constant supply, the people, especially if long accustomed to submit to such guidance, are like a crew who have been suddenly deprived of their commander; and a general spirit of insubordination succeeds. "The principle of democracy," says Montesquieu, "is corrupted, not only when the spirit of equality is extinct, but likewise when the people fall into a spirit of *extreme equality*; and when every citizen wants to be on a level with those he has chosen to command him. Then the people, incapable of bearing the very power they have entrusted, want to do every thing for themselves;—to debate for the senate—to decide for the judges—to execute for the magistrate. It may be well to consider whether England, at the present moment, be not much in the state that is here supposed.

When, indeed, we observe the *direction* which the public complaints have taken, we cannot help thinking that *l'envie d'attaquer* has been a more powerful motive than *l'impatience de souffrir*, at least with the agitators of these complaints. At a period when we have so many real difficulties to straggle with, and so many evils to endure which come home to the bosoms of us all, the cries of the discontented have been confined to two points;—the Queen, and Parliamentary Reform. Let us examine how far the real interests of the people are connected with either of these topics;—and first for the Queen. If the investigation have *proved* nothing else, it must, we think, at least have satisfied every impartial man in the kingdom, that the ministers, with such charges before them, would have deserted their duty if they had not submitted the case to the consideration of parliament. The expediency of passing the bill is another question; and while we regret the moral effect of the late trial, we must at the same time remember that every possible effort was made to avoid the necessity of a public inquiry. The pious care of those wise and worthy

persons who joined with Mr Wilberforce in proposing this healing measure, approached, like the sons of the Patriarch, with averted eyes, to spread a veil over those transactions, the exposure of which would exhibit nothing but shame. When the passions of the present hour have subsided, the public opinion will, we think, undergo a complete change; and what is now viewed through the kaleidoscope of romance, will then appear in its true light. We shall then look back with wonder at the extent of that delusion which could encourage the designing to hope, that they might succeed in exciting the people—like the two madmen of Cervantes—to fall to loggerheads upon a point with which they had no more concern, than with the intrigue between the fabulous Queen Madasima and Master Elizabat, the barber.

And next for Parliamentary Reform. Of all the improvements introduced by modern times into the art of government, there is none perhaps which has been attended with more important results than the establishment of the representative system;—by which the people, instead of exercising the legislative power, *en masse*, in a collective body, transfer it into the hands of representatives. It is this system which has enabled large states to maintain a degree of freedom, undisturbed by popular commotion, of which we have no example in the ancient Republics of Greece and Rome. Long, however, as we have been accustomed to this mode of administering government, it seems by no means yet determined in what its essence consists. Even in our own House of Commons,—one of the oldest examples of a representative assembly—the leading members of different parties have expressed the most opposite opinions on the subject. The partisans of democracy argue, that the best and surest method of securing an adequate representation of the national will would be to make the right of suffrage universal, and to compel the deputies so chosen, to receive and to follow the directions of their constituents. If, however, it can be shewn, as we think it may, that a compliance with these demands, even to their fullest extent, would by no means ensure the attainment of the object proposed; it must follow, that the opinions of such reformers are founded upon a mistaken view of the real nature and advantages

of the representative system. We shall endeavour then to demonstrate, not only that the sentiments of a majority of the people, numerically considered, cannot be accurately ascertained through the medium of delegates, acting as the mere mouth-piece of their constituents,—but that, in consequence of this very mode of proceeding, it may easily happen, even where the people are most extensively and equally represented, that a *great majority* of the delegates shall give their votes in direct contradiction to the wishes of a *great majority* of the people.

Let us take, for example, a state, where, for the sake of easy calculation, we will suppose the whole population of full age, of sound mind, and of the masculine gender,—three conditions, with which we believe the most radical reformers have clogged the right of suffrage,—amounts to 500,000. Let this population be parcelled out, for the convenience of election, according to the district division, suggested in some of our late reform bills, into 250 equal parts. Each of these districts will then contain 2000 voters, who will constitute, in fact, a sort of corporate body, possessing the right of sending two deputies to the national assembly, which will thus be composed of 500 delegates; and these 500 delegates ought, if there be any virtue in the system, to represent fully and perfectly the will of the whole nation.

Let us now suppose some great question,—peace or war for example, to be agitated in this supreme council of the state. The deputies, having consulted their constituents, assemble. Three hundred, in obedience to their instructions, declare for war; the remaining 200, under different direction, give their votes in favour of peace. Here then, a large majority of the representatives are decidedly for war; but if we inspect the sentiments a little more closely, we shall find a still greater majority of *them* as decidedly for peace. The 100 districts represented by the minority are, from commercial or manufacturing considerations, which may easily be imagined, unanimously in opposition, while the 150 districts on the warlike side of the question, are much divided in opinion. Let us suppose, to simplify the calculation, that the advocates of war

amount to 1200, which will leave 800 as the strength of the minority. A very little arithmetic will now enable us to perceive, that the numerical amount of the people coinciding with the opinion of the majority of the national assembly, and in fact directing its resolutions, is 1200 multiplied by 150, which yields a total of only 180,000. (On the other hand, to ascertain the number of those who entertain the sentiments of the minority of the assembly, we must take the sums of the minorities in the 150 warlike districts, by multiplying 800 by 150, which will amount to 180,000; and these being added to the unanimous suffrages of the 100 peaceful districts ( $1200 \times 100$ ), will swell the whole amount of these to 300,000. Thus, from the very circumstance of the deputies being obliged to follow the instructions of their constituents, is a measure carried to which a great majority of the people are decidedly averse.

We have perhaps laboured this point at greater length than was necessary; but the case here supposed is not a mere hypothetical possibility, for a fact perfectly similar, though on a smaller scale, took place in France at the convention of the Notables in 1787. This body, consisting of 144 members, was to give its opinion, not by a majority of individuals but of sections, of which it was divided into seven. The French minister M. Calonne, is said to have distributed 44 members, upon whom he could rely, in such a manner as to secure a majority in *four* of the sections, by which contrivance, he was enabled to direct as he pleased, the resolutions of the whole. From this instance, it may be safely deduced as a general principle, that a majority of corporate bodies does not necessarily include a majority of individuals; and we may also infer as a corollary, that no state, where the people, from their numbers, are induced to delegate their power to representatives, can be in the true sense of the word *democratic*, and least of all so where the deputies are under the absolute controul of their constituents.

In what then, it will be asked, really consists the advantage of representation? To this we answer, that it enables the people to influence without actually interfering with the measures of the government; an advantage of incalculable importance, the

absence of which occasioned most of the evils that attended the popular governments of antiquity. A powerful body is thus formed in the state, able from its authority, and willing from an identity of interests, to defend the rights of the people. If such is found to be the result of the representative system, it is surely needless to inquire further, *what* are its advantages.

The practical question arising out of these considerations is, whether the British House of Commons, constituted as it is at present, does not answer all the purposes which a reasonable man can expect from any assembly of national representatives. We have endeavoured to shew that no scheme of election, however equal and universal, would ensure that the council of the nation should be, as it were, a reflecting mirror of the people they represent; all, therefore, that remains to decide is, whether we will put to hazard the substantial advantages of our present state, to realize some untried theory, with the hope of obtaining some unknown good. Are we to listen to the radical empirics, who describe annual parliaments and universal suffrage as the sovereign panacea,—just as an advertising quack recommends an infallible pill to cure all sorts of diseases? One might fancy that these learned Thebans had but lately acquired the art of reading, and having discovered, in practising upon the pages of Blackstone, that our obligation to pay the taxes and obey the laws is founded upon the supposition that *every man* has himself ratified them by his own consent, given through the person whom he has chosen to represent him in Parliament, they immediately proceed to infer that the practice of the constitution no longer corresponds with the theory, and that some gross departure from ancient usage must have taken place, to give rise to the actual state of things. It is possible that these representations may deceive those to whom they are addressed, and indeed we are inclined to attribute much of the clamour on this subject to an honest and sincere, however mistaken, belief in the truth of such statements. Those, however, who have read the history of their country in other pages than those of the Radical Register, need not be told that Blackstone did not mean to say that every man has a

voice in the election of representatives, for they know that such a system never did exist in this country. Blackstone's assertion is, notwithstanding, strictly consonant with the truth. Every man is represented, for each member is from the moment of his election,—not the deputy of a particular body of individuals to protect local rights and advocate local interests—but a member of the united Parliament, whose duty it is to provide for the interests of the whole empire. All that is necessary is, that the electors should be sufficiently numerous to secure the independence of the representative, and this, in the great majority of instances, is already the case. One of the greatest mistakes which reformers commit is, in supposing that a government must necessarily become better as it becomes more democratical; whereas the truth seems to be, that all power, as long as it is lodged in human hands, tends naturally towards abuse, and experience does not teach us that it is more tolerable in the hands of many than of one. On the contrary, if we pursue each form of government to its extreme point of depravation, despotism is at least preferable to anarchy. There would always be room to hope, in despair of better means, that the hand of a Brutus might shake off the yoke of a single tyrant, but where could we look for protection against the ubiquity of a domineering rabble, unless indeed we could give to Brutus the hands of Briareus, or—realizing the wish of Caligula—strike at the whole body of our oppressors through a single neck. Another favourite fallacy of reformers consists in attributing the imperfections, which are inseparable from all human institutions, to the particular system which is the object of their attack. This gives to their arguments an appearance of reason, and gains them a host of followers. For, every man can feel the burthen of taxes; nothing is so easy as to declaim against places and pensions, nor is there a pot-house politician, who cannot demonstrate the dangers to be apprehended from the corruption of ministers and the venality of parliaments;—but it is the reflecting few alone who will be at the pains of convincing themselves, that so long as hope, fear, and self-love are the actuating passions of the human heart, the business of go-

vernment cannot be conducted by the mere force of reason and argument.

It would be easy to imagine systems where individual interest should always give way to the general good, and where the love of what is right should be the universal principle of action,—but angels and not men must administer such systems. Governments are not made for men as they ought to be, but for men as they are, and we cannot believe there is any man out of the precincts of Lagado, whose brains have been so bewildered by the dreams of perfectibility as to imagine that the universal extension of the elective franchise would “whip the offending Adam” out of human nature, and induce the mass of mankind to act and to vote from the pure motives of patriotism and public spirit. What reason have we to believe that there would be less corruption and less abuse under such a new state of things? It would be a strange recipe for making the liquor run finer, to shake up the cask from the bottom. Let us take an example from our own experience, for which we need not travel farther than the vestry room of our parish. Here we have the miniature picture of a perfect democracy. Every rated parishioner has a voice, and the vote of him who pays five pence counts for as much as the vote of him who pays five pounds. Here, if any where, we might hope to find the public good predominating over all private interests, and we should at least expect that rates would be imposed, monies expended, and the poor employed, only for purposes of general utility. But what is the truth? It would perhaps be impossible to bring together within the same compass, more intrigue, more jobbing, more party spirit, and less attention to the general good, than will usually be found within the walls of a vestry room. It is ever thus, for the mass of mankind are in all ages and countries the same. Acting from feeling and not from reason, they will ever be the dupes of artful demagogues, who inflame their passions in order to direct them to the attainment of their own selfish views; and amongst these there will be a constant competition, who shall flatter and cajole them most. It is a contest of this kind, which has occasioned the present licentiousness of the daily and weekly press, in which

the wholesale calumniator Cobbett has so long maintained an infamous pre-eminence. Nature is ever wise and benevolent in the dispensation of her gifts. When she gave the crocodile immense strength and voracity, she denied him agility of movement; and thus with respect to the animal in question, it is well for the peace of the world that his venom is confined to his pen; if he had been also endowed with "tongue to persuade," his attacks would have been more dangerous. His nature and properties are best designated by his originally assumed name, for—like the porcupine—he is nothing *without his quills*, but these he dips in a black torrent of soot and gall, and blackens and bedaubs whatever he touches.

As, however, the very errors of the people, proceeding as they commonly do from an honest love of truth, are entitled to indulgence, so the best hope of reclaiming them will be found in a system of kindness and conciliation. Nothing can be more ill-judged and impolitic than that tone of bitterness and rancour which it has become too much the fashion to use in speaking of the poorer classes of society; a tone which reminds us of the reign of Henry the Eighth, who used to tell his subjects that they ought no more to pretend giving a judgment with regard to government than a blind man with regard to colours. "We think it right strange," added he, "that ye who be but brutes and inexperienced folk, do take upon you to appoint us, who be meet or not for our counsel." God, we are told from the highest authority, is no respecter of persons, and the whole spirit of our religion inculcates the same truth, and ought to teach us to regard our fellow Christians as our brethren;—equal to us in all respects, except in such points as the distinctions of this world have introduced. We should be glad, therefore, to see more of Christian feeling and Christian charity in the discussion of political questions, where the interests of the poorer classes are concerned; amongst whom, we believe, there is as much worth and virtue as amongst the highest. We should be glad to see a plain and simple account of the real history of the constitution drawn up for their information. The progress of education has made almost every man a reader; and in political, more, perhaps, than in any other science, "a

little knowledge is a dangerous thing." This, however, makes it more especially necessary that this little should not be drawn from polluted sources. An exposition of the nature alluded to, would furnish the people with the means of knowing, that there never was a time, since the natives of this island were, like the present inhabitants of New Zealand, tattooed savages, when the right of suffrage was more extensive than it is at present; and that there never was a period, since Simon de Montfort first caused the Knights Burgesses to assemble in Parliament, when the representatives themselves were so entirely free from the suspicion of corruption, as during the reign of George the Third. Some recent instances will also convince them, that not only the miserable prostitutes of venality, who receive as electors the wages of pollution, are amenable to the lash of the law, but that the unprincipled seducer himself is also exposed to severe punishment, from which no amount of wealth can protect him. Bribery and corruption are the rank crop which have sprouted up in the rich soil of liberty.

—Subit aspera sylva

Iappæque, tribulique, interque nitentia  
culta

Infelix lolium.——

In the days of our great-grandfathers, these noxious plants flourished with almost unchecked luxuriance. In our own times, they have experienced the discipline of the hoe and the weeding-hook. Boroughs, however, after all the obloquy that has been lavished upon them, have their use in the general system. All theory is against them, but practice pleads strongly in their favour, and some of the most valuable members of the legislature have found their way into the House of Commons through this avenue, when all others were shut against them. To expect that any representative body should preserve an unspotted fame, would be as foolish as to suppose it practicable to establish the universal perfection of female virtue. In both instances, all that human virtue can do is to encourage what is right, to menace what is wrong, and to punish any flagrant violation of the laws. The Borough of Grampound has lately been hung up *in terrorem*, to guide the conduct of the rest. While the House

of Commons continue this wholesome severity to preserve the purity of the constitution, radical doctrines may still be preached by needy adventurers, who seek confusion for the sake of glutting themselves in the scramble; they may be scattered over the land, in sixpenny sheets, to feed the delusion of those whose brains have been addled in hatching systems of Utopian perfection, or to whet the hopes of those who pine with grief at seeing others in possession of power which is out of their reach; but they will never convince any man of cool reason and common sense.

The people, that is, the people of any property and education, feel they possess already that weight and consideration in the state, of which these oracles of reform would persuade them they have been deprived. They do exert at present that wholesome controul over the measures of the government, which all wise and honest men would wish to preserve, both in the election of representatives, and in their power of writing and circulating every thing which a free press permits, short of gross libel and absolute treason. How very near these extreme bounds authors do approach with impunity, the publications of the day abundantly prove. But it is not exclusively the people of property and education who exercise an influence in directing the course of public affairs. The voice of the multitude, when strongly exerted, has an irresistible weight; and it would be easy to adduce more than one instance where it has enforced a compliance with its wishes, to the manifest prejudice of the best interests of the country. The truth is, in spite of "the clack of nurses and the nonsense of old women (of both sexes) to the contrary," it is the popular side of the scale which has been gaining weight during the whole of the late reign; and it is with difficulty that the crown, by throwing all the other trappings of the throne, with the mitre and the sword to boot, into the opposite end of the balance, has been prevented from kicking the beam. What increase of influence on the part of the government can be placed as a counterpoise to the victory obtained by the press, in the struggle with the House of Commons in the year 1771? Anterior to that period, the debates in Parliament were scarcely allowed to be

published; and when they did get abroad, it was in a monthly magazine, in an abridged form, and under feigned names, as deliberations of the Senate of Lilliput. Let us compare this state of things with what happens at present. Now, within four-and-twenty hours after the conclusion of a debate, the speeches of the members, reported at full length, are circulated through every corner of the kingdom, to be read and commented upon in all societies, from the highest to the lowest, so that there is not a village ale-house in the empire without its newspaper. Hence it happens that the speeches of many of the members are addressed less to the chair than to the gallery; and every proposition to the House becomes, in effect, almost an appeal to the people at large. We do not mean to say, that the publication of parliamentary proceedings has not, upon the whole, been productive of advantage; but we do contend, that this has given such a tendency to the constitution, that if our present happy mixed government must one day fall to pieces, and terminate in an absolute monarchy or republic, it requires but little of the spirit of prophecy to foresee the event. A republic may be the favourite form of government with many, and we have no right to complain of any man's predilections; but we do complain of those, who, from a pretended regard to the British Constitution, claim for the people a larger share in the sovereignty than they possess at present. The time is, perhaps, rapidly approaching, when every man will be called upon to declare his sentiments, and either take his stand in defence of that ancient system of King, Lords, and Commons, under which we have been born and bred,—or range himself under the banners of those "architects of ruin," whose purpose is not to build up, but to pull down, and, while they bawl for reform, are intent upon revolution. It is lamentable to see persons of education so wanting to themselves and the interests of the class to which they belong, as to join in the cry with men whose object it is to tear the power of the state from the hands of the true aristocracy—the aristocracy of rank, and wealth, and talent—in which it is at present lodged, in order to transfer it to the physical force of the multitude. It would be more than lamentable to

see a party in the state, from whom wiser and better counsels may with reason be expected, assist in raising the whirlwind, in the vain and foolish hope of being afterwards able to direct the storm ; for it is impossible to suppose, that, like the blind Champion of the Israelites, they would wilfully pull down the Temple on their own heads, in order at the same time to crush their political adversaries.

The evils which really do press upon us,—evils which every man feels,—arise from causes which are wholly unconnected with Parliamentary Reform ;—from the delay and expence of the law ; from the restrictions imposed upon commerce ; from the poor laws ; and last and greatest, from the state of the finances. Here is an ample field for the wise and good men of all parties, who, in the true spirit of patriotism, will unite to repair the disorders which the wear and tear of years may perhaps unavoidably have introduced. And as the mania of reform is raging far and wide, and the people have taken the radical infection in the *natural way*,—the necessary consequence of inhaling the pestiferous miasmata which spring from the publications of the Cobbetts and Carliles of the day,—might not the physicians of the state, to continue the illustration, abate the virulence of the disease by a species of inoculation ? The commencement of a plan of reformation in those points which every man feels to be essential to the well-being of the empire, might operate, like vaccination, upon the malignant nature of the present popular contagion, and render them proof against future attacks of the same distemper. Something must be done to allay the existing irritation, and satisfy the people that the government, constituted as it is at present, is both able and willing to provide for the public welfare, and that they have no other objects in view than the maintenance of those free principles which placed the House of Hanover on the throne. The misfortune is, the attention of Ministers is so much engrossed by the necessary measures of defence against the pertinacious hostilities of their opponents, that little leisure is left them for the consideration of those momentous questions, upon the wise determination of which does in fact depend the continuance of our existence as an independent nation.

While we are engaged in squabbling about trifles, the poor laws and the national debt are eating us up. The impolicy of the poor laws is now so generally admitted, and so universally understood, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. Even the poor themselves begin to see that their real interest is as much concerned as that of the rich, in stopping the further progress of the evil ; for, operating as these statutes do as a bounty upon population, their tendency is to increase that glut of labour which is one of the causes of the present general distress. When we have already more hands than we can find employment for, it is manifestly the interest of the poor that the number of competitors for work should not be increased. It has been well said of these laws, that they are not only calculated “ to make the rich poor, but the poor poorer ; ” and if they are allowed to continue another century, they must involve the whole nation in universal beggary and pauperism.

The national debt is a subject of more difficulty. We seem to be rapidly approaching the period, which was long ago contemplated by Hume, when one of two events must take place ;—either the nation must destroy public credit, or public credit will destroy the nation. The paradoxes of those who have amused themselves with arguing, that *because* a certain amount of public debt may have a beneficial effect upon national prosperity, *therefore* the debt can never be too large, are fast refusing themselves. It is now about seventy years since Hume assigned half a century as the probable period within which public credit would come to an end in one of two ways ;—either that it would *die of the doctor*, from vain attempts to bolster it up ; or expire in the natural way, from sheer inability to pay the interest of the debt any longer. Mr Ricardo’s plan would probably realise the first of these predictions ;—the course of events, if allowed to continue in its natural channel, must ere long accomplish the last. A national bankruptcy would not perhaps be so terrible a calamity as some persons imagine. If it should ever be a question between the preservation of the nation, and the keeping faith with the national creditor, it is clear that the safety of millions ought not to be sacrificed to the



interest of thousands. And if we consider it merely as a question of finance, it seems probable that public credit would not only survive the ruin of the public creditor, but be restored by that event to all its pristine vigour. "The fear of an everlasting destruction of credit," says Hume, "allowing it to be an evil, is a needless bugbear. A prudent man would, in reality, rather lend to the public immediately after we had taken a sponge to our debts than at present; as much as an opulent knave is a preferable debtor to an honest bankrupt: for the former may find it his interest to discharge his debts, where they are not exorbitant,—the latter has it not in his power. The public is a debtor whom no man can oblige to pay. The only check which the creditors have upon her, is the interest of preserving credit; an interest which may be easily overbalanced by a great debt, and by a difficult and extraordinary emergence, even supposing that credit irrecoverable."

We will not, however, contemplate so terrible a calamity as a national bankruptcy. England is not the country to commit so cruel an act of injustice, which would consign many thousands of individuals, who are now in the possession of affluence, to the most abject state of misery. On the other hand, is it not equally unjust, that the public should now be called upon to pay in gold what they borrowed in paper? And this brings us to the consideration of the currency, the most complicated of all the difficulties which embarrass our present situation. We all know, that a few years ago, a guinea would purchase a pound note and seven shillings; and we also know, that a guinea is not now worth a pound note and a shilling, unless it be of full weight. When the public debt was contracted, then, the pound note was not really worth more than fifteen shillings; the proceedings of the Bank have now restored it to its nominal value, and we have actually lived to see the day when a guinea is again submitted to the test of the scales, before it is taken in exchange for goods. If the taxes necessary to pay the interest of the national debt were felt as a burthen during the war, when money was in such comparative plenty,—when the landlord received high rents for his estates, the farmer high prices for the

produce of his land, and the tradesman a brisk sale for his wares, how intolerable must their oppression now be, when so great a change has taken place in all these respects? If the farmer cannot obtain a fair remunerating price, how can he provide employment for his labourers? if the landlord cannot collect his rents, how can he give encouragement to the tradesman? or how is it possible that any of these classes can contribute the same sum to the national purse, under such very different circumstances? Is it not plain that some compromise must take place? The national creditor must sacrifice a part of his claim, to avoid losing every thing; or rather, there must be such an adjustment of the whole case, as may prevent any lasting injustice accruing to either of the parties in this great national question. The evils which have resulted from the tricks that have been played with the circulating medium, are beyond all calculation. The first effects of the memorable Bank Restriction Bill were beneficial. The Bank of England, no longer under an obligation to pay their notes in cash, gradually increased the quantity of their paper, and the country banks enlarged their issues in a similar proportion. When money begins to flow with more than its usual abundance, the consequences are immediately felt;—every thing, as Hume says, takes a new face: labour and industry gain life; the merchant becomes more enterprising, the manufacturer more diligent and skilful, and even the farmer follows his plough with more alacrity and attention. It is true that in time the prices of all things rise in proportion; but before this rise takes place, the money must circulate, and make itself felt through all ranks of people. As the Bank, by the possession of a power equal to what was so long sought after under the name of the Philosopher's Stone, could increase the circulating medium of the nation at their pleasure, they took care that the supply of money should always correspond with the demand; and if the paper system could have been made perpetual, it would not be easy to shew how they could have exercised their power better. At last, however, the bubble began to burst. The measures of the legislature made it necessary at least to prepare for the resumption of cash payments. The first step was to

contract their issues; and this was followed by measures of the same kind on the part of the country banks.

The consequences of these alterations in the value of money, and its necessary effect upon prices, have been evident to us all. Ten years ago, a man died, leaving an estate to his heir, charged with portions to the younger branches of the family, which were settled according to the then value of the land. If the estate were now sold, it would, owing to the changes that have taken place in the value of the currency, scarcely pay the portions charged upon it, and the heir is reduced to beggary. Again, a man at the same period purchased a property, paying half the purchase money at the time, and leaving the remaining moiety on mortgage; he is now called upon to complete the transaction; the consequence is, that the property is again sold, but from the alteration in the times, it will now do little more than satisfy the mortgage. A hundred cases like these might be instanced, and too many, we fear, will occur to our readers within their own experience. But such individual cases, calamitous as they are, do not comprehend the whole mischief, which has flowed from this fatal source. The general distress, under which all classes are now suffering, has been attributed to a variety of causes;—to the transition from war to peace;—to the amount of the taxes;—to the poor laws;—to the want of protecting duties, in favour of our domestic agriculture. But any or all of these, though some may have had a certain influence, seem to us inadequate to account for the universal depression, which pervades the whole empire. If our embarrassments were connected with the amount of the taxes, more relief would have been felt from the great diminution which they have undergone since the conclusion of peace. To us it appears, that the reduction, which has been made in the amount of the circulating medium, by the measures which the Bank of England has been constrained to take, in contracting the issues of its paper, in order to resume cash payments, will be in itself sufficient to account for all the difficulties of the present moment. For, if the advantages of an increasing stock of money be beneficial to a state, the evils attending a decrease are to an equal degree pernicious. "There is

always an interval, (to quote once more from Hume) before matters be adjusted to their new situation; and this interval is as pernicious, when gold and silver are diminishing, as it is advantageous, when these metals are increasing. The workman has not the same employment from the manufacturer and merchant, though he pays the same price for every thing in the market. The farmer cannot dispose of his corn and cattle, though he must pay the same rent to his landlord. The poverty and beggary and sloth which must ensue are easily foreseen." This passage seems to be written in a prophetic spirit, and describes with a melancholy fidelity, the phenomena of our present state. The time is out of joint, and the most hopeless part of the prospect is, that bad as the present is, there is no recovery, but "worse remains behind." The manifest evils of the paper system have induced the legislature to determine upon a return to cash payments; but it is to be feared, that the remedy will prove worse than the disease. The preliminary steps which have been already taken, have occasioned a fearful shock; and if it were to be carried into effect as a simple measure, it would be difficult to say who would ride out the storm. If it were now for the first time, a question, whether there should be an unrestricted paper currency or not, there would be no difficulty in deciding it in the negative; but the case is different when such a currency has been so long established, that, like a wen upon the natural body which has become assimilated with the constitution, and can neither be cut out nor cured, all that can be done, is to administer palliatives. It is thus with the poor laws, and the corn bill; there is no one who does not admit the impolicy of such enactments abstractedly considered, but they have become so interwoven with our system, that any immediate repeal of them is impossible. And thus also, with the question of the currency, which cannot be considered alone. Any alteration in this particular, must be attended with other changes of the most extensive kind. We venture to suggest, that it can never be brought about, without a great depreciation of the coin of the realm, or a great reduction of the national debt, though this last measure would not be so comprehensive as the former, which would

extend to all private transactions between individuals, as well as to those between the nation and the public creditor. These are the questions which demand the attention of the legislature; and it is upon such subjects that we wish to see the talents of the senate exercised; for if some general plan of reformation cannot be devised, the prosperity of the country is at an end. All other reform is a mere mockery, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. And as to parliamentary reform, we cannot conclude our remarks upon that subject better

than by quoting a passage, which is well entitled to notice, as coming from one, who had been himself a determined reformer. "As to parliamentary reform, I have tried it long enough to be convinced, it never can be adopted upon any sound principle, that would be at once safe in its operation, and effective to its purpose. The people are well enough represented. The milk throws up the cream. No change in the form will mend the materials. I am sure, you will find it, as I have done, a vain attempt to build Grecian temples with brick-bats and rubbish."

**BEARD'S THEATRE OF GOD'S JUDGMENTS.—*Lond. 1631. 4to.***

THIS is a very entertaining book to those who are fond of long stories and narrations, and who are not, like the good author, particularly scrupulous as to the truth or falsity of those materials which conduce to their amusement. It is a collection of relations of God's judgments against the several sorts of sins, marshalled according to the order of the Ten Commandments,—full of sanguinary details of cruelties and slaughters,—of horrible crimes and horrible punishments,—of devils and diabolical visitations,—of tyrants and their dismal ends, and of events and occurrences chiefly of a dark and gloomy tincture, related throughout with the utmost simplicity and earnestness, and interesting from their variety and descriptive naiveté. There was a time when books of this kind were more attended to than at present; and as the fact is indicative of the thorough change which has taken place in manners and methods of instruction, we will just currently notice its development. With our forefathers, at least with the most illiterate part of them, the mode of teaching by example, was of all others the most efficacious: it supplied the place of a thousand disquisitions, and theories of morality, by affording living impersonations of all that morality teaches us to imitate or shun, by presenting what only could be effective with the vulgar, parabolical delineations, at once too plain to be mistaken, and too vivid not to be highly impressive. Speculative inquiries, which are at best of little use in the direction of life, they could not understand; their little modicum of light and knowledge,

was drawn from other and more intelligible sources, not from the nicer and more delicate intricacies of reasoning, but from the grosser and more substantial images of reality. Hence those ponderous tomes pregnant with stories of the fatal exits of the wicked, and the sure rewards of the good, which used formerly to be the highly prized occupants of the cottage and the hall window, which were handed down from father to son with a kind of superstitious reverence, which were to their possessors as a body of practical divinity, from which they could and did educe all that was necessary to give to virtue its firmness, and to piety its fervour. These are now no more to be seen; they have given place to newer and less interesting inmates, to the trash of morbid fanaticism, and the ravings of ——— republican gloom. It may be true, that this change is partly owing to the increasing intelligence of the people, that as they have grown wiser, they have learned to despise the simplicity and credulity of their forefathers; but from whatever cause it may arise, nothing can be clearer, than that the reverence and regard which was formerly paid by the common people to example and practice, has vanished and departed; and that now they have lost nearly all the humility of disciples, without gaining much of the knowledge of teachers. Unfortunately, superficial learning is neither favourable to the qualities of the head or the heart, and adds to the obstinacy of intellect, while it facilitates the depravation of morals. We do not wish the people to be kept in ignorance,

but certainly that state of mental cultivation is best for them which best enables them to discharge their duty to their God and king. Whether that which existed in the times of our forefathers had this effect, we shall not decide ; but certainly that which now exists, has had a very contrary operation.

This change, too, we think to be lamented for its tendency to innovate on the manners of our ancestors, and produce, instead of the old English character, a new species of national habits, with none of those endearing peculiarities which made that character valuable. We never take up, for instance, such a work as the present, without its bringing to our minds times long past, when the father of a family read aloud to his eager assembly, the dolorous and tragical events it records, heard with breathless anxiety and solemn awe, of which the credulity had something of the simplicity of innocence, and the sanctity of religion.

We have, however, another purpose for making the extracts which follow from this work, with which we will acquaint our readers. It is with great regret we have observed in many respectable characters, otherwise able-bodied men, a great deficiency in those organs which assist to deglutition, in other words, a very limited ability to swallow. This we have perceived on other occasions, but particularly in the extraordinary difficulty which has been experienced by many worthy persons, of whom we have received accounts from our correspondents, in attempting to swallow the lying extravagancies and fanfaronades of some late numbers of a certain Cockney periodical publication. We shall not at present speculate upon the circumstances, or inquire from what cause this inability proceeds, or whether it arises from too great a stricture in the passage of the throat or otherwise ; but certain it is, that some alarming accidents, not less dangerous than that which happened to the Hunch Back, in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, have lately occurred, arising from this unfortunate source. Amongst others, we have been credibly informed, that a very worthy and respectable tradesman in Manchester, was actually choked in the very act of attempting to swallow certain portions of the aforesaid obnoxious work ; and that, notwithstand-

ing two gentlemen of the profession were promptly called in to administer assistance to the sufferer, all attempts to extricate the adhesive matter proved totally ineffectual. It was so exceedingly heavy and lumpish, that it stuck fast and immovable, and it was impossible either to get it down or out again. We understand that legal proceedings are now taking by the relations of the deceased against the proprietors of this very offensive publication. We are informed also, that even in Cocksaigne, where the people are proverbially noted for the latitude of their gullets, similar accidents have occurred ; and that deaths by choking, form a most alarming addition to the weekly bills. We are sorry to add, that the profession do not appear thoroughly to understand the treatment of this case ; and, from the reports of our correspondents, we really think it necessary to put some stop to the evil. In order, therefore, to prevent the recurrence of similar melancholy events, we have come to the resolution of prescribing a regular course of diet, which, we think, by gradually enlarging the dimensions of the gullet, may in time fit it for compassing the arduous task before mentioned, with the least possible danger. Our prescription is this :—Let the patient swallow, with all due precautions, the several extracts which follow after, in the order they are placed, taking one in the morning, and one in the evening, whole and entire, and without mincing the same in any wise. He will, at the finishing of the last, we think, be almost competent to the successful execution of the business : he must, however, cautiously make the experiment. If he find, as we fear, that his organs are still inadequate to the office he wishes to assign to them, let him take in the same manner, but gradually increasing his matutinal and nocturnal portions, the whole of the *Travels of Sir John Mandeville and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, and we have little doubt of his ultimate success. Should, however, extreme cases occur, in which even this preparatory course should prove inefficacious, we request the patient to favour us with a statement of his case, and we will answer, that the promptest and most attentive consideration shall immediately be paid to it.—N. B.

We will not answer for refractory patients.

But to return to the book.—Our worthy author seems particularly partial to the tales of diablerie. Not an instance is there recorded of the bodily appearance of his Satanic Majesty, which has escaped his industrious zeal and praiseworthy diligence. So used does he seem to these kind of visitations, that he relates the hoisting up of sundry unfortunate creatures by their Mephistophiles, as if it were merely the lifting up of a bag of cotton or a bale of calicoes, or merely the harmless flight of some aspiring aeronaut. His devils, too, seem fiends of some gout, and by no means so incapable of participating in the pleasures of a good dinner as we have been led to believe. In one of the extracts following, our readers will perceive, that the banquet was the only article injured by the diabolical incursion. This, however, would be no pleasing circumstance, especially to a confirmed gastrophilist; and we think we could point out some gentlemen to whom it would occasion as much maceration of spirit as an actual transit of themselves, *diabolo duce et auspice*. Another thing remarkable in our author is, his extraordinary facility in converting every occurrence into a judgment. Be it what it was before it went into his forge, an accident the most common, a death the most natural, out it issues immediately from thence, a most manifest and unquestionable judgment, impossible to be mistaken. Let a notorious sinner make any given exit, and he will immediately demonstrate the fitness of it to the case,—the adaptation of the punishment to the sin, and the sin to the punishment. This is all, however, certainly harmless; and if it be not very sensible, is yet, we think, very entertaining.

We will now proceed to our extracts. The first is the following story of rats:—Whether it has any mystical meaning or reference to the present times, we cannot pretend to judge. Certainly Pharaoh's case, including the Red Sea, was preferable to this.

“Among all the strange examples of God's judgements that ever were declared in this world, that one that befell a King of Poland, called *Papiell*, for his murders, is for the strangeness thereof most worthie to be had in memorie: he reigned in the yeare of our

Lord 1346. This man, among other of his particular kinds of cursings and swearing, whereof he was no niggard, used ordinarily this oath, *If it be not true, would rats might devour me*; prophesying thereby his owne destruction; for he was devoured even by the same means which he so often wished for, as the sequel of his historie will declare. The father of this *Papiell* feeling himselfe neere death, resigned the government of his kingdome to two of his brethren, men exceedingly reuerenced of all men for the valour and vertue which appeared in them. He being deceased, and *Papiell* being growne vp to ripe and lawfull yeares, when he saw himselfe in full libertie, without all bridle of government to doe what he listed, he began to giue the full swindle to his lawlesse and varulie desires, in such sort, that within few days he became so shamelesse, that there was no kind of vice which appeared not in his behauiour, euen to the working of the death of his owne vncles, for all their faithfull dealing towards him, which he by poyson brought to passe. Which being done, he caused himselfe forthwith to be crowned with garlands of flowers, and to be perfumed with precious ointments: and to the end the better to solemnize his entrie to the crowne, commaunded a sumptuous and pompous banquet to be prepared, whereunto all the Princes and Lords of his kingdome were invited. Now as they were about to giue the onset vpon the delicate cheere, behold an armie of rats sallying out of the dead and putrified bodies of his vncles set vpon him, his wife, & children, amid their dainties, to gnaw them with their sharp teeth; insomuch that his gard with all their weapons and strength were not able to chase them away, but being warie with resisting their daily and mightie assaults, gaue over the battaile: wherefore counsell was giuen to make great coale fires round about them, that the rats by that meanes might be kept off, not knowing that no policie or power of man was able to withstand the vnchangeable decrees of God; for, for all their huge forces, they ceased not to run through the midst of them, & to assault with their teeth this cruell murderer. Then they gaue him counsell to put himselfe, his wife, and children into a boat, and thrust it into the midst of a lake, thinking that by

reason of the waters the rats would not approch vnto them: but alas in vaine; for they swum through the waters amaine, and gnawing the boat, made such chinckes into the sides thereof, that the water began to run in: vvhich being perceiued of the boatmen, amazed them sore, and made them make post hast vnto the shore, vvhere he was no sooner arriued, but a fresh muster of rats vniting their forces with the former, encountred him so sore, that they did him more seath than all the rest. Whereupon all his gard, and others that were there present for his defence, perceiuing it to be a judgement of God's vengeance vpon him, abandoned and forsooke him at once: vvho seeing himselfe destitute of succour, and forsaken on all sides, flew into a high tower in Chousuitze, whither also they pursued him, and climbing euen vp to the highest roome where he was, first eat vp his wife and children (shee being guiltie of his vnles death) and lastly gnawed and deuoured him to the verie bones."

As the two next narrate procreations rather out of the ordinary way, they deserve to go together:—

"After the same sort was an Archbishop of Mentz, called Hatto, punished in the yere 940, vnder the reigne of the Emperour Otho the great, for the extreame crueltie which he vsed towards certaine poore beggers, in time of famine, who being requested by one of his poore subjects to sell him some corne for his money, when there was none to be gotten elsewhere; answered, he could spare none, by reason hee had scarce ynough for his owne hogs: which hoggish disposition the Lord requited in its owne kind, for his wife at the next litter brought forth seuen pigs at one birth to increase the number of his hogs: that as he had preferred filthie and ouglie creatures before his poore brethren, in whom the image of God in some sort shined forth, so hee might haue of his owne getting more of that kind to make much of, since hee loued them so well."

"Another not so cruell and disdainfull as the former, yet cruell and disdainfull ynough to plucke downe vengeance vpon his head, would not see his father beg indeed, nor yet abjure him as the other did; but yet vnder-taking to keepe him, vsed him more like a slaue than a father, for what

should hee too decre for him that gaue vs life? yet euerie good thing was too deere for this poore father. Vpon a time a daintie morsell of meat was vpon the boord to be eaten, which as soone as hee came in hee conueyed away, and foisted in courser victuals in the roome. But marke what his dainties turned to: when the seruant went to fetch it againe, hee found in stead of meat snakes, and of sauce serpents, to the great terrour of his conscience: but that which is more, one of the serpents leaped in his face, and catching hold by his lip, hung there till his dying day, so that hee could neuer feed himselfe, but hee must feed the serpent withall. And this badge carried hee about as a cognisance of an vnkind and vngratefull spone."

We now proceed to our diabolical quotations, and hope our readers will imitate the example of our author, and give all due faith and credit to them. The following we particularly recommend to our readers, for the good moral it inculcates:—

"Diuers noblemen were struing together at a horse race, and in their course cried the diuell take the last. Now the last was a horse that broke loose, whom the diuell hoisted vp into the aire and tooke cleane away. Which teacheth vs not to call for the diuell, for he is readie alwaies about vs uncalled and vnlooked for, yea many legions of them compasse vs about euen in our best actions to disturbe and pervert vs."

We think such executioners of the law as the following would startle the worshipful Court of Session:—

"In the towne of Rutlinquen a certaine passenger came into an Inne, and gaue a budget to his host to be kept, in the which there was a great summe of money: but when he demanded it againe at his departure, the host denied it, and gaue him injurious words, with many mockes and taunts: vvhereupon the passenger calleth him in question before the Iudge, and because he wanted witnesses, desireth to have him sworne, vvho without all scruple offered to sweare and protest, that he neuer receiued or concealed any such budget of mony from him, giuing himselfe to the diuell if he swore falsely. The passenger seeing his forwardnesse to damne himselfe, demanded respite to consider of the matter, and going out, he meets with two men, who en-

quire the cause of his comming thither; and being informed by him, offer their helpe vnto him in his cause: thereupon they returne before the Iudge, and these two vnkowne persons iustifie that the budget was deliuered vnto the host, and that he had hidden it in such a place: whereat the host being astonished, by his countenance and gesture discouraged his guiltinesse: the Iudge thereupon resolved to send him to prison, but the two vnkowne witnessnes (vrho were indeed two fiends of hell) began to say, you shall not need, for we are sent to punish his wickednesse; and so saying, they hoisted him vp into the ayre, vrhere he vanished with them, and was neuer after found."

We will club together a few more.

"There was a Coniurer at Saltzbourg that vaunted, that he could rather together all the serpents within halfe a myle round about into a ditch, and feed them and bring them vp there: and being about the experiment, behold the old and grand serpent came in the while, which whilst he thought by the force of his charmes to make to enter into the ditch among the rest, he set vpon, and inclosed him round about like a girdle so strongly, that he drew him perforce into the ditch with him, where he miserably died. Marke here the wages of such wicked miscreants, that as they make it their occupation to abuse simple folke, they are themselves abused and couened of the diuell, who is a finer iugler than they all."

"It was a very lamentable spectacle that chaunced to the gouernour of Mascon, a Magitian, whom the diuell snatched vp in dinnerwhile, and hoisted aloft, carrying him three times about the towne of Mascon in the presence of many beholders, to whom he cryed on this manner, Helpe, helpe, my friends; so that the whole towne stood amazed thereat, yea and the remembrance of this strange accident sticketh at this day fast in the minds of all the inhabitants of this countrey: and they say, that a wretch having giuen himselfe to the diuell, provided store of holy bread (as they call it) which he alwaies carried about with him, thinking thereby to keepe himselfe from his clawes; but it serued him to small stead, as his end declared."

"There was a certaine blasphemous

wretch that on a time being with his companions in a common Inne carousing and making merrie, asked them, if they thought a man was possessed with a soule or no? Whereunto when some replied, that the soules of men were immortall, and that some of them after release from the bodie liued in heauen, others in hell; for so the vvritings of the Prophets and Apostles instructed them: he answered and swore, that he thought it nothing so, but rather that there was no soule in man to suruiue the bodie, but that heauen and hell were meere fables, and inuentions of priests to get gaine by; and for himselfe he was readie to sell his soule to any that would buy it: then one of his companions tooke vps a cup of wine and said, Sell me thy soule for this cup of wine: which he receiuing, had him take his soule, and dranke vp the wine. Now Sathan himselfe was there in a man's shape (as commonly he is neuer farre from such meetings) and bought it againe of the other at the same price, and by and by had him giue him his soule; the whole companie affirming, it was meet he should haue it, since he had bought it, not perceiuing the deuill: but presently he laying hold on this soule seller, carried him into the ayre before them all, toward his owne habitation, to the great astonishment and amazement of the beholders; and from that day to this he was neuer heard of, but tryed to his paine that men had soules, and that hell was no fable, according to his godlesse and prophane opinion."

These were indeed visitations of no pleasant nature, and we heartily hope none of our readers may ever be whipped off in so summary a manner.

The next extract we shall give, seems to call upon prudent fathers to bridle the desires of the flesh, for such an incoming tenant as the devil is desirable in no domicile:—

"A certaine rich man at Holberstadium, abounding with all manner of earthlie commodities, gaue himselfe as much to his pleasure, that he became besotted therewith: in such sort, that he made no reckoning of religion, nor any good thing, but dared to say, that if he might lead such a life continually vpon earth, he would not enuie heauen, nor desire any exchange. Notwithstanding ere long (contrarie to his expectation) the Lord cut him off by death, and so his desired plea-

sure came to an end : but after his death there appeared such diabolical apparitions in his house, that no man daring to inhabit in it, it became desolat ; for every day there appeared the image of this Epicure sitting at a board with a number of his guests, drinking, carousing, and making good cheare ; and his table furnished with delicates, and attended on by many that ministred necessities vnto them, beside with minstrels, trumpetters and such like. In sum, whatsoever he delighted in in his life time, was there to be seene every day, the Lord permitting Sathan to bleare mens eyes with such strange shewes, to the end that others might be terrified from such epicurisme and impietie."

The following finishes our quotations :—

"A certaine man not farre from Gortitz provided a sumptuous supper, and invited many guests vnto it, who at the time appointed refusing to come, he in an anger cried, then let all the diuels in hell come : neither was his wish friuolous ; for a number of those hellish fiends came forthwith, whom he not discerning from men, came to welcome and entertaine : but as he tooke them by the hands, and perceived in stead of fingers claws, all dismaied he ran out of the doors with his wife, and left none in the house but a young infant with a foole sitting by the fire, whom the diuels had no power to hurt, neither any man else, saue the goodlie supper, which they made away withall, and so departed."

This last is certainly a most deplorable case, and we may truly say, *Finis coronat opus*. For the loss of the goodlie supper we heartily sympathise with the sufferer ; and if such a judgment

would not teach him to use better language for the future, we fear his case was hopeless. Let our readers beware how they make use of such incautious expressions whenever the non-appearance of their guests (and certainly it is a most trying circumstance) may discompose their temper. We were ourselves placed in the same situation the other day ; but having the fear of God, and the remembrance of this occurrence before our eyes, we had the grace to check the incipient oath, which was just forming in our mouth.

We would not have our readers to imagine that all the examples in this book are equally extravagant with those we have quoted. It is in fact a repository of stories, true, false, and apocryphal, admitted without discrimination, and told with the utmost apparent faithfulness, in which the false appear to outnumber the true, and the apocryphal the false ; or, indeed, a very lumber room or armory of examples, most of which are rusty, and some useless, but which, together, present a delightful appearance of antiquity.

We have a particular partiality for books of this description, and love to dip into them when tired with our hodiernal vocations. No continuity of reading being required, we are left to run over, with desultory ease, their long treasures of stories. The dismal and tragical cast of the narrations is even pleasing, inasmuch as it gives us in these safer times a delightful consciousness of security. We hope to make our readers conformable to our tastes, and intend this article as the forerunner of many others of these by no means the least valuable parts of our old English literature.

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#### THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES :

#### *Responsive Notices to Correspondents.*

ALTHOUGH often a good deal entertained with some of the letters which we have received relative to "The Ayrshire Legatees," yet others have excited very unpleasant feelings ; not, however, on account of the matter they contain, but the unfortunate misconceptions by which the authors seem to be affected. Of this kind is a remonstrance from Sir James R—n, complaining of the liberties taken with his character. We in consequence very carefully inspected all the preceding numbers, in order to pen a proper apology, but could not find the slightest trace even of his name in them ;—and, upon a second perusal of his letter, it turned out, that Sir James evidently did not appear to have



read our Magazine himself, but had taken his impression from some "d—d good-natured friend," who had told him that he had been exceedingly caricatured in "the Ayrshire Legatees." Now, we put it to the candour of our readers,—not only of our readers, but of the public, nay of the whole community of men exercising their judgment in literary matters,—whether it be possible to prevent giving umbrage to such persons as Sir James R—n, who presume to suppose themselves objects of public consideration, when in fact they are really left in the full enjoyment of their moral non-entity.

The Rutherglen Counsellor might have saved himself the trouble of writing his letter, and the expence of the postage in sending it, (we wish, however, that some others were as liberal in this respect.) We are quite aware that his borough is an open borough, and as free and independent as is consistent with the political ascendancy of "the House of Hamilton;" but we cannot divine by what strange combination the concerns of that worthy patriotic place came to be connected with any of the proceedings of the Legatees, unless there has been some *catering* for Mr Andrew Pringle against the next election. This, however, we do not think probable, as Mr Andrew has no interest in any of the other three quarters of the member.

Our friend in the townhead of Irvine, who taxed us ~~so~~ much in his two last letters, has become truly jocose; indeed so much so, that if he continues to improve as he has done, we shall do a favour to our readers by inserting his letters.—But alas, the inveteracy of error! he still denies the existence of Dr Pringle; and absolutely asserts it as a fact, that there is no such personage as Miss Mally Glencairn resident in the Kirkgate of that highly creditable town.

Themistocles of Paisley has shewn his good sense in resuming his own proper signature of Robert Orr, Gauze Street. What he remarks is just enough, we confess, in the particular case to which he alludes; at the same time, we request Mr Orr to assure the subscribers to the public-room, that we should be much better satisfied with "their universal approbation," if, instead of taking but one copy for the room, each for himself took a copy for the use of his own particular private circle.

How it should have entered into the head of Mr Ebenezer Gaw of Perth, to think that we can controul the movements of the Pringle family, or induce them to visit "the pleasant links" of that ancient city, we know not; but we have some authority for believing, that Adolescence, of the academy there, might prove a very agreeable correspondent upon any question connected with "the antiquities of the place;" and he will do well to consider this, by remembering "the saints and the porridge-pot."—How time turns past anxieties into pleasantries!—He will think of this and sigh.

Mr Archibald Dawson of Ayr is altogether in a mistake,—we had not the most remote idea of "ripping up" Baillie ——'s case; and if he will only take the trouble of calling at the old turreted house, formerly the residence of the Countess-Dowager of Dumfries and Stair, he will get a satisfactory explanation of the whole recondite joke to which we alluded.

"Michie Dingwall, Esq. of Knockit, Aberdeenshire," must apply to Habbakuk Robertson, near the college; he is the only one of our correspondents in that enlightened, but magistrate-enslaved city, who can inform him whether roads may be improved, free of expence, as well as streets. We do not think, however, that Mrs Pringle will be induced to lend any part of the legacy for the purpose;—we are rather disposed to be of opinion, that the security is too far north either for her or the Doctor.

As to what C—— S—— says, regarding the knowledge of London, in the “Ayrshire Legatees,” contending therefore that the whole is a quiz,—we would only request him, (we speak now from a careful inspection during our late visit,) to look at the steeple of the New Church in the Strand; and if he is of opinion that it is really perpendicular, we would then ask him, as a man of sense, Whether if we, at the time we spoke of the gracious stoop of the Port-Glasgow steeple, would have neglected to reckon the steeple of the New Church in the Strand, among the number of the hanging towers, had we been then aware that it was also inclined from the perpendicular?—Ah! steeples now-a-days are not the only members of the church that are not supposed to be altogether upright.

THE AYRSHIRE LEGATEES;

*Or, The Correspondence of the Pringle Family.*

No. VIII.

THE CONCLUSION.

ON Friday, Miss Mally Glencairn received a brief note from Mrs Pringle, informing her, that she and the Doctor would reach the manse, “God willing,” in time for tea on Saturday; and begging her therefore to go over from Irvine, and see that the house was in order for their reception. This note was written from Glasgow, where they had arrived, in their own carriage, from Carlisle on the preceding day, after encountering, as Mrs Pringle said, “more hardships and extorshoning than all the dangers of the sea which they met with in the smack of Leith that took them to London.”

As soon as Miss Mally received this intelligence, she went to Miss Isabella Todd, and requested her company for the next day to Garnock, where they arrived betimes to dine with Mr Snodgrass. Mrs Glibbans and her daughter Becky were then on a consolatory visit to Mr Craig. It will be recollected, that we mentioned in a former number, upon the authority of Mr M'Gruel, that the crying of Mrs Craig had come on; and that Mrs Glibbans, according to promise, and with the most anxious solicitude, had gone to await the upshot. The upshot was most melancholy,—Mrs Craig was soon no more;—she was taken, as Mrs Glibbans observed on the occasion, from the earthly arms of her husband, to the spiritual bosom of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, which was far better. But the baby survived; so that, what with getting a nurse, and the burial, and all the work

and handling that a birth and death in one house at the same time causes, Mr Craig declared, that he could not do without Mrs Glibbans; and she, with all that christianity by which she was so zealously distinguished, sent for Miss Becky, and took up her abode with him, till it would please Him, without whom there is no comfort, to wipe the eyes of the pious elder. In a word, she staid so long, that a rumour began to spread that Mr Craig would need a wife to look after his bairn; and that Mrs Glibbans was destined to supply the desideratum.

Mr Snodgrass after enjoying his dinner society with Miss Mally and Miss Isabella, thought it necessary to dispatch a courier, in the shape of a barefooted servant lass, to Mr Micklewham, to inform the elders that the Doctor was expected home in time for tea, leaving it to their discretion either to greet his safe return at the manse, or in any other form or manner that would be most agreeable to themselves. These important news were soon diffused through the clachan. Mr Micklewham dismissed his school an hour before the wonted time, and there was a universal interest and curiosity excited, to see the Doctor coming home in his own coach. All the boys of Garnock assembled at the brachead which commands an extensive view of the Kilmarnock road, the only one from Glasgow that runs through the parish; the wives with their sucklings were seated on the large stones at their respective door

cheeks; while their cats were calmly reclining on the window soles. The lassic weans, like clustering bees, were mounted on the carts that stood before Thomas Birlpenny the vintner's door, churning with anticipated delight; the old men took their stations on the dike that incloses the side of the vintner's kail-yard, and a batch, "of wabster lads," with green aprons and thin yellow faces, planted themselves at the gable of the malt kiln, where they were wont, when trade was better, to play at the handball; "but poor fellows," says Mr M'Gruel, "since the trade fell off, they have had no heart for the game, and the vintner's half-mutchkin stoups glitter in empty splendour unrequired on the shelf below the brazen skonce above the bracepicce, amidst the idle pewter pepper-boxes, the bright copper tea-kettle, the coffee-pot that has never been in use, and lids of sauce pans, that have survived their principals,—the wonted ornaments of every trig change-house kitchen."

The season was far advanced; but the sun shone at his setting with a glorious composure, and the birds in the hedges and on the boughs were again gladdened into song. The leaves had fallen thickly, and the stubble fields were bare, but autumn in her many-coloured mantle,—her tartan plaid, as Mr M'Gruel with a tasteful nationality calls it—was seen still walking with matronly composure in the woodlands, along the brow of the neighbouring hills.

\* About half past four o'clock, a movement was seen among the callans at the braehead, and a shout announced that a carriage was in sight. It was answered by a murmuring response of satisfaction from the whole village. In the course of a few minutes the carriage reached the turnpike—it was of the darkest green and the gravest fashion, —a large trunk, covered with Russian matting and fastened on with cords, prevented from chafing it by knots of straw rope, occupied the front,—behind, other two were fixed in the same manner, the lesser of course uppermost; and deep beyond a pile of light bundles and handboxes, that occupied a large portion of the interior, the blithe faces of the Doctor and Mrs Pringle were discovered. The boys huzzaed, the Doctor flung them pennypieces, and the Mistress haubees.

As the carriage drooge along, the old

men on the dike stood up and reverently took off their hats and bonnets. The weaver lads gazed with a melancholy smile; the lassies on the carts clapped their hands with joy; the women on both sides of the street acknowledged the recognizing nods; while all the village dogs, surprised by the sound of chariot wheels, came baying and barking forth, and sent off the cats that were so doucely sitting on the window soles, clambering and scampering over the roofs in terror of their lives.

When the carriage reached the manse door, Mr Snodgrass, the two ladies, with Mr Micklewham, and all the elders except Mr Craig, were there ready to receive the travellers. But over this joy of welcoming we must draw a veil; for the first thing that the Doctor did, on entering the parlour and before sitting down, was to return thanks for his safe restoration to his home and people.

The carriage was then unloaded, and as package, bale, box, and bundle were successively brought in, Miss Mally Glencairn expressed her admiration at the great capacity of the chaise.—"Ay," said Mrs Pringle, "but you know not what we have suftert for't in coming through among the English tavnens on the road; some of them would not take us forward when there was a hill to pass, unless we would take four horses, and every one after another reviled us for having no mercy in loading the carriage like a waggon,—and then the drivers were so gleg and impudent, that it was worse than martyrdom to come with them. Had the Doctor taken my advice he would have brought our own civil London coachman, whom we hired with his own horses by the job; but he said it behoved us to gie our ain fish guts to our ain scamaws, and that he designed to fee Thomas Birlpenny's hostler for our coachman, being a lad of the parish. This obliged us to post it from London, but, oh! Miss Mally, what an outlay it has been!"

The Doctor in the meantime had entered into conversation with the gentlemen, and was inquiring in the most particular manner respecting all the parishioners, and expressing his surprise that Mr Craig had not been at the manse with the rest of the elders,—"It does not look well," said the Doctor. Mr Daff, however, offered the best apology for his absence that could

be made,—“He has had a gentle dispensation, sir—Mrs Craig has won awa out of this sinful world, poor woman, she had a large experience o’t; but the bairn’s to the fore, and Mrs Glibbans, that has such a cast of grace, has ta’en charge of the house since before the interment. It’s thought, considering what’s by gane, Mr Craig may do waur than make her mistress, and I hope, sir, your exhortation will no be wanting to egg the honest man to think o’t seriously.”

Mr Snodgrass before delivering the household keys, ordered two bottles of wine, with glasses and biscuit, to be set out on the table, while Mrs Pringle produced from a paper package, that had helped to stuff one of the pockets of the carriage, a piece of rich plumb-cake, brought all the way from a confectioner’s in Cockspur Street, London, not only for the purpose of being caten, but, as she said, to let Miss Nanny Eydent pree, in order to direct the Irvine bakers how to bake others like it.

Tea was then brought in; and, as it was making, the Doctor talked aside to the elders, while Mrs Pringle recounted to Miss Mally and Miss Isabella the different incidents of her adventures subsequent to the marriage of Miss Rachel.

“The young folk,” said she, “having gone to Brighton, we followed them in a few days, for we were told it was a curiosity, and that the King has a palace there, just a world’s wonder! and truly, Miss Mally, it is certainly not like a house for a creature of this world, but for some Grand Turk or China man, being adorned with things like ingans and leeks. The Doctor said, it put him in mind of Miss Jenny Machride’s side-board in the Stockwell of Glasgow; where all the pepper-boxes, poories, and tea-pots, punch-bowls, and china-candlesticks of her progenitors are set out for a show, that tells her visitors, they are but seldom put to use. As for the town of Brighton, it’s what I would call a gawky piece of London. I could see nothing in it but a wheen idlers, hearing twa lads, at night, crying, ‘Five, six, seven for a shilling,’ in the book-sellers’ shops, with a play-actor lady singing in a corner, because her voice would not do for the players’ stage.—Therefore, having seen the Captain

and Mrs Sabre off to France, we came home to London; but it’s not to be told what we had to pay at the hotel where we staid in Brighton. Howsom-ever having come back to London, we settled our counts, and, buying a few necessars, we prepared for Scotland,—and here we are. But travelling has surely a fine effect in enlarging the understanding; for both the Doctor and me thought, as we came along, that every thing had a smaller and poorer look than when we went away; and I dinna think this room is just what it used to be. What think ye o’t, Miss Isabella? How would ye like to spend your days in’t?”

Miss Isabella reddened at this question; but Mrs Pringle, who was as prudent as she was observant, affecting not to notice this, turned round to Miss Mally Glencairn, and said softly in her ear,—“Rachel was Bell’s confidant, and has told us all about what’s going on between her and Mr Snodgrass. We have agreed no to stand in their way, as soon as the Doctor can get a mailing or two to secure his money upon.”

Meantime, the Doctor received from the elders a very satisfactory account of all that had happened among his people, both in and out of the session, during his absence; and he was vastly pleased to find, there had been no inordinate increase of wickedness, at the same time he was grieved for the condition in which the poor weavers still continued, saying, that among other things of which he had been of late meditating, was the setting up of a lending bank in the parish for the labouring classes, where, when they were out of work, “bits of loans for a house-rent, or a brat of claes, or sic like, might be granted, to be repaid when trade grew better, and thereby take away the objection that an honest pride had to receiving help from the session.”

Then some lighter general conversation ensued, in which the Doctor gave his worthy counsellors a very jocosose description of many of the lesser sort of adventures which he had met with; and the ladies having retired to inspect the great bargains that Mrs Pringle had got, and the splendid additions she had made to her wardrobe, out of what she denominatet the dividends of the present portion of the le-

gacy, the Doctor ordered in the second biggest toddy bowl, the guardvine with the old rum, and told the lassie to see if the tea-kettle was still boiling. "Ye maun drink our welcome hame," said he to the elders; "it would nae otherwise be canny. But I'm sorry Mr Craig has nae come." At these words the door opened, and the absent elder entered, with a long face, and a deep sigh. "Ha!" cried Mr Daff, "this is very droll. Speak of the Evil One, and he'll appear;"—which words dinted on the heart of Mr Craig, who thought his marriage in December had been the subject of their discourse.—The Doctor, however, went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and said, "Now I take this very kind, Mr Craig; for I could not have expected you, considering ye have got, as I am told, your jo in the house;" at which words the Doctor winked paucily to Mr Daff, who rubbed his hands with fainness, and gave a good humoured sort of keekling laugh. This facetious stroke of policy was a great relief to the afflicted elder, for he saw by it that the Doctor did not mean to trouble him with any inquiries respecting his deceased wife; and, in consequence, he put on a blither mask, and really affected to have forgotten her already more than he had done in sincerity.

Thus the night passed in decent temperance and a happy decorum; in so much, that the elders when they went away, either by the influence of the toddy-bowl, or the Doctor's funny stories about the Englishers, declared that he was an excellent man, and, being none lifted up, was worthy of his rich legacy.

At supper, the party, besides the minister and Mrs Pringle, consisted of the two Irvine ladies, and Mrs Snodgrass. Miss Becky Glibbans came in when it was about half over, to express her mother's sorrow at not being able to call that night, "Mr Craig's bairn having taken an ill turn." The truth, however, was, that the worthy elder had been rendered somewhat tozy by the minister's toddy, and wanted an opportunity to inform the old lady of the joke that had been played upon him by the Doctor calling her his jo, and to see how she would relish it. So by a little address Miss Becky was sent out of the way, with the excuse we have noticed; at the same time, as

the night was rather sharp, it is not to be supposed that she would have been the bearer of any such message, had her own curiosity not enticed her.

During supper the conversation was very lively. Many "pickant jokes," as Miss Becky described them to Mr M'Gruel, were cracked by the Doctor; but, soon after the table was cleared, he touched Mr Snodgrass on the arm, and, taking up one of the candles, went with him to his study, where he then told him, that Rachel Pringle, now Mrs Sabre, had informed him of a way in which he could do him a service.—"I understand, sir," said the Doctor, "that you have a notion of Miss Bell Todd, but that until ye get a kirk there can be no marriage. But the auld horse may die waiting for the new grass; and, therefore, as the Lord has put it in my power to do a good action both to you and my people,—whom I am glad to hear you have pleased so well,—if it can be brought about that you could be made helper and successor, I'll no object to give up to you the whole stipend, and, by and by, may be the manse to the bargain. But that is if you marry Miss Bell; for it was a promise that Rachel gar't me make to her on her wedding morning. Ye know she was a forcasting lassie, and, I have reason to believe, has said nothing anent this to Miss Bell herself; so that if you have no partiality for Miss Bell, things will just rest on their old footing; but if you have a notion, it must be a satisfaction to you to know this, as it will be a pleasure to me to carry it as soon as possible into effect."

Mr Snodgrass was a good deal agitated; he was taken by surprise, and without words the Doctor might have guessed his sentiments; he, however, frankly confessed that he did entertain a very high opinion of Miss Bell, but that he was not sure if a country parish would exactly suit him. "Never mind that," said the Doctor; "if it does not fit at first, you will get used to it; and if a better casts up, it will be no obstacle."

The two gentlemen then rejoined the ladies, and, after a short conversation, Miss Betty Glibbans was admonished to depart, by the servants bringing in the Bibles for the worship of the evening. This was usually performed before supper, but, owing to the bowl being on the table, and the

company jocular, it had been postponed till all the guests who were not to sleep in the house had departed.

The Sunday morning was fine and bright for the season; the hoar frost, till about an hour after sun-rise, lay white on the grass and tomb-stones in the church-yard; but before the bell rung for the congregation to assemble, it was exhaled away, and a freshness, that was only known to be autumnal by the fallen and yellow leaves that strewed the church-way path, from the ash and plane-trees in the avenue, encouraged the spirits to sympathise with the universal cheerfulness of all nature.

The return of the Doctor had been bruited through the parish with so much expedition, that, when the bell rung for public worship, none of those who were in the practice of stopping in the church-yard to talk about the weather, were so ignorant as not to have heard of this important fact. In consequence, before the time at which the Doctor was wont to come from the back-gate which opened from the manse-garden into the church-yard, a great majority of his people were assembled to receive him.

At the last jingle of the bell the back-gate was usually opened, and the Doctor was wont to come forth as punctually as a cuckoo of a clock at the striking of the hour; but a deviation was observed on this occasion. Formerly, Mrs Pringle, and the rest of the family came first, and a few minutes were allowed to elapse before the Doctor, laden with grace, made his appearance. But at this time, either because it had been settled that Mr Snodgrass was to officiate, or for some other reason, there was a breach in the observance of this time-honoured custom.

As the ringing of the bell ceased, the gate unclosed, and the Doctor came forth. He was of that easy sort of feather-bed corpulency of form that betokens good nature, and had none of that smooth, red, well filled protuberancy, which indicates a choleric humour and a testy temper. He was in fact what Mrs Glibbens denominated "a man of a gausy external." And some little change during his absence

had taken place in his visible equipage. His stockings, which were wont to be of worsted, had undergone a translation into silk; his waistcoat, instead of the venerable Presbyterian flap-covers to the pockets, which were of Johnsonian magnitude, was become plain; his coat, in all times single-breasted, with no collar, still however maintained its ancient characteristics; instead, however, of the former bright black cast horn, the buttons were covered with cloth. But the chief alteration was discernible in the furniture of the head. He had exchanged the simplicity of his own respectable grey hairs for the cauliflower hoariness of a *PARRISH*\* wig, on which he wore a broad brimmed hat, turned up a little at each side behind, in a portentous manner, indicative of Episcopalian predilections. This, however, was not justified by any alteration in his principles, being merely an innocent variation of fashion, the natural result of a Doctor of Divinity buying a hat and wig in London.

The moment that the Doctor made his appearance, his greeting and salutation was quite delightful; it was that of a father returned to his children, and a king to his people.

Almost immediately after the Doctor, Mrs Pringle, followed by Miss Mally Glencain and Miss Isabella Todd, also debouched from the gate, and the assembled females remarked, with no less instinct, the transmutation which she had undergone. She was dressed in a dark blue cloth pelisse, trimmed with a dyed fur, which, as she told Miss Mally, "looked quite as well as sable, without costing a third of the money." A most matronly muff, that, without being of sable, was of an excellent quality; contained her hands; and a very large Leghorn straw bonnet, decorated richly, but far from excess, with a most substantial band and bow of a broad crimson satin ribbon around her head.

If the Doctor was gratified to see his people so gladly thronging around him, Mrs Pringle had no less pleasure also in her thrice-welcome reception. It was an understood thing, that she had been mainly instrumental in enabling the Minister to get his great Indian legacy,

\* See the Edinburgh Review, for an account of our old friend Dr Parr's wig, and Spital Sermon.

and in whatever estimation she may have been previously held for her economy and management, she was now looked up to as a personage skilled in the law, and particularly versed in testamentary erudition. Accordingly, in the customary testimonials of homage with which she was saluted in her passage to the church door, there was evidently a sentiment of veneration mingled, such as had never been evinced before, and which was neither unobserved nor unappreciated by that acute and perspicacious lady.

The Doctor himself did not preach, but sat in the Minister's pew till Mr Snodgrass had concluded an eloquent and truly an affecting sermon; at the end of which he rose and went up into the pulpit, where he publicly returned thanks for the favours and blessings he had obtained during his absence, and for the safety in which he had been restored, after many dangers and tribulations, to the affections of his parishioners.

"Such," to use the precise words of Mr M'Gruel—"such were the principal circumstances that marked the return of my excellent friend and neighbour to his parish. In the course of the week after, the estate of Money-pennies being for sale, it was bought for the Doctor. It was considered a great bargain, the property having been materially improved by a Glasgow manufacturer, who bought it about twenty years ago, but who unfortunately failed in business last year. It was not, however, on account of the advantageous nature of the purchase that the

Doctor valued this acquisition, but entirely because it was situated in his own parish, and part of the lands marching with the Glebe."

The previous owner of Money-pennies had built an elegant house on the estate, to which Mrs Pringle is at present actively preparing to remove from the Manse, and it is understood, that as Mr Snodgrass was last week declared helper and successor to the Doctor, his marriage with Miss Isabella Todd will take place with all convenient expedition. "I have also," continues our Kilwinning correspondent, "reason to believe, that, as soon as decorum will permit, any scruple which Mrs Glibbens had to a second marriage is now removed, and that she will soon again grace the happy circle of wives by the name of Mrs Craig. Indeed, I am assured that Miss Nanny Eydent is actually at this time employed in making up her wedding garments; for, last week, that worthy and respectable young person was known to have visited Baillic Delap's shop, at a very early hour in the morning, and to have priced many things of a bridal character, besides getting swatches; after which she was seen to go to Mrs Glibbens's house, where she remained a very considerable time, and to return straight therefrom to the shop, and purchase divers of the articles which she had priced and inspected;—all which constitute sufficient grounds for the general opinion in Irvine, that the union of Mr Craig with Mrs Glibbens is a happy event drawing near to consummation."

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#### ON THE LIVES OF ACTORS.

WHEN O'Keefe brought out his Comedy of Wild Oats, the actors, if they knew their own interest, would strain every nerve in order that the play might pass. The piece, however, tinged as it is with the tendency to farce incident to the genius of its author, has stamina enough to live without pampering. It is an apology for the life of an actor, and is better than that of George Ann Bellamy, and almost as amusing and sprightly as that of Colley Cibber, which is saying something. Not that the work of the vivacious hero of the Dunciad, has not other and higher merits; but they are foreign to the comparison. O'Keefe has, in his

comedy, done for the players what Cumberland tried to do for the Jews. Whether the better success of the former is owing to the greater ability of the writer, or to the greater truth of the character, may be a matter of dispute. The public seems to incline to the latter opinion. Rover retains his popularity, whilst Sheva is forgotten. The "cruel Judæus" seems, in this instance, to have taken complete possession of, "the many-headed monster," as somebody has courteously designated the people. I, for my part, have always been attached above measure to the stage, and interested in everything connected with it. What

is more satisfactory—those, of whom I have had reason, through life, to think the best, have been so too. There is no need for shame in confessing that some of “the greenest spots on memory’s waste” owe, with me, their hue to the theatre. Those who have studied the human mind, or even attended to the nature of their own perceptions, will allow that some of our strongest impressions are produced by the power of fiction. My recollection of the feelings, with which I first read *Clarissa*, does not yield in intensity to any remembrance of those arising out of real events. My imagination cannot, to this hour, recur to that book without an uneasy and miserable sensation, which one would almost suppose to be akin to the hypochondriacal. That this holds equally with pleasant recollections, is easily supposable. With me, the drama has been most prolific of happy associations. I find I have decidedly preferred the company and conversation of those who thought of it like myself, and have, for the most part, unconsciously perhaps, associated with such. They, who meet at a theatre are, nine times out of ten, in the state of mind most likely to render such meetings agreeable. The lobby is a sort of coffee-house, for the “*literæ humaniores*,” from which wrangling politics are excluded, and where the presence of beauty is not an intrusion.

The fate of the children of *Thespis* has been perversely hard. Whilst many an institution—of an origin none of the most respectable—is applauded, and its ministers honoured; the servants of the drama, which, both ancient and modern, arose, (“mark it, *Cæsario*,”) out of religious ceremonies, are vilified and calumniated. In what sort of estimation the ancient actors were held, may be a difficult matter to settle. *Laberius* was deprived of his equestrian rank for appearing on the stage, to which he was compelled by *Cæsar*; and from some passages of *Juvenal*, it would seem to be quite evident, that in his time, the Roman actors, excepting perhaps the very highest, were held in that kind of contempt, to which those connected with public amusements appear to be more or less liable. In modern Italy, they are very lightly held. In France, the church refuses the last rites to the body of the “profane stage-player;” besides charitably

insinuating the probability of his soul being, in the phrase of honest but implacable Captain Crowe, “five fathom by the line, in burning brimstone.” In England, they are, as it were, out of the pale of the law, and punishable as vagabonds; unless, indeed, they happen to be “his Majesty’s servants”—which alters the case. Against usage like this, it would require a most superabundant abundance of good character to bear up; nor is it to be wondered at, that the whole body has been bent down under the weight of much illiberal and much absolutely unfounded prejudice. I do not wish to mince the matter either way. It is not my intention to deny, that the condition of an actor renders him peculiarly liable to certain vices. But I would just venture to hint, that these vices are of a kind peculiarly obnoxious to those “wise in their generation,” called prudent people; who, in consequence, more prudently than charitably, keep at too great a distance to find out his virtues. When I hear the wearers of the sock and buskin run down by wholesale, remote as they are from those to whom the observation applies, it always puts me in mind of poor *Burns*’s assertion of his often having found in the class called “blackguards,” honour, honesty, benevolence, “and even modesty.” He certainly would not scruple to make the search; and on a matter of this sort, I would take his word for a thousand pounds. There are those who would have affected to think the discovery quite as surprising, had he professed to have made it in the green-room. To such it is really hardly worth while to reply.

I have been told, that I am not to estimate the character of the profession from those eminent performers, who have risen to its head. They who told me so, forgot to advert to the circumstance of many of those very ladies and gentlemen having risen from the lower ranks of that profession, where they must have acquired, or at least preserved, those virtues, for which they are now esteemed. It is not, however, from the metropolitan performer, that I form my estimate of the lives of actors. The provincial town in which I have passed the greater part of my life, affords sufficiently ample, and probably fairer materials.

It may sound a little ill-omened, to



begin by saying, that actors were, a few years ago, more respectable than now—I should have said more respected, for that is what I mean. The friends of the drama assign a variety of causes for this. Some will lay it upon the late dinners and routs—some upon the hard times—some upon the increased pride of the middle ranks—and some upon the methodists. For my part, I lay it upon them all together. Theatres have declined in many ways; and, according to the way of the world, actors have declined with their circumstances. Neither plays nor players are like what they were. An exotic from the hot-bed of London, may sometimes draw a crowd of spectators, and a thunder of applause—but the taste itself is less intense.

Scarcely further back than five and twenty years, we had, season after season, noticed and known long enough to estimate their worth, Munden—"little Munden," an all privileged favourite, who used, on his benefit night, to pack the gallery in *propria persona*, and just get down to dress, and make his bow in due time—to the boxes; Whitlock, Miss Duncan now Mrs Davison, Charles Kemble, Miss Smith, Miss Decamp, and Riley, the author of "The Itinerant," a theologian and controversialist, and more recently, Liston—a buck of the first water—going about in the day, in a light grass-green coat, then the rage—and huge half boots, with ridiculous tassels hanging "half way down, like one that gathers samphire"—and at night playing *Banquo*, and *Nipperkin*; besides, singing between play and farce. I am told, he plays *Romeo*, at Covent Garden, for his benefit, with great applause; and I dare say he has improved—but I must own, I never saw him look truly tragical, till he played *Croaker*, for his farewell benefit. How sorry we were to part with him! though many a shilling it saved me, at a time when a shilling was of fully more consequence than it is now. Many a time and oft have I given my last, at the gallery-door, for the "sweet sake" of Miss Bailey's ghost. Not that there was any extravagance in the matter, for the song was always encored, and so cost only sixpence, which was absolutely cheap. Yet Liston languished unnoticed for some months, and had actually, as I have been informed, offered himself as clerk to a printer;

who, luckily for the public, did not want a clerk. His talent, I believe, first broke out decidedly in playing *Rindy*, to Munden's crack part of *Jimmy Jumps*, with whom he divided the applause. It was the first brilliant exhibition of comic talent I ever saw, and I shall never forget it. I recollect, Liston looked very blue, in his green coat, when the young *Roscus* humbug first took with the public. But then the tragedians looked ten times bluer, which took from the novelty of Liston's seriousness. After that, we had Conway, Terry, and a few other good actors—but theatricals have ever since been upon the decline. Every year has "knocked out a star" in our dramatic heaven. The actors are less thought about, and less known—though far be it from me to say, that they are really less respectable.

One proof of the "playermen," as the two chimney sweeps contemptuously called Garrick and Weston, being less known, is that they associate so much with each other—which seems to argue, that they are not much sought by other people. Let any one go on a Saturday night to the bar of the tavern, which they patronise; and, if he has never seen them before, he may almost, from their several appearances, assign their stations in the little fantastical world of the Drama; that is to say, if he knows any thing of theatrical matters—if he does not, he may as well turn over two leaves at once, and go to the next article. There will be found sitting, the first *serious man*—"Tragedy Tom"—Then the *gentleman*, either very fair or very brown, with his hair twice as neat, and his neck-cloth twice as well tied as the tragedian. The tragedian, however, is thinner and paler than the gentleman, and of a voice and manner probably much less heroic; the reason of which will perhaps appear afterwards. Then the comic actor, with a redder face than the gentleman, and more slovenly than the hero, and as rich as either of them, and more an epicure. He is happier too, and less given to laughter—which looks like a paradox. He has this privilege beyond the other two, that he thinks less of the graces, and more of *haut-gout*; and pampers up his good humour with beef steaks, oysters, welch-rabbits and porter, in felicitous impunity, which often excites the envy, and sometimes the contempt of his brethren

of the buskin and sock. He sits full to the table and enjoys himself, whilst the others fast, or sip and nibble diagonally from the fire side. Such sacrifices must be made to keep up the genteel, or even the heroic character. The *Singer*, is twice as heroic as the hero, twice as conceited as the gentleman, and twice as ugly as the comedian, and grimaces twice as much—"looking like an angel, if he was't so black-a-vyzed."—On the stage he neglects talking for singing, and, off it, he is less fond of singing than talking, and rattles away with all the happy unconsciousness of his tribe, that people, having enjoyed "their most sweet voices"—want nothing further with them. The inferior performers may be known by their faring worse, and looking worse, and talking worse than the rest, and yet always sitting with them. They are more in the shade. At their end of the table, brandy and water looks like bottled ale, and the shirt-ruffle is often invisible. Actors are generally a little singular in themselves, and contrasts to each other; how else, indeed, should they ever meet upon a provincial stage? Amongst them, you have all sorts of opposites of feature and voice—noses, as different as those of Father Shandy and the traveller at Strasburg, and tones from the top and bottom of the gamut. They "enact humanity," according to Shakespeare, sometimes very "abominably" when upon the stage, and often very qucerly elsewhere—but so do other humanity Professors. Nine out of ten of them cordially agree in complaining of the manager; and nine times out of ten, they are in the right. The tenth, dissentient, is the manager's *favourite*. That they should in general dress gaudily, is not to be wondered at. A claret-coloured surcoat, and a pair of sky-blue pantaloons, in a morning, in a manner break the fall from the splendour of the preceding evening. Between this and slovenliness, there would seem, with them, to be no alternative.

Actors are pleasant, and not unprofitable associates. They see much of the landscape of life, and of the most instructive and picturesque parts of it—its ups and downs. They are, for the most part, stored with anecdote; and, moreover, most meritoriously ready to sing a catch. Some folks, to be sure, will say that such things are

in their way, and that they know it to be expected of them:—granted,—still, to say that they do what is expected of them, is an odd way of trying to depreciate people. They are decidedly good-natured men, and bear raillery much better than others;—not that there is any thing odd in this,—for what is the laugh of a companion to him, who, every other night in his life, is exposed to the risk of the ridicule of a whole audience. From submitting, every now and then, to be laughed at in assumed absurdity, many of them are cured of that morbid anxiety about personal dignity, which is the bane of so many worthy men. Nothing irritates a player but actually "getting a little of the goose,"—as they call the catastrophe of being hissed; and this they are certainly sore enough about,—as well they may. The common-place jokes, however, launched at their calling, they bear with laudable equanimity. Nay, the comedian is never in higher glee, on the stage, than when laughing at his own profession, in Sylvester Daggerwood, or O'Keefe's ragged Manager, with his Treasurer out at the elbows. This is no small praise. Only call a young physician "Thalaba the Destroyer;" or talk to a conceited lawyer's clerk about "the Devil's own," and you shall see the difference.

I have known those who came away disappointed from the company of a great actor, because he did not give a lecture on the philosophy of some passage of Shakespeare. This is very absurd. To expect a man, who lives upon a kind of diet-drink of spouting,—who has to rehearse his part in the morning and act it in the evening,—to swill supernumerary cups of dramatic Hippocrène, merely to please a company, is altogether unreasonable. Besides, no wise actor will let his critic go behind the scenes. This he soon attains to know by experience, if instinct does not teach him. It is a foolish thing to run the risk of spoiling "a good hit," by giving a wrong reason for it. The carper, who admires a fine histrionic effect, without knowing any reason for it at all, will despise it, should he happen to think the explanation insufficient, when given;—and, ten to one, but he does think it so. Professors of the fine arts do well to philosophize to others as little as ever they can. It is ticklish work. They are constantly getting lost in the intricate labyrinths of

analysis; or caught, Milo-like, by the closing sides of some distinction, without a difference; or tossed by the horns of some unlucky dilemma. No poet, or painter, or actor, ever gained by exposing the secrets of his mental process. The original MSS. of Pope's Homer, with all the erasures, only lower one's idea of the poetry; and the fame of Mr Kemble's elaborate acting probably suffered with many from his Essay on the characters of Macbeth and Richard the Third. The shallowness of his attempt to analyse the characters which he so successfully represented, naturally leads us to doubt the justice of our admiration. Had he let writing alone, all would have been well. Mrs Pritchard, the celebrated comic actress, could scarcely read her parts,—and never could give any account of the knowledge which enabled her to act them as she did. It is not improbable, indeed, that she had no clear general idea of the complicated series of her perceptions. But it was not the less knowledge on that account. I have known persons who had the finest comprehension of the merits of a musical air when played, who yet could never retain it, or if retained, could never arrange and generalize their perceptions sufficiently, to be able to sing a decent resemblance of it. It would be as wise to object to the calculations of Jedediah Buxton, and the young American phenomenon, Zerah Colburn, because they could not give the rules by which they worked their questions.

The necessity of making long-winded speeches on the stage, tends to preserve the player from a habit—which would be intolerable in Demosthenes himself—of declaiming in conversation. He will generally illustrate by an anecdote, rather than enforce by a harangue; and this is, perhaps, the source of the charm which pervades more or less almost every book which has been written by an actor. They never prose. Colley Cibber is delightful. Tate Wilkinson's life, and his "Wandering Patentee," are pleasant reading. Holcroft's "Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian," is still better. As for the green-room stories of and by Quin, they are as piquant as the celebrated sauce that bears his name; and "The Itinerant," by Riley, is full of genuine observation, and original description of human life. Some of his stories too, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the ludicrous way.

Read his account of Prince Ananaboo, which, though the story has been familiar to me since I was a boy, I cannot even now read without a smile;—or, of the Lascars, and their song of "*Bee-haw*."—or, of the Humours of Manager Whitely, and you "shall laugh, till your face is like a wet cloak, ill laid up."—His history of Cuthill's company at Ambleside, is a Theatrical Pastoral, full of guileless and heartfelt cheerfulness that is wonderfully fascinating.

The acquirements, as well as the virtues and vices of actors, are of course affected by the peculiarities of their profession. I am afraid they are better read in Shakspeare, according to the *Prompt-books*, than according to Johnson and Stevens. The first time Garrick played Macbeth, he retained much of the dialogue, which the players had, time immemorial, omitted. Accordingly, when, in the last act, the trembling messenger came in, with the news of the English army, he addressed him in the words of the text:

"The devil d—n thee black, thou cream-faced clown,

"Where got'st thou that goose-look?"

a salutation, not exactly such as the ears of either audience or actors were accustomed to, at that day. On coming off the stage, he was stopped by Quin, who, with a face full of astonishment, inquired—"where, in the name of heaven, David, did you pick up that strange stuff!" and yet Quin was a scholar and a gentleman, as well as an actor. I have heard it told, as a good joke, against a theatrical club, that a member succeeded in palming upon them a line and a half of his own, as a quotation from the immortal bard, which their rules required.—Graver societies, however, have been quite as ridiculously hoaxed—even leaving antiquaries, who are the natural prey of practical quizzers, out of the question. It is time enough to twit the actors with their ignorance of some of the exquisite bursts of the great master, when the author of that piece of prudery in pasteboard, "The Family Shakspeare," shall have been sufficiently castigated for wilfully forgetting them. Were a Frenchman to attempt so to castrate Corneille or Racine, they would mob him at Paris. They would indict him under Lord Ellenborough's act, if they had it. Ra-

ther than have witnessed this, one would really have seen nipt in the bud the whole name and fame of Bowdler,—from the blue-stocking spinster, who wrote the unreadable essays, upon the strength of which they seem to have been erected into a sort of *soi-disant* “Holy Family,” down to the young gentleman, who has taken to rendering other people’s works unreadable.

As the life of a player is a strange mixture of the real and the artificial, so his knowledge is often inconsistent with itself. All his worldly lore is often insufficient to keep down an imprudent generosity, too romantic and theatrical not to destroy its own credit. When, in a time of difficulty, the most celebrated actor of the day distributed the profits of his benefit amongst his humble fellow-performers, it was, to my knowledge, very generally put down to the account of ostentatious profusion. “See,” as Macbeth says, “the partiality of mankind.” Had he given it for a mission to the Patagians,—it might have been different.

The failings of the actor are not only constantly exaggerated, but some of his most innocent actions misrepresented. Servant of the public, in the strictest sense of the word, any error of conduct, or eccentricity of disposition, is perpetually liable to observation. Hence our imaginations dwell upon the prodigal but magnificent Barry, the Marc-Antony of actors, as he has been called—the dissipated Ciber—the epicure Quin—and the debased, but, at bottom, good-hearted Cooke, in preference to less notorious, but equally confirmed, examples of profligacy and self-indulgence. Yet, strange as the assertion may seem, it would not be easy to shew that Cooke was much more addicted to conviviality than Addison, the great moralist of his time.—Nay, if Horace Walpole is to be credited, the essayist died more theatrically than the player, and equally the victim of artificial excitement. But then, the imprudences of the one got him, every now and then, hissed off the boards of Drury-Lane, and paragraphed in the newspapers next day; whilst the other always sat snug, amongst his paragraph-writing companions, in the tavern in Russell-street. Some of the circumstances, peculiar to the histrionic life, give rise to an appearance of extravagance, which

is only an appearance. Those who inveigh against the hot supper, and negus or mulled-ale of the player’s family, do not reflect that he must come home exhausted with mental and bodily exertion, and with all that craving for food and stimulus, which is the natural consequence of strong excitement. They do not reflect that his dinner is for the most part proportionately slender. What are called domestic habits, are, with him, unavoidably broken in upon; and it would be as wise to blame the lawyers, on the Circuit, for perpetually coming home after dark to a late dinner and tavern-wine. After the performance, refreshment is absolutely indispensable. The mental exertion,—the wear and tear of the feelings, consequent to filling up a character before an audience, are hardly to be calculated. It is a mistake to suppose that players are callous in their avocation. I know that an actress, of celebrity in her day, has more than once declared, that she never could step, even upon a provincial stage, where she was the first of favourites, without strong emotion. And I have been assured, from the best authority, that a celebrated actress, who lately retired from the stage, frequently shed tears during the performance even of those parts in which she was most accustomed to appear. No wonder that audiences were not found to resist such appeals to their sympathies:—

“If you refuse

To pity me, I’ll never cease to weep;  
And, when mine eyes are out, I will be told  
How fast the tears I shed for you do fall  
And, if they do not flow abundantly,  
I’ll fetch a sigh shall make ’em start and  
leap,

As if the fire were under.”

Shakespeare, who was himself an actor, makes Polonius say of the player,—  
“Look—where he has not turned his colour, and has tears in his eyes.” This is conclusive.

The pecuniary difficulties of the actor are doubled by the circumstances of his profession. New pieces entail upon him the necessity of new dresses; and the existence of a fancy-dress must frequently be limited by the run of the drama of which it is an adjunct. He depends much upon his benefit, which is uncertain; and, in any temporary difficulty, who will lend money to a

man whom a few weeks may remove—  
the Lord knows where," or turn  
adrift upon the world—

"To wander still in wayes that have no  
waye."

What security shall the comedian offer,  
who hath only "a conceit left him  
in his misery—a miserable conceit!"  
What shall the tragedian mortgage,  
who, with Faulconbridge, is

"Lord of his presence—but no land be-  
side?"

Let the bill-discounting tradesman,  
who rails at the debts of actors, put  
these allowances to the credit side of  
their account.

The judgment is always question-  
able, which would condemn, in the

lump, an extensive class of men. In  
the long interval between him "who  
lives to please" the fastidious metro-  
politan critic, and him who "gladdens"  
the winter evenings of the village, there  
must be much good—if there is some  
evil. Their vices, let it be remember-  
ed—such as they are—have been main-  
ly occasioned by the very severity of  
the opinion which stigmatizes them.—  
"*Non faciendo nocentes, sed patiendo.*"  
The tombs of Garrick and o' Oldfield  
are a poor atonement for a mass of pre-  
judice, as indiscriminating as it is un-  
philosophical. That this prejudice is  
beginning to give way, some recent  
events, in high life, afford a pleasing  
proof. The sooner it disappears, the  
better for our reputation as a thinking  
and charitable people. T. D.

#### LETTER FROM MR BARKER.

*Thetford, Jan. 19, 1821.*

SIR — The facetious Gentleman,  
who published an *Harveian Oration*  
against me, in the 43d Number of  
your Magazine, has mistaken his man,  
as I am not the author of the articles  
in the Classical Journal, entitled,  
"Miscellanea Classica," and signed  
"Cæcilius Metellus." For further  
particulars, I refer him to the printer  
of the Classical Journal; and for an  
answer to his unprovoked attack on  
me, I refer him to the second part of  
my *Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus*,

which will soon be committed to the  
press; and, being my avowed publica-  
tion, will furnish him with an ample  
scope for the exercise of his wit, eru-  
dition, sense and candour. In the  
meantime, I beg the favour of you to  
give the same publicity to this letter,  
which you have given to his observa-  
tions,—and, with all due respect,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,  
EDMUND HENRY BARKER.

#### MY NATIVE TONGUE.

I WANDER'D ON mountains of Ind,  
Mid nations of language unknown,  
No guide was beside me nor friend,  
I was wearied, athirst, and alone.\*

When I met with the peasants a-field,  
They seem'd at a white man amazed,  
When I pass'd through their villages wild,  
Unkind curiosity gazed.

\* British soldiers, in trying to effect their escape from captivity with the native  
es of India, had often to traverse a great extent of country, and underwent the  
st sufferings, before they could arrive at any of the British outposts. These, for  
protection of the country against the Pindarries, are often placed in very advanced  
tions.

When I question'd, they carelessly spoke  
 In a tongue that was harsh to my ear,  
 The sounds no remembrance awoke  
 Of kindness or tenderness dear.

To them the wild scenes had their charms,  
 While I all in loneliness pass'd ;  
 And the nights that fill'd me with alarms,  
 To them brought the sweetness of rest.

To them the young morning was balm,  
 When their hopes and their labours combine ;  
 And the peasant high climbing the palm,  
 Sings glad as he gathers its wine.

But I, all despairing, arose,  
 On my path-way bewilder'd to roam ;  
 Wild mountains the country enclose,  
 And my heart dared not hope for a home.

By the side of a sun-favour'd grove,  
 Where the mango hung jewell'd with fruit,  
 On a sudden from shady alcove  
 I heard the sweet sound of a lute.

And a voice in my own native tongue,  
 In melody richly arose,  
 Like the lyre of an angel it rung,  
 Its accents were balm to my wocs.

I approach'd : from that arbour arose  
 A woman of beauty divine ;  
 On her cheek the sweet lily and rose,  
 The flowerets of Britain, entwine.

She smiled at my awe, as she said,  
 Here, wanderer, here be thy rest ;  
 Here the banner of Britain display'd,  
 Her children invites to her breast.

My lord by his country is sent,  
 From plunder those peasants to free ;  
 And his sword for their safety is lent,  
 And his heart will give shelter to thee.

#### YOUNG JANET.

ONE morning young Janet  
 Sat feeding her linnnet,  
 At ease on her sofa all softly reclining ;  
 It loved on her finger,  
 Loud singing to linger,  
 Or play'd, in her tresses it's talons entwining.

It perch'd on her bosom,  
 And peck'd at the blossom,  
 The rose she had gather'd to place on her heart,  
 The leaflets still tearing,  
 It sat all unfearing,  
 And caroll'd the while in the midst of its sport.

And there while reposing,  
 Her eyelids half-closing,  
 Young Janet low murmur'd her sonnet of love ;  
 It listen'd from under,  
 With side-glance of wonder,  
 And mimick'd in sport the soft songs that she wove.

While thus she lay whiling,  
 The moments beguiling,  
 Young Janet has heard a soft step at the door ;  
 All timidly wishing,  
 All flutter'd and flushing,  
 Her linnet forgotten, she starts to the floor.

How sweet is the meeting,  
 From absence when greeting,  
 With blush and with sigh the soft lord of the heart !  
 His answer, his question,  
 How thrilling to listen,  
 And hide the soft gladness with maidenly art.

Thus hardly concealing  
 Her fondness of feeling,  
 Young Janet felt nought for a moment but love ;  
 But alas ! every gladness  
 Is follow'd by sadness,  
 And pain after pleasure each mortal must prove.

When leisure now found her,  
 Young Janet gazed round her,  
 And missed her gay play-mate so sportive and kind,  
 A foot and a feather,  
 Were lying together,  
 And the down of its bosom was strew'd on the wind.

And purring demurely,  
 On the carpet securely,  
 Her tortoise-shell cat in a corner was hid ;  
 With lips unrelenting,  
 The traces still scenting,  
 Where the poor linnet's blood on the floor she had shed.

She long had been watching,  
 Fit moment for catching,  
 And enter'd when Cupid (blind god) was the guard ;  
 And Janet's sad feeling,  
 Too deep for concealing,  
 Her love all forgotten, now weeps for her bird.

And her lover still deeper  
 Adores the soft weeper,  
 That pure virgin spirit so gentle and kind ;  
 Where, like the bright mirror,  
 Unsullied by error,  
 Each breath is observed on the surface refin'd.

THE STEAM-BOAT; OR, THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THOMAS DUFFLE,  
CLOTH-MERCHANT IN THE SALT-MARKET OF GLASGOW.

No. I.

HAVING been for several years in what Mrs MacLocket, my worthy landlady, called a complaining way, I was persuaded by her advice to try the benefit of the sea air several times in the steam-boat to Greenock; indeed I sailed once as far as Inverary, and saw the Duke's House there, which is a becoming residence for his Grace of Argyle; and found myself greatly advantaged by the same. I am not, however, sure that the benefit which my strength and appetite received in those sea voyages was so much owing to the change of air, and the wholesome fume of the salt-water that I breathed, as from the conversable and talkative company which I found among the other passengers; by which my spirits were maintained in a state of jocund temperance, and my thoughts so lifted out of the cares of business, that I was, for the time, a new creature, bringing back with me to behind the counter a sort of youthiness that lasted sometimes more than a fortnight; keeping off what Mrs MacLocket called the hypochonders, till my bowels again fell out of order, by that constant constipation to the shop, which I now understood was the original cause of all my complaints.

I have often since reflected on my jaunts and travels, and the many things that I saw, as well as the extraordinary narrations, of which I was participant in the hearing; and it seemed to me, that I could not better employ my time and talent, during the long winter nights, than in putting down some account of the most remarkable of the stories which medicated so veritably towards the gradual restoration of that brisk and circling state of my blood, that has made me, in a manner, as Mrs MacLocket judiciously says, a very satisfactory man.

When I had tried my hand at two or three of the stories, I read them over to Mr Thomas Sweeties, my neighbour, the grocer, and he thought them so vastly entertaining, that, by his encouragement, together with the pleasure Mrs MacLocket seemed to take in the bits she now and then heard, when she could spare time from her householdry to listen, I was led to proceed farther and farther, until I compiled this book; which I hope will reward the courteous reader who may vouchsafe to favour it with an attentive perusal, as much as it did to me in the inditing, and no author can wish his reader a more delectable benefaction. For I was so taken up, not only with the matter, but the manner of the different narrations, while I brought them back to mind, that I was transported, as it were, out of my own natural body, and put into the minds of the narrators, so as to think with their thoughts and to speak with their words, by which, as Mr Sweeties observed, an instinct for learning has been manifested on my part, such as he had never met with, and is altogether wonderful in a man who has lived in the Salt-market since the eighty-three, in which year I gave up travelling the country with the pack, having at that time two hundred pounds gathered in the Ship Bank, besides a character for sobriety and cannyness among the merchants, which was worth more than double that sum in the way of credit.—Thank God, through all the changes that have happened since, I have kept aye my feet, and can afford to take my pleasure may be another year, although I should have no occasion for the sake of health, and that without wronging any body. I don't, however, say this of



my means as a brag ; but only as I am now venturing to come before the public in the book-making line, it may be known that I am not led thereto in the way of bread, but to solace myself ; with a reasonable probability, at the same time, of bringing forth something that may contribute to the pastime of other folk of a sedentary habitude. I shall not, therefore, expatiate in this place at any greater length ; for having thus heard the origin and occasion of my writing and sending out a book, the reader will naturally now be anxious to know of what it consists ;—on which account I will stop my prefatory pen, and open with the substantiality of the matters of which I design to treat.

### VOYAGE FIRST.

#### *The Russian.*

It was, I think, on the 16th day of June, in the year of our Lord, A.D. 1819, that I embarked at the Broomielaw, on board the Waterloo steam-boat, bound to her head port, the town of Greenock, with an understanding that passengers were to be landed at any place in the course of the voyage, wheresoever their needs and affairs might require. As my adventure was for health and pleasure, I resolved to go with her to all the different places which she might be obligated to visit, and return home with her in the evening, Mrs MacLecket telling me, that there might be a risk, at my time of life, in changing my bed. Embarking then, as I have said, we got under way at eight o'clock, and shortly after, the passengers that had not breakfasted before they came out in the morning, retired to the steward's room, where they were very comfortably entertained at an easy rate—in so much, that for the ploy of the thing, I wished I had not taken mine with Mrs MacLecket ; but I was overpersuaded by her of the danger of going upon the water with an empty stomach. However, I had not much cause to repine at this, for while the rest were busy with the eatables, I entered into some discourse with a decent elderly gentleman, concerning foreign parts, and such matters as were material to a man like me, in going upon his first voyage. This stranger I found of a great solidity of mind that was surely past the common : he had seen much of the world, and had read the book of man through and through.

In his appearance there was nothing particular ; he stooped a degree forward, and for the most part, was disposed to rest his brow upon his staff, and to mind more what others said than to say much himself ; but it was

plain, from his looks, that this was not owing to any lack of ability or information, as I presently found. For, in mentioning to him the reason of my being in the steam-boat, and talking concerning the profit of travelling, how it opened the faculties and enlarged the understanding, he made some very pithy and sagacious responses ; until from less to more, he told me that in his youth he had visited many famous cities, as well as towns of repute, in foreign lands. One thing led to another, and it would be needless in me to relate all that passed ; but in speaking about the barbarous Russians, he said, “ I cannot better give you a notion of the strange mixture of savage passion and refined corruption which are often met with among them, than by a domestic story which a relation of the parties told me, and which, I doubt not, is in all its most remarkable circumstances substantially true.”

One night, as Prince Tobloski, with his son, was returning from the Taurian palace, where they had been present at a magnificent entertainment, which the late Empress gave to the Court, his carriage was stopped in the street for a short time, by an accident that had befallen a wain loaded with timber. The Prince was a hale and stout old man, and possessed of a singular vigour of character. His usual residence was at Moscow ; but desirous of introducing Demetrius his son to the Empress, with all the advantages to which his rank and fortune entitled him, he had come to spend some time at Petersburg. It had been previously agreed between him and Count Ponatowski, a Polish nobleman, who also resided in the ancient capital, that Demetrius should espouse

the daughter of the Count; but this match was not one of those which are made in heaven.

Demetrius was in the prime of youth. It could not be said that he had reached the full maturity of manhood, for he was only 19; but he was finely formed, and of a gallant and manly presence. Elizabeth, his destined bride, was younger; and the report of her beauty and accomplishments was such, that it might be said, this elegant couple were formed for each other. They had, however, never met. Elizabeth having early lost her mother, had been educated at Warsaw, under the care of her grandmother, a French lady of the old school, and a passionate admirer of the New Eloise; but she was expected at Petersburg while Prince Tobloski was there, and Demetrius, with the anxiety of a young man, it could not entirely be said of a lover, was, at the time I am speaking, become impatient for her arrival.

While Demetrius and his father were waiting till the impediment was removed which had arrested their carriage, a travelling equipage came furiously along, and, regardless of the cries of the people, drove full tilt against the timber wain, and was upset. The shrieks of a female instantly induced Demetrius to spring out to her assistance, and he had the happiness to rescue a beautiful girl unhurt; but her companion, an elderly matron, had received a severe contusion on the forehead, and was almost senseless.

By their language, dress, and manners, they appeared to be Frenchwomen, and persons of some consequence, and Demetrius begged his father to take them to his own house in his carriage, till their friends could be informed of their situation.

Prince Tobloski in his manners, was a rude and unlettered man, but he had still much of the national hospitality in his disposition, and at once received the strangers into his coach, and carried them home to his palace, which was but a short distance from the scene of the accident. All this did not occupy many minutes. The two ladies, on reaching the palace, were committed to the care of the domestics, and the father and son retired to their respective apartments.

Medical assistance was immediately procured for the old lady; and, in

the meantime, the strangers learnt that it was to the Prince Tobloski and his son they were indebted for the assistance they had received. This information afforded them much pleasure. In a word, it was the fair Elizabeth, and her grand-mother, the old Countess Ponatowski.

The Countess, notwithstanding the pain of her wound, had the presence of mind to whisper Elizabeth to conceal their names. The fantastic old woman was delighted with the romantic incident which had brought the fated lovers so unexpectedly together; nor was the gentle victim of her stratagem averse to the plot of the little drama in which she was to bear the principal part.

The contusion which the Countess had received proved very slight, but it so disfigured her appearance, that next morning she could not be persuaded to allow a male eye to look at her; even the doctor, who was perhaps in some degree requisite to the redification of her face, was admitted with difficulty.

In the meantime it was concerted between the ladies, that the Countess should be represented as the widow of an Amsterdam banker, who had been ruined by the French revolution, and Elizabeth as her niece; and that their object in coming to Petersburg was to establish an academy for young ladies, Elizabeth having been purposely educated for that profession. Accordingly enough was given out to the servants of the palace to enable them to understand this, which being reported to the Prince, served materially to abate the degree of consideration with which he was previously disposed to treat his guests. It had also, in some degree, the same effect on Demetrius, who had been much struck with the beauty and elegance of Elizabeth, and was not altogether satisfied that her image should take the place in his mind which had been previously occupied with the fancy portraiture of the unseen daughter of Ponatowski. However, during the morning, he resolved to pay the ladies a visit in their apartment, and was not displeased, on being admitted, to find that the Countess would not permit herself to be visible, on account of the swelling and contusion on her forehead, so that he had an agreeable conversation with Elizabeth, who played off all the pretty

coquetties of her sex, to shew herself to the best advantage, delighted to see that her intended spouse was not that rough and hideous bear which her grandmother had taught her sometimes to dread, by representing the Russians as still but the unlicked cubs of mankind—neither grown into civilization, nor tamed into politeness.

This interview answered all the purposes of the old lady's stratagem. Demetrius was smitten with the charms of Elizabeth, and knew scarcely which most to admire, the beauty of her form and countenance—the arch simplicity, or the grace of her manners—and the intelligence of her conversation.

In returning to his father, who did not think it requisite to condescend to visit the widow of an Amsterdam banker, he gave only a very temperate description of Elizabeth; but the Prince had seen enough of her the preceding evening to be interested in her appearance also. It would be ridiculous to say that an old Russian nobleman, of the Court of Catherine the Second, could, by any possibility, be a man of gallantry; but if Tobloski had none of the delicacy, he had all the animal energy of the character; and, while his son was inhaling love and admiration from the accents of Elizabeth, he was actually meditating the means of appropriating her beauty to himself.

It happened, in this juncture, that Count Ponatowski called, to mention that he had received letters from his mother, the Countess, and that he expected her with Elizabeth at Petersburg, in the course of a day or two. Tobloski then mentioned the adventure which he had met with in coming from Court the evening before, and described Elizabeth in such glowing terms, that the Count lightly proposed they should together visit her. This was a mere act of jocularly on the part of the Count, who was, in many respects, a character, not only of finer ore, but of richer workmanship than Tobloski, being indeed a gentleman in the true acceptation of the term, who, though constrained by political circumstances then to reside in Russia, had, in his youth, travelled over all the south of Europe, and passed several years both in London and Paris. However, Tobloski assented to his proposal, and a servant was sent to inform Elizabeth that the Prince and

Count Ponatowski were coming to honour her with a visit.

Elizabeth, from childhood, had never seen her father. When she was only in her fourth year, he had been obliged to leave Warsaw and go into Russia, on account of the jealousy which the Imperial government entertained of his politics; for he was a man of open and firm principles, and one of those noblemen to whom the Poles had turned their views, when they meditated the deliverance of their country. But she was well acquainted with the worth and virtues of his character, from his letters, and still more, perhaps, by the encomiums of those friends who had sympathized with him in his patriotism, and lamented in secret the thralldom of Poland. She was, in consequence, deeply affected when she heard his name pronounced, and could with difficulty be restrained by the exhortations of the countess, from rushing into his arms. When the Prince and the Count were approaching, the old lady retired on account of her wounded face, and Elizabeth received them with an interesting embarrassment, which rendered her grace and loveliness still more striking than the agitation in which Tobloski had seen her the preceding evening.

The admiration of the Prince being altogether excited by her personal beauty, and having that judicious contempt for the mercantile profession which so well became an ancient Magnate of Moscow, he was not quite so guarded as a gentleman would have been, in the terms which he employed in directing the attention of the Count to the luxuriance of her appearance. But independent of her emotion, which affected the compassion of Ponatowski, there was something in the general cast of her face and figure, that came upon his heart like a burst of light to the captive in the dungeon; and he felt himself moved by an irresistible sympathy, to shield her with his protection. He knew too well the character of Tobloski, not to be aware of the intentions which he meditated, and the danger in which she was placed.

The visit being one of courtesy, lasted only a few minutes; but in retiring, Ponatowski turned back, and taking Elizabeth kindly by the hand, said, that he pitied her misfortunes, and

that, as soon as her aunt was in a condition to leave the Tobloski palace, he hoped she would inform him where they took up their residence, and he would be happy to assist them in their academical views, being confident, from the little he had seen, that they were well fitted for the business they intended to undertake. Elizabeth grasped her father's hand with affection, delighted with this unexpected compliment, and almost betrayed herself by the vivid expression of joy which at that moment sparkled in her beautiful countenance.

Tobloski, who saw this short scene, was not satisfied with its effect. He knew the passion which actuated his own bosom, and it would be difficult to say that he judged uncharitably, when he estimated the feelings of the Count by his own. But he was prompt and decisive; he had all that young energy which is characteristic of the rising empire of which he was one of the most eminent nobles; nor were his designs ever weakened by any of those scruples which paralyze the intentions of more refined libertines.

As soon as the Count had quitted the palace, Tobloski sent for Elizabeth, and informed her, that his son Demetrius was on the point of marriage with the daughter of Ponatowski, hourly expected from Warsaw, and that he thought he could not confer a greater compliment to his intended daughter-in-law, than by providing her with an attendant who seemed in so many respects suitable. He therefore proposed to Elizabeth, that she should continue to reside with her aunt at the palace, and that he would adequately reward their attention and service to the bride.

Elizabeth, pleased and diverted with this proposal, readily acceded to his wishes; and the old lady, on hearing the result, was highly delighted with the progress and success of her stratagem:—the accident, which rendered herself unfit to be seen by male eyes, and by which she avoided being present at the interview with her son, was an occurrence calculated to promote the anticipated *dénouement* of what she deemed an amusing comedy.

Among the domestics in the Tobloski palace, was an old German officer of the name of Bruhl, to whose particular care Demetrius had been consigned from the age of five years.

He was a grave, erect, and venerable man, full of pure and honourable sentiments; possessed of great insight of character, and of a profound, but somewhat suspicious, knowledge of the world. He loved Demetrius with the affection of a parent, and treated him, even from childhood, with the frankness of a friend, by which he had essentially contributed to render that youthful nobleman one of the most promising ornaments of the empire.

Demetrius, immediately after his interview with Elizabeth, had gone to Bruhl, and confessed to him the extraordinary interest which she had awakened in his bosom. The old man was disturbed by this information, for he knew the latent ardour and ingenuousness of Demetrius's character, and perceived, that while he ran the risk of fixing his affections indissolubly on a lovely creature, by all accounts so personally worthy of them, he would disdain to practise that equivocation which might be requisite to break off the long betrothed match with the daughter of Ponatowski. He therefore at once spoke earnestly to Demetrius on the subject, and advised him, as a man of honour, pledged to bear his affections undivided to his bride, to avoid the company of the stranger. Demetrius promised, and, perhaps, would have adhered to his promise, but for the arrangement which his father had made with Elizabeth. On receiving the information, he went back to Bruhl, and with considerable animation, entreated his interposition. "If," he exclaimed, "this fascinating girl is to remain in my household, I am undone:—my own happiness is wrecked, with that of the amiable Elizabeth Ponatowski, who, I am assured, can be in no respect inferior to this fatal stranger."

Bruhl made no reply for some time, but ruminated, evidently perplexed; at last he advised Demetrius to go at once to Roloskchow, under the pretext of superintending the preparations which were making for his marriage, in that villa, which had been recently purchased, for his summer residence,—and to this Demetrius, in the spirit of virtuous resolution, readily agreed; but in retiring from the study of Bruhl, as he descended the stairs, he passed the door which led to the suite of apartments occupied by the

strangers. It was open, and he paused, half inclined to enter—perhaps he would have passed on, but in the same moment, the mild and musical voice of Elizabeth, heard within, charmed him from his determination.

He found her seated beside the Countess—the old lady was delighted at this unexpected visit, and made so many coy and prattling apologies for her lugubrious bandages, that Demetrius, independent altogether of the delicious spell of Elizabeth's presence, was induced to enter into a lively conversation with her, which had the effect of thickening the plot, and strengthening the mutual affection, which, from the first night, had sprung up between the lovers—In this situation, Tobloski himself abruptly entered—he was surprised and disconcerted to find his son so much engaged with the ladies, and said, somewhat more sharply than he intended should be observed—"What will Elizabeth Ponatowski say to this?"—Demetrius at these words blushed, and immediately withdrew from the palace, leaving word with the master of the household, that he was gone to Roloskchow.

The old Countess, without being herself a woman of intrigue, possessed a great deal of that sort of knowledge and discernment, which qualified her to detect the machinations of it in others; and she was not long of perceiving, after the sudden entrance of the old prince, that his object, in requesting Elizabeth to remain in the palace, was not so disinterestedly complimentary to his intended daughter-in-law as she affected, and she determined on this account to reap a little entertainment at his particular expence. Accordingly, she entered into conversation with him, in a strain of gaiety, so very like levity, that the obtuse tact of the sensualist could not discover the difference. Before they had been long together, he was led to suspect, that the academical project was a mere pretext, and that in fact, the old lady had brought her beautiful niece to the imperial market.

The coarseness of Tobloski's manners, and the freedom of his conversation with her grandmother, inspired Elizabeth with aversion and disgust. She forgot, in the indignation of the moment, her assumed character; and, with a pride and port becoming the daughter of the noble Ponatowski,

she quitted the room. This afforded the ancient coquette and the old sinner an opportunity to speak more at their ease, by which the Countess, with true feminine address, succeeded in receiving from Tobloski a proposal to resign Elizabeth to him, and in sportive malice she cunningly promised every assistance to his wishes; knowing, however, the purity of Elizabeth's mind, she resolved to keep this a secret from her; but in order to gain time for the development of her scheme, and also that her face might be in a condition to be seen by strangers, upon Tobloski quitting her, she wrote a letter to her son, the Count, ante-dated from Warsaw, informing him, that she would not leave that city, so soon as she had originally intended, but that assuredly he might expect to see her with Elizabeth at Petersburg on a day fixed, the third from that on which she was then writing. This letter she dispatched to Ponatowski, as if it had been brought by a traveller just arrived.

Meanwhile, Bruhl had reflected on the hazards to which his favourite was exposed, and aware of Tobloski's decision and sensuality, was at no loss to appreciate the motives which had induced him so promptly to engage Elizabeth for the daughter of Ponatowski. He therefore determined, if possible, to save her from his artifices, believing that he had already secured her lover from danger. With this purpose, he lost no time in going to Elizabeth, whom he found alone, the Countess being at the moment in her own room engaged with her letter. His interview was brief, and his conversation abrupt; he merely said, that he had come to caution her that she ought not to remain any longer in the palace, but depart from it without delay, and obtain as speedily as possible some safer asylum.

The sincerity of this venerable man made his advice impressive, although, to Elizabeth, the equivocal of her situation might have been supposed calculated to render it amusing. Her feelings, however, had received a shock from the freedom of Tobloski's conversation with her grandmother, and she could not rally her spirits into their wonted playfulness.

The warning of Bruhl sunk upon her with an ominous solemnity, and when the Countess returned into the

room, soon after he had withdrawn, she remonstrated with her against continuing any longer their deception. But the romantic and gay old woman was now full of her project, and laughed her into comparative good humour, at the same time agreeing that it was not expedient they should remain any longer in the Tobloski palace. But this was only a part of her plot; and she proposed that they should remove that very evening, in order, as she intended, but without disclosing her motive, that the passion of Tobloski might be exhibited in some ridiculous posture.

In the afternoon they retired to an hotel, of which the Countess took care to apprise the Prince, by writing him a note, thanking him for the hospitality which she had received in his mansion. This produced the desired effect; — the same evening the hoary libertine paid them a visit, but his attentions to Elizabeth were so rude and open that she repulsed them with indignation. — Her grandmother laughed, while by a signal she induced the Prince to withdraw, who, believing he left an effectual minister behind, immediately retired.

Elizabeth was vexed with her grandmother's levity, and the Countess affecting to be grieved by what had taken place, proposed that next day they should remove to the residence of Ponatowski; Elizabeth was anxious to do so immediately, but her wish was overruled.

The Count, on receiving his mother's letter, believing that she would not be in Petersburgh for three days, went to spend the interval with a friend who resided in the country, about three miles from the city. The house of this friend was situated on the skirts of a wood, not far from a hunting lodge belonging to Tobloski. On the one side, the country was open and bare, but on the other, the forest and several rising grounds that approximated to the character of hills, embraced the spacious moorland, as it might be called, with the arms as it were of a crescent.

The Count's friend resided at the foot of one of these hills, and the mansion had a rural and barelike aspect, but the lodge of Tobloski stood within the wood. It was without any inclosure around it, and the architecture was in a strange sylvan and fantastic style.

On the day after his arrival, as Ponatowski was walking alone towards the lodge, which he had never seen, and which his friend had described to him as a very grotesque edifice, he saw one of Tobloski's carriages drive up to the door, and two females alight and enter. — A sudden impulse, which he could not describe, prompted him to go towards them, but an unaccountable restraint at the same time held him back, and he returned to his friend's, depressed with a dark and melancholy presentiment, that he could neither explain nor shake off. He was disturbed with a persuasion that one of the ladies was the beautiful stranger who had so lately moved his best affections, and he could not allow himself to think that a maiden so fair, so amiable, and so young, could be there a willing victim.

The summer was at this time so far advanced, that the night was reduced into a mere twilight; but the twilight of the Russian summer is a state of repose far different from that of our more southern latitudes. Here after sunset a variety of cheerful sounds still continue gradually subsiding, until the bell of the village clock, or the bay of the watch-dog, are all that remain; and even these belong to the old dominion of night. But the Russian midnight retains the glowing amber colour of evening, without any of that subsiding cadence of sounds, which with us harmonizes so well, if I may use the expression, with the fading tints of the day-light.

Ponatowski, on retiring to his chamber, could not sleep. His imagination was busy with recollections of the past; and the image of his daughter, whom he had left a lovely and artless child, was mingled with the departed hopes of his young ambition, and the wrongs of his dismembered and injured country.

When he had lain down about two hours, he rose and looked out at the window. It was still so light, that the moon, although in her full round of brightness, and high in her meridian power, looked pale, strewing her ineffectual lustre upon the woods so feebly, that it only served to shew the deeper shadows cast by the radiance of the morning travelling to her eastern gate, so very little below the northern horizon. An awful silence

filled the whole air to such a degree, that it may be said to have been palpable. It was as if all living things and airy motions were suspended in the world, and nothing was going on but the mighty spheres of nature, wheeling their silent courses through the depths and abysses of eternity.

Ponatoski felt the sentiment of the moment, and gazing abroad on the solitude with devotional enthusiasm, he heard a cry at a distance, and instantly opened the casement to listen; after a short interval it was repeated, and it resounded through the hollow silence of that peaceful Russian midnight with a supernatural ring of distress.—He listened again; the cries came from Tobloski's lodge; and he was soon by their repetition able to discover the voices of females in distress. A pause ensued, and he then heard but one voice. The person was wildly screaming in the open air. He immediately alarmed the house, and having on his dress, ran out to the assistance of the stranger. On reaching the door, the smell of fire was perceptible in the air, and a vast column of smoke was rising to the heavens from the lodge of Tobloski.

The Count hastened to the spot, followed by his friend and all the domestics. In their way they found the old Countess insensible on the ground; but without waiting for her recovery, two of the servants were ordered to carry her to the house, and see her properly attended, while the Count hastened forward.

By the time he reached the lodge, the flames were raging from all the windows, and the roof was sinking in beneath a gloomy press of dense smoke and fire which it seemed unable to sustain. Tobloski himself and his servants were out and looking at the burning, which indeed defied all resistance; but there was something in the deportment of the Prince which made the Count shudder:—"This is a sad accident," said Tobloski to him as he came up, "and the more to be deplored, as that beautiful Dutch girl, whom you saw the day before yesterday in my palace, has I fear fallen a victim.—The fire was first discovered in her apartment."

"Were you not there at the time?" said Ponatoski, sternly. " \* \* \*—"

—Just at this passage of the gentleman's story the engine of the boat was stopped, and the Captain told him that they were forewent Erskine Ferry, where he was to be landed; by which I was greatly disappointed, having been vastly entertained with what he had related, and making no manner of doubt that the rest of the tale would be equally edifying.—But it was not to be expected that he would sail onward with me, and break his engagement with the minister of Old Kilpatrick, where he was going to take his dinner. However, to return to the matter of the Russian tale, upon rehearsing it to Mr Sweeties, he was of opinion that it would make an excellent stage play, if we could have got to the end of it, which made him and me try our hand to devise a consolatory conclusion, but we found, however, it was not in our power to make any conclusion at all; and, what I have thought very extraordinary, when we endeavoured to write out a sequel, it was not at all in the same fine style of language that the traveller employed, but in a queer pre-junct kind of a way, that gave neither of us any thing like satisfaction;—wherefore in this, the inditing of my voyages and travels, I have thought it very advisable not to ingraft the endeavours of me and Mr Sweeties to eke out the stories, but just to tell them as I got them, whether they were told to the end or broken off in the middle.

But what I the most regret in the interruption of the Russian story, is the want of those connect moral reflections which I am sure the narrator would have made had not the thread of his narration been snapped in twain by the steam-engine stopping to let him go on shore.

After I had wished him a good morning, I sat for some time by myself in meditation on what he had been relating, and when I had considered the

transient nature of all temporal hopes and prospects, I went and seated myself beside another passenger, a creditable-looking woman; but as to her and what she told me, I must pause for the present to remark, that the voyage from the Broomielaw to Erskine Ferry is a most pleasant sail in fair weather, and that there is an agreeable diversity of prospects and gentlemen's seats on the banks of the river. But of late years the salmon-fishery is not what it was in old times, when vessels sailed from Renfrew to the city of Naples and Genoa in Italia with cargos of kipper and salted salmon, which was a great trade, as I have heard said, in the matter of which I will by and by relate a surprising story.—It is supposed that the fish in the Glasgow arms was emblematic of the lucrative abundance of that traffic; but however this may be, it is not my intention to meddle with matters of controversy and antiquity, but in an easy methodical way to tell *seriatim*, as it is said in the Latin tongue, the different things worthy of being placed on record with which I was diverted and enlivened in my various aqueous undertakings for the benefit of my health in the manner already precluded in my prefatory intimations.

## STANZAS,

*Suggested by the departure of a Friend from Scotland.*

THE traveller who hath wander'd where,  
 'Mid sunny slopes and blooming vales,  
 The mingling sweets make faint the air,  
 And clog th' intoxicated gales,  
 Still loth to quit th' unnerving spot,  
 Oft looks behind, and lingers long,  
 F'ea thus must I—since 'tis my lot,  
 And I must leave thee, Land of Song.

Oh! let not those, whose happier eyes  
 Still view what mine so faintly would,  
 Thy echoing glens and moody skies,  
 "Land of the mountain and the flood,"  
 E'er envy me; though where I lie  
 The flowers still sleep in moveless calm;  
 And Zephyr, as he whispers by,  
 Half fears to steal th' Arabian balm.

What are unsettling suns, that pry  
 'Mid groves which fragrant amber weep,  
 And flash on the awakening eye,  
 Scarce shadow'd in luxurious sleep,  
 To thee—adown whose every glade  
 The gale that breathes, or breeze that dies,  
 Seems to the raptur'd listener made  
 Of warriors' breath, or lovers' sighs?

Scotland, thy songs are in my heart—  
 The lover's not more firmly set;  
 Nor, from thy hills though I must part,  
 Is mine more likely to forget:  
 Let but those sounds, so dearly known,  
 By voice, or lute, or string be spoken,  
 And it shall vibrate to the tone,  
 Though by the cæteræ 'twere broken.



Of other lands, that we may leave,  
 Though mingled tints and graphic skill  
 May, to the eye, some charms retrieve,  
 Yet all is lifeless—voiceless still ;—  
 Dumb semblance, to the heart, is weak ;  
 But, Scotia, to the inmost core  
 It beats—if once thy music speak—  
 With every throb it felt before ;

Its blood still rushes to the cheek,  
 The bosom fills with struggling sighs,  
 As erst it spoke—the tongue would speak—  
 Wild with the glances of witching eyes :  
 And all the joys that we have known,  
 Come trooping in a living throng ;  
 And all thy shaws, and glens, so lone—  
 So lov'd—are with us, Land of Song.

Dang'rous and rough have been the ways,  
 Through onward life, that I have known,  
 And on my steps, with cloudless rays,  
 The orb of fortune never shone ;  
 But let those strains flow pure and rich,  
 Man's friendship—woman's smile the theme,  
 And Care avaunt !—The baffled witch  
 Dares not to cross the living stream.

Yes ; at soft midnight's shadowy hour,  
 As from the young Medea's bowl,  
 O ! let the tartan'd minstrel pour  
 Thy dewy music on my soul ;  
 And, o'er the wither'd mind, that dew  
 Short life and summer's bloom shall fling  
 Its loves awhile shall bud anew,  
 Its joys—brief flow'rets—briefly spring.

I will not leave thy songs behind,  
 Scotia, though I must leave thy land ;  
 Whatever home my foot shall find,  
 Their genius by my side shall stand,  
 And o'er my festive board preside,  
 With passion's all-creative powers ;  
 And call, from Melody's deep tide,  
 The spirits of departed hours.

T. D.

## SONNET TO HAYDON.

GENIUS immortal, industry untired,  
 The power and the capacity of thought  
 Sublime, to mighty aspirations wrought,  
 Are thine, by thirst of great achievement fired.  
 I need not tell thee, Haydon, thou hast felt  
 The fears, the ecstasies of daring art,  
 The heavings, and the sinkings of the heart,  
 At obstacles that oft like vapour smelt,  
 And oft like rocks oppose us. It is thine,  
 After a warfare silent, but most deep,  
 To triumph and o'ercome : thy name shall shine  
 In fame's unfading record,—like a river,  
 That having toil'd o'er rocks, is left to sleep  
 'Mid everlasting hills, and gleam for ever !

## BRITISH ECGUES.

## NO. I.

## MARY,—THE SOLDIER'S BRIDE.

Her mind  
 Oft wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes  
 They had not their own lustre, but the look  
 Which is not of the earth. BYRON.

GAZE round thee, Stranger, 'tis a hallow'd spot,  
 To Love and Beauty hallow'd ; the old woods  
 A sacred gloom breathe forth ; and, like the ribs  
 Of cloistral roof, the beechen boughs above  
 Their glossy leaves commingle, the gay sun  
 Of summer keeping out, and through the noon  
 Yielding a cool retreat, and shadowy haunt.  
 Harken,—the river o'er its granite bed,  
 Rushing with wave of foam, and its deep sound  
 Speaking aloud tranquillity and peace !  
 The natural flowers around thee, bugloss blue,  
 Foxglove, and lychnis, blossom splendidly ;  
 The broad fern, with its fingery leaf expands,  
 And the sloe-thorn is sprinkled with white flakes,  
 Like morning dews by magic frosted o'er.

Stranger ! to these a simple tale pertains,  
 A simple tale, but sad.—A village maid  
 Here parted with her soldier, to the wars  
 Repairing ; mournful was the parting scene,  
 Full of unspoken anguish, and deep sighs,  
 Heart-heaviness, and agonizing woe !  
 The past in all its beauty, on their souls  
 Rush'd bright—the many times that they had met,  
 The many times that they had wander'd here,  
 Beneath the evening star, or conscious moon ;  
 The many times that they had felt, and told  
 How only for each other they could live.  
 The future—like a threatening angel stood,  
 Between their hearts, and happiness—long years  
 Of absence from each other—to the one  
 Danger,—and to the other grief,  
 The grief of heartlessness and hope deferr'd,  
 Than danger worse to suffer and abide.

'Twas even so.—The soldier sail'd away  
 O'er the broad ocean, to far foreign climes,  
 Where the orange blossoms ; valiantly  
 He fought, the gallant youth ; and valiantly  
 He fell ; and, dying, left his latest charge  
 To him, the friend, who weeping o'er him hung.  
 That he would tell the maiden of his love,—  
 Mary, the innocent, the beautiful girl,—  
 That sleeping he had dreamt of her ; awake,  
 Had thought upon her through the livelong day ;  
 That he died faithful to her, and implored  
 The God of love to cheer, and comfort her  
 When he was gone.

As, on summer morn,  
 Blue arrowy lightning darting from the cloud  
 On the young flower, so on young Mary's heart  
 Struck the intelligence of grief.—Cut off  
 At once, by one immitigable blow,  
 From earthly hope and happiness, at first  
 Loud was her grief, and violently strong,  
 As if it was beyond her to subdue  
 The fever of her spirit, or to stem  
 The gushing woe that overpower'd her heart.  
 She call'd upon him—who could not return!  
 She call'd upon him from his gory tomb,—  
 She call'd upon him through the livelong day,—  
 She call'd upon him, when the night winds sang  
 Around the casement, and the ivy leaves  
 Rustled with dull and melancholy sound.  
 She turn'd from solace as an empty word,—  
 From hope, as from a mockery,—she saw  
 Nought but despair in morning, noon, and night;  
 Nought but despair, in all she look'd upon!—  
 She loath'd her life,—and coveted the tomb;  
 She only sought the grave,—the quiet grave,—  
 Forgetfulness, and a green resting-place.  
 But, by degrees, like stormy winds that sink  
 Softer and lower, of her voice the grief  
 Sank; and with still and melancholy eye,  
 That only lov'd the ground, silent she sate,  
 Through the unvarying day. Within her soul  
 Brooded a calm, a nullity of thought,  
 A passionless void, a gloomy reverie,  
 The unbroken stillness of a cloudy day,  
 That knows nor breeze, nor sunshine. A faint streak  
 Of light at length broke in, and gradually,  
 And steadily it strengthen'd, and it strove  
 With the surrounding darkness, and it shone  
 From heaven, and there for comfort did she look!

No sigh was utter'd now—no word she spoke,  
 She grew resign'd—but hope no more return'd,  
 Nor joy:—she loved the paths of solitude,  
 The paths which are around thee, stranger; here  
 She roam'd at noon, what time from flowers like these  
 The wild bee gathered honey, and the birds  
 Sang forth, with swelling hearts, from the green bough.  
 By yonder lake, beneath the chesnut tree,  
 Gazing she stood on the still waters, while  
 Unmark'd the trout leapt after the small fly,  
 Until the image of the flowers disturb'd,  
 And broken by the wrinkles, marr'd her gaze,  
 Then would she turn.

Whether the moon shone bright,  
 Or twinkling stars, on interlunar eves,  
 Spangled the cope of heaven; or boisterous winds  
 Sang through the forests, or the beating rains  
 Fell heavy on the house-top; by the hearth,  
 Whose blaze did flicker on her pale, wan cheek,  
 Ever and anon as if it boded death,  
 The Bible was her sole companion now;  
 And, through the guiltless blood of Him who died  
 On Calvary, she form'd her hope of Heaven.

Like a soft wave that, on a summer eve,  
 Melts on the shore; a zephyr, through the shade,  
 That whispering sighs, and sinks to nothingness;  
 A snowy cloud that, sailing o'er the sky,  
 Wanes in the east to shadow, and decays;  
 A tender flower, on its autumnal stalk,  
 More colourless becoming day by day,  
 And drooping in the open light of Heaven;  
 So was it with poor Mary, till at length  
 She walk'd the earth a shadow among men;  
 Along her temples, like the snow-drop pale,  
 Were seen the blue veins branching, and her hand  
 The moon might have shone through it.

Who can quench

The gushing sorrows of a breaking heart,  
 Or lull despair to sleep?—One gloomy eve,  
 When gusty winds moan'd through the moonless sky,  
 And the leaves rustled, and the thunders roll'd  
 Nearer and nearer, muttering dismally;  
 And ocean, like a giant girt with chains,  
 strove to o'erleap its barriers, roaring loud;  
 And nature seem'd prophetic—She awoke,  
 Smiling and fair, as from a gentle sleep,  
 And told the friends that hung around her couch,  
 That she had seen a vision,—that the youth,  
 Who loved her, and had perish'd far away,  
 Leaning upon an angel's arm, had come  
 To tell her that an amaranthine bower  
 In Heaven was blooming for them.

With a smile,

That spake a farewell to her sorrowing friends,  
 And bade them be of comfort—she departed.

A.

ANOTHER TÊTE-A-TÊTE WITH THE PUBLIC.

The following was in types for our December Number, but having such a press of other matter from our kind and numerous Correspondents, we have been obliged to delay it till now.

C. N.

Our Tête-a-tête has made what is called a sensation. We expected as much. Letters of congratulation have poured in upon us by shoals. Nothing but an excess of modesty has prevented us from filling a whole Number with them; but we have determined to confine ourselves to a small selection. Looking, as we ever do, with delight on those little official documents which quarterly announce the increase of our country's revenue, we shall gaze with peculiar pleasure on the next returns of the Post-office, conscious that a good 5000*l.* at least may be set down to the extra sums which the consequences of

our October Number have thrown into that department. Meantime, contributors, as well as letters of congratulation, offer themselves by dozens; and, from the specimens we have seen, it is evident our hams will suffer. No matter. Our good friend Mr Oman has contracted for us with a warehouse in London; and we engage, that those who make the public laugh, shall have wherewithal to make themselves fat.

AXIOM.—If any literary man-cormorant in Edinburgh, or within sixty miles of that metropolis, have an ancient and fish-like smell about him, set him down for a contributor to the

Edinburgh Review ;—your “ little, round, fat, oily man,” has infallibly thriven upon Blackwood’s hams.

But to be more particular on the aforesaid congratulatory letters.—“ Saving the honour due to our most rheumatic foot,” writes Indiculus siliy, “ we think, that Mr North never evinced so firm and steady a toe as in his last Number.” The rogue knows that his compliment touches us on a tender point, and we smile, as he expects us to do. But, seriously, if there be any one thing on which we value ourselves more than another, it is the infirmity of our right foot, and more particularly on that larger toe, in which the *virus* of the disease has principally settled. Indiculus will easily account for this feeling, when we detail the honours, comforts, and condolencies, which this very individual foot has brought upon us. As to recipes and specifics, we could absolutely fill a folio with a part only of such as have been sent to us, and all from women who have passed their grand climacteric. We did not think there had been so many nostrums in art, or so many sanatives in nature. We are perfectly astonished that any such disorders as gout or rheumatism can be suffered to exist. For ourselves,—we speak positively,—nothing can induce us to continue our own affliction beyond three more Numbers ; and if, after the first week in spring, a word escape us on the subject of crutches or flannels, the reader will consider it as unadvised, or, at least, as a mere slip of the pen. Meantime, our friends are assured, that no solace which the most tender sympathy can bestow will be wanting to us. Twenty young ladies, of the first families in Perthshire, have offered to attend us as nurses in weekly succession, and, in Peebles, the office is actually ballotted for, under the title of “ Ladies to the Foot.” Manufacturers vie in supplying such little accessories as these gentle offices may require. Ten additional looms have been started at Manchester, for the purpose of investing us in all the consolations of cotton. A caravan from Salisbury, loaded with flannel, stands at this moment before our door, flanked by a choice assortment of blankets from Whitney ; while Mr Nott of Newgate Street, (emulous of Campbell’s compliment to Herschel,) has added an additional dye to his fleecy hosiery, from a patriotic spirit of re-

gard to the honour and comforts of Christopher North. We relieve that worthy person’s anxiety by assuring him, that his last packet, in which we particularly admired the neatness of the packing and cordage, came safe to hand, and that our health, (thanks to his inquiries,) is much improved since we last wrote to him.

By the way, what is Kidderminster about ? Are we to look to Brussels for a warm and suitable covering to our drawing-room, or must we go further—to the Grand Turk ? We beg it to be understood, that we are no friend to that person. We look upon him as a man wholly without original opinions ; and we had rather our affliction should be soothed by the gratuitous present of any small provincial town among ourselves, (we speak in pity, and not in anger, Kidderminster) than by the proudest donative of any vizier or sultana whatever.

When Art has been thus liberal, shall Science lag behind ? We are the only person, not diplomatic, who has been made an honorary member of the Traveller’s Club, without having our qualifications tried by the circle of their mystic map. This honourable testimony, announced to us on a roll of parchment, with the characters handsomely engrossed, stands in a conspicuous part of our study. We beg of that illustrious body to accept, in return, a copperplate engraving of our foot, in its due and proper investments of flannel ; and we desire, that any junior member among them, who has felt disappointment in not kissing the Pope’s toe, may be allowed to transfer his salutation to that of Christopher North. This engraving is itself a proof of the estimation in which we are held. It was executed at the desire of the Royal Society, by an able artist sent down expressly from London for that purpose ; and a copy of it is to be hung up in the great room where the meetings of that scientific body take place. We are aware of the extreme regret expressed by many members of the Society, that it did not arrive in time for Sir Humphrey’s opening speech, when it was to have formed the subject of an affecting apostrophe ; but all the artist’s exertions were unequal to that desired event. The enthusiasm of Cambridge has surpassed all our expectations. A grace, proposed on the carpet, has been carried unanimously

through both houses; regents and non-regents vying with each other in decreeing to us a *VECTIVE POOR*, similar to that in Mr T. Hope's anti-room. It is to be made of the finest Carrara marble, and, when completed, is to be laid near the bust of Ceres, in the entrance to the Public Library. Dr Barnes of Peterhouse almost slipped out an oath of honest exultation, when he undertook to be responsible for the materials and the workmanship of this precious memorial.

We hesitate to say more. The public have long done justice to that plain, straight forward, matter-of-fact way of writing in which we delight, and we carry about us, as our private friends know, a sort of innate, invincible abhorrence to the vile practice of punning. But the following fact, if true, (and the multiplicity of letters we have received on the subject forbid us to set it down as wholly false,) is too singular a phenomenon in natural history to be suppressed, and as such we relate it. You knew, then, gentle reader, that children of the most tender age, and even the dumb sensation, have been found to sympathize with the sufferings of animals. First, to men whose medical education has related, "School-boy," "School-boy," that the smallest tortoise pause and whimper, before they can be made to pass from the nominative to the genitive case of the first definite article; and these same letters, (all indifferently spelt,) from experienced sportsmen, assert the extraordinary fact, that the loudest "Tis-ho!" instead of rousing puss as usual, seems to keep her on her *form* in a most unwonted torpor. It is doubtful whether the stoutest March hare will have sufficient vivacity to carry him to his *muesse*. The Kittiwads affect to write complacently, but we know they curse us in their hearts;—what, however, will we not brave for the good of our country?

Imitators meantime are abroad. We have thrown the whole catalogue of human diseases into the Magazine writers, as a writer of French dialogues conveys all the ills that human flesh is heir to into a single family, merely that his pupil may have the benefit of a medical vocabulary. One writer stands upon tooth-ache, two hesitate between dropsy and sciatia, and a fourth tries to win his way to favour by an occasional epilepsy. All the let-

ter-press of the last Monthly, we are assured, was composed by its editor—"status pede in uno"—from the grossest spirit of imitation. Vain thought! as if, by mimicking the disorders of our feet, they could hope to catch the inspiration of our heads! Not that we disapprove of the practice;—far from it;—as we mean to leave neither the Monthly nor the London a single foot to stand upon, we think their editors will do well to accustom themselves to such a situation,—*paulatim et gradatim*.

It will easily be conceived, that our sale has been proportionate with this increased admiration on the part of the public. We modestly stated, some two months ago, that our circulation was somewhere under 17,000. Whatever that number was, it is now doubled. We have actually created a writing and a printing public. Pressmen traverse the streets in bands. Printers' devils are at a premium. Paper mills flourish beyond all precedent. Large parties repair daily to the moors; and, from the myriads of wild fowl which are shot, nothing is taken but the quills for pens,—the body is thrown away as refuse. Ink is floated down to us in a canal cut for the purpose. We offer to burn our next Number against any four Magazines that are going, and with the smoke that is left, we engage to smother a whole week's sale of the Morning Chronicle.—Smoke, indeed! Perish the ill-fated word!—Smoke!—We exhibit nothing but light and blaze —*Perpetuus*—the whole work is one consuming fire.

Our great loss of mind (*μεγαλοφροσυνα*) keeps pace with this encouragement. Some of our readers may be aware of a literary establishment on the Continent, which, under one and the same roof, shelters the whole body of craftsmen occupied in the manufacture of a book, from the author, in whose brain it originates, down to the binder, who puts the finishing hand to it—publisher, paper-maker, printer, corrector, devil, &c. of course inclusive. The young ideas, thus hatched in retirement, grow up in that seclusion, so provocative of desire on the part of the public. No breeze of heaven blows upon their face, till the stalls, which about the lower compartments of the edifice, exhibit them with the bloom of virginity as it were upon them, yet mature in age—fit for the gaze of eyes and the

grasp of hands. Thanks to the unprecedented generosity of the public—we have been enabled to project a similar establishment on the most extensive scale. Already has the whole of Prince's Street, on both sides of No. 17, to St Andrew's Street, been engaged, with some few exceptions, for the purpose; the inhabitants of the east corner are to quit at first term, and though some opposition has been manifested from St Andrew's Square, we know that we have only to double our offers to make the most reluctant give in. Before midsummer, we hope to have fifty presses at work. In our present rough state, we can lodge none but the underlings. But we offer gratuitously a damp cellar to the *Scotsman*, and a stone-floor to the Editor of the *Traveller*,

Cold as that bridal bed,  
Which scarce the nuptial night, 'tis said,  
could warm.

OLD PLAY, in possession of the  
Author of *Waverley*.

The higher powers will be attended to as soon as possible. Elegant apartments are preparing for such gentlemen as have already engaged, or may hereafter contract to serve in our poetical department. That irritable tribe, (whom we know too well to meddle with,) will be left to chuse their own localities, as best may please them. Our world is all before them; but—secretly—we shall have an eye to the writers of the “lofty epic” in the upper flats; the epigrammatists and parodists will no doubt take to the lower floors. As female contributors will not be excluded from this happy abode, the public may look forward with confidence to a series of literary unions, and by a happy crossing of the breed, to such a progeny of authors, as poetry and criticism have never yet witnessed. But we are running on in the brightness of our own prospects, and a hundred correspondents are waiting to be made happy, like Indulculus, by seeing their congratulations duly noticed. We shall take them as they reach us.

“*Brize Norton*, Nov. 3.

“Euge! Maecte! well done, old boy. I did'nt think it had been in your time of life. I make a long arm from this side the Humber, and hope one as long

from the Forth will be stretched out to meet it. May some future geographer mark out the place of junction, and a Temple to Friendship be erected on the spot, with a little hospitium, called the Hand-in-Hand, at the back of it. You have placed your foot like a giant on the neck of the old serpent at home; keep it there, and leave us southern men to deal with his filthy brood below the Border. I have a tickler myself in hand for them. And such a tickler! but you shall have it in a few days. The Medusa is no more; the Dwarfs, black, brown, and grey, are extinct. Why should the Attorney-General meddle with Hone, or any such scrubs? He grasps at what is neither palpable nor tangible. The mere truth of an intention, I feel, has laid them upon their faces. They are sinnoom'd—blasted—annihilated.”

[Our Humber friend, we suspect, writes with more zeal than knowledge. We are not sure that he knows whether Hone writes prose or verse; and as to the Medusa and the Dwarfs, he seems quite unconscious that he proposes to slay the slain. Those fabrications expired (at least we presume so) with the other two-penny trash, which one of the late bills in Parliament was intended to reach.]

“*Phuistor*, Nov. 4.

“You're a wag, Mr North—but I look for compensation—the case stands thus. When I read any thing that pleases me, (and as I read always at night with a large blazing fire before me, and the candle between the book and my face,) I invariably find my sensations run down to my finger-ends. In these paroxysms, I grasp the poker, and stir, stir, looking intently at the fire, and exclaiming, “Admirable! well-put! a facete, by Jove!” as the case may happen to be. The storm over, I return quietly again to my lection. Now I say nothing of an extraordinary tiff of punch, which I took with a neighbour to talk over your October number, but I look for some compensation for unusual consumption of coal, and for wear and tear of grate, and fire utensils. Suppose we say that the next three numbers come gratis.”

\* We have desired Messrs Cadell and Davies to forward all our future Numbers gratis to this worthy gentleman; the claim to run on, like Bergamini's title, till the end of the year, that being the earliest period at which this Magazine proposes to stop

*Copied by a friend to Blackwood's Magazine.*—Nov. 6, 1820.

SINGULAR FACT.—Four gouty men, (all natives of this place except a Mr G. who comes from Bomton-under-Water,) performed yesterday a sara-band, in honour of one Mr Christopher North. They danced themselves into a profuse perspiration; and strange to say, the exercise has been attended with the most salutary effects. It has been agreed to repeat this performance annually on the 20th of October.—*Maidstone Gazette.*

“*Plaistow, Nov. 15.*

“The publication of your October Number has relieved the inhabitants of this town from the most melancholy apprehensions. About the middle of last month, a tremulous motion of the ground took place here, which the forebodings of the householders pronounced to be the precursor of an earthquake. We are now, however, agreed (much to our comfort and satisfaction,) that the shock alluded to, was nothing more than an effect of that *sofa-thud*, which you have described with so much effect. Pray let us know in your next what the exact calibre of the person may be, who sends himself at such a price of momentum, and also when this stirring thud took place. We have been a little puzzled by the word itself, but suppose it to be a Scotch term equivalent to the English word *plump*.”

“*Castle Rising, Nov. 15.*

“The hearts of the Tories here have expanded, like their faces, at the news of your success. Those of the Whigs, which heretofore wore a yellowish complexion, like the apothecaries' devils in Quevedo, have shifted into mahogany and pea-green. Touch them up again, Mr North; expose their utter want of fun and good humour; and look a little into Parliament. Take a view of those benches which were once filled by those fellows of infinite mirth, the Lawrences, the Townsends, the Sheridans, and Fitzpatrick. How are they now occupied? By a screeching, suspicious, lachrymose crew, whom one of the *Morning Post's* worst jokes, beaten out as thin as gold leaf, would enliven. Young men, whose blood should be dancing in their veins, sit there with a week's bile of *The Examiner* in their faces; and if that were possible among gentlemen, with a month's rancour of the *Chronicle* in their hearts. There

they sit with visages as if they had belonged to the Long Parliament—gasp- ing for a grievance, optative of an official omission—prying, peering, and beating about the bushes of ministerial speech, in hopes some little error may slip out, upon which they open and follow like a pack of hounds in full cry. And then their sharp, short, shrill, “hear! hear!” ’Tis sad by fits, by starts ’tis wild! How unlike the full broad volume of a Tory cheer, rolling along in a proud magnificence, and even in its lowest cadence, sinking (as Whigs at least think) into some little soliloquy of self-congratulation and complacency. “Well—certainly—we carry things triumphantly.” “Nothing like a commanding majority, to give full play to the lungs, and complete tone to the voice.” “By the way, I should think my brother must have touched his first quarter in India before this.” “Odso—I had almost forgotten to return thanks for that little thing in the customs.” Touch them up, I say, Mr North; and if they have no wit in themselves, let them be at least the cause of wit in others.”

We do not quite approve of the following letter from Lync-Regis. It touches, we think, upon an unfair topic of ridicule; and our good friends in that quarter are not aware, apparently, that the name itself, which they deride, has been made respectable by a man of real science. After some compliments which we suppress, (the reader knows our invariable delicacy on this point,) our correspondent continues.—“Last Friday was a memorable evening with us. It is our hebdomadal oyster club meeting. Just as we were in the heart of a barrel, the new Number of Blackwood was announced. Mr Stingo the brewer, who values himself upon a clear voice, and a particular mode of blowing his nose, undertook to read us a portion of it, and by good luck he dipped upon the last article. There was a pin-drop silence, as the Cockneys write, in the room, till he came to that happy passage, which describes the different mode of entering a room by Mr Jeffrey and the *Scotsman*. Silence was no longer maintainable—a hundred commendations and pleasant-ries broke out; and these latter were increased when young Parchment our lawyer, let us into the secret of the real name. ‘Heaven preserve us, what a



name !' cried one. 'He must be a butcher,' said another. 'Has he a wife?' asked a third. 'He cannot possibly have daughters?' responded a fourth. 'Gentlemen,' said the waiter, placing a replenished silver mug before Mr Drysalter with one hand, and with the other wiping up a small overflowing of his former potation—'Gentlemen,' said the waiter, 'this must be some impossible person—there can be no living soul with such a name.' But the greatest effect produced was on our curate. Surplice has a favourite theory on the subject of names, on what opinions founded I shall not at present stop to say, but of which the practical conclusion is, that upon certain data, such as the surname or general knowledge of the bearer's character, his christian name may be told almost infallibly. Upon such an investigator of names, that of M'Culloch operated like a thunderbolt. 'M'Culloch !' he inwardly ejaculated, as if trying by what process the larynx could be delivered of such a name. 'M'Culloch,' he again repeated, as if wishing to know what part of the burden was borne by lips, teeth, throat, or palate. It was clear, he could make nothing of it. He monosyllabized, dis-syllabized, tri-syllabized it. Cull, Maccul, Culloch, Macculloch. It was all in vain—there was no standard weight or measure for it—it was an anomaly in nomenclature. He tried his system upon it. Shadrach—Meshach—O'Shaughnessy—Abel-nego—All disappointment—nothing would square with such a name. A cloud came over his brow, and he conversed for some time in an under tone with Parchment. The cloud, to our surprise, was then replaced by a smile, and the smile by a loud laugh. He then desired Stingo to proceed ; and from the divided tone of his mirth through the evening, it was evident that some conceit was waking in his brain ; but what we could not well devise. Suffice it to say the Article was read through—a bowl extraordinary was voted in honour of your success, and we kept it up till a late hour.

"P. S.—Parchment and I have had some talk this morning on the movements of Surplice's face. He traces them all to association of ideas, and to some information conveyed through himself to the Curate, of a connection between M'Culloch and the *Edin-*

*burgh Review*. 'Try,' concluded the lawyer, 'the effect of your own muscles—associate the name of Macculloch with an heroic idea, or a chivalrous idea, or a tender idea ; couple it with a dissertation on poetry, on the fine arts, or on criticism ; and I defy you to retain your gravity.' The conceit tickled me, and the name of M'Culloch, I find, will be mirth with me to my dying day, i. e. if the *Edinburgh Review* should last as long."

Still less do we approve of the following. We have neither dined nor hunted with Sir Francis Burdett, nor are we aware that private virtues have any thing to do with public delinquencies. But a country-squire who relieves the interests of fox-hunting, by reading Greek and *Blackwood's Magazine*, is a sort of phenomenon, and as such we cannot forbear to insert his Epistle. It came to us, folded up with great formality, and with the coat of arms absolutely imbedded in wax.

"Chisel-Hampton,  
Nov. 29, 1820.

"MR EDITOR,

"No one cares less than myself to meddle with what does not concern him ; and no fox-chace, that carried me into five counties besides my own, ever gave me so much delight, as the honest verdicts which have been lately given by the London juries. But the law has at last fallen upon a victim, that I suspect she herself will have some compunction in smiting. I allude, of course, to Sir Francis Burdett. He is an old offender, Mr Editor, and I own deserves correction ; but his tenants tell many kind stories of him, and, God forgive me, but I believe I have not been quite proof against his countenance. There is a something in that frank and ingenuous aspect, about which the sweet breezes of heaven seem intended to blow, and not the damp vapours of a damp dungeon. Besides, I have hunted and dined with him, Mr Editor, and not a word of politics at either. He has a strong seat, and rides boldly ; but he sits too much on the perpendicular, and, being long in the foot, he has somewhat of a Quixotic appearance. His dinners are not to my taste ; but this comes of his poring over the bad Latin of Magna Charta, instead of reading Greek, as every English gentleman ought to do. Had his studies lain

among those divine writers, as mine do, Mr Editor, when the hounds are not out, he would have known, that one indispensable requisite in a hunting-dinner is plenteousness, or rather profusion.\* But this is not the matter in hand. My object in writing was to know, whether you could find it consistent with your political conscience to slip in a little word in his favour. You have a powerful way with you; and I should think, your lucubrations must fall occasionally under the observation of the higher powers. Do try your hand, Mr North. There is something about an accusing and a recording angel, which, I think, might be quoted with effect; but my English reading for these many years past has been confined to Jackson's Chronicle, (with the addition lately of your entertaining Miscellany,) and I cannot refer to the passage. Perhaps you could extract something out of a dream. Justice and Mercy are figures to come at a beck. Excuse this prompting, and believe me,

"Your's very respectfully,

"Mr Editor,

"AN OXFORDSHIRE SQUIRE."

We can devise no way by which the law and this Greek-loving Squire may be equally satisfied, but by proposing a commutation. Let Hobhouse take the half, or, if possible, the whole of his brother-member's punishment; and though it should extend to two, four, six, or even twelvemonths, we, at least, shall not be the men to complain of it. There is a certain look about that little republican, which seems to mark him out for a visitation of this kind; and his authorship fits him much more for confinement than Sir Francis. Let him amuse himself with writing Prison

Thoughts, and we engage to furnish abundant amusement for the reader by a review of them. Every one will thus be a gainer.—Here we pause.

. . . . .

These asterisks might have been filled up with four hundred, fourscore, and four letters, (for such, on counting, we find are still left us); but, as we before told the reader, we despise humbug,—or, as the grammarians write, "Omne quod exit in *hum*, seu Greek-*hum*, sive Latine-*hum*;" and, had we inserted the whole of our collection, we might have been suspected of filling our columns as the *Times* did, with its list of public rejoicings for the Queen; and Heaven forbid that we should resemble that frantic Journal in any thing but its expeditious printing.

Nothing is perfect in life; and the very fountain of pleasure, says a Latin poet, has a well of bitterness in it.—Even our bliss is not without alloy. We have been the occasion of mischief in private families. Many letters, which should have begun *My dear papa*, have been found to begin *My dearest North*; and with what confusion to the fair writers it pains us to say. We have offered our hand to no less than ten young ladies, to preserve peace in families; and, through mere forgetfulness, had nearly subjected ourselves to an action for polygamy.

Again,—The Tailor at Yarrow Ford has taken umbrage, and returned one of his copies. What does the ninth-part of a man mean? But we defy him. He formerly read two copies once over each; he will now read the same copy over twice. *Et voilà tout*.

\* We suspect that the Squire, (if it be possible that a country squire ever read Euripides,) adverts to a passage in the *Hippolytus*, implying, that nothing is so delightful, after a hard day's hunt, as a well-replenished table.

EPISTLE FROM ODOHERLY, CONCERNING HIMSELF, US, AND AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

DEAR NORTH,—You will, no doubt, be both angry and surprised at my delay in sending you a bulletin of my proceedings; but the truth is, that I have been spending the last half-dozen months in such a round of dissipation and idleness, that, the devil take me if I could command my intellects, and abstain from the pleasures of good fellowship, (including rare stuffing and strong drink,) for half an hour together. I have been literally, since the fragment of a letter I wrote you from Killarney, hurried about from one quarter of the Emerald Isle to the other; and, as I was generally "no that fou, but just a drappie in my e'e," I have been fortunate enough to collect such a knowledge of the Irish peasantry, both male and female, at fairs, and otherwise, as fully to entitle me to commence my intended work "On the National Manners of Ireland, with a Preliminary Dissertation, fully and satisfactorily proving that Ossian was a Native, and his Poems Authentic." But the work is as yet only *in limine*, as,

Wha o' study then could think,

Wi' sic gude follows by him?

"Pretty goings on," you will be very apt to exclaim, most sage Christopher,—*"Pretty goings on, Mr Standardbearer."* But hold—what merit, pray, have you, in your sober, genteel, staid, and very retired life, when it is a thing not of choice, but of necessity, and when, (probably,) if you had good health, and if the spirit of the gout and rheumatism (oh fye, Dr Balfour!) were quietly consigned over to the Red Sea, the morning would be spent in following the hounds, the afternoon over the bottle with your friends, and the evening at the theatre, (not the new one,) or in walking with belles in the George's Street Assembly Rooms? But, joking aside, I am a little ashamed of my late way of living; and, as the first fruits of my repentance, and, were it for no other reason than just to make up matters between us, you will find in the sequel of this packet a few scraps, which certainly, were this my first interview with the public, might not give them any very high opinion of me; but luckily this is a

long decided point with them; and, like my friend Byron, scattering around cantos of his Don Juan, I can sit smoking my pipe in security and honour, beneath the shade of my already hard-earned, but, at the same time, honourably acquired laurels.

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

By the by, I was, horribly angry, at first sight, with observing, in that exquisite *morceau* of thirty pages, "The Tête-a-Tête," what you have said with regard to my abstracting the memorandum book of your Irish sale, and the sarcasm on my pantaloons; but my features gradually relaxed to a smile, and my pulse subsided to the natural standard; and at last, to use the expression of our friend Hogg, I could not help bursting into "a loud gaffaw" at the joke, for you certainly intended it for such. Not that I am, by any means thin-skinned—you know Morgan too well for that—but I was afraid that such an imputation thrown out in public against the honour of a military man, allowing me to have taken away the sale-book by willing mistake, might injure me in the eyes of the comrades at whose side I have fought in the day of battle; but these scruples were speedily hushed to rest, to use a poetical simile, like the cackling of an old goose, when an ounce of No. 6. is lodged in his head; and I remembered, to my no small satisfaction, that few of them knew any thing of books, except the Heavy Dragoon, and about other six more.

I am determined to take a month of hard study to reduce me, as I am three stones, seven pounds, and two or three neither—here—nor—there ounces heavier since I left "Edina, Scotia's darling seat;" and though I have not ordered myself to be chained to my chair, in imitation of Alfieri, I have ordered my landlady for a fortnight to come to lock my door on the outside, and neither to allow ingress nor egress, except for the sake of recruiting my corporeal man. Eight days are already over and gone, and I am beginning to become more reconciled to my situation. I can now sit with tolerable comfort for a spare half-hour at my window,

Which nought admits save day,  
 And tasteless food, which I have eat alone,  
 Till its unsocial bitterness is gone ;  
 And I can banquet like a beast of prey,  
 Sullen and lonely couching in the cave,  
 Which is my den, and—it may be—my grave !

You will doubtless observe that these lines do not altogether apply ; but they certainly are very fine.

Speaking of Byron, what the deuce can he mean by thus bantering us,—by thus whetting and disappointing the public taste ? First, we had among our literary notices an announcement of *Don Juan*, Cantos Third and Fourth ; but month after month elapsed, and at length the report

“ died away ”

Into the light of common day.”

Then we had “ *Parga*, a poem,” but his lordship wishing to try the taste of the Greek-reading public, (we would like to know if it be extensive,) had it translated into Romance, and distributed gratis, like lottery puffs, and cheap sales, among the peasants, to rouse in them the spirit of their ancestors, which seems of late to have declined a little. We are credibly informed, that not a few have put themselves to school, in order to have a reading of his lordship’s present.

Then we had the lamentation of Dante, or rather we were to have, as the midwife of the Muses has either strangled it, or the manuscript has been sent to sea, and lost in a storm by shipwreck. We regret this very much, as I had a preface of nine pages written out to commence a review of it, whenever it appeared ; but which I am quite determined not to lose, as I will stitch it to the front of the very first poem, on whatever subject it may be, whether serious or comic, that I may happen to take notice of, in “ my grandmother’s review, the *British*.” The Doge of Venice, which was the last horse entered for the plate, will certainly be the first to come in for the sweepstakes. Talking of tragedies, what do you think of Barry Cornwall’s *Mirandola* ? For my part, I think it is simple, and sweet enough, but it wholly wants thews and sinews—*Bertram*, and *Fazio*, and *Evadne*, are but so so ; and not at all calculated to do away “ *hujus seculi opprobrium*,” as being fine tragedies. I blush when I declare to you, that I have a fiery and unquenchable thirst, to be myself the

achiever of this mighty enterprise ; and, if I fail, there is certainly no one, but the author of *Waverley*, who has the least chance of succeeding. I am hesitating whether or not, after the fashion of the Greeks, to introduce a chorus, but I have resolved, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Aristotle, to pay no attention to the rules of dramatic unity, but to introduce whatever will serve my purpose. It is to be a national tragedy, and the scene laid in the Highlands of Scotland. The name you may have heard before ; do you think it will do—“ Alexander Macpherson, or the Black Revenge !” The plot I shall not at present trouble you with, but I think it will answer to a nicety ; and for stage effect, let me alone for that. I am very much of opinion, that a variety of costume in the actors, has a grand, and, at the same time, a natural effect on the stage, and I trust that your humble servant has as much good sense as to follow the suggestions of his judgment. The body-guard of Macpherson consists of five Mamelukes, and a negro sharpshooter,—the *cher amie* of Macgregor Aurora, one of the chieftains, is a Circassian damsel, taken captive in Palestine, during the Holy War ; and an itinerant knight, concealed in the disguise of a Jew doctor, is made to flourish occasionally on the stage, with a Turkish turban, and a long bushy black beard. The fifth act shews blood, and slaughter *ad libitum* ; I at once “ cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of War.” But a tragedy needs now and then to be a little culivening, that the horrors may shew the greater by contrast, as the sun seems larger through a smoked glass ; and Shakespeare introduces his gravedigger singing in *Hamlet*, and Lewis has introduced Father Philip, with his cowardice and round belly, into the *Castle Spectre*. It takes off the uniformly sombre effect, and throws us off our guard, so that we may be shocked more securely. The Jew-doctor’s address to his customers I have intended—do I fail or not ?—to be of this character.

Ye, gentlemen, and ladies, come here, and I assure ye,  
Upon the honour of my shawl, most certainly to cure ye ;  
Just peep into my budget, and whatsoever grieve ye,

Just take a dose,

And off it goes ;

By Moses 'twill relieve ye :—

With my rhubarb, aloes, hellabore,

Salts, colocynth, and manna,

My album græcum, devil's dung,

And Ipecacuanha !!

The people swears as how I give unconshunnable doses,  
That Mordecai just cureth one, for every ten he loses,  
Ah ! goot folks do not heed them, and whatsoever grieve ye,

Just take a dose,

And off it goes,

Most certain to relieve ye ;—

With my hartshorn powder, senna leaves,

My sassafras, and snake-root,

And other drugs that in the stomach

Very seldom take root.

Macpherson's address to his followers before leading them to the field, is the only soliloquy of another character, with which I will at present treat you.

Ye plumed men of war, ye warriors brave,  
Whose steps have trodden down the mountain snows ;  
From their high nests scaring the eaglets bald ;  
To whom the pibroch is a merry hymn,  
And danger and destruction are a scoff !—  
Ye hairy-thigh'd, and sinewy multitude,  
Whose fiery tresses, floating on the gale,  
'Threaten to wrap all nature in a flame !  
Ye ever true, whose tartans stream afar,  
Like rainbows in the morning sun, when showers  
Have pass'd away ; and, with a splendid pride,  
The orient mountain glows, and round the streams  
Flow in perpetual music through the vale—  
Ye brawny armed ! that round your heads can swing  
The claymore with an ease, as if no more  
Its weight than wheaten straw—too rarely seen  
On highland hills, where only green heath blooms ;—  
Ye high of heart, to whom the glorious deeds  
Of ancestors departed, are well known ;  
How ten times, in one day, upon the field,  
'They routed Danish foes, and reared their cairns  
With mossy stones in desert solitudes ;  
How often, stemming with determined prow  
The midnight sea, while stormy winds around  
Howl'd dismally, they plied the bending oars,  
And raising up the blazing torch, illumed  
With glorious light the mansions of their foes.  
How, round their chieftain, they have thronged to save  
His head in battle broil, and spill'd their blood,  
That his might run in safety through his veins !—  
Ye bold determined hosts, surpassing far  
Achilles, and his Myrmidons, or those  
Who follow'd Ajax, son of Telamon,  
To Troy's proud towers ; and, after ten years' siege,  
Destroy'd it, laying waste its palaces,  
And leaving only to the serpent train  
Dens, where in safety they might crawl and breed.—

Ye patriot phalanx, firmer than the hosts  
 Of Grecian Alexander, Philip's son,  
 (Who caught a cold, by bathing in the stream  
 Of Cydnus, river cold; subdued the world,  
 And died at thirty-two.)—Ye trusty bands!  
 As trusty and determined as the troops  
 Of him, the sable prince, Black Edward, young,  
 That, on the field of Cressy, captive took  
 France's fallen king, his host and baggage train,  
 With cars, and carts unnumber'd, fises and drums;  
 And brought him home to England's capital,  
 Upon a war-horse, riding like a god;  
 While, at his side, upon a galloway,  
 Of colour dun, the meek-eyed conqueror sat:  
 As told by Hume, the great historian, dead  
 Long since, and buried on the Calton-hill.—  
 Ye lions, to whom earth from all her dens  
 Can furnish forth no parallel, follow me!!

I shall make no comment on this, but leave it to speak for itself in the bosoms of the patriotic.

Apropos—I had almost forget to mention to you the novel I have taken in hand for the edification of society; mind I do not say amusement, but edification. Let not my countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, suppose, that I am going to take her task out of her teeth, by cutting up the Irish noblemen as absentees, or write flashing chapters on morality to conciliate the Jews. Let not my second cousin, Lady Morgan, think, that I am going to give such descriptions of Irish peasantry as those in Florence Macarthy. Let not Miss Porter imagine, that I am to put flesh and bones on the skeletons of history, as she has done in the Scottish Chiefs,—or represent the Wallace wight, dying of hysterics, with a smelling bottle at his nose, and a white pocket handkerchief between his finger and thumb. Let none of the spinsters of the Minerva press think, that I am going to commence a race with them, and write twenty volumes a-year for their twelve. No such thing; Odoherly has a higher, and more honourable motive in view. Observing, of late, the alarming inroads that depraved taste, and sickly sentiment, are rapidly making into the territories of good sense and sound principle, I have determined, stimulated by a deep sense of the duties I owe to myself and society, to put a stop to this evil, and direct the national taste into proper channels. Mine is not to be a production like "Thornton Abbey," or "Celebs in Search of a Wife," a light work, with a serious object in view; I intend my book to be a gentle

and delicate satire on every thing that is bombastic in description, sounding in epithet, and sickly in sentiment. I will, however, lift the curtains of satire with a fastidious hand, and let in the torchlight of ridicule on those who are smoring on the feather-bed of error. I intend, indeed, to teach my fellow-creatures "as if I taught them not." If the satire is too fine to produce its prayed-for effect on the readers of circulating libraries, and on those fair damsels of the Minerva press, who write more than they read, all that Odoherly can say is, that no man, even Duke Wellington himself, can do more than he is able. It will be announced in a few weeks, in seven duodecimo volumes, as follows:—

GEORGINA GEORGINETTA MACGAW,  
 Or the forlorn Lady of Castle Turret-Tower.

I will treat you with a portion (to use a dear word of my friend Mr Wordsworth) of the first chapter, as a specimen of the style, manner, and spirit in which the work is composed.

Janetta Georgina Georginetta, was the only daughter of Sir Rory Macgaw, surnamed, from the colour of his nasal protuberance, of the fiery countenance. "Fate had reft the widowed heart" of the worthy knight; and, like a solitary stockdove in the gloom of the profound forest, he mourned over the partner of his youthful days, once the source of all his felicity, and now the object of his bitterest regret. But providence is kind; "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and he could not be deemed utterly bereft, when possessed of such a daughter, the

pledge of their love, the prop, the solace, the staff, and the comforter of his declining age. Far from the tumults of the world, they lived in the antique mansion of Castle Turret-tower, which was built on the edge of a tremendous precipice, three hundred and fifty-seven feet and a half above the level of the stream, which glittered in beautiful and romantic wanderings beneath. It used to rock in the stormy weather, when heaven's artillery pealed amid the murky skies; but of this they were not afraid, being girt with the armour of conscious innocence.

At the time our narrative commences, Janetta Georgina Georginetta Macgaw was at the tender and susceptible age of 38, the age when the turbulence of youthful folly begins to subside, and when the clouds of pride and rashness begin to disappear from the cerulean of the mental sky, when an affectionate offer is not to be scorned, and prudence directs the choice. As to person, she was rather above the average stature of ladies, being five feet eleven inches without the shoes; and, being rather "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," she inclined to emaciation. Her nose would have been of the most pure and perfect Roman order, if it had not been rather a little hooked into the mouth; and, as for her eyes, they would certainly have surpassed any thing of the kind ever seen, if one of them had not had a little obliquity in its axis, inclining to the nose before-mentioned. Her mouth had a kind of indignant beauty, being a little depressed at the angles; and her ringlets, that vied with the gold of Potosi, were of a bright Sicambrian yellow, inclining to red-dish. But we must be brief.—If any one heard her sigh, and asked the reason, she ingenuously confessed, that it was all for the love of the brave and gallant Lieutenant Abraham Flash-in-the-pan of the Queen's Own.

Lieutenant Flash-in-the-pan was truly a "*rara avis in terris*," a complete black swan among mankind; one of the Non-pareils of this world, and distantly related to the pugilist of that surname. True, he had infirmities—he was too much addicted to the use of tobacco, whose fumes he used to wash from his throat, with draughts of slightly diluted spirituous liquors. His own account, however, was, that he only used these to rinse his mouth, as some physician of experience had

informed him, that tobacco exerted a deteriorating influence on the teeth. Except this, I am credibly informed, by a person of the very highest authority, that he was entirely without a failing. Let Ensign Houghim insinuate as he will, that he shewed more legs than courage, in a certain battle; but the *prima facie* view of the case, is clearly for the repellant; seeing that he was promoted, while the other remains standard-bearer to the corps. Let him look to that, and not insult the memory of a gallant officer, who is now no more!

It was on a beautiful summer morning, about a quarter from eleven by the clock of Castle Turret-tower spire; that the youthful Georgina was busily employed in the perusal of that exquisitely delightful, and most highly edifying romance, "The sorrows of Tabitha;" and, at the same time, sauntering through the embowering woods, which darkened the daylight. Her lovely eyes glistened with the pearly dew of sympathy; and, as every now and then, she dashed away the blinding torrents, she strayed on, unmindful whither she was going. She had better have looked about her, for before Xantippe, the spouse of Socrates, could have reckoned ten, she was three feet below the horizon in a ditch. Fortunately, for the interests of mankind, and of love, that tenderest of every terrestrial passion under the sun, came riding past, the gallant grey horse Redding-comb, with its master, Lieutenant Abraham Flash-in-the-pan. (I could give the genealogy of this illustrious animal, for the benefit of my sporting readers—but I don't think I will, as it would waste paper.) When the groan of the afflicted girl reached his ear, his pulse audibly rose to double its natural reckoning; at a second groan, his hat rose instinctively from his head, probably from a rebellion among the hairs, and not in the least degree from mental trepidation; as bating his surprise, he never was more calm in his life. He first thought of turning back, as it struck him as being the howl of a tiger; but, on further consideration, he was aware that that ferocious animal is not indigenous in this highly favoured country; unless it had escaped by mistake from Mr Polito's Menagerie. He ventured forward then—boldly ventured, as became a soldier of his military standing; in spite of

the refractory conduct of his horse, which he very properly chided with the spur on his left heel. Dismounting, he saw the cause of his disturbance, who was profusely bleeding at the nose; and, having lifted or rather dragged, the beautiful girl up behind him, for she was incapable; and wiped the boards of the volume, entitled the Sorrows of Tabitha, with the tail of his great coat; he proceeded with, but one interruption—which was from an exciseman, to the gate of Castle Turret-tower. After blowing a blast on the horn, he was admitted. The sequel will be seen in the next, and thirty five succeeding chapters.

Don't you think this will do? If it pleases you, I will send more speci-

mens soon. What has become of Wastle?—sorely do I miss his pen in your late numbers. Is he afflicted with the asthma?—has the dampness of the weather fallen like a wet blanket on his genius?—or is he “crossed in hopeless love?”—The shooting would take him up for some months past; but you should now hold at him, and squeeze the Mad Banker from him, even to the twenty-fourth canto. It is quite child's play to him.—O North, and Wastle, when I think of you, and the rest of our divan, my soul forsakes the dull regions of prose, and my words, like those of the Spirit of Music, in Lalla Rookh, “turn, as they leave my lips, to song.”

Where'er Odoherty, with casual foot,  
Winds through this weary world his varied way,  
Still be it his with vigour to recruit  
His toil-worn frame, and moistify his clay  
With——any potent dram his taste will suit,  
To toast the health of friends beside the Forth—  
The dauntless Wastle, and the peerless North!

Let Southey sing of Thalaba and Roderick,  
And Scott chaunt forth his epic strains, to tell  
How Bruce's vessels left the Bay of Broderick,  
And how, at Flodden, Scotland's ensign fell,  
Let Simple Wordsworth tune on Peter Bell;  
And Coleridge curdle blood, and stiffen hair,  
Telling how spirits plagued the Mariner.

Let Crabbe rhyme on 'bout vagabonds and flunkies,  
Tailors, and cobblers, gipsies and their brats,  
Riding in wicker creels on half-starved donkeys,  
Their black eyes glancing 'neath their bits of hats,  
Let Wilson roam to Fairyland; but that's  
An oldish story; I'll lay half a crown,  
The tiny elves are smother'd by his gown.

Let missions go to Greenland with Montgomery,  
Let green-sick ladies sonnetize with Bowles;  
Let Leigh Hunt sing of cabbages and flummery,  
And currant bushes blooming on green knolls.  
Let Keats draw out his whinnings into growls,  
Let Corney Webbe write sonnets by the score,  
“And trample wounded time upon the floor.”

Let Shelley sing of darknesses and devilry,  
Till earth grows Pandemonium at his touch;  
Let Tommy Moore, that son and soul of revlry,  
Praise Indians, and fire-worshippers, and such:—  
To stretch our thoughts so far is rather much;  
Altho' to spend an hour we do not grudge  
With Twopenny Post-Bags—Crib—and Biddy Fudge.



Let Mrs Hemans chaunt historic tales  
 Till Cader Idris echoes back the strain ;  
 Let Missy Mitford spread adventurous sails  
 Far south, and sing Cristina of the Main ;  
 Miss Holford now may visit Falkirk plain  
 In safety ; as the only danger there  
 Is meeting with wild cattle at the fair.

Let Mrs Opie sing of orphan boys,  
 Whose sires were shot with slug at Trafalgar ;  
 Let Lady Morgan cant, and make a noise,  
 With Lindley Murray, and good sense at war ;  
 Miss Baillie no doubt is a shining star ;  
 But unto none I will attend, unless—  
 What is the *sine qua non*, only guess ?

Unless in Blackwood's pine-tree grove he flourish,  
 Writing an article for every Number,  
 With fun and frolic ; these are things that nourish  
 The heart of man, and keep his eyes from slumber.  
 I like none of your melancholy lumber,—  
 Your sonnets, and your sentimental tales,  
 As tardy of digestion as brass-nails.

You see I'm tainted with the metromanie,  
 And not a little proud of innovation ;  
 I'll have original verse as well as any,  
 And not think there's any great occasion  
 To write like Frere and Byron ;—when the nation  
 Talks of the seven line stanza, they shall cry,  
 Aye—that's the stanza of Odoherthy !

Do not suppose that the stanza of Odoherthy was invented to suit his own convenience, from the difficulty of finding rhymes. *Tu quoque incredulus rides ?* Well, well, friend North, that question will soon be put to rest ; for, if Byron's Third Canto of Juan does not come out within a month, the public will have to decide, which of us is the better writer, the projector, or the continuator.

I had almost forgot to say, that I had rare sport with our friend ———

(you know his *nomme-de-guerre*) at Cambridge lately ; but you see my double sheet is crammed, and I am tired, so

“ Farewell !—a word that has been and must be.”

You may depend on again hearing from me soon ; and, in the interim, believe me,

Yours sincerely,

Ever and a day,

MORGAN ODOHERTY.

Gloucester, Jan. 24.

#### SONNET TO WORDSWORTH.

WORDSWORTH, I envy thee, that from the strife  
 Far distant, and the turmoil of mankind,  
 Musing in solitude, thou keep'st thy mind  
 Most spotless, leading an unblemish'd life.  
 What have the bards of other realms and years  
 Fabled of innocence or golden age,  
 But, graven on the tablet of thy page,  
 And of thy life, in majesty appears ?  
 What marvel that the men of cities, they,  
 Whose fate or choice compels them to endure  
 The sight of things unholy and impure,  
 Feel not the moonlight softness of thy lay ?  
 But thou hast fought and conquer'd, and decay  
 Flies far from thee, whose great reward is sure !

HOMÆ GERMANICÆ.

No. XI.

*Zriny; A Tragedy.*

BY THEODORE CHARLES KOERNER.

As we have observed in our last number, few tasks are more repelling to an ordinary reader, than that of endeavouring to understand the mere analysis of a play. But fortunately, the story of *this* Tragedy, like that of "Darkness," can be briefly stated, and easily comprehended; especially by such readers as happen to recollect the fragment of a ballad in Sir W. Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," exhibiting the last interview of a mother with her children, when the castle, which she could not leave, (or would not surrender,) had been set on fire by the enemy. The hero of this play, Nicholas Zriny, was governor of the Hungarian town and castle of Sigeth, in the year 1566, at the time when Soliman the Great, Emperor of the Turks, was under the necessity of conquering those fortresses of Hungary which lay immediately on his route to the Austrian capital, Vienna. Zriny had received orders from the Christian Emperor Maximilian, to defend his station to the last; and the tragic interest depends on the impossibility of repelling the vast army of Soliman, and the unparalleled resolution displayed, not only

by Zriny himself, but by Eva his countess, Helena his daughter, and Lorenzo her betrothed lover, who, being at last all fully aware that the foe cannot be repulsed, yet determine never to surrender. The several modes in which these four individuals finally perish, we shall not describe at present, but leave this to be developed in the course of our analysis; as the climax to which, we shall give the fifth act of the Tragedy *entire*.

The play commences with a spirited dialogue between the Turkish emperor, and his chief physician, Levi, in which the latter, having informed his master, that although now advanced in life, he may, by care and caution, reckon on ten years more of existence, receives for answer, that upon *this dictum*, it follows logically, that without care or caution, he may survive for *one* year, and that this brief space alone will be amply sufficient to fulfil all his noblest and dearest schemes of ambition. After four pages of dialogue, the physician is dismissed to call the Grand Vizier; and Soliman being left alone, utters the following soliloquy:

*Soliman.* I should then "spare myself?"—See the last gleams  
Of power, that in my war-worn frame yet linger,  
Slowly,—in base inglorious rest,—expire?  
The world, when I first came upon the stage,  
Trembled before me; and, by Heaven, the world  
Shall tremble too, when Soliman departs!—  
This is the lot divine of chosen heroes!—  
The worm of earth is born, and perishes;  
And not a trace of its base life remains:  
Nations are thus renew'd in grovelling herds;  
And the poor soulless mortal, all unknown,  
Glides into view, and then retires unheeded.  
But when a Ruler and an Hero comes,  
He is proclaim'd even by the stars in heaven!  
Thus forth upon the astounded world he gleams,  
And all are for his mighty deeds prepared.  
Then too, when unto death the conqueror  
Must yield at last, Nature herself awakes.  
A thousand voices of mysterious warning;  
And thus it is o'er every realm made known,  
That now the Phoenix rushes to the flames.  
I feel that I have triumph'd o'er all time,  
And with the stars my glory is entwined!

If I, like my precursors, stood alone,  
 Even all the world before me would have kneel'd.  
 But, in my century, mighty spirits rose,  
 And kindred heroes were opposed to me :—  
 Thus, I am not the favour'd child of Fortune ;  
 But that which Fate of her free grace bestow'd not,  
 I have with stern defiance from her wrench'd.  
 What was it that made Alexander great ?  
 Or what to Rome's subjection brought the world ?  
 No Emperor Charles opposed them in those days ;  
 No La-Vallette had cross'd their path of victory.  
 Charles ! Charles ! If thou alone hadst been removed,  
 Thy Europe would have crouching lain before me ;  
 Therefore I call thee to this last great strife,  
 Thou House of Austria !—Now unfurl thy banners,  
 For Solymán will gloriously expire !  
 By the storm'd walls of thy Vienna now,  
 And by thy blood, past injuries effacing,  
 I shall announce my laws unto the times !  
 Rise Austria then, and summon all thy heroes !  
 They for their freedom and their faith contend :—  
 The world shall know that now the Lion dies ;  
 But first, Vienna's falling towers, on fire  
 Shall beam afar, to be his funeral pyre !

The third scene presents a dialogue between Soliman and his grand vizier, in which the former unfolds more of the favourite schemes of ambition by which his mind is agitated. Above all, he dwells with satisfaction on his meditated siege or blockade of Vienna, which, if successful, will enable him to carry the victorious crescent over all Germany. On this follows a highly effective scene (of four pages)

containing debates between Soliman and his chief officers, in a council of war. They are all aware of the high courage and reputation of Zriny, but suppose that he is now at Vienna, and believe therefore, that they may pass by his castle of Sigeth without apprehension of attack, and proceed at once to the capital. In the fifth scene, however, a messenger enters, by whom their plans in this respect are changed.

*Mehmed.* (To the messenger.) Thanks to the Santshak for the intelligence.  
 (Exit Messenger.)

*Soliman.* What news, Vizier ?

*Mehmed.* The Santshak Hella, Sire,  
 Announces now, that the brave Nicholas Zriny,  
 Long since return'd, is with his bands at Sigeth ;  
 And 'tis suspected that he knows our plans.

*Ali.* On then, great Emperor ! This is Allah's warning !  
 Leave Sigeth unattack'd—On to Vienna !  
 There let the rage of battle first begin.

*Mehmed, Mustapha, &c. &c.* (Together.) Away !—To Vienna !—  
 There begin the fight !

*Soli.* What ? Are you men ? Are these my boasted heroes,  
 That by an empty name are terrified ?  
 I have already vanquish'd half the world,  
 Yet do I not believe, that in the foe  
 The name of Soliman would wake such fear  
 As in your hearts this Christian dog inspires !  
 Now 'tis resolved !—We first shall conquer Sigeth !  
 'Tis time that I should better know this bugbear,  
 The terror of my choicest officers !

*Mus.* Yet think, Sire—

*Soli.* On thy life—no more. 'Tis done !—  
 We march to Sigeth. Mine imperial power  
 Has tamed the pride of Asia ; and shall here

This base Hungarian Count defy my rage?  
For this, by Heaven, he fearfully shall answer,  
And on his castle's ruin'd towers, his head  
Ere long be planted!

Another messenger now enters, to acquaint Soliman, that it has been found impossible for his engineers to construct a bridge over the wild river  
Drau, as he had commanded; and that, at all events, it will be necessary to wait until the present floods are past; to which he replies,

How? I shall wait? Impossible, thou sayst!  
Is aught that I command impossible?  
Ha, traitor!—Go—get thee on horseback straight;  
Tell him I march to-day,—and if I find not,  
In four-and-twenty hours, the bridge completed,  
Then shall I hang him up upon the shere,  
And teach him what is possible!—Away!—  
'Tis done!—Vizier, we storm the fort of Sigeth!

(*Exeunt.*)

The scene now changes to the Castle of Sigeth, where a dialogue occurs between Eva the Countess and her daughter Helena—Here the latter expresses her apprehensions of some approaching evil, from the warlike preparations that she observes in the castle.—Her favoured youth Lorenzo, had just before met her in the gallery, and though she had wished to stop him,

and to learn what was going forward, he passed on in great haste, and except by a few hurried words, would not answer her.—This naturally leads to the first disclosure of Helena's attachment, which is given very poetically, and of which her mother wholly approves.—In the next scene Zriny makes his first appearance.—

*Zriny.* All must be active in the castle now—  
Yet be not thus alarm'd, my friends, nor anxious.—  
'Tis said, the Turks again are up in arms,  
That the Grand Signior hither leads them on—  
Yet *certain* tidings have I not received,  
But now await our messenger's return.—  
Fear not, if even within your chambers now  
The clang of preparation should be heard.  
Foresight and caution never are in vain,—  
And our brave bands in such employ delight,  
And willingly even now would raise the shout  
(Of joy, in hopes that mighty deeds are near!—

*Hcl.* Said I not so? Oh mother! 'Twas indeed  
No groundless fear.—

*Eva.* Think'st thou our castle then  
Will be attack'd?—A storming,—or blockade?—  
Let nothing be concealed—

*Zriny.* Nay—let us not  
Dwell on the worst—

*Eva.* Zriny, I have deserv'd  
Thy confidence. I now demand the truth.  
Oh think not now so poorly of thine Eva,—  
Of thine own faithful wife—that by thy side,  
So oft has met grim danger all undaunted—  
Think not so poorly of her as to doubt,  
If she can yet support her claim to courage.  
I demand truth—will Sigeth be attack'd?—

*Zriny.* If Soliman indeed is up in arms,  
It must be so!—

*Hcl.* Oh mother—mother!—

*Eva.* Nay,  
Helena, be not thus dismay'd—but think,

Thy father lives ;—his friends yet live around him ;—  
The daughter of an hero must not be  
Unworthy such a parent.—

Two scenes now occur, which are occupied with the arrival of new messengers—describing the immediate approach of Soliman, and the vast extent of his army. The concluding scene of this first act we shall give entire.

*Zriny.* What news, Lorenzo ?

*Lor.* Noble Count, the trumpets  
Now call to battle.—Mehmed Beg already  
Has cross'd the Drau,—and march'd as far as Syklas ;—  
Laid waste the country—burn'd the villages—  
And all the horrors of the Turkish war  
Renew'd—Give me a troop of thy brave horsemen !—  
Courage impells me here—I long for action !  
And on these desperadoes will revenge  
My country—

*Hel.* Heaven ! Lorenzo !

*Lor.* Nay, Helena,  
Mourn not, for in the battle I can serve you,—  
And now with confidence before your father  
Appear, confessing freely that I love you.—  
Ay, noble sir, I love your beauteous daughter—  
'Tis true, I boast no fortune but my sword,  
Nor fame have I by birth inherited—  
Yet have I oft-times heard you say, an hero,  
Whate'er his birth, might to a crown aspire.  
Let me go forth,—that best nobility  
Which lives within the heart by deeds to prove !—

*Zriny.* To this mine answer waits you when the fight  
Is o'er—An heart heroic weighs with me  
Far more, Lorenzo, than imperial robes ;  
Yet to thy youth alone I dare not trust  
What may affect the weal of Hungary.—  
Caspar Alapi, take a thousand foot,  
And with five hundred horsemen, let Lorenzo  
And Wolfe go with you—By your own choice fix  
On other leaders—March at once to meet  
This Mehmed Beg.—A quick and sudden onset  
Will to your moderate band give the advantage.  
By heaven, the Turks shall know, that there are men  
In Sigeth, who fear not an over-match !  
Now God be with you—and return as victors !

*Alassi.* Trust to me and thy faithful bands. Away !  
Courage, my friends. 'Now for our task ! To-morrow  
We shall return with Turkish spoils rich laden.—  
Grant me dismissal, gracious lady.

*Eva.* Go—

I will not fail to pray for you.

*Lor.* Farewell !

And you, Helena—In your angel voice  
Speak for me some few words of prayer to Heaven,  
That I may conquer—It will prove to me  
A talisman, and guard me in the fight.

*Eva.* Nay, spare her !

*Hel.* Ah, thou goest to meet thy death !

*Lor.* Nay, nay—Death may not venture 'gainst our love.

*Hel.* Oh, might I cherish yet that consolation !

*Lor.* Trust me, the king of terrors ventures not  
To assail us now.—Quickly, with this belief,  
Let me at once depart. (*Drawing his sabre.*)

Whoso has felt  
The fire of courage must evince it here !  
The strife is brief—the victory is eternal—  
And he who longs like me, for matchless treasure,  
To win the prize, must run no common risk.  
(*Exit with Alapi, &c.*)

*Hel.* Oh, my Lorenzo ! (*She faints.*)

*Eva.* Heaven ! she falls—

*Zriny.* (*Supporting her.*) Helena !

(*The drop-scene falls on the groupe.*)

The second Act opens with a calm and affectionate dialogue between Eva and Helena, her daughter, which finely contrasts with the tumultuous scenes that follow in rapid succession. In the second of these, Zriny again ap-

pears, anxiously expecting intelligence from his various equerries. In the third scene, Scherenk (a confidential old servant) enters with the following *annonce* from the ramparts.

*Scherenk.* My noble lord, the watcher from the tower  
Just now proclaim'd that he beheld a cloud  
Of dust on the road to Syklas. This he deems  
Raised by our troops, returning crown'd with victory.

*Hel.* Thanks, old man, for thy glad intelligence—  
But hast thou seen him, then, returning safely ?

*Scher.* Whom, noble lady ?  
*Eva.* Child, what means thy question ?  
The watcher only saw a cloud of dust,  
And but suspects, it may be the Hungarians.

*Hel.* Suspects, indeed ! Oh, were I on the tower,  
Even on the distant hills, I could behold him ;  
And mid a thousand forms select him only !  
Ah, how my heart begins to beat again !  
And all the sufferings of this fearful day,  
And visionary terrors of the night,  
Are in a frightful bondage join'd against me !  
Oh, mother, in your arms enfold once more  
Your poor unhappy child—In your embrace  
Let me yet hope and consolation find !

The fourth scene, which is long and effective, exhibits the happy return of Lorenzo, Alapi, and the other commanders, who have amply succeeded in their attack on the troops of Mehmed. Lorenzo has himself brought away a standard from the Turks, which he lays at the feet of Zriny. In the fifth scene, Vilacky, an equerry, returns from the Christian Emperor's (Maximilian's) court, with instructions to Zriny to defend his castle to the last, in order to prevent the advance of Soliman to Vienna. On this order of the emperor depends, in one sense, the chief interest of the play ; but it is enough for the due understanding of the plot to set down the fact in outline merely. On this follows intelligence that the whole forces of Soliman are rapidly drawing near to the castle ; and in the seventh scene, Alapi advises that the two ladies should be removed from

Sigeth to some place of safety ; but as the proposal is on their own parts resolutely opposed, it is therefore agreed that they shall remain. The next interview between the two lovers we think highly poetical, and should willingly transcribe it, were it not that there are such long extracts before us. The soliloquy of Helena, in the form of a quatuorzeni, or sonnet, is here eminently beautiful ; but much of its effect arises from the *rhymed* versification. This act concludes with farther preparations for the battle ; including a long oration of Zriny to his officers, who finally kneel around him, and voluntarily join with their leader, in a solemn vow of unchangeable fidelity and obedience.

In the third act, the scene is changed to the camp of the Grand Signior, who has now stationed himself before the walls of Sigeth. At the very first onset, the Turks find that the conquest

of this fortress will prove a far more formidable attempt than they were willing to believe. They are repulsed ; and, after three scenes of tumultuous debates in the council of war, Vilacky, one of Zriny's officers, who by accident has been taken prisoner, is brought in (severely wounded) before Soliman. To the utter astonishment of the Turkish tyrant, this captive eloquently addresses him, answering all his questions with a spirit of boldness, truth, and defiance, which irresistibly, while they provoke his anger, command his

admiration and respect. Finally, on being told that his life will be spared, but that he will be retained in captivity, Vilacky instantly tears away the bandages from his bleeding wounds—falls to the ground, and is carried off in a state of insensibility, (Soliman, at the same time, ordering that he shall be looked after by his own physician.) After this extraordinary prisoner is disposed of, the Emperor appears much agitated ; but it is now time that our author should (through his translator,) again speak for himself.—

*Soli. (Aside.)*—Christian ! Thy words, indeed, fell heavy on me !—

*Mehmed. (Aside to Ali.)*—The Emperor seems much moved and lost in thought.

The boldness of that captive has not pleased him.

*Mustaphi.* I know not when I saw our brave old Lion Thus yield to sadness.

*Ali.* Early here, this morning,  
I found his wise physician, and inquired  
How fared our Emperor ? Then he shrug'd his shoulders,—  
And for opinion gave, that this campaign  
Had weaken'd him far more than Soliman  
Himself suspects ;—that fortune now, and triumph,  
Were doubly requisite ; for, in his veins,  
Without such inspiration, youthful fire  
Would never more revive.

*Must.* He is indeed  
In health, more than he will confess, disorder'd.—  
Retain'd he now his wonted power and fierceness,—  
This prisoner had not lightly been forgiven.

*Mehm.* Let us go hence ;—he seems to meditate ;—  
See how he knits his brows !—Let us retire,  
And leave him to his dreams.

[*They withdraw to the back scene.*]

*Soli. (Coming forward alone.)*—Confess it then,  
Thou grey-hair'd conqueror—for such heroism  
Thou wert not now prepared !—Another Maltha,  
Not even in dreams, had'st thou anticipated !—  
There are yet men who force thee to respect them !  
If Zriny's bands, like this enthusiast here,  
So think,—so act,—'twere madness to assail them ;—  
Madness to waste our precious time on those  
Who nothing but their lives can lose ;—and life  
They value not. Yet Sigeth must be taken ;—  
It must, by Heaven !—Even were its deepest moats  
Fill'd with dead bodies of our Janissaries,  
Sigeth must fall ! But to save time—ha ! this  
Is of our life the fearfullest mystery—  
Came I then forth, this paltry fort to storm ?  
Are my vast hopes then limited at last  
By this poor spot of earth ? Have I no more  
To struggle for,—but how to overcome  
This band of mean adventurers, and their leader ?  
Have I not arm'd myself against all Europe,  
And from Vienna's towers resolved to announce  
My laws unto the Christian world,—and now,  
Before this castle, in protracted siege,  
I stay for months perchance, all but to drive  
This obstinate old madman from these rocks,

And hunt out his Hungarians from a rat-hole !—  
 I were indeed a madman, if I spent  
 The last hours of my life in such a contest !—  
 No—no ! by Heaven, this must not be !—I feel  
 That I have but a brief space to survive ;  
 Internal fire has worn my life away ;  
 Therefore, we must be rapid.—Sigeth first  
 And Gyula fall. Then, onwards I proceed,  
 For my last strife, with Maximilian !—  
 It is resolved.—He who would gain a world,  
 May give away a kingdom even in alms.  
 Sigeth must yield—But how ?—No matter !—*Mine*  
 It must be ! for on *this*,—itself so poor,—  
 Depends a jewel of unbounded worth !

The result of this deliberation is, that Soliman immediately dispatches his Grand Vizier to Zriny, offering magnificent bribes, if he will surrender, and threatening the most horrible cruelties should the Hungarians persist in refusal. This is followed by some dialogues of consultation, in the Castle of Sigeth, between Zriny and Lorenzo, Alapi, Paprutowitch, &c. concluding with a determination, on

the part of the Hungarian Chief, to set fire to the town of Sigeth, which he finds himself no longer able to defend. For this purpose he instructs his officers to have fire-brands and pitch-balls in readiness, to begin instantly, on his command, the work of devastation.—His attendants then withdraw ;—and the soliloquy of Zriny must not be omitted :—

*Zriny. (Alone. He looks out at the window.)*

There lies the hapless town—A dream of peace  
 Yet hovers o'er its walls, as in compassion !  
 The cannon's roar hath ceased ; and of the strife  
 Both friend and foe seem wearied. Quietness  
 Reigns in the streets ; and every one, as wont,  
 Goes to his home. They close their doors again,—  
 And little think it is for the last time,—  
 That for them dawns no morrow,—that the lightning,  
 Which all their soothing visions must dissolve,  
 Already trembles in the pregnant cloud,  
 Waiting Fate's wrathful hand to hurl it down !—  
 But, all their earthly hopes must I destroy ?  
 Has Heaven of these poor townsmen unto me  
 The fortunes trusted ?—and must I thus crush them ?—  
 Dare I thus cast away so many lives ?  
*My own* I could upon the walls expose ;  
 Even sacrifice my wife,—my child,—my friend,—  
 For they have interwin'd their fates with mine,  
 And must without one stain of guilt expire.  
 But these poor townsmen,—can I be to them  
 The messenger of death, and devastate  
 What may not be renew'd ?—(*A pause.*)—Yet, how is this ?  
 What means this mood of sadness, or these tears ?—  
 Zriny, thy country here demands thy service,—  
 On the heart's impulse and compassion now  
 It is no time to dwell !—

The hero's meditations are here interrupted by the arrival of Soliman's ambassador, with whom the dialogue

that ensues we think highly effective, and we shall therefore insert it :—

*Captain.* Here is the Turkish Prince.

*Zriny.* I am alone—

Let him appear !



(Mehmed enters.)

How's this?—The Grand Vizier?  
Sokolowitch?—Your Emperor has indeed  
Some object of importance, when he sends  
A messenger so noble.

*Mehm.* Solyman,

Our Emperor, offers you his special favour;  
And in return demands of the Hungarians,  
(Who wage with us a vain unequal war)  
That they to him yield up the citadel.  
Our Emperor honours your heroic courage,  
And fain indeed would have you for a friend:  
Therefore, to all conditions that may fall  
Within the bounds of reason and his power,  
He will agree,—if you deliver up  
Without delay the fortress,—but if *this*  
Shall not be granted, murder is the watchword!—  
All prisoners shall be hurried to the block—

*Zriny.* If this indeed is all thine embassy,  
Thy labour, Mehmed, might have well been spared.—  
*I am a Zriny!*—bear this for mine answer.  
And, if thine Emperor, as thou say'st, in me  
Honours true courage, let him not expect  
From the same heart desertion base, and treachery.  
How he may riot when he storms the town,  
That let him answer at an high tribunal;  
*I but fulfill my duty!*

*Mehm.* Wert thou, Zriny,

A soldier only, this were well—but thou  
Art more,—thou art an husband and a father!  
Oh, then reflect, ere yet it is too late:  
Our Emperor's rage will spare not wife nor daughter—  
Nay, he has sworn, if thou wilt not surrender,  
To give them up a prize unto his slaves.—  
Thou in the strife wilt perish like an hero;—  
But think of those, who are most dear to thee;—  
Their fate I shudder, even in dreams to view!—  
Think of these tender beings to the rage  
Of the rude people, shamefully resign'd.

*Zriny.* Vizier! Thou art a painter, amply skill'd  
To freeze the currents of a coward's heart.—

*Mehm.* Oh, yet be counsel'd, Zriny!

*Zriny.* Mean soul'd Turk,—

Thou know'st not what thou say'st,—know'st not the women  
Whom thou essay'st to plead for; nor conceiv'st  
The sense of honour that heaves high within  
Their tender bosoms.—Let thy slaves rejoice  
Their mean hearts in the sacrifice;—but know,  
These women, Mehmed, are *my* wife and daughter,  
And both, when duty calls, can bravely die!—

*Mehm.* Much unto Solyman doth it import,  
Sigeth to win.—This, by his proffers now,  
Thou canst well guess.—Croatia shall be thine;—  
There shalt thou reign as monarch; and the land  
Transmit unto thine heirs;—and whatsoever  
Of treasure thou demand'st, awaits thee too.—  
As friend and brother, Solyman, henceforth,  
Will to the height of dignities conduct you—

*Zriny.* Fye on you, Mehmed! 'Gainst the untarnish'd fame  
Of Nicholas Zriny, offer'st thou such insult?  
Say to your master,—All the crowns on earth  
Are valueless, in a Hungarian's eyes,

When against honour weigh'd.—He may indeed !  
Our fortress storm, and triumph o'er our lives,—  
But for our honour,—*that* defies his power—  
So far the scourge of no Grand Signior reaches.

*Mehm.* Hard-hearted man !—If nothing less will move you,  
Hear my last words, and tremble.—Know,—thy son  
Was on an outward sally brought to us—  
He is our prisoner.—If thou wilt not yield,  
Our Emperor has sworn to invent new torments,  
Such as the fiends in hell are doom'd to suffer ;  
And limb from limb, tearing the hapless youth,  
His father's proud resistance to revenge ! \*

*Zriny.* My son ! dear George ! Oh, Fate, thy blows are heavy !

*Mehm.* Resolve in haste—His executioners  
Are now prepar'd.

*Zriny.* Resolve ?—I *have* resolv'd !—  
Torment him ! martyr him !—and limb from limb,  
With red-hot pincers tear him,—George was mine !—  
He was my son ;—and like an hero too  
He will know how to die !—

(*Calling at the door.*)

What ! ho, Lorenzo !

Now light the firebrands ! (*Returning.*)

All that I implor'd  
Of Heaven was, that my son might, in his fall,  
Prove himself not unworthy of his father.—  
My pray'rs are heard—Beneath your torturing hands,  
For the true faith, and for his native land,  
He dies a martyr !—I am satisfied !—

(*Calling as before.*)

Now fire the houses ! Let the fierce flames rage !—(*Returning.*)  
Ask him, in his worst torments, if he then  
Would, to gain life, barter his father's honour ?—  
Ay, put the question—and by Heaven, my son  
Will answer, " No,"—and die !—

*Mehm.* My soul indeed !  
Before such greatness bends.—

*Zriny.* Believe not, Mehmed,  
That even the humblest of my soldiers here,  
Feels not as I do.—Think not that my wife,  
Or daughter, would a different language hold,  
From that which I have used.—I, as a man,  
And they as tender women—From themselves  
Thou shalt now hear the truth.—(*Calling.*)

Helena !—Eva !

Lorenzo ! Alapi !—Come all at once,  
And solemnize our victory !

The two ladies, and afterwards Lorenzo, Paprutowitch, and other officers,  
enter hastily on both sides of the stage ; and this third act is wound up with  
the following scene.

*Eva.* What wouldst thou, Zriny ?—Wherefore art thou thus  
Rejoiced ?

*Alasi.* What news, my friend ?—How thine eyes gleam !

*Zriny.* Now, hear *themselves* !—My friends, convince I pray you  
The doubting heart of this ambassador,  
That you have all, with free unbiass'd will,

\* *This*, it may be proper to notice, was but a *ruse de guerre*—a falsehood invented  
by Solymán.

Determined for your country's sake to meet  
The horrors of the battle and of death !

*The Soldiers.* Of our own choice and will—we all have sworn !

*Zriny.* Say to him, women, (for this too he doubts,)  
That you are firm enough unto the sword  
Your unprotected bosoms to resign,

When honour and our holy faith command you !

*Eva.* Even to destruction will I follow thee !

*Helena.* The hero's bride shall with the hero die !

*Zriny.* (*Opening his arms.*) Come to my heart ! Oh, Heaven, how  
rich I am ! (*The three form a groupe.*)

Through the window of the back scene are now visible the splendours of the  
conflagration.

*Paprutowitch.* There flew the fire-brands—Now the flames aspire !  
Already from all corners they break forth.

*Zriny.* Sokolowitch ! now go, and tell thy master,  
How thou hast here found Zriny and his people !  
Tell him that all our hearts are thus united.—

Yef, ere thou measurest back thy way, the town  
In flames will have announced to him already  
That Zriny is no trifier,—that he holds

His honour dearer than a regal crown,—

And duty to his country cherishes,

More than paternal love ;—that he will stand

Firm at his post, till death's dark night descends.—

Now for the new attack !—Storm on !—For battle

We are prepared,—but living shall no man

Be captured—no—nor woman !—and, at last,

These falling towers shall be our sepulchre !

The genius of Körner was so fertile, and his tragedies are so long, that the task of selection here becomes especially difficult. The fourth act, at which we have now arrived, is, perhaps, the best in the play ; and yet we must hurry through it, in order to leave room for the fifth.—This fourth act exhibits the storming of the castle,—the repulse of the Turks,—the death of Solyman,—the final arrangements of Zriny, whose forces are reduced to six hundred men, and who, with his fortress already in flames, and all his stores exhausted, finds, that, on a fresh attack, utter destruction will be inevitable.—The consultations between the Chieftain, Eva, Helena, and Lorenzo, in the vaults beneath the castle, which conclude this act, are indeed poetical and affecting in the highest de-

gree ; but they are too long for transcription.—It is proper to observe, that in these dialogues Zriny tries every method of persuasion to induce his wife and daughter to save themselves by flight, through a subterraneous passage, which would conduct them from the vaults to the sea shore ; but they persist, with inflexible constancy, in refusal, and all agree to perish, though yet ignorant of the precise modes in which their several deaths may at last be accomplished. Before proceeding to our promised version of the fifth act, however, we must make room for three short scenes, containing the death of the Emperor Solyman ; in whom Körner (like Müllner with his hero Jugurd) probably has embodied some of his own visions regarding the character of Bonaparte.

*Solyman, Levi, Mustapha.*—(*Continued noise of battle.*)

*Solyman.* Support me, Levi, or I faint ! Oh, Heaven,  
Let me not die before the crescent banner  
Is gleaming on these ramparts ! Oh for this  
Let me yet live !

*Mehm.* My Lord and Emperor,  
Command your life and strength. Nature herself  
Is wont to obey you.

*Solym.* Nay, Death scorns me now—  
 Even like the brave Hungarian Chief.—Ha!—there!  
 Heard you the long'd-for shouts of victory?  
 Mehmed, that was my darling song,—sweet music,—  
 That from a thousand battles thundering rose  
 To greet me!—Yet once more, ere in the grave  
 I rest, that song of triumph must be heard!  
*This once*,—oh Fortune, yet obey thy master!

*Mehm.* Are there yet secret sorrows on your heart?  
 Trust them, I pray you, to a faithful servant;  
 Make me the heir of all your worldly cares.

*Solym.* If I had cares or sorrows, could I then  
 Deserve the name of hero?—I have fought,—  
 Revell'd,—and conquer'd. Moments have I purchased  
 With streams of blood; and in those moments drank  
 The full cup of enjoyment! Through the world  
 My warlike deeds have fear and trembling spread,—  
 Defied the censures of posterity,—  
 And storm'd the fortress of eternal fame!  
 That I have march'd o'er mangled carcases,  
 And ruin'd towers,—and millions have to death  
 Reckless devoted;—*this* the grovelling worm  
 That crawl'd beneath me to the world may tell!  
 Such voices will decay—Greatness alone  
 Fades never,—but from age to age will triumph!  
 Build but the temple of your name on high;  
 Found it on sacrifices,—mangled limbs,—  
 On hate or love,—build but *on high*,—the waves  
 Of time will overflow your life—the mountain  
 Is cover'd then,—only the temple stands  
 In proud magnificence gleaming afar!  
 'There, blazon'd in bright letters, is your name!  
 Posterity will praise you, and forget  
 The ground whercon its golden pillars rose!  
*Levi.* Yet spare your strength, my liege! Oh spare it! Words  
 Exhaust you. But repose, perchance, if Heaven  
 Vouchsafe a miracle, might yet restore you.  
*Solym.* These words I do forgive thy long-tried service.  
 Oh, fool, to think that whosoe'er has lived  
 As I have done, would in a dream of peace  
 Sigh his last breath away! Nay, life itself  
 Is nought to me, without high deeds, to rouse  
 The slumbering energies, which dull repose  
 Chains up and kills. He only lives who acts!  
 Thus will I live, nor till death comes—will die!

From mere want of room, we must omit one scene, where Solymán is told that the Hungarians fight like demons rather than men,—that each in his own frame has the strength of a whole troop, and that his janissaries refuse to continue the attack, to which he replies,—

Then hunt them on with dogs—  
 Goad them with pitchforks up the walls—and fill  
 Trenches with fire behind them—Shoot them dead,  
 If they refuse to storm! Sigeth must fall,  
 If standing on a pile of carcases  
 That once were half mine army—all the rest  
 I should to hell devote!—Sigeth *must* fall!—  
 Storm on!—Few moments now are left me here—  
 And mid the thunders of our victory,  
 I shall from life depart!—

## SCENE III.

ZRINY, SCHERENK, (*with the Sabres.*)

Here are the sabres, noble sir—Now choose.

*Zriny.* Well do I know *this*—In the battle field  
At Pesté 'twas to fame devoted first.—  
It is, methinks, too cumbrous now and heavy—  
I must choose lighter arms.—*This* too I know,  
It did brave work at Esseg, and obtain'd  
Mine Emperor's thanks and favour ; but it seems  
Too plain and simple for this holiday.—  
Hold ! *This* is right—*Here* shall I fix at last.  
This sabre from my father I received  
Before Vienna. It has won for me  
Mine earliest honours, and shall serve me now  
To gain my last.—Thou tried, and faithful blade,  
How dark soe'er the fate that threatens us,  
Never shall I resign thee ! Thus I lay  
My hand upon thine iron—thus I swear,—  
*Living* I shall not yield : nor e'er be led  
Captive, in mockery through the camp.—May Heaven,  
As I shall hold mine oath, save or renounce me !

*Scher.* The coat of mail—

*Zriny.* I'll have no coat of mail—  
But offer to the foe my guardless breast.  
What boots it that the frame is cas'd in steel,  
If death is all that I demand ?—Away !  
I'll wear none ; but, lightly thus attired  
As for a battle, I shall march to battle ;  
Dauntless look Death in his grim countenance,  
And rapidly fulfil my task. By Heaven !  
The foe that takes my life at last must pay  
No common price.

*Scher.* Here are the hundred guildres,  
As you commanded, and the key.

*Zriny.* 'Tis well.

The pagan dogs shall not complain at last,  
That Zriny's corse has not been worth the plundering.  
These, and the key, I wear here in my girdle,  
As it becomes a faithful Castellan.  
These no one shall, by Heaven, e'er wrest from me.  
Ere Death has mined his way into my heart,  
And dash'd life's gates asunder !

## SCENE IV.

*Zriny, Scherenk, Eva, Helena.*

*Zriny.* You are resolved and tranquil now ?

*Eva.* I am.

I have now reconciled my soul with heaven,  
And for dismissal wait.

*Zriny.* And thou, Helena ?

*Helena.* That which my mother has consoled, on me  
Has also shed its balm. The clouds of grief  
Have clear'd away ; and I am all prepared,  
When thou command'st, before Heaven's throne to appear.

*Zriny.* 'Tis well. Be then these fleeting moments given  
To confidential interchange of thought.  
My dearest Eva, let me thank thee now,  
For all the blessings I have owed to thee—  
Full many a day thy presence has illumed,  
And many an hour with pleasure thou hast wing'd.

Our mutual vows pledged at the holy altar,  
Nobly hast thou fulfill'd,—with changeless love,  
Strife and affliction aided me to bear,—  
And many a spring-flower, willingly resign'd,  
Which my life's stormy waves denied to thee.—  
For this may Heaven reward you !

*Eva.* Dearest Zriny,  
Thou hast a thousand times rewarded all  
That I have done, even by the faithful love  
Of such a noble heart—Even with the moment,  
When first that treasure thou bestow'dst on me,  
I could have gladly died.—But how is this ?  
You wear a festal garment !

*Zriny.* Know'st thou then  
This dress ?

*Eva.* Could I forget it ? Thus array'd,  
You met me at the altar, and thus look'd  
When first your loving arms embraced your bride.

*Zriny.* In this attire I went, that happy morn,  
Unto the brightest festival ; and now  
I chose it, when in life's last closing hour,  
I go to win my noblest victory !

Death to our second wedding here invites us—  
Come, Eva, let us now maintain our vows !

*Eva.* Ah, dearest Zriny, giddiness assails me,  
When my soul strives to win a height like thine.

*Helena.* Oh, father ! mother ! has this earth e'er borne  
A nobler pair ? Two souls of joy more worthy ?  
And you must die !—Fate thus indeed would rob  
Life of its pride and choicest ornament—  
And yet this world deserves not to possess you,  
If all its blessings are to you not granted.

*Zriny.* Oh, blame not fate, Helena ! Rather thank  
Its fatherly protection, that to us  
Has thus allow'd, by searching fire, to prove  
The pure gold of the heart ! Virtue, indeed,  
With calm prosperity is seldom join'd.  
In chill Misfortune's clime all nobleness  
And greatness ripen—From her arms of old  
Came forth the famed unconquerable hands,  
Pride even of all the world,—gigantic forms,  
That through the mist of ages we recall.—  
Where stern Adversity inspired the soul,—  
There power resistless woke, and for itself  
Fashion'd a path to all before unknown.  
Thus with the immortal stars their glory twines ;  
An atom spreads forth to infinity—  
And that which else had perish'd, is eternal.—  
The moment now is come ; the sacrifice  
To death begins—Yet tell me, where shall I  
Meet thee, and how ?

*Eva.* There, Zriny, there in Heaven,  
And not of thee unworthy.—Have no care  
Nor thought for me—My resolution now  
Is ripe and firm ; but with our parting kiss  
Shalt thou first know how much a woman dares !

*Zriny.* But for our daughter—for Helena—

*Helena.* Fear not !

Soon shall I hover up from earth to meet you !  
Nay, I shall be there earliest—My Lorenzo  
Will not the last kiss to his bride refuse.

## SCENE V.

ZRINY, EVA, HELENA, LORENZO, PAPRUTOWITCH, ALAPI, &c.

*Lorenzo.* For the last time, arm'd, you behold us here.—  
Lightly, and without mail, as you commanded,  
Our guardless hearts are to their daggers open.

*Paprutowitch.* Your faithful bands are in the court assembled,  
And long for your last greeting, and to meet  
Death for their country, and their holy faith.

*Alapi.* A fugitive, who from the enemy's camp  
Escaped by night, has brought intelligence  
That Gyula now is fallen,—for Keretschin  
Has traitorously resign'd it to the foe.—

*Zriny.* Curse on his treachery to his emperor !—  
Rouse, brethren, rouse !—and, from Hungaria's oak,  
Let our sharp swords erase the caitiff's name,  
And guard our old heroic tree !—

*Officers.* On !—on !—  
We follow thee !—We all maintain our oath !—

*Helena.* Oh, father—yet your blessing on your children !—

*Zriny.* Ay—take my richest blessing—not for life,—  
But gladly do I bless the sacrifice,  
For honour—liberty—our holy faith—  
And native land.—Let the death-angel now  
Unite your hands.—We all shall meet again  
With the next morning's dawn,—whose dazzling light  
Fades never !—Those who truly loved on earth  
Have there their home,—and wreaths of glory twine  
Their beamy blossoms round pure souls that here  
With true devotion glow'd.—

(*A pause. Trumpets, and shouting without.*)

*Alapi.* Hear how they shout !  
Your faithful people call you.

*Zriny.* Be it so !—

Come, let me now, for the last time on earth,  
Salute my chosen heroes. Then away !—

We are prepared for death !— \* \* \* \*

(*Exeunt all but Lorenzo and Helena.*)

## SCENE VI.

HELENA. LORENZO.

(*A pause, while they silently embrace.*)

*Lorenzo.* Yet one kiss—and let me depart !—

*Helena.* Not so !—

We part not thus, Lorenzo. Would'st thou leave  
Thy bride 'mid all the terrors of this hour ?—  
Must I from drunken Janissaries beg  
The boon of death ?—Shall some fierce stranger's hand  
Guide to my heart the dagger,—merciless  
Rending that bosom, wherein every vein  
That vibrates,—every pulse that beats,—to thee  
Alone has been devoted ?—Heard you not  
My father's words ?—" Let the death-angel join  
Your hands"—and will you scorn his last command ?—  
No, no, Lorenzo ! Be it thine to strike  
The dagger to my heart—and with thy kiss  
Receive my parting soul !—

*Lorenzo.* Oh, Heaven ! what would'st thou ?—

*Helena.* I ask no more than even the trembling hand  
Of a weak girl would not refuse to thee,  
If wounded here you lay—and could no more  
Seek death in open field. But you, perchance,  
Shrink from the task of executioner.  
I would myself, even without faltering, seize  
The dagger, and at once unite our souls.

*Lorenzo.* I should kill thee?—No—no!—I cannot.—Death  
Oftimes has thunder'd round me, and my friends  
Have fall'n in multitudes—Nay, once I stood  
O'er my departed father's corse, nor blench'd  
Nor trembled then, but thirsting for revenge,  
Threw myself 'mid the enemy's murderous crowd—  
But to break now this beauteous rose!—The storm  
Tears up the towering beech and gnarled oak—  
But leaves unhurt the tender flowers.—O'er them  
Its thunder sinks even to the zephyr's sigh—  
And shall I fiercer than the raging storm,  
Life's brightest vernal garland thus destroy?—  
More cruel than the reckless elements  
That blossom break, whereon the hand of Fate  
Yet ventures not?—No, no!—It may not be!—

*Helena.* Nay, nay, Lorenzo!—If thy cherish'd vows  
Are not all scatter'd to the wind—By all  
That is on earth most sacred—Innocence—  
Love—Liberty—our native land—and Heaven,—  
I do conjure you—Oh, Lorenzo! kill me!  
There in the realms of light, we meet again—  
There shall I reach to thee the palm-tree wreath—  
Now, if thou lov'st me—thou can'st not refuse!  
Death is mine only refuge!—Could'st thou bear  
That, 'mid the Turkish Emperor's slaves, thy bride  
Should be degraded?—Is not shame to me  
Far worse than death?—Shall violence—

*Lorenzo.* Hold—no more!—  
It shall be done—

(*About to stab her.*)

*Helena.* Nay—dearest—yet not so!—  
Not in the storm of passion.—Tranquilly  
And calmly sheathe thy dagger in my heart,  
And open to my soul its path to Heaven!—  
Embrace me!—Oh how happy now I am!  
The veil is torn—all now is clear before me!  
The light of a new morn illumines my heart!  
Therefore, oh kill me!—From my pale lips kiss  
My soul away!

*Lorenzo.* There—shall we meet—in heaven?

*Helena.* There I am thine for ever!

*Lorenzo.* And wilt thou  
Look down thence on Lorenzo?

*Helena.* Stay not long—  
Your bride will call you.

*Lorenzo.* If my brethren, too,  
And Death should call?

*Helena.* Then, like an hero die—  
And triumph!—I will, smiling, haste to meet you.

*Lorenzo.* Then take—this kiss—The realms of heaven receive you!  
(*He stabs her.*)

*Helena.* Thank you—oh thank you for this sweet, sweet death!  
Let me not wait too long—Yet this one kiss—  
And now my soul departs.  
(*She dies.*)



*Lorenzo.* Farewell—farewell—

My lovely bride!

Hark how they call! I come!

(*Drums, &c. without.*)

I come!—Thus, weeping, I deposit here  
Thy mortal frame. This ample sepulchre

(*Lays the body in a niche of the vault.*)

Will guard thy sacred dust.—And now away!  
Where Strife and Murder through the lurid cloud  
Of battle shed their horrors—welcome Death!  
Thou bear'st me to Helena,—to my bride,—  
And at thy first call let me die!—

SCENE VII.

*The Court of the Castle.*

*Zriny, ALAPI, PAPUDOWITCH, EVA, (with a burning torch.)*  
*Hungarian Soldiers, (with banners, &c.)*

*Zriny.* For the last time thus I address my friends,—  
First thank you all for that brave constancy  
Wherewith you have sustain'd this final conflict.  
With cheerful and free heart, I can affirm,  
Never was traitor found among my people!  
We all fulfill'd our vows—Most have already  
Boldly before us trod the path of death,  
And wait in Heaven for their victorious brethren.—  
Not even one heart—(this is my pride and boast)  
Beats in the circle here, that would not gladly  
Spend his last life-blood for the rightful cause—  
His Emperor's will—his country—and his faith—  
Therefore I thank you—and may Heaven reward you!  
Now we have but to die.—The enemy's power  
That overmatches us an hundred fold  
We have repulsed,—and slain their men in thousands!  
Death o'er their pride has revell'd—Solyman  
Has twenty thousand of his choicest men,  
With many a prince, left dead before this fortress—  
Yet other enemies opposed us here,  
That mortal energies may not resist.  
They have dug mines even through this rocky steep,—  
Our castle's walls are shatter'd—fire-brands fierce,  
And pitch-balls, spread their devastation round us.  
But, fearfullest of all, now hunger wastes  
The weary soldiers—scarcely for this day  
Could our provisions serve,—and we *must* die,—  
For not one heart among us e'er has thought  
Of yielding. That all here unite with me,  
Full well I know—Therefore away!

(*Drums, &c. without.*)

To death

The voice of battle calls.—Or shall the flames  
Consume us here—or hunger?—No, like men  
We shall contend with fate—and on the foe  
Flash from our eyes the fire of dauntless courage—  
And for each drop of blood, even to the last,  
An enemy's life must compensate.—Away!  
Never till laid amid the slain, that he  
To death hath sent before him, finds the hero  
His bed of rest. Whoe'er as we have done  
Maintains his vows, and for his holy faith  
And country falls—henceforth in every heart  
Is cherish'd, and thus—immortality

Gains even on earth, whence he has fought his way  
To realms of everlasting joy.

*Officers and Soldiers.* Lead on!—  
Lead on!—We follow thee—We are prepared!—

## SCENE VIII.

ZRINY, &c. (*as before.*) LORENZO enters.

*Zriny.* Where is Helena now?

*Lorenzo.* At home—in Heaven!—  
With angels, twining everlasting wreaths  
To crown us. But let her not wait too long—  
These were her last words. The death-angel now  
Has join'd our hands. On—on! Keep me not from her!

*Zriny.* (*To Eva.*) Now, dearest wife—our parting kiss—But say,  
How wilt thou perish?

*Eva.* There upon the rampart,  
I watch the combat—and may Heaven inspire  
Strength to fulfil my purpose!

*Zriny.* What if you  
Behold your friends o'erpower'd and slain?

*Eva.* This torch  
Then flies into the powder magazine.  
In ruins only shall our Sigeth yield.

*Zriny.* Die then, heroic woman—death to thee  
Is everlasting joy!

(*Tumult without.*)

Hear how the storm  
Rages already—Welcome, death! I know  
Thy summons. Here, Lorenzo, take this banner—  
Your bride awaits you—therefore lead the way—  
I follow next—then you (*to Paprut.*) and you, Alapi,—  
How!—tears, old friend?

*Alapi.* Nay, they are tears of joy,  
A death so noble with such friends to die.  
Never to loftier fame had I aspired!

*Lorenzo.* (*Spreading the banner.*)  
The banner waves!

*Zriny.* Now shall our eagles conquer—  
Farewell, oh world! Farewell! (*to Eva.*)  
Farewell! (*to Alapi and Paprut.*)

Once more  
Give me your hands! Now, trumpets, sound a triumph!—  
(*Trumpets sound.*)

On—on! We meet again—Death—death is now  
The battle cry—Death for our faith and country!

*All.* Death—Death—for Heaven and for our native land!—  
We follow thee! (*Exeunt.*)

The ninth and last scene changes to a part of the old castle already in flames. In the back ground, the new castle, with the draw-bridge up—Trumpets, drums, and shouts of the Turkish army in their new attack. The draw-bridge is let down—two shots are fired from the gate, and through the smoke the Hungarians make their appearance—Lorenzo comes first—then Zriny and

his officers—A desperate conflict. Eva appears with the burning torch on the rampart. Lorenzo falls first—Zriny steps over his body—and vehemently continues the fight. At length he falls also. Eva then flings the torch. A frightful explosion. The new castle is blown into fragments, and the curtain abruptly falls.

## LORD CARBERY'S LETTER ON THE LATE CORK COUNTY MEETING.

WE have just received, from an Irish agent, a little pamphlet,\* on a local subject, by Lord Carbery, one of the few resident noblemen of Ireland. It is a letter, written to a gentleman of the county of Cork, respecting a meeting of that great county to address the King. We received it so late in the month, that we have room but for few prefatory observations; and shall only premise to our extracts, that, in consequence of a requisition, signed by a vast number of the nobles and gentry of Cork, (though we learn from the pamphlet, that it was hastily got up, and without the due co-operation of many who would have supported it,) a meeting was convened by the High Sheriff, at which, after some opposition too contemptible for notice, a loyal address was carried by an immense majority. A counter meeting was subsequently held, consisting of the lowest rabble of the city, and some half-dozen unfortunate gentlemen fishing for dirty popularity, where they passed a counter address, which they styled the address of the nobility, gentry, clergy, and freeholders of the county, though hardly ten gentry or forty freeholders were present, and not one noble or clergyman at all. This veracious document is under the patronage of that enlightened gentleman Mr W. Becher, member for Mallow, who attended the county meeting, and cut as admirable a figure there, in opposing the loyal address, as he does in Parliament, when his superiors allow him to open his mouth and oppose Ministers. His speech in the county court of Cork, like those in St Stephen's, literally, we are informed,

Snapt in the middle,

Like Hudibras' tale of the bear and the fiddle.†

But as our readers will hardly feel much interested in the local politics of Cork, and as we confess we are not very deeply read in them, we need not enlarge upon this subject. We notice the pamphlet, to express our heart-felt satisfaction at the sentiments it con-

tains, and the picture it draws of the present feeling of Ireland upon vital questions. We have here, from the highest testimony—a resident nobleman, who has taken an active share in every thing regarding the interests of the part of Ireland which he inhabits—a nobleman of enlightened mind and sound principles, who has every opportunity of knowing the feelings of his countrymen, and of rightly appreciating them,—an assurance that the agents of revolution have no chance of succeeding in Ireland; while a paltry scribbler in the last Edinburgh Review, who knows nothing of the country, but through the second-hand medium of books of no authority whatever, gives us as *his* opinion, that Ireland would not be tenable without the application of the firelock to the breasts of its inhabitants. To whom greater credit is due, we need hardly say. The behaviour of Ireland, during the late agitations in this island, affords indeed a strong contrast to its former turbulence. In spite of every effort of sedition, the voice of loyalty burst from almost every quarter of the country, drowning the wretched cry of disaffection wherever it was attempted to be raised. Such we trust will be the future character of Ireland; and we hope that the honourable sentiments, so eloquently put forth by Lord Carbery, will actuate the conduct of those to whom that country looks for guidance and information.

"In ordinary times it may, perhaps, be enough for men to rest in the private exercise of their own duties, and to content themselves with setting a good example to those around them; such an example may have a sufficiently powerful effect, when no effort is making, or no arts are employed to counteract it. But in the times we live, the case is far otherwise; it is not enough that each of us, at our fireside, in the little circle of our friends, when we open the public prints of the day, and see horrid blasphemy in one column, and rank sedition in another;

\* A Letter from Lord Carbery to Thomas Newenham, of Coolmore, Esq. on the subject of the late County Meeting. Cork; Edwards and Savage. 1821. pp. 20.

† *Horæ Scandicæ*, No. II.

it is not then, I say, enough that we reprobate such abominable doctrines, while, in every little village and ale-house, the insidious poison is infusing itself into the minds of our tenants and neighbours, through the columns of some Radical newspaper, or the cheapened pages of those impious tracts which are circulated by desperate and designing men, for the most iniquitous purposes. It may perhaps be said, that this is the duty of the ministers of religion, (and here let me say, when I speak of religion, I mean the Christian religion generally, under all its forms of worship,) and that the laity have no concern in it. I am ready to acknowledge, that the clergy of all denominations in Ireland are vigilant pastors,—that they generally fulfil their duty with zeal and activity; but I am confident there is not one of them who would not be most grateful for any assistance that we could lend, either by our precepts or our example.

“These are times of universal and severe distress, aggravated in this country by local circumstances—failure of banks\* and redundant population. The scarcity of money has thrown thousands out of employment; poverty and want make a fine preparation for the seeds of Revolution; and, if morality and religion are not active in pulling up every germ of it as it appears, it will soon strike its roots so deep, and spread so fast, that it will smother every wholesome plant, and in a short time convert the fruitful field into a barren wilderness.

“The revolutionary spirit is abroad on the earth; our own empire is almost the only one remaining in Europe, that has altogether escaped its bloody fury; and, in my conscience, I believe that it is in a great measure owing to the general influence of religion over our people, that, under God's providence, it has hitherto escaped; and that, if ever we suffer their minds to be contaminated by those detestable doctrines which the demons of discord are endeavouring to propagate, the bloody tragedy that was acted in France will be repeated here. In what did the French revolution originate? was it the work of an hour, or a year, or the

paroxysm of momentary phrenzy? By no means; it was foreseen and predicted, ay, half a century before it took place! It had its origin in the impious writings of the French wits and talented men, who abused those gifts which their maker had bestowed upon them, railed at a religion that would curb their vices, ridiculed and denied the divine precepts of the Gospel, attempting to supply its place with their own flimsy presumptuous systems; they courted the patronage of the great by the corrupt doctrines of a compromising morality, that administered to, rather than restrained their vices, and easily obtained votaries among the lower orders by the palliation of crime, and in time utterly destroyed every principle of religion and morality founded on divine revelation. They pulled down the Cross, and their disciples erected the Guillotine.

“We should not rest ourselves in the consolation that none of those diabolical doctrines have yet found their way to our shores,—that neither sedition nor infidelity exist in Ireland. It is high time for us to be upon our guard, when they have appeared in England—“*proximus ardet Ucalegon*,” and when men whose rank, education, talents, and, I trust, religious principles, in reality and sincerity abhor them, have, at the hazard of every thing that is dear to man, here and hereafter, countenanced and protected their wicked authors, for the paltry purpose of promoting their own political aggrandizement. We are now, since the Union, more than ever an integral part of the British empire, and are as well entitled, and as much called upon to address the Throne on subjects of imperial concern, no matter in which country they occur, as Devonshire or Yorkshire.

“It is moreover essential, that these revolutionary gentry should know, that they are to expect no proselytes in this country,—that we are a loyal, peaceable, and religious people; and that the doctrines of Voltaire or Rousseau, of Mirabeau or Condorcet, of Paine or Hunt, of Wooller or Carlisle, will find no disciples amongst us.

“I feel as much as any man for the

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\* Since last May, every bank south of Dublin, with the exception of four, has failed; great commercial distress has in consequence been felt in Ireland, and the deficiency of the revenue of that country is mainly attributable to that circumstance.

distresses of my country; and as I cannot boast that I am myself exempt from their pressure, it is only a fellow-feeling; but how slight are they, in comparison of all those calamities which sedition and infidelity would bring in their train! When man is once divested of all the principles of religion and morality, he becomes the greatest monster in the creation. '*Quid leges sine moribus vanae proficiunt*,' there is no longer any controul over his lusts, his ambition, or his avarice,—he is the slave of his passions, the enemy and destroyer of peace, virtue, and social order. Can we then be too strong in our reprobation of those who would bring such calamities upon us? Can we be too vigilant in guarding against their approaches? If we once suffer them to get footing among us, it may be then too late to oppose them." P. 9—13.

Nothing will tend to keep off the unhallowed invasion of those messengers of evil, so much as the presence of such men as Lord Carbery among their tenantry. No circumstance has been

productive of so many unhappy consequences to Ireland, as the non-residence of her nobility and gentry. Deprived of the guidance of their natural leaders, and left to the management of agents and underlings, by whom they were often oppressed, and whom they almost always despised, the moral culture of her people had been for the most part utterly neglected; but we trust that a better order of things is gradually arising,—that the diffusion of education will be attended by its usual blessings,—that it will fill the country with a population more harmonized to that of the sister island, and more amenable to the laws,—and that the lords of the land, no longer terrified by turbulence, or disgusted by ignorance, of both which they by their neglect have been in a great measure the cause, will consult their own interest, and that of the country, by living among their people, cheering them by the diffusion of their wealth, and directing them by the example of their loyalty.

#### STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE WHIGS.

It is long since the whigs have made so keen a struggle for power as that of which we have lately witnessed the ardour, and already seen, we believe, the termination. The motive to this unwonted alacrity is obvious. The casual excitement and delusion of those whom the Opposition find it convenient to denominate "the people," was the sole and most questionable occasion of all this factious bustle—and, so soon as the popular fever has passed away, we have no doubt that these great patriots will sink again into their accustomed slumber. Nothing, indeed, could have been more drowsy and ineffective than their course of existence for many years. Although they continued to retain the style and title of a parliamentary opposition, yet, for all useful purposes, they had ceased, in a great measure, politically to exist. They were rarely heard, indeed, in their occasional and tremulous carplings at the measures of administration—they said something despairingly two or three times in a session about corruption, servitude, and approaching ruin—but the whole fire and efficacy of their resistance had vanished,—and so despe-

rate did their case appear, that a general belief had gone abroad that some of their most distinguished leaders, yielding to the claim of their declining years, had determined to withdraw from an arena which had been to them only a scene of disappointment. The labouring oar had been grasped by the ruder hands of a few radical champions—and the public gaze had for some time been fixed in ineffable scorn and abhorrence upon their proceedings, to the exclusion of the superseded and forgotten whigs. But suddenly the scene has been changed—and "all the talents," recovering from their uncongenial stupor, have now resolved, it seems, to vindicate their high destiny—and to expel from that power which is rightfully theirs, the weakness and profligacy which have so long usurped it.

Great undertakings are too often exposed to much miscalculation and signal miscarriage. Modesty has never been a characteristic ornament of the whigs—and it is probable that their deep, instinctive, self-veneration has been confirmed, rather than corrected, by misfortune. A conceited man becomes more conceited still, even

in revenge of the repulses which his folly brings upon him—and what is true of individual vanity holds also in the case of its larger combinations. The whole world knows that the present opposition have again and again proclaimed themselves the wisest, wittiest, most liberal, and most intellectual of all political associations—that they claim not only a fair and handsome moiety, but entire exclusive possession of all the talent in the country,—a proud distinction, which is shared, too, by the meanest limb of the body whiggish, and freely descends to its most abject functionaries. No wonder, then, that persons thus constituted, in point of self-complacency, should be prepared for every bold and decisive enterprize—and the only cause of surprise must be that men, so consciously and highly gifted, should have abstained so long from vindicating their just ascendancy. But if the self-conceit of this party explains why they should have seriously made their late attempt, it will explain in some degree also, to all impartial persons, why it should so signally have failed. Very vain and confident persons are not accustomed to measure difficulties or to take into due calculation the weight of resistance they are doomed to encounter—and so it has fared with our friends the whigs, who seem to have had no just conception of their own levity and nothingness, even when borne against their opponents by the stiffest gale of popular discontent and rabble delusion.

The hopes of the opposition were undoubtedly high, whatever interpretation their disappointment may now endeavour to put upon their proceedings. The movements made by them were intended not merely as tentative, but decisive—they meant not only to sound the public feeling, but expected to force their way to office upon its already ascertained determination in their favour. We should not think it worth while to examine the real motives which have led to all this preternatural activity—or to discuss for a moment the silly question, whether so much intensity of exertion and hazard of ridicule were encountered in the pure spirit of disinterested magnanimous patriotism—were it not that the whigs, with

their usual bad taste, are constantly pressing that discussion upon the country. The motives of all men, we believe, are upon such occasions, somewhat of a mixed nature—partly selfish—partly social and patriotic—and the whigs can only make themselves ridiculous by claiming an exemption from the general law of all public exertion. It is too much, surely, that the same men should arrogate for themselves a sort of superhuman purity of motive with an absolute supremacy of talent—that to one motley and rather unpromising division of our countrymen should belong at once all the moral and intellectual excellence of the land. Do they imagine that such professions and assumptions can gain them a single convert out of the range of lunacy—or can have any other effect than to cover the whiggish cause with deep suspicion and enduring ridicule? We really think that high office and emolument *might* have temptations—subordinate, indeed, but still additional, to those of a nature purely patriotic—even to the known disinterestedness and independence of Mr Tierney himself—and we are not moved from our opinion by his most sounding disclaimers. Nay, we should not despair even of some of the demigods of our own Pantheon here, stooping from their celestial elevation, if the way were once fairly cleared for them, to mere corrupt office and its accessory advantages. The whigs cannot afford to lose much on the score of reputation for sincerity—and we should, therefore, if they would take any advice from us—seriously recommend it to them to be silent for the future on this delicate topic of disinterestedness—which cannot be named by them without recalling some unhandsome recollections; and frankly avow at once that they are afflicted in common with their fellow mortals with the ordinary human cupidity of influence and power—resting their claim to possession singly upon the greater wisdom and vigour with which, for public ends, they would exert them.

We think it every way important that the pretensions of this party should be calmly but scrupulously examined,—and that the nation should be enabled accurately to appreciate the

chances of public good which would arise from their success. The country is, in some of its lower elements, convulsed and disturbed,—and although the disease is, we believe, neither so deep nor so formidable as it has sometimes been represented, we should, of all things, wish to see it removed. The opposition tell us exultingly, that the discontent has been excited by, and is sternly and exclusively directed against the being of the present administration,—and if this be truly the case, we suppose the only remedy would be the accession of the whigs to power. The country is not yet ripe, we take it, for a radical administration,—and would not readily succumb to the vagabond supremacy of a faction which disgraces its very name. To the whigs, then, we must look in our perils and distresses,—and this, we presume, is exactly the inference which they are ambitious to deduce. Now, we think it easy to show, that the elevation of the whigs would *not* satisfy that portion of the people which is tainted with discontent,—that, in the meanwhile, it would alarm and revolt that far stronger portion on which alone reliance can be placed for repressing the projects of disaffection; and, finally, that this unhappy party have so far descended from their high place in the constitution, and mingled so dangerously with whatever is aimed at its ruin,—that they could not at present be lifted up to power without carrying with them much of the adhesive feculence which they have contracted in their descent,—and soiling, perhaps incurably, the dignity of high office, and the current of constitutional influence and power.

Every one knows the submissive assiduity with which the opposition have of late been courting the avowed disturbers of the public tranquillity,—and their reception among these sagacious anarchists is no less matter of notoriety. Many an anxious glance have they cast upon the rude workmen of revolution,—and under pretence of seducing them into the speculative manœuvres of whiggery, they have lent them much indirect and not ineffective aid in their projects. They defended the Manchester insurgents, so far, at least, as the bitterest reproach upon that exercise of power which, in all probability, prevented them from

consummating their crime, could be defence and protection. No form of tumult, or aspect of rebel array, has deterred them from advocating what they have been pleased to term the constitutional meetings of the people,—no libel, however atrocious upon the constitution or religion of their country, has impeded their exertions in support of what they injuriously misname the liberty of the press. The plotters of mischief have ever found succour, as efficient, at least, as the heartiest good-will could make it,—in the men who affect to be the guardians of the British constitution,—and the radicals know, that they can count upon the whigs in their extremest peril, and utmost outrage upon the laws. The leaning of these gracious and forgiving persons is ever in favour of the enemies of public order,—and whatever is blackest in the conduct of the latter, is sure to be palliated by some gratuitous explanation or apology from opposition. The entire gang of aspiring rebellion, know too well, that they can count on the patriotic generosity of the whigs, duly to appreciate the value of so lofty a connection,—they have the whigs enslaved, in fact, and, like other tyrants, they despise their slaves.—Of all the attacks, in prose, or verse, made upon that most assailable of all human exhibitions,—the farce at the Edinburgh Pantheon,—by far the most contemptuous and resistless has come from the great father of radicalism, Mr Cobbett, who really has more talent, we suspect, than the entire whig constellation of this metropolis.

Mr Jeffrey is reported to have said at a public meeting here, that so far from disclaiming, he rejoiced in the connection formed betwixt the whigs and radicals,—that he looked to this union as the instrument of passing the latter from the grossness of their present being, so far, at least, as the middle and purgatorial state of whiggism,—and that a chance was thus afforded of their being ultimately translated even to the paradise of the tories. This was well enough in Mr Jeffrey's light and jocular strain,—but if he truly meant to announce under this a grave expectation, we would advise him to turn to Cobbett's strictures on the Pantheon meeting,—in the course of which, by the way, that noted person has amply avenged

upon the Edinburgh Reviewers their former *exposé* of his tergiversations. Triumphant alike in fact and argument, this singular individual dissects, with inimitable and unflinching hand, the whole bill of whig grievances, as embodied in the resolutions at the Pantheon,---and ardently pursuing the hypocrisy of the whigs to its meanest and narrowest recesses, he shows that they have not brought one single charge against the tories which may not be turned with extreme and overwhelming facility against themselves,---down even to the summary removal of the venerable Lord Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, who had, upon a former occasion, assisted in paying the same compliment to his Grace of Norfolk. The whole development, indeed, is at once amusing and instructive,---but it is despair to Mr Jeffrey's ingenious and considerate proposal for passing Cobbett and his multitudinous followers into the whiggish purgatory, which, to their eyes, appears blacker and fouler than the baleful region of toryism itself.

This middle state of being, which has been predicated of the opposition by an individual who, in pre-eminent and various talent, is by far the most illustrious of their northern phalanx, is, of itself, an utter disqualification of them for the conduct of public affairs, so long, at least, as a vestige of the rebellious spirit remains in the land. *They* must be blind, indeed, who have not long since discovered that this is not a spirit of compromise and conciliation, nor one with which parley and concession can be admitted without equal hazard and humiliation. The proffered boon would be rejected in scorn---the poor trusting messenger of concord would become the object of eternal and grinning infamy to the audacious, flattered, and unrelenting genius of ruin and crime.---The Edinburgh Review, the great oracle of the whiggish wisdom of the north, has, in its last truly brilliant and effective exhibition, formally proposed terms to the radicals on the subject of parliamentary reform; and, with a view to conciliation, summoned up the marvellous liberality of adding a score of fresh members to the House of Commons, to sit for some of the most populous and now unrepresented places. What will the yet unshackled Cobbett,

or the incarcerated Hunt, say to this magnificence of concession---to this true whiggish radical reform? The tide of their derision and disdain will mount to its height upon so strange an occasion---and sweep in imagination the drivelling propounder of such a scheme far beyond the sphere of rational being. It was not for this that *they* have plodded and plotted so long; and we doubt much whether, if they were able at last to make prize of the vessel of the state, their ineffable contempt would permit them to notice for the purposes of vengeance, even the author of so feeble and foolish an ebullition of insult to their cause.

This is not a season for middle and moderate courses---the country feels that it is not---and *they* can never hope for its confidence who stand upon neutral and treacherous ground. If all that the whigs had ever done could be buried in oblivion and remembered no more---if all their petty meannesses and political delinquencies in the times that are past, could be blotted out from the page of history---the shuffling and tremulous conduct which they have betrayed in the case of the most formidable enemies that have ever assailed their country's peace and honour, would consign them to present exclusion, and to future reproach. Moderation is magnanimous, only when the delinquent has confessed his sins, or is at the mercy of the avenger---but it is crouching and base, while the enemy maintains his lowering port; and, instead of imploring, threatens to extend an humiliating amnesty to the imaginary suppliant. Such is still the attitude of that radical reform which is rebellion, plunder, and interminable anarchy. The spirit of the whigs has been mingled with this most malignant spirit; and the foul commixture---if its offspring should be permitted to see the light---will be found prolific only of preternatural crimes.

Every one indeed knows, that moderation is, in the abstract, a virtue, and that a theme is thereby furnished, quite inexhaustible to juvenile declamation, and to the mature imbecility which descends to mere school-boy emulation. The moderation of the whigs, besides, as to all that combats existing authority, in whatever form---whether with the sharp, but polished weapons of the constitution,



or with the rude and poisoned instruments of jacobinism, is cheaply afforded on their parts—for they know well that the errors of their own profuse forbearance will be adequately corrected by the alacrity of those to whom the immediate protection of the state is committed. They know the part they have to play well enough, but they are apt to overact it. They know that if they should indiscreetly fan the flame of rebellion till it had glided over the ramparts of the constitution, their opponents, not themselves, would be responsible for its opportune extinction; and much of their giddy tampering and wantonness, therefore, is most ungenerously hazarded, in the confidence that the very power which they assail will be able to avert its consequences. But their wild and heedless conduct in opposition is of small consequence, compared with the question as to their accession to power,—and after what the country has seen as to their countenance, direct and indirect, of the cabals which menace its existence, we cannot suppose that it will pass the serious thought of a moment upon their claims. Will the property, rank, and talent of the nation, submit to have their fate disposed of by men who have avowedly fraternised—or who pant at any rate for the alliance—of those who are the confederated enemies of all existing power, and all honourable distinction? Will they voluntarily cast their fortunes into the hands of persons who, by their own confession, have planted themselves on the very confines of the rebel and outcast regions, and stand but midway betwixt treason and loyalty? We believe this is neither the cast of character which the times require, nor that which the hopes and wishes of the British people demand.

If the whigs, however, had actually been successful in their late arduous attempt, we cannot imagine that a greater misfortune could have been inflicted upon them than this success. What would they have done when in office, with all their recent pledges as an opposition,—with their memorable and unceasing denunciations of the course of measures adopted during the last Session of Parliament, for the conservation of the public peace,—with their recorded assertions, that there was no ground to justify alarm,

and that all the measures adopted by the legislature, were mere artifice, cunning, and oppression? Would they venture to repeal these acts, not abridging, but truly defining the privileges of British subjects—and that, too, while discontent, impatient and scowling, yet meets them at every corner—and enthroned in popular delusion, menaces more than ever the tranquillity of the state? Would they dare, with the entire array of the Queen's addressers before them, breathing revenge and revolution, to relax the vigour of the law, as it was created before radicalism had assumed the aspect of chivalry, so uncongenial to its nature, and become ennobled in appearance by the generous defence of a woman and a Queen?

Never, indeed, was there so fortunate an accident, as the arrival of this illustrious personage upon English ground, to lift low-born, malignant, and savage profligacy from its native level—or to give it the semblance and sanction of generous virtue. The people have, beyond all question, been tainted by this novel and interesting exhibition; they have been corrupted and maddened by the arts of those who would sacrifice the Queen with the most undisturbed cheerfulness, provided only they could gain a glance of office and authority by the treacherous immolation.—Who, we would ask, are at this moment the most vehement and active of the Queen's friends? There is Sir Robert Wilson, the gallant, but spurious knight, of whose equestrian dignity the sharpest questioning has not been able to elicit the authentication; a person so enamoured of sedition, that after making his first essay of service in foreign lands, he has returned to his native country to head the legions of tumult—a thorough renegade, who, from the most abusive libeller of the “child and champion of Jacobinism,” has crept into the meanness, not only of panegyricizing, but of protecting and serving its vilest slaves. The member for Southwark is, indeed, a sad example of the fortunes of radicalism, and a brief, but touching, epitome of the instability of human will.—Then comes the worthy alderman, who, from the repose of civic honours, has been summoned to undertake a prominent part in the mysteries of a court. The royal presence must

be profusely sported with, and wantonly degraded indeed, when a citizen buffoon of this description is permitted to hold the nearest and the highest places to it—and by a palpable violation of the laws of our social existence, is transformed at once, in the strength of mere pertness and audacity, from the most plebeian vocations, to a region where polish and manners were once held indispensable. The other friends and champions of her Majesty, in the encounter which she has for months been maintaining with the law and institutions of the land, are hardly worth mentioning—and it is only with a view to the part which the whigs have acted on this occasion, that we have deigned to notice the subject at all.

This once formidable, but now shattered party, may scruple perhaps to admit the Woods and Wilsons, and Hobhouses and Felloweses, as belonging to their band—but they can never deny, that—by a singular—even if it should be an unpremeditated coincidence of opinion—they have, upon this noisy, although truly unimportant question, done all that was in their power to exemplify a perfect combination with these worthies. Here they have marched in line with the radicals—they have fought side by side with them, and admitted themselves to be a part of the same invasive host—against which, if the better sentiment and nobler resolution of the country has maintained itself with decisive firmness, the defensive victory is surely to be ascribed to any class of men, rather than to those of whom Mr Tierney is the nominal head, who declared against the Queen by sullen and sordid anticipation—and made the mere floating rumours against her, a ground for announcing his resolution to deprive her even of her small pecuniary claims, while, with devious policy, he now insists on loading her with honours. Without Tierney and Earl Grey, the whigs are nothing—they could not pretend to form an administration, nor, indeed, any other rational scheme of union—and while these potent leaders, by the part which they have taken in the case of the Queen, have made themselves accessories *after*—or it may be *before* the fact—to the countless insults which that unhappy lady has offered to the constitution

of the country, and have embodied themselves with her betrayers, known and unknown—we should like to understand what degree of confidence in *their* councils, that portion of the people could repose, who have the most substantial interest in repelling all violence and innovation—who have a pre-eminent right to be heard on so great a question—who will be heard too—and must finally prevail?

But it is unnecessary to argue a question which the legislature has already decided, and upon which the final seal of the representative wisdom of the nation has, perhaps, been set, while we are committing to paper these hasty reflections. The dream of the whigs has passed away—their sanguine hope and boundless pretension have been withered while in their highest bloom—the frown of a people's displeasure, expressed by the organ which the constitution has appointed, has already descended like a frost upon their new-blown hopes, and left them to dissolution and decay. To the whigs this world's ambition is all vanity; and their panting and toiling after its enjoyments, in spite of the despair that is set before them, is a proof of superabundant and miraculous zeal, such as no faction has ever before set even in the most heated and hopeful contentions. It is well, indeed, for them to turn in their dismay from the people's representatives to the aggregate constituent body itself, and to reclaim with their wonted violence from the sense and spirit which disown them to the deluded turbulence on which their final hope is rested. They would fain postpone their doom, or escape from the notoriety of its infliction, by appealing from the representative intelligence of Britain to the grosser elements out of which it is extracted,—and casting themselves for support upon the plebeian insolence which their own arts have evoked, deny the competency of the legislature to award the decree of exclusion which it has given against them. Lord Holland had the modesty to say at the London Fox dinner, that in the *expediency* question as to the Liturgy, which was so manfully proposed by his friends, he had discovered three hundred and ten reasons for Parliamentary Reform; a stupid and pointless joke at the best, but, in this particular case, indicative

only of resentful mortification. The dignity of the legislature, and the stability of the constitution, would be well consulted indeed, if upon every defeat of an exasperated faction, some seductive, and, to them, more propitious novelty were to be introduced,—if the sufficient reason for changes arduous and eventful were to be recognised in the splenetic effusions of every factious baron, who, with the arrogance inherent to his creed, believes that nothing can be honest which resists him,—or with the still baser hypocrisy which has sometimes been exemplified by the whigs, insults the institutions which he cannot but secretly approve, and rings unceasing changes upon reform, which had he the most potent talisman at his command for effecting it, he would not dare to put it in operation.

The House of Commons, as it is now constituted, is not only defensible upon the deepest principles of theory—but has strongly recommended itself to every practical statesman—and challenged the gratitude of the country alike for the firmness and wisdom which it has displayed. It has undergone no change since the beginning of the severest trial to which the magnanimity of this nation was ever put—it is the same corrupt House of Commons that conducted the country through the perils of the late war, and infused that fine moral energy, in the strength of which the brightest miracles of modern achievement were performed. It is the same House of Commons which, convened in dignity and freedom, saw with calmness the wreck which fo-

reign ambition was making around ; and, instead of shrinking from the hideous spectacle, assumed a new vigour, and a more majestic port in its presence. It was this insulted and grossly libelled House of Commons, that sustained, by its constitutional sanction, the firm and high-minded policy which, in the issue, wrought the national deliverance,—and this, too, in absolute defiance of a deluded band, then, as now misnamed *the people*, who poured their sordid and treacherous execrations upon its magnanimity,—and intimated but too distinctly, what sort of legislature we might expect from the breath of popular and jacobin frenzy. The House of Commons, in its actual constitution, the whigs may indeed consistently revile, because of its eternal frown on their petty machinations, from the first exhibition of their antinational vigour at a period, which now belongs to history, down to the last pang of their mental and moral impotence in the present Session of Parliament ; but while a vestige of the lofty and high-tempered feeling of the country remains, it will never partake of these revilings, nor feel any thing but contempt for their authors, unless scorn itself should be extinguished in compassion. That this last event has already arrived, we see much reason to believe, as we do not remember any one occasion on which the anxious bustling, and inane pretension of the whigs, have been so thoroughly understood, and so sharply chastised, both with reason and ridicule, as in the case of their late abortive effort to reach the unwilling pinnacle of power.

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FARRINGTON'S MEMOIRS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.\*

EVERY information tending to elucidate the life, character, and splendid talents of such a man as Sir Joshua Reynolds, cannot fail of exciting considerable interest among the professors of his art, as well as in the community at large ; and we therefore feel indebted to Mr Farrington for the small and unassuming volume which forms the object of our present consideration. If it possess no particular claim to our at-

tention, from the novelty and importance of the information it affords, it is nevertheless written with strict impartiality, and contains some facts before unknown, or greatly misrepresented, which, we believe, will be found not devoid of interest to the generality of readers. Our author was an eye-witness of many of the circumstances he records, and being, as we have been informed, a good deal concerned in the

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\* *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds ; with some Observations on his Talents and Character.* By Joseph Farrington, R. A. In addition to the *Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, by Edmond Malone, Esq. 8vo. Cadell and Davies, London, 1819.

dispute between the Academy and Sir Joshua, it is but justice to bear our testimony to the remarkable fairness with which he has stated all the particulars connected with that unfortunate difference. Whatever may be the "current morality and philosophy of the present day," we really see no reason why a public body of men, any more than an individual, should bow in silent submission to unmerited obloquy. If we feel disposed to attach blame to the author, it does not so much arise from his having at last brought the defence forward, as from his having *so long delayed* its publication; when many of those engaged in the dispute have been passed to their final account, and have become equally indifferent to the shafts of calumny, and to Mr Farrington's tardy vindication; but, however he may regret this delay, as far as it respects the dead, one great good is likely to result from the present publication, as it concerns the present and succeeding generations—It may prove a salutary lesson to those destined to fill the office of President of the Royal Academy, by reminding them, that neither general respect, nor the highest professional talents, no, nor even the favour of the sovereign himself, can ultimately shield an individual, so circumstanced, from the severe and inevitable censure which awaits his conduct; when, forgetting, in some evil hour, what is just between man and man, and haughtily dispensing with all law and right, he should endeavour to impose his own will and caprice on an independent body of gentlemen, to whose friendship and partiality he ought to feel conscious he owes a considerable portion of his consequence. Much more might be said upon this topic; but as a generation has passed away, since the question was agitated, we shall forbear dwelling upon it at any greater length, and content ourselves with observing simply, that we think the Royal Academy must feel itself indebted to our author, for the clear, dispassionate, and unanswerable manner in which he has treated a subject, which, from the active part he is said to have taken in opposition to the President, he must have found it very difficult to regard with an unprejudiced eye.

We sincerely believe that, with the above exception, no man ever enter-

tained a sincerer admiration of Sir Joshua Reynolds, both as a painter and a man, than Mr Farrington himself; and, indeed, if we feel disposed to censure, it arises from a persuasion that on several occasions he has fallen into a somewhat opposite extreme by the indiscriminate nature of his praise. A remarkable instance of this occurs in the 8th page of the volume.—"The life of this distinguished artist exhibits a useful lesson to all those who may devote themselves to the same pursuit; he was not of the class of such as have been held up, or who have esteemed themselves to be heaven-born geniuses. He appeared to think little of such claims. It will be seen in the account of his progress to the high situation he attained in his profession, that at no period was there in him any such fancied inspiration; on the contrary, every youthful reader of the *Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds* may feel assured, that his ultimate success will be in proportion to the resolution with which he follows his example." Upon this passage we shall abstain from making any lengthened remarks, as we have been elsewhere anticipated by some able writers, the force of whose excellent arguments, *in this instance*, we will not run the risk of weakening by hazarding many observations of our own. Sir Joshua Reynolds appears to have been a man of great general talents, refined taste, and uncommon and unwearied application. His quick perception of character was almost unrivalled, and in every thing that regarded the mechanic of his art, with perhaps the single exception of drawing, one of the most distinguished artists that the world has produced; but in that which is strictly termed invention, or novel combination as it relates to design (that great and distinguishing characteristic of real genius) even his warmest admirers must admit he was at least deficient. In colouring, light and shade, and in the general management of a picture, he stands nearly without an equal—his immense powers, and deep and profound acquirements, in these respects, chastened as they always were, by the exquisite refinement of his taste, enabled him to conceal and throw a veil over his most prominent defects, and to shroud from observation a degree of imbecility and plagiarism, in his compositions, which,

in the hands of a less accomplished artist, could scarcely be endured. Most of the qualities which Reynolds possessed, above his contemporaries, were precisely those attainable by mere unwaried application and profound reflection; and as they carried him, unassisted by originality of invention, to a very eminent station in the art, we are less surprised, than we should otherwise have been, at the doctrine he was fond of inculcating, that "nothing in painting was denied to well directed labour;" or, in other words asserting, that all men are born with like capacities, and that originality of mind depends solely on education and adventitious circumstances; which is pretty much the same as maintaining, that the superstructure can stand when the foundation is wanting. It appears to us, that this power of invention may exist, in the mind of a man, without his possessing the smallest talent for imitation, through the medium of which he can be alone enabled to communicate his ideas in painting; and we have little doubt, that the experience of our readers will have furnished them with many instances confirmatory of the truth of this notion. In the rude sketches of school boys, we have frequently observed strong and original conceptions that would have done credit to a first-rate master, though each figure has been so imperfectly represented as to be scarcely intelligible to any but a practised eye. It is remarkable, that more than one of the individuals alluded to, appeared incapable of producing any resemblance upon paper of an object placed before them for imitation; and it is, at least, equally certain, that many persons possess the power of copying most accurately, even the *human* figure, who are absolutely incapable of telling a story on canvas, or of conceiving a subject at all. It is vain, therefore, to contend that where original force of mind is wanting, *mere* labour, however well directed, can supply the deficiency. To form a great painter, both powers must be combined in the same individual in no common degree; for if an artist should be eminently deficient in the one, his works will never rise to mediocrity even, and if defective in the other, all his mental force will, in a great measure, become abortive, from the want of a just medium, through

which his conceptions can be rendered intelligible.

In the foregoing remarks, we trust, we shall not be suspected of any wish to depreciate the exalted and unquestionable excellence of Sir Joshua, because we have ventured to differ with him in a point upon which he does not appear to have ever possessed any settled or distinct notions; possibly this might arise from his having felt, in designing his historical and poetical compositions, the defective nature of his own inventive faculty, and, being too proud to acknowledge the deficiency, affected, with a weakness often incident to human nature, to undervalue or to deny the existence of a quality to which he must have been conscious he possessed only slender claims. Fortunately, his principal pursuits required less of originality of conception than almost any other department of the art. What he wanted, however, in this respect, his taste, quick perception of character, and sound judgment, in a great measure supplied, and enabled him, when combined with the thorough knowledge he possessed of the mechanic of his profession, to rise to a degree of eminence in portrait, which has left him few rivals, and perhaps no superiors.

He was fortunate also in the period in which he made his appearance, and no less so in the natural suavity of his temper and general deportment. Few men studied the world more deeply, or acquired a profounder insight into men and manners; and still fewer ever turned the advantage to better account. But, in spite of the uncommon qualities thus concentrated in an individual, he appears to have been a man more worthy of our *study* than of our admiration; and we are not quite sure we agree with Mr Farrington, in thinking that Dr Johnson paid his friend any very high compliment in stating, that "Reynolds was the most invulnerable man he had ever known." Sir Joshua, from all we have heard of him, appears to have been of a nature constitutionally cold and wary; and we should be cautious of confounding the placability of such a disposition, with the loftier and more magnanimous forbearance that distinguishes the individual, whose experience and reflection have taught him to subdue an hasty temper and impetuous passions.

We shall pass rapidly over the earlier days of Reynolds, and the history of his pupilage, to the interest and novelty of which our author has added little, till we find him fairly arrived in Rome. Here Sir Joshua seems to have shewn singular judgment, in selecting for his study those works of art which were best qualified to supply the deficiencies of his limited education, and in adapting them to those walks of the profession to which early inclination, and the peculiar structure of his mind, appear to have directed his attention.

"By judiciously considering," says our author, "these magnificent works, he gradually became sensible of their high quality; and to expand his mind, and acquire a larger practice of the hand, he copied such portions of them as might be afterwards useful to him. He did all that was possible upon the limited foundations he had laid; nor was his labour in vain. He never was competent to adopt the grand style of art, but by great diligence and attention, he enlarged his conceptions, and refined his taste, so as to shew in his portraits a new mode of thinking on this branch of the art, perfectly distinct and original."—P. 27, 28.

We perfectly accord with Mr Farrington in almost every word contained in the above statement; but why was Reynolds *incompetent* to the great style? Precisely because he was defective in strength of invention and originality of mind. That, however, which he was incapable of producing himself, his taste and discernment allowed him fully to appreciate in the works of the great masters, and enabled him to infuse into an inferior department of art, a portion of that elevation and grandeur which places his portraits deservedly on the highest eminence of fame. For beyond this circumscribed nature of his genius forbade him to proceed. To use his own language, "he followed a course more congenial to his own feelings, and to the taste of the times in which he lived," thereby almost expressly admitting, that he felt unequal to the effort of producing any thing great and new in the higher walks of art; and therefore judiciously contented himself by investing the inferior ones with a portion of dignity, which had hitherto been supposed to belong, almost exclusively, to the historic and poetic styles. It should be remembered, also, that

Sir Joshua, at the time of making this choice, was somewhat younger, we believe, than Raphael, when the latter first saw the works of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel, and was thence induced, almost *instantaneously*, to depart from the meagre and imbecile example of his master, Petro Perugino, and to select for his models the mighty style and dignified compositions of his illustrious rival; yet when Reynolds visited the works of Michael Angelo, he was in many respects a better artist than Raphael himself at the period in question; and the admiration for the labours of that great man, being the same in both painters, to what other cause can we attribute the distinctly different paths pursued by these eminent artists, but to the consciousness felt by the Roman of his possessing powers, to which the English artist was aware he had few pretensions?

In what manner our author reconciles his observations in the passage above quoted, with his approval of the maxim which Sir Joshua, he tells us, "always maintained," "that by study and exertion *alone* every excellence, of *what-ever* kind, might be acquired," we are almost at a loss to conjecture; but it seems, that our great artist imbibed his maxim from his friend Dr Johnson, and possibly Mr F. awed by their great names may, in this instance, have surrendered his better judgment to what he considered paramount authority. How far he may be authorised in this it is not our purpose to inquire; but to us it has always appeared, that—whatever may have been the merits of Johnson, and unquestionably they were numerous and splendid—his claims to *first rate* genius rest on a slender basis, and that whenever he touched upon this rare quality, he appears, like his friend Reynolds, to have grown bewildered, and to have possessed no very adequate comprehension of its powers; but to proceed. The account given of Sir Joshua's progress and rapid rise to eminence after his return from Rome, though perhaps better suited to Pillington's Dictionary of Painters, than to the memoirs of an eminent man, is nevertheless not devoid of interest; but we wish Mr Farrington had let Hudson sleep in peace. The personal jar-rings between artists, or any other set of men, are too disagreeable, during their lives, to merit recording; but,

in the instance before us, the contest is of so disproportionate a nature, that it is difficult to avoid sympathising with the weaker party, when we see the cause of his mighty opponent advocated with a warmth and pertinacity, which, if the circumstances in question had not occurred long ago, we should have been almost tempted to attribute to some personal motive—Much greater artists than Hudson, or even Sir Joshua, have been unhappily tainted with the meanness of jealousy and envy, without the excuses that might be offered in defence of the former; and is our author quite sure that the illustrious President himself was entirely free from the influence of these unworthy and degrading passions? Hudson was, without doubt, a man of mediocre talent, and the majority of his pictures fully justify the censure passed upon them; yet we have seen a portrait by him, in the collection of Lord Portsmouth, that not only possessed intrinsic excellence, but very strongly reminded us of some of the earlier pictures of Reynolds himself. To speak, however, of the two men as rivals, we should have imagined too improbable a notion to have entered the mind of any one gifted with Mr Farrington's real knowledge of the art, and we regret that he has not shewn rather less asperity towards the memory of a man, long forgotten, whose reverses in life must have rendered him peculiarly sensible to the feelings of mortified pride and conscious inferiority.

Here, with a few remarks on the establishment of the Royal Academy, which formed so remarkable an event in the life of Sir Joshua, together with some concluding observations, we should probably have dismissed our author, if we had not noticed, in a quarter before alluded to, some strictures on his work, which appear to be as illiberal as they are devoid of foundation. In the year 1760, when the industry and rare talents of Reynolds had raised his reputation to a degree of eminence which no other British artist has attained, "a plan was formed," says our author, "by the artists of the metropolis, to draw the attention of their fellow-citizens to their various labours, with a view both to the increase of patronage, and the cultivation of taste. Hitherto works of that kind, produced in the country, were seen only by a few, the people in

general knew nothing of what was passing in the arts. Private collections were then inaccessible, and there were no public ones, nor any casual display of the productions of genius, except what the ordinary sales by auction occasionally offered. Nothing, therefore, could exceed the ignorance of the people, who were in themselves learned, ingenious, and highly cultivated, in all things excepting the arts of design.

"In consequence of this privation, it was conceived that a *public exhibition* of the works of the most eminent artists would not fail to make a powerful impression, and, if occasionally repeated, might ultimately produce the most satisfactory effects.

"The scheme was no sooner proposed than adopted, and being carried into immediate execution, the result exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the projectors; all ranks of people crowded to see the delightful novelty; it was the universal topic of conversation; and a passion for the arts was excited by that first manifestation of native talent, which, cherished by the continued operation of the same cause, has ever since been increasing in strength, and extending its effects through every part of the empire.

"The history of our exhibitions affords itself the strongest evidence of their impressive effects upon public taste. At their commencement, though men of enlightened minds, could distinguish and appreciate what was excellent, the admiration of the *many* was confined to subjects either gross or puerile, and commonly to the meanest efforts of intellect; whereas at this time the whole train of subjects most popular in the earlier exhibitions have disappeared. The loaf and cheese, that could provoke hunger, the cat and canary bird, and the dead mackerel on a deal board, have long ceased to produce astonishment and delight; while truth of imitation now finds innumerable admirers, though combined with the high qualities of beauty, grandeur, and taste.

"To our public exhibitions, and to arrangements that followed in consequence of their introduction, this change must be chiefly attributed. The present generation appears to be composed of a new, and, at least with respect to the arts, a superior order of beings. Generally speaking, their thoughts, their feelings, and language on these subjects, differ entirely from

what they were sixty years ago. No just opinions were at that time entertained on the merits of ingenious productions of this kind. The state of the public mind, incapable of discriminating excellence from inferiority, proved incontrovertibly, that a right sense of art in the spectator, can only be acquired by long and frequent observation, and that without proper opportunities to improve the mind and the eye, a nation would continue insensible of the true value of the fine arts."

—Page 60.

To the truth and intelligence of the above remarks, we should have supposed no one, at all qualified to judge, could have raised the slightest objection. It is notoriously the fact that art, at the period Mr Farrington is describing, was, with few exceptions, at a very low ebb; and, no less so, that the taste and admiration of the public at large, were devoted to the "grossest" and most "puerile objects." Few among the most enlightened of the higher classes, even possessed any knowledge on the subject, or appeared to imagine it a necessary accomplishment, in the education of a gentleman. *Deception*, not *Imitation*, was "the Idol of the Day;" and the admiration of our countrymen was confined chiefly to such specimens of art, as the butcher's shop, at Bagnigge Wells, or the uncouth representation, that started us formerly at every turning of our old fashioned pleasure gardens. Indeed, so deficient was the nation in taste, and so absolutely ignorant of the common principles of art, that the rare genius of Hogarth even passed comparatively unnoticed, till the attention of the country became aroused from its lethargy by the public exhibitions, which have subsequently produced that *general taste* for painting, which distinguishes the higher and middling ranks of the present day, beyond that of any former period in our history.

Whether this newly acquired taste has been judiciously directed towards attaining the higher purposes of art, is quite another question; perhaps we do not believe that it has—but we must learn to "creep before we can fly,"—and since, as has been well observed, "we are on no account to expect, that *fine things* should descend to us—our taste, if possible, must be made to ascend to them."—In a country circumstanced like Britain, we know but

of two modes, by which a taste for the higher excellencies of painting can be created. The first and most easy course, though far the most dilatory, is to place before the public eye, well executed representations of subjects adapted to the prevailing taste; and thence to lead it gradually to works of an higher order; or secondly, it must be brought about by some great original genius appearing among us, who, unshackled by pecuniary or other difficulties, and with an eye undeviatingly fixed on the accomplishment of *great things*, could calmly await the slow progress of public opinion, till an opportunity was afforded, through the example of his own productions, of eventually directing the attention of his countrymen to the noblest walks of the profession. The only artist, whose situation could have enabled him to give a high direction to the feeling for painting somewhat tardily excited in this country, was Sir Joshua himself; but unfortunately, as he has confessed, he did not feel his own power adequate to the undertaking; what he *did* attempt, however, he eminently succeeded in accomplishing. He rescued portrait-painting from the formal and insipid trammels in which it had hitherto moved, and following his own admirable precepts, infused into the most common place subject a portion of that sublime and *general* principle, which forms the leading characteristic of the great style of art. Farther nature had not formed him to go—He fixed the standard of portrait, in this country, on the loftiest eminence—succeeding artists have followed in his footsteps, but no one has reached the summit he attained; perhaps because it is found easier to see through *his eyes* than to adopt the *principles* of his study. In saying this, we are far from wishing to undervalue the distinguished and varied talent, which is annually displayed within the walls of Somerset House; on the contrary, considering the disadvantages under which a majority of the pictures are painted, and that the whole is generally the production of a single year, we think that if there be any cause for surprise, it arises from so much being achieved under circumstances of no very encouraging a description. Whether the establishment of an Academy be, upon the whole, beneficial to the *higher departments* of painting, is a ques-



tion into which we will not now enter. We fear, that the experience of facts, in foreign countries, makes against the supposition; but it ought, in justice, to be remembered, that many sufficient causes might be assigned, in the instances alluded to, for the gradual decline of art, which are wholly unconnected with the establishment of such institutions; but whatever may be the errors of the Academy, in this country, we presume that few will feel disposed to deny; that to its yearly exhibitions, and to those which have subsequently grown out of them, the public is chiefly indebted for the knowledge it possesses, upon matters of art, together with the additional instruction even, derived from the frequent exhibitions of the works of the old Masters, in the British Gallery; since these works would probably have never found their way into this country at all, much less could their excellence have been justly appreciated, if the attention of the higher classes, in the first instance, and subsequently of the public, had not been gradually turned to the art of painting, by the frequent opportunities thus afforded of observing, and improving by, the ingenious productions of a large proportion of our native artists.

Of whom the "powerful and active party of professional intriguers in this country" consists, which is said to "decry the works of the old Masters, as worthless, and odious," we are absolutely at a loss to conjecture; but we will venture to assert, from a personal acquaintance with many of our most distinguished artists both *in*, and *out* of the Academy, that no such unworthy and illiberal sentiments prevail among the respectable professors of the art; and it does not therefore appear very liberal (to use no harsher term) to insinuate in a manner somewhat broadly, and almost in the shape of a substantive charge, that the Academy, or any other body of the profession, could either, "directly or indirectly," countenance the disgraceful and inoffensive production, entitled the "Catalogue Raisonné."—"As a body," we knew that the Royal Academy deeply regretted the appearance of the publication; foreseeing, as they did, the facility it would afford to the decryers of English Artists, to take an illiberal and ungenerous advantage of the circumstance, to attempt embroiling them

under a false pretext, with a large number of the most distinguished patrons of the art. Had the Academy given its sanction to the publication, to which we have alluded, it would indeed have deserved to have been disfranchised without the loss of a moment, and its members to have been consigned to the wholesome regimen of some of our lunatic asylums; for, to no other principle but that of downright insanity, could their conduct have been attributable. If the institution of the British Gallery, has not accomplished *directly*, all that its founders had in contemplation, or all that was expected from it by the profession; nay, allowing for the sake of argument, that its establishment has proved *detrimental* to art, either from mistaken opinions on the subject, or from the want of sufficiently extended views; is it thence to be supposed, that artists are so absolutely devoid of common sense and common honesty, as to attribute its inefficacy, or mischievous tendency, to a malignant and deeply concerted scheme, among the illustrious directors of the institution, to disgrace and ruin a body of men, which owes its encouragement, we had almost said its existence, to individuals occupying their exalted station in life?

We shall not in this place combat the attempt lately made to revive the long exploded doctrine, that the nature of the English climate precludes the possibility of our ever excelling in most of the fine arts; but, we own, we have seen it hinted with some degree of surprise, that our inaptitude arises from our being a "hard-thinking and deep and firm feeling" nation. Genius, of whatever description, is generally admitted to be contemplative; and we shall leave it to our ingenious critics to discover, in what manner this frame of mind is likely to be promoted, by the "levity, loquacity, grimace, and artificial politeness" of our lively neighbours! It seems, however, to be admitted, that in poetry we hold at least an equal rank with that of any other country in existence; yet, most of the qualities requisite to form a first-rate poet, are precisely those which are essential to the creation of a great painter. How then can it happen, that the influence of climate operates so powerfully in the one case, and not at all in the other? The fact, we believe, is, that it has little or no effect in either.

That a very wide difference does exist in the comparative excellence of our poets and painters, we are by no means disposed to deny; but, surely, a *very slight* degree of reflection would furnish many adequate causes for the inferiority of the latter, without having recourse to the flippant and self-sufficient dicta of a rival nation.

We do not exactly comprehend the distinction which has been drawn between "*high art*" and "*true art*," since to us it appears, that *any style grounded on the violation of truth*, cannot be considered as art at all; but we suppose the sneer, if it mean any thing, is directed at those artists, who, like "Barry," it seems, mistake their "ardent aspirations after excellence for the power to achieve it," and assume the *capacity* to execute the greatest works, instead of *acquiring* it." We thought it had been settled only a few pages before, that *capacity* could not be acquired!!! After all, however, we do not see any thing very censurable in an artist attempting to rival excellence in the highest works of art, which he has taste and enthusiasm enough to feel and to admire; indeed, were a man to remain undecided, in the choice of his style, till he felt *quite* persuaded he was gifted with the powers of Raphael, or Michael Angelo, we are fearful that his ultimate progress would prove very inconsiderable. No one can be fully aware of his own force till he has first tried it, and, in the pursuit of excellence, we cannot perhaps place our standard too high. This seems, at least, to have been the opinion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, in one of his early and admirable discourses, thus addresses the students of the Academy—"My advice, in a word, is this: keep your principal attention fixed upon the higher excellencies; if you compass them, and compass nothing more, you are still in the first class. We may regret the innumerable beauties you may want; you may be very imperfect, but still you are an imperfect artist of the higher order. If, when you have got thus far, you can add any, or all of the subordinate qualifications, it is my wish and advice that you should not neglect them, but this is as much a matter of *circumspection and caution*, at least, as of eagerness and pursuit." It was our intention to have dwelt upon some doctrines of a novel and rather curious description, which have recently been

broached, with respect to the higher departments of painting; but, as a more favourable opportunity for discussing these points is soon likely to be afforded us, we shall at present abstain from farther remark, particularly as our limits warn us that it is time to return to our author, and bring our observations to a conclusion.

Mr Farrington's account of the establishment of the Society of Painters in Spring-Gardens, and of the intestine divisions among its members, which terminated eventually in the institution of the Royal Academy in 1768, is written with great fidelity, and with strict impartiality. Perhaps the dispute between Mr Strange and Sir Joshua was scarcely worth noticing, as the whole business evidently originated in a pique conceived by the former gentleman, at engravers being excluded, through the influence of the latter, from holding the rank of Academicians. "The fact was," says our author, "that Sir Joshua Reynolds held the ingenuity of able engravers in high consideration; but he could not admit, that works purely imitative should be classed with original productions, or that the professors of the former were entitled to the distinction granted to the latter, which requires more profound study, and greater powers of mind." P. 62.

We have read, with particular pleasure and interest, that part of the volume which describes the situation and dignified conduct of Sir Joshua, when he had reached the splendid zenith of his reputation. It would indeed be difficult to conceive a more enviable lot than the one enjoyed by that great man at the period to which we allude, when he was honoured by the admiration of his countrymen, from the Sovereign to the humblest subject, and numbered, in the large circle of his private friendship, a constellation of illustrious characters, which has rarely been rivalled in the annals of the brightest periods of British history. These times are flown, and,

"Flown with these,

The wine of life is on the lees."

But we will not increase our own regret, and that of our readers, by dwelling on the melancholy causes which, through the last twenty-five years, seem to have been gradually leading us to so sad a consummation. We are glad to find that Mr Farrington has borne his testimony to the well direct-

ed efforts of an "English tradesman," who, by one bold and hazardous speculation, did more for the higher departments of painting in this country, than has since been accomplished by the united endeavours of its most illustrious encouragers and protectors; not, we believe, because his zeal in the cause of art was greater; but because his plan was better adapted than any one that has hitherto been devised, to call into immediate effect the full powers of the most accomplished painters of the day, many of whom would probably have past their lives in comparative obscurity, if the establishment of the Shakspeare Gallery had not afforded them a favourable opportunity of bringing a large body of their works into public notice, without incurring the risks and mortifying results which generally attend the speculating efforts of individual and unemployed artists. The undertaking of Alderman Boydell, in the first instance, met with considerable encouragement, and only failed of complete success, from "the stoppage of foreign trade during a dozen years of war." The Alderman appears to have been a man of a most amiable and respectable character; he died at the advanced age of 86, but his memory will long live in the remembrance of every true lover and encourager of art.

The remainder of the work is chiefly dedicated to the origin, progress, and final adjustment of the dispute between Sir Joshua and the Royal Academy,—to an account of the public funeral of that great man, and to the literary effusions elicited from various quarters on the occasion of his lamented death, forming altogether an amusing and interesting supplement to Mr Malone's account of the distinguished President, which reflects considerable credit on Mr Farrington, not only as an able and judicious biographer, but as a sensible, accurate, and highly impartial writer. As an artist, our author has never risen to great eminence, but his information, amusing conversation, and gentleman-like deportment, have always rendered him a welcome guest in polished and literary society. It is said, that at one period of his life, he took a very active share in the private politics of the Royal Academy, and, like most other men placed in similar circumstances, has received his full share of approbation and of obloquy; but after all due allowance for the prejudices and infirmities of human nature, it is but fair to add, and we say it with the strictest impartiality, that Mr Farrington is a sincere lover of his art, and has generally, through life, been anxious to place its professors on an independent and respectable footing.

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POEMS TO IDA.

NO. I.

*Hæu ! quantum minus est reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse !*

Oh ! sweetly o'er th' Atlantic sea,  
The moon, with melancholy smile,  
Looks down, as I, belov'd, on thee  
Am fondly musing all the while :  
And as, along the silver tide,  
Its silent course the vessel steers,  
I dream of days, when, side by side,  
We roam'd on eves of other years !

Though many a land, and many a wave,  
Between us rise, between us roll,  
Still, like a beacon, bright to save,  
Thou sheddest light upon my soul.  
And though the mist of years hath pass'd,  
Since first I bless'd its glorious shine,  
Yet thoughts—and woes—and days amass'd,  
Have only made it doubly thine !

How sweetly to the pensive mind  
The dreams of other days awake,  
And all the joys we left behind,  
No more on earth to overtake !

Our wanderings by the sandy shore—  
 Our walks along the twilight plain—  
 The raptures that we felt of yore—  
 And ne'er on earth shall feel again !

Unclouded Moon ! o'er rippling seas  
 Thou lookest down in placid grace ;  
 With sails, expanded by the breeze,  
 Alert, our onward path we trace ;  
 To foreign isles, and lands unknown,  
 We steer, where every sigh shall tell,  
 'Mid thousands as I walk alone,  
 My thoughts, with those far distant dwell.

Unclouded Moon ! 'tis sweet to mark  
 Thine aspect, so serene and calm,  
 Dispersing, vanquishing the dark,  
 And o'er our sorrows shedding balm.  
 Departed years like visions pass  
 Across the hot and fever'd brow,  
 Blest years, and vanish'd eves, alas !  
 When thou did'st shine as thou dost now !

Oh ! brightly as of yesterday  
 The dreams of vanish'd years awake,  
 The hopes that flatter'd to betray,  
 And left the joyless heart to break.—  
 I see thee, as I saw thee then,  
 Endow'd by youth with magic charm ;  
 I hear thee, as I heard thee, when  
 We roam'd together, arm in arm.

It were a soothing thought, that thou  
 Mayhap, now pondering, takest delight  
 To raise thy white, angelic brow,  
 And gaze upon this lovely night ;  
 And that the very scenes might rise  
 Upon thy mind's reverted eye,  
 That draw from me a thousand sighs,  
 In starting up—and passing by.

'Twere nothing did we die—'twere nought  
 From life at once to pass away,  
 But thus to wither thought by thought,  
 And inch by inch, and day by day ;  
 To mark the lingering tints of light,  
 As twilight o'er the sky expands,—  
 To mark the wave's receding flight,  
 That leaves the bleak and barren sands.

To see the stars that gem the sky  
 Fade one by one, to note the leaves  
 Drop from the boughs all witheringly,  
 Through which the wintry tempest grieves—  
 'Tis this that chills the drooping heart,  
 That still we breathe, and feel, and live,  
 When all the flowers of earth depart,  
 And life hath not a joy to give !

Not parted yet—not parted yet—  
 Though oceans roll, and roar between ;  
 A star that glitters ne'er to set,  
 Thou smilest bright, and shinest serene ;  
 Fair Ida ! and the waste of life,  
 All bleak and barren though it be,  
 Although a scene of care and strife,  
 Has still a charm in having thee !

## NO. II.

Oh ! what are thousand living loves  
To one, that cannot quit the dead.—BYRON.

Well—though the clouds of sorrow haste,  
With dark'ning gloom, and threat'ning roll,  
To blight existence to a waste,  
And shut out sunshine from my soul,  
Departed Ida ! rather far  
My musing thought would dwell on thee,  
Than join the mirthful, and the jar  
Of voices loud, and spirits free.

Sad alteration !—here alone,  
Where we so oft together sate,  
With hearts, where Love's commingling tone  
Had link'd us to one mutual fate,  
I gaze around me—where art thou,  
Whose glance was sunshine to the spot ?  
These roses bloomed, as they bloom now,  
But thou art—where I see thee not !

Oh ! nevermore—oh ! nevermore  
This earth again shall smile for me !  
I'll listen to the tempest's roar,—  
Or gaze along the stormy sea,—  
And from the sunshine I will hide,—  
But, as the moon in silver gleams,  
I'll lean me o'er the vessel's side,  
And see thee in my waking dreams.

Then welcome be the doom that calls  
To foreign climes my wandering way :  
These echoing walks, and empty halls,  
The bosmy lilac on its spray,—  
The lily in its innocence,—  
The fleur-de-lis with purple vest,—  
Pine for thee, vanished far from hence,  
Removed from earth, and laid to rest.

Oh ! do not breathe on Ida's lute—  
'Twould make her vanish'd form appear,  
Since Ida's breathing now is mute—  
Since Ida's voice I cannot hear.  
All music, and all melody,  
The azure stream, and leafy tree,  
The glories of the earth and sky  
Are stripp'd of half their charms for me !

Then welcome be the flapping sail,  
And welcome be the stormy main,  
And never may the breezes fail,  
But when they bring us back again !  
And I will wander o'er the deep,  
And brave the tempest's threat'ning horns,  
Since not a shore to which we sweep,  
To me can proffer Ida's arms !

Oh ! Ida, ever lost and dear,  
Soon come the day, and come it must,  
When I shall seek thy happier sphere,  
And leave this perishable dust.  
Then grief shall flee my troubled eyes,  
And gloom forsake my drooping heart,  
And through the fields of paradise  
We two shall roam, and never part.

NAUTA.

## LORD LAUDERDALE'S PROPOSED ADDRESS TO THE KING.\*

THIS small pamphlet is in pretty general circulation, although, in a technical sense, it is not, perhaps, a published work. But the matters which it embraces are so profoundly interesting at the present period, and the name of the author stands so high for acuteness and subtlety at least, if not for depth and wisdom, that if we commit a slight trespass, by making the pamphlet the subject of a few remarks, we feel assured, that our motives will plead our excuse. No man, indeed, who *prints* the sketch of an address, "submitted to the consideration of *all* who wish to call the attention of their Sovereign and of Parliament, to the *real grievance* under which the nation is now suffering," can object to the attention we are now about to give to his call—as we are certainly of the number of those who are anxious to detect and disencumber ourselves of this "real grievance."

The noble author of this address has been long known to the public in various and rather opposite characters. We shall not attempt to revive the remembrances connected with his youthful enthusiasm, because we think he has, in a great measure, atoned for these juvenile indiscretions by a wholesome application to more severe studies. It is impossible, however, to deny, that even in his more dry and abstruse speculations, the original bias of his political prejudices makes a frequent and not very seasonable appearance: and that in *his* case, more than in that of any writer professedly speculative, it would seldom be difficult to detect the bearing of his more practical creed. That Lord Lauderdale is, in his works on political economy, very ingenious, abstract, and metaphysical, is true; but still we think, that behind the cloudy region of his metaphysics, it is not difficult to recognize the embodied substantial figure of whiggism. Although he has favoured the world with a series of transitory lucubrations upon almost every political question that has occurred for the last fifteen years, connected with political economy, he has generally contrived, if not to render his science subservient, at least to make it opportunely coincident,

with his known party feelings. With him the Sinking Fund has been wrong—the Bank has been wrong—the system of taxation has been wrong—the measures adopted, whether for the *increase* or *diminution* of the public debt, have all been deeply and destructively impolitic. The rapid payment of the debt he told us distinctly, in his *Inquiry into National Wealth*, would be utter ruin and subversion,—probably because Mr Pitt was the author and advocate of the Sinking Fund,—the vast unrepressed increase of the same debt,—creating property unconnected with popular influence,—he now tells us, in this *Sketch*, is the chief operating cause of all the evils that menace the state—of all the discontent which lurks in its bosom—of all the calamities that are yet in store for us, unless by a change of Ministers we drive from the helm of affairs the foolish men, who dare to "*glory*" in the present state of things, which, in the opinion of the author, so far from being a subject of triumph, is one of just shame and reproach.

We are not aware, indeed, that the man who attempted by one single blow to destroy, not merely the system of Adam Smith, but the whole received system of political economy,—who waged war with the very axioms of crime, and tried to rear a system upon mere sophisms,—and who produced a voluminous work, with these rare and wholesome views, which has fallen by the universal consent of all thinking persons, into the most profound oblivion,—is exactly the person to be trusted for an opinion upon any subject connected with the national economy. But so it is, that the adventurous author has now come forward to guide his fellow-citizens, and counsel his sovereign in the most arduous crisis of public affairs,—and, as might have been expected from the abstract undistinguishing cast of his intellect,—has at once referred all the evils we endure, and all the danger to which we are exposed, to a neglect of the principles of that science of political economy in which, despising the scepticism of the world, he ardently imagines himself to be an undoubted master.

\* Sketch of an Address to his Majesty; submitted to the consideration of all who wish to call the attention of their Sovereign, and of Parliament, to the real grievance under which the nation is now suffering. By the Earl of Lauderdale. 1821.

The scope of his proposed address may be explained in a few sentences. Mankind, in Lord Lauderdale's opinion, are necessarily governed by those who can administer to their more physical wants and desires,—and the influence of *property* must, of course, predominate in one shape or other over every less urgent consideration. Rulers we must indeed have, and a system of legislation, and of distributive justice, and of general and local police,—but it is the influence of property that truly imparts to the entire system its force and efficacy,—that secures for it free and willing obedience, and prevents murmur and discontent. All the forms of authority which pretend to govern man, must emanate from, and be in close sympathy with that local and territorial influence, which, by gratifying the physical wants of the governed, ensures their homage and contentment.

Such are the general principles—and now for their application to the present distracted state of our internal affairs. It is the opinion of Lord Lauderdale, that before the accession of his late Majesty to the throne, the relations betwixt the governing power and those who were subject to it, were, generally speaking, sustained by that territorial influence to which we have alluded. In support of his opinion as to the supremacy of this influence over the claims of allegiance and the power of government itself, he refers to the Scottish rebellions, where a dependent tenantry risked their fortunes and their lives in obedience to their territorial chiefs, and in open defiance of the supreme power of the state. He does not, of course, mean to say, that the direct despotism of property was equally strong over the whole of the island, as it was in the mountainous parts of Scotland,—but he maintains that such as it existed, even in England, about the middle of the last century, it has been since manifestly and dangerously relaxed. The enormous increase of our public debt creates a vast property unconnected with local or individual influence;—the difficulties to which taxation has exposed the old proprietors—their consequent expulsion—the more sordid transactions driven with the tenants by the speculators, who purchase and sell land as ordinary merchandise—unparalleled increase of our manufacturing population, produced by the

peculiar circumstances of the late war, and suddenly arrested by its termination,—have, in the opinion of the noble author, so entirely dislocated society, and produced such a mass of human beings, no longer united by any of the accustomed ties, that we cannot wonder to see constituted authority despised, since it is no longer maintained by its wonted dependences. Formerly, the great mass of our population was territorially connected with one or other branch of the legislature—with one or other of the conflicting parties in the state—and the consequence was, that opposition to constituted power never trespassed beyond the example set in the great council of the nation. There might be whigs and tories, but there were no radicals,—none who imagined an equal contempt of both parties, and compassed in their own wild fancies the subversion of the state.—This vast and unmanageable change in the state of property, the proposed addresser imputes to the system which the present Ministers adopted from their great predecessor, and had the felicity, or, as Lord Lauderdale thinks, the misfortune, of perfecting; and the fact, that they still continue to boast of this system, is, in his opinion, a sufficient reason for their removal from office,—if the object be to propitiate the revolted interests of the country.—It is remarkable, however, that this is the only remedy on which the noble author even professes to be explicit, for as to the scheme of reaction, by which the former state of mutual dependence is to be in whole or in part restored, he prudently leaves that, without suggestion or comment, to the wisdom of the legislature.

There is one passage in this singular pamphlet in which we cordially concur, and as it gives a very distinct view of the subject of which it treats, and puts to flight the stupid commonplaces as to the increase of corruption, and the tendency to its further growth in our own times and those which have immediately preceded them, we shall quote it at length, for the edification of all radical declaimers.

“During that eventful period, (viz. since the accession of the present family to the throne,) we must then humbly submit to your Majesty, that it is in vain we have tried to discover any alteration in the frame of constituted authority which can account for the unfortunate discontent, irritation, and disunion that now prevail.

"To us it appears, that the three several branches of the Legislature stand in the same relation to each other that they have done ever since your Majesty's family sat on the throne; that the House of Lords is, with the exception of the change which has taken place in consequence of the union with Ireland, constituted on the same principle; and that the same observation extends to the Commons' House of Parliament; for your Majesty must be aware, that at that time, as at present, Old Sarum and Midhurst had a right to send the same number of representatives to that House which are delegated from the county of York.

"We have indeed seen changes of some importance take place:

"We have seen the judges of the land rendered independent, by having their offices conferred on them for life.

"We have seen attempts to secure the independence of the House of Commons, by the abolition of so many offices tenable with a seat in that House, that, though we find on record, in times of general contentment throughout your Majesty's dominions, the names of upwards of 150 placemen voting in that assembly, we know not, at this moment of discontent and irritation, how any man can with truth allege that there exists in that House even one half of that number of placemen.

"We have seen also the independence of the House of Lords provided for on similar principles.

"We have seen many of the offices of state, in which enormous fortunes have been made, by the use of public money, regulated in such a manner that no public officer can now enjoy any emolument beyond the defined salary annexed to his situation.

"We have seen contractors with Government excluded from Parliament, and loans contracted in a manner which puts it no longer in the power of a Minister of the Crown to shew favour to his friends.

"And we have seen the purity of election provided for, by the exclusion of all revenue officers from a right of suffrage; as well as by regulations far more numerous than all those contained in the statute book at the commencement of the reign of our deceased sovereign.

"All these regulations may, indeed, be considered as in a degree operating a change in the constituted authority of the country; but it would be wasting your Majesty's time, to go into any details to shew that they are alterations of a nature, which, far from creating irritation and discontent, ought, according to the opinions of those who are daily libelling our Government, to soothe and render the constitution under which we have the happiness of living more dear to those who are born to enjoy the blessings of it. We must, therefore, humbly submit to your Majesty, that we cannot

perceive any alterations in the constituted authority of the country capable of giving a new direction to the power vested in it, such as can account for the melancholy state of public sentiment which unfortunately now prevails."

This is all very just and sound. But we must now take leave to make a few remarks upon the leading principles of his Lordship's theory, which, indeed, is brought forward in a shape rather abstract and metaphysical.—Should this address ever be adopted, and presented to his Majesty, we believe it will be the first instance in which our gracious Sovereign has been publicly regaled with a dish of genuine Scotch philosophy.

It is a great objection to any theory, that, if it be true, there seems no practicable remedy for the evils of which it professes to develope the cause. We are not much obliged to an author who curiously traces the causes and progress of a distemper in the political system, and whose very statement of them shuts out all hope of cure. The noble author has not, in the present instance, even indicated a remedy—and we are sure, that if any feasible scheme had occurred to him, his intrepidity would not have shrunk from the announcement of it. But he comes forward, burdened with his "real grievance," and in despair casts it at the feet of parliamentary wisdom. This looks ill, either for Lord Lauderdale's theory, or for the country.—But, if the root of our present evils be in truth a revolution in the state of property, generated by the events of the late war, we do not well see by what species of counter-revolution the evil is to be removed. We can contract debts, indeed, but without the aid of Mr Heathfield, it is not so easy to extinguish them. The events of a war, or great commercial successes, may create mercantile and monied capitalists; but we do not know by what scheme, when they are once generated,—be their local or individual influences ever so small—they and their capital are at once to be destroyed. They *may*, indeed, purchase land, but they cannot be compelled to do this; and even if they were to do it universally, they would only displace the actual proprietors, and change situations with them of course. Lord Lauderdale's theory can be satisfied only by destroying, in some shape or other, the superfluous *uninfluential* wealth, and the rude independent population, which, in their



different spheres, produce discontent and radicalism ; and we should, therefore, advise him to reverse his former pursuits, and, instead of puzzling himself with the needless and baneful "inquiry into the means and causes of the increase of wealth," set himself seriously to consider what may be the fittest mode of its extinction.

If it be true, that constituted authority cannot well be maintained in this land, but in connection with and subserviency to territorial interests,—if the landholder must invariably be the legislator ; and, in his legislative capacity, is to be obeyed only because of the favours which, as a territorial proprietor, he can confer, and the submission thereby enforced,—the feudal system, if not in its most barbarous forms, yet, in its essential principle, must be revived to save the state from destruction. The revival, indeed, is impossible, and the subversion is therefore certain and inevitable. The very essence of the feudal system, is the influence of property over rude and servile dependence ; and the influence, too, of that very species of property—land, upon which the noble author mainly relies—every other form of wealth being naturally detached and independent, and incapable, of course, of giving that specific local influence, upon which, in the author's opinion, the vigour of constituted authority, and the stability of order must for ever depend. This is high aristocracy and renovated feudalism, indeed ; and the very mention of such doctrines, by this noble personage, must excite a smile in every one who recollects the history of the last thirty years, and the very conspicuous part played in some of its scenes by the Earl of Lauderdale himself.

Be this as it may, however, we take leave to maintain, that his theory is erroneous and absurd. The wisest and ablest of our English writers have concurred in ascribing the spirit of freedom which has distinguished our people,—their feeling of personal independence, and just passion for public liberty,—to that very disconnection betwixt the class of territorial proprietors, and the mass of the population, which Lord Lauderdale so feelingly deploras,—to the rupture of feudalism, and its multiplied bondage, —to the progress of arts, manufactures, and commerce, which have bestowed the enjoyment of property, without

the condition of servitude, and diversified society by the introduction of other classes besides proprietors, and their immediate dependents. The theory of Lord Lauderdale is at variance, in short, with all that is truly liberal, and finely characteristic of the system of this country. It was ever the boast of the domestic policy of England,—propitious to arts and commerce, and to the reciprocal independence of all classes, that it has shattered the simple and savage relations, which, while they maintained even constituted authority but imperfectly, perpetuated the servitude and brutality of man. The assured independence of the middle, and even the labouring classes, has hitherto been the principle and the pride of England's liberal system, while respect for the constitution, obedience to the laws, and general domestic tranquillity, have been secured, upon finer and more generous principles than this noble author imagines can ever exercise any very effective controul over the mind of man.—It is by excluding, in a great measure, from his theory, the higher feelings, which are not less present in their influence, that they appear for the present in a state of perversion and depravity,—that we conceive the author to have essentially and egregiously erred ; it is by omitting, in his enumeration, the progress of intellect and knowledge—omnipotent as it must be, either for good or evil,—that we think he has shewn his incapacity to read well the signs of the times ; it is by wholly neglecting the moral and political feelings of man, stimulated as they have been by education, by the facilities for diffused intelligence, by the events and examples of recent history, that we think he has evinced a remarkable ignorance of what is passing at this moment in our own island, and throughout a great part of Europe. And we are not surprised, that with this evident imperfection of his theory, as to the causes of our present disorders, it should imply a practical conclusion, which the entire physical as well as moral power of the age will combine in repelling.—We are aware, indeed, that Lord Lauderdale may disown this conclusion, and can well believe that he never intended to carry his principle to that extreme to which it directly and unequivocally points ;

but we are here examining the *principle* alone which he develops, and the inference to which it conducts, without regard to other practical conclusions which the author may illogically draw from it, or other modifica-

tions of his views, which, if the matter were to be brought to the test of experiment,—of which, indeed, there is but little chance,—he would be compelled to admit.

#### MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE meeting of Parliament, at all times a matter of importance, has been, on the present occasion, marked by results of eminent value.

Since the close of the late session the country has been kept in a state of constant disturbance. Ignorant passion had been stirred up by every stimulant of falsehood, pecuniary corruption, and revolutionary frenzy. The rabble had been taught to look with contemptuous insolence, or to turn with daring menace on the administration of law, religion, and government, and the strength of rebellion, flung upon the ground, seemed to have caught strength from the contact, and to be rising with sudden and formidable vigour within reach of public ruin.

The meeting of Parliament was to faction the grand epoch. The *major sacrum ordo* of insult to the Crown, and decay to the constitution, was to take its date from the hour when the House of Commons opened its portals. It was within the circle of this democratic portion of the state, that the democratic orators were to sweep the sword of vengeance and of oratory, with “huge, two-handed sway;” and an easy victory was to be achieved by the WILSONS and WOODS, and their followers and imitators, over the helpless and supplicating feebleness of government. It is notorious, that this was the expectation and the language of faction throughout England, “Wait but till the meeting of the House of Commons. We have been foiled in the Lords; six-eighths of the peerage have voted that miserable woman guilty, whom we had combined in taking up as a pretence for our combination, borough-mongers and radicals, aristocrats and *sans culottes*, as we are; but the Peers are independent of popular passions, they may be frightened, but they cannot be shaken from their seats; they may be menaced at their bar by a hired pleader, but they cannot be pelted from the hustings by a hired rabble. In the House of Commons, the field is our own, the ground is measured and divided, every orator has his part, in which, from practice and pertinacity,

he is irresistible. Our first object was to bewilder the mob—that we have done; our next is to crush the ministry; and the power, once in the hands of whiggism, radicalism must have the lion's share. What may not the lowest clamourer for reform expect from a ministry, when Lord Erskine holds the Seals, and my Lords Grey and Holland sit at the head of the Treasury?”

The House of Commons have met, and the defeat of faction has been unexampled. The coalition of the Foxites and the Radicals within doors, has been worsted and thrown into utter contempt, by vast majorities; and their defeat out of doors has been scarcely less striking. The King has appeared in public; and the homage manifested under the most public and impartial circumstances, has been striking, universal, and decisive, in the highest degree. A more open appeal, or a more triumphant answer, could not possibly have been given. The nation has thus, in the space of a few days, cleared itself from all that mass of degradation which it was the labour of faction for half a year to heap upon it. The process in this matter, was the old customary course of the enemies of the legal order of things. Rebellion, in its affectation of discovery, adheres to precedent with the spirit of a drudge; if it does not hunt for it through the dust of libraries, the practice lies ready in the corruption and avidity of degraded human nature. The same statute in the book of Republicanism, which overthrew the constitution in the days of our unfortunate Charles, directed the overthrow of the government of France, in our own, and is the study of our jacobins at this hour. Its first principle is to vilify the sitter on the throne. It is necessary to revolution, to break up the natural course and current of the affections. The heart in which it is to inhabit, must be cleared out of all its old prepossessions of honour to God and to the sovereign, and domestic love, and personal humanity. Revolution knows neither father nor mother, nor brother nor sister. *Moloch's*

alter disdains all but the blood of kindred. Revolution will have the heart, but it must first be made hard and sullen, reckless, and thirsty of blood. Like the aspirant in the old Greek mystery, its devotee must steep in slaughter, and be dragged through flame, and be maddened with wild prediction, until his nature is turned, and he bears upon his brow the brand of a gloomy and desperate spirit to the hour of consummation.

In England, two centuries ago, rebellion began by insulting the sovereign. In France, the person and habits of *Louis*, were the first derision of those who, at length, brought their king to the scaffold. In England every species of low insolence has been levied against the monarch as an individual. Every pen and pencil of abomination has been busy to give a false and degrading impression of his principles, his manners, and even of his form and countenance. The etiquette by which the King was restrained from appearing in public, except on matters of state, for a year after the death of the late Sovereign, assisted this insolent imposture. But his visit to the theatres at once gave to the multitude an opportunity of judging for themselves, and gave to the enemies alike of King and people, the most unanswerable proof that the heart of the nation is loyal at the core. But let the history of this decline and fall of whiggism proceed in its order. The commencement of the session had been for some months pronounced on by the whigs as the moment of victory; their trumpet was already blown through the land. This confidence certainly imposed upon a considerable number, and petitions and remonstrances were prepared to follow up the charge of the triumphant Opposition; that, after the strength of government had been trampled down, the rabble might be upon the spot, to share in the true and original cause of the attack—the plunder. But if their confidence deceived others, it lulled themselves; and at the commencement of the session they still had to arrange a plan of offence. The address passed without an amendment or a division. This shewed the genuine feebleness of the cause; but their lapse was now to be recovered by any means, however hazardous, and Lord Archibald Hamilton, brother, as he is ludicrously called, to Her Majesty's court, (Lady Anne Hamilton being the only female who

has condescended to succeed to the honours of the *Countess of Oldi*,) was put forward on an occasion so pregnant with defeat, contempt, and absurdity. This nobleman, the feebleness of whose oratory forms a singular contrast to the fierceness of his gesticulation, accordingly gave bold notice of a motion for restoring the Queen's name to the liturgy. But this was too rash a hazard, and too giddy for the more rational even among the whigs; in the teeth of all their declarations that the Queen must be cleared on the first trial of the question before the Commons, they dared not burthen themselves with the weight of her alleged criminality, and the question was modified into the "inexpediency and ill-advisedness of omitting her name in the liturgy." The secret history of this curious proceeding goes on to state, that Lord Archibald remonstrated on this occasion with infinite fury and unproductiveness; that he was finally forced to swallow his notice, on pain of being thrown out of his new employment as orator; and that he was further commanded to say nothing from which the party could not subsequently withdraw its neck, by evasion, shuffling, or subservience. The true object of Opposition was, as it has always been, place. But the adoption of the Queen's cause, in all its blackness, must have acted as a disqualification in the highest quarter. The difficulty, then, lay in using the Queen's question so as to throw out ministers, without involving themselves in it so far as to offend the source of authority. This problem might fairly try the most practised brains; it was the more absurd to trust its manipulation to the touch of Lord Archibald. But after his Lordship had consented to pare his original motion, he had the parental mortification of seeing its spirit altogether abandoned, and the question turned solely upon the right in law, to exclude the Queen's name. This was the most disastrous dwindling down of the subject-matter that could be conceived; the debate was at once thrown into the hands of the lawyers, who perplexed the House till daybreak, and concluded by drawing on their party a consummate and crushing defeat. Such was the result of the whole system of menace, and tumultuary processions, and ostentatious insult to the throne. And this defeat was not less an exposure of the actual weakness of whiggism, than of

the paltry and vulgar spirit of subterfuge, in which their whole tactique has consisted. They actually abandoned the Queen, from the beginning of the debate. Whatever chivalry might have fired *Lord Archibald's* northern blood in giving his notice, it cooled as suddenly as it had heated, and the hope of throwing out ministers usurped at once the whole space which had been devoted in the magnanimous bosoms of Opposition, to the sufferings of the purest of her sex. The whole topic was laid by, like the frippery of the last Lord Mayor's day, till the rabble were to be summoned up to another season of licentiousness, idleness, and clamorous folly. The course of the debate was actually one of the most ludicrous distress. The lips of all the usual haranguers, were padlocked by the strong hand of the Whig Council, which had sat upon the measure two nights before. All the pathetic appeals, and furious invectives, and schoolboy metaphors, which the long vacation had sublimated in the breast of the oratorical aspirants, were rigorously corked up, and the whole course of opposition rhetoric was, with whatever agony, confided to the hands of Messrs *Scariffett, Brougham, Wetherell, and Mackintosh*, men who, if they talked nonsense, were at least the only ones able to talk it technically. The Queen was, during this dry discussion, left to the silent memory of her wrongs. Her injuries were as little told as her love. One of her orators has described her as, "Patience on a monument," but if her patience smiled on this occasion, it was in contempt at the hollowness, feebleness and poverty of heart, that had made a traffic of her cause. The whigs had from the commencement, made but a ladder of her rights and wrongs, such as they were; but the moment that seemed to raise them within reach of power, shewed them flinging away the ladder, and they now oscillate, a common scorn to government and people. The result of the legal oratory was a majority of 101 against their cause. This decision left no doubt of the feeling of the House of Commons, the great democratic assembly in which the ruin of administration was to follow the opening of the doors. The prediction is now only ridiculous.

"The charge was prepared,  
"And the lawyers were met,"

and the old culprit was the culprit still, after all the clamour and boasting of

hired advocacy. But assurance has since been made double sure. The committee on the Queen's pension gave the death-blow to all hopes of involving the House of Commons in the mire of the Queen's interest, either of love or politics. Fifty thousand pounds, the original offer, were proposed as her pension. She was bold enough to send down, on the opening of the business, a note, impudently called a *message*, refusing to receive the bounty of the House, unless her name should have been previously inserted in the liturgy. All the strength of whiggism was mustered, and it was all helpless. In a full assemblage of the intelligence, wealth, and public feeling of the nation; in a House of four hundred and fifty members, the whigs did not dare to divide, upon the Speaker's leaving the chair. The measure of government was carried, with no objections, but from those whose experience suspected the abuse of so large a sum in irresponsible hands, and naturally contemplated new processions, placards, Italian countesses, and estates for other Bergamis.

This vote was a direct sentence of the House. If their opinion had been, that the Queen was innocent, this vote would have furnished the plainest of all remonstrances—it would have been offering to the acquitted the bounty which had been offered to the accused. The allowance to the Queen of England, purified of all stain, and holding her place at the head of English morals and society, would have been the same sum allotted to the *Princess of Wales*, travelling obscurely in a foreign country, stained with degrading accusations, and humiliating herself to the familiar intercourse of chambermaids and footmen. We must for once congratulate the country on the conduct of the Queen. The politics of Brandenburg House are intricate, but it is obvious that there, too, is "something behind the throne more powerful than the throne." The fifty thousand pounds have been saved to the Treasury. That this desperate refusal should have proceeded from the whigs, their notorious avidity forbids us to believe; and to pension the opposers of government with its own money, would have been a contrivance too exalting not to have captivated the most obtuse of their rhetoricians, down to Mr Wetherell himself. But the special adviser who brought her Majesty through the trial, while her hired counsel were exhausting their inge-

nity in vain, the *Man of Mobs* is understood to have stood up triumphantly against the host of those more suspicious friends, who advised her to take the money and thank her fortune. The hope of a subscription to ten times the amount was played before the royal eye. There were strong examples in point, and many a desperado was in the revolutionary books, thriving on the subscription which peers and baronets had flown to heap upon him, at the moment of his conviction for crimes against religion and the state. The *Man of Mobs* prevailed, the pension was in an evil hour refused, her Majesty is now thrown upon the bounty of the whigs—the empty purses at Brookes's sarc, at this hour, undergoing a thorough search for the remnant left in them by luckless politics and inveterate gambling, and the hired advocates must go without their fees. This is the measure of true misfortune—the £50,000 was to have healed all the wounds of hurt pride and beggared avarice. But the day of this consummation is now thrown to a hopeless distance—the fate of the subscription for the pension will be like that for the plate, of which *Alderman Wood* was the treasurer, and of which no account has yet reached the public eye.

The defeat of Opposition, fighting under pretext of the Queen's calamities, was too complete for a second experiment under that shelter. A motion was brought forward in the subsequent week, which endeavoured to succeed by a bold and open declaration of hostility to ministers. The Queen's name was still used,—for the whigs, the *aristocrats* of the House, willingly stoop to the mob—but the course of the debate set full upon the expulsion of ministers from their places. Here again the attack was weak, wavering, and repelled with total discomfiture. After a debate, continued till seven in the morning of the second day, the motion was rejected by 334, to 178.

A curious review of the list of the majority, states the following results in answer to the charge of pensioned voting.

On Lord Tavistock's motion there voted 131 county members.

For ministers 83—against them 48—majority 35.

Of members for cities, towns, and boroughs, where the number of voters is great, and the elections are free—voted 149.

For ministers 92—against them 57—majority 35.

Thus, of the members who are allowed on all hands to represent the people, 175 out of 280 vote an approval of the conduct of Ministers in the whole course of the late measures. The true and rational feeling from all this is, that the national mind has been disabused,—that the gross and virulent falsehoods which had inflamed the multitude, and filled our streets with mountebank exhibitions of sympathy for the associate of her own menials, had either never reached the higher orders of the English mind, or had altogether perished from it—that revolution is postponed *sine die*, and that the men of England may return to their homes and occupations, without fear of finding the guillotine at the entrance of their villages.

The close of this debate was characterized by a striking circumstance. The attack on ministers had been repelled, and it was suddenly changed into a charge upon their accusers. Mr Brougham was openly summoned by Lord Castlereagh to answer to a series of imputations, the most direct and most painful that could be pointed to the feelings of a man of honour. It had been remarked, that this advocate, in contradiction to his usual fondness for the foreground, had suffered the debate to proceed till an extraordinary late hour without making his speech.\*

\* "Mr Brougham has not denied, and therefore may fairly be said to have admitted, at least three damning circumstances. 1. That he, without the *knowledge*, to say nothing of the *authority* of the Queen, carried on, for eighteen months, a secret negotiation with his Majesty's Ministers, the projected close of which was, all along, the Queen's assumption of the title of Duchess of Cornwall—a step which Mr Brougham has always *talked of* in Parliament as utterly unworthy of the said Queen.

"2. That Mr Brougham put an end to this negotiation *merely* because Ministers insisted upon seeing his commission or authority from the Queen—in other words, that he ended it entirely on his own bottom, and ended it merely because he was compelled to.

"3. That Mr Brougham had, for months, in his pocket, a private, express, distinct, and authoritative offer from his Majesty's Ministers to the Queen, which he never took

And it is notorious, that a speech delivered at four in the morning has no chance of being published at any length in the newspapers, which are all then on the point of being put to press. In consequence, the report of his answer to those most obnoxious charges defies all intelligibility. It is obscure, narrow, and feeble, for which, in all politeness, we must throw the blame on the newspapers, or rather on the ill luck which postponed his defence till it was beyond their power to detail it.

Among the minor convictions of opposition it is to be observed, that all their doubts of the truth of the witnesses against the Queen have been suffered to glide out of view. While the trial lasted, *Majocchi*, and the rest, were indiscriminately treated as prevaricators and perjurers of the blackest description, and Ministers were commanded, on the severest responsibility, not to suffer one of the culprits to escape. Those menaces have turned to air,—the witnesses have been in the hands of their slanderers, and no process has been ventured on, to atone to the indignant majesty of opposition justice. This is decisive of two things,—it shows the veracity of the witnesses, and it shews to what base and fraudulent practices the public mind has been exposed, for the mere purpose of prejudging the question by clamour. Actions would have been brought, if the party dared to try the evidence; for, with all their boasted aversion to calling in the arm of the law, actions have been brought against individuals and public journals, and that too, by the most suspicious mode of indictment, where the accused is not permitted to rest his defence on the guilt of the accuser.

It is painful to be forced still to advert to the conduct of a wretched woman, whom it is hopeless to redeem from the situation which has brought her so unfortunately before the people. But she is the point of union to a party combined of all the elements of disorder. Rebellion looks upon her, unauthorized or not, as its most important ally; every hater of King and law, from the pilferer in the streets up to the more culpable ruffian who uses his influence for popular inflammation, looks upon the Queen's name as the outwork from which the constitution is to be battered. Whether this is vo-

luntary on the part of her Majesty or not, the evil is the same; and until she openly disclaims all connexion with these profligate disturbers, she must hope for no share of the confidence of the nation.

The King's visit to the theatres was like an unintentional and final appeal to public opinion. The finding of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, in the Lords, was not more decisive than the rejection of the Queen's name from the *Liturgy*, in the Commons. The theatres added to those the testimony of the people. Nothing can express the affectionate eagerness of the King's reception at both Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden. It has been attempted to say, that the audiences were packed. But how can an audience be packed in London, when every one may force his way? The audiences were of the most general description. At Drury-Lane, there were but few persons of rank, from the shortness of the notice, which precluded the taking of places; and the boxes, like every other part of the house, were filled by the multitude. At Covent-Garden, the interval of a day gave time for an easier arrangement, and a great number of persons of distinction were present: Still the multitude, who were not to be restrained, formed the immense majority, and by those, who could have no motive but their feelings, the King was received with the most unwearied and enthusiastic applause. The Queen's name was occasionally called out, and instantly suppressed by shouts of indignation. His Majesty's appearance was stately and noble in the highest degree. If there was no more in his thus coming before his people, than this living answer to the degrading and infamous caricatures which had insulted his person, a desirable object would have been effected—but the manifestation of opinion is of infinitely higher importance. The lies of Radicalism have been refuted in a night—the revolutionary instigators feel that their corruption of the popular mind has been but narrow and superficial—and the friends of law, freedom, and good order, have received an additional and resistless proof, that, in the hours of emergency, as the people may trust to the King, the King may trust to the people.

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any measure whatever to place in her hands, and which, in point of fact, he did not place in her hands till he himself had left St Omer's, and she had re-entered London. How, all the world asks,—how can this be explained?—*BEACON, No. VII.*

## WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

## LONDON.

Metrical Legends of exalted characters ; by Joanna Baillie ; also a new edition of the Plays on the Passions.

The Vision of Judgment, a Poem ; by Robert Southey.

A History of the Quakers, by the same author.

In the press, in two volumes quarto, Memoirs of the last nine years of George II. ; by Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford.

Lady Morgan's work on Italy is at length sent to the press.

Will be published in the ensuing spring, an Index to the first fifty volumes of the Monthly Magazine. Selections of the curious, valuable, and original papers, will also appear within the year, in five volumes. It is also proposed to publish a volume of selections on the completion of every ten volumes.

The first Report of the Cambridge Philosophical Society.

A new edition of Lord Byron's Works, in five volumes, small 8vo. Also Graphic Illustrations of the same.

Miss Benger's Memoirs of Anne Boleyn will appear in a few days.

The Life of the honourable William Pitt ; by Dr Prettyman Tomline, Bishop of Winchester, in several 4to volumes.

A new edition of Mr Brande's Manual of Chemistry, in three 8vo. volumes.

A Biographical Work of 3000 living public men of all countries ; to be embellished with nearly 300 engraved portraits, and to correspond in size with Debrett's Peerage.

An Account of the British campaign at Washington and New Orleans, in 1814, 1815 ; by an Officer, 8vo.

An Abridgement of Matthias's Greek Grammar, for the use of schools ; by the Rev. Dr Blomfield.

A new edition of Blackstone's Commentaries ; by Mr J. Williams.

The History and Antiquities of several Parishes in the Hundreds of Bullington Ploughley, &c. Oxfordshire, with engravings of churches, crosses, &c. ; by John Dunkin, author of the History of Eicester. Only fifty copies printed.

Mr T. Heaphy is preparing a Series of Studies from Nature of the British character ; consisting of soldiers who have fought under the Duke of Wellington, sailors, and rustics. Each number will contain six heads in black and white chalk.

Mr Heaphy will also shortly publish No. I. of Studies of Character and Expression from the Old Masters.

will appear, in a duodecimo vo-

lume, Histoire de la Secte des Amis, suivie d'une Notice sur Madame Fry, et la prison de Newgate ; par Madame Adele du Thou.

Notes on the Cape of Good Hope, made during an excursion through the principal parts of that colony, in the year 1820 ; in which are briefly considered the advantages and disadvantages it offers to the English emigrant, with some remarks upon the new settlement at Algoa Bay.

De Renzey, a Novel, in three volumes. Travels in Northern Africa, from Tripoli to Meurzouk, the capital of Fezzan ; and from thence to the southern extremity of that kingdom, in 1818—1820 ; by Lieut. G. F. Lyon, R. N.

The Union of the Roses, a Poem, in six cantos, with Notes ; a tale of the fifteenth century.

Mr D'Israeli is printing a new series of the Curiosities of Literature, in three vols. 8vo.

A new Choral Book, for the use of the established church ; by Mr Cooper.

The Personal History of King George III. ; by E. H. Locker, Esq. ; in 4to, with portraits, fac-similes, and other engravings.

Preparing for the press, a Translation of a Narrative of a Voyage round the World, in the Russian ship *Rurie*, undertaken with a view to a discovery of a north-east passage, between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans ; by Otto Von Kotzebue.

A Dissertation, shewing the identity of the rivers Niger and Nile ; chiefly from the authority of the ancients ; by John Dudley, M. A.

The last number of Mr Pugin's Specimens of Gothic Architecture, selected from various ancient edifices in England, with sixty engravings.

A new work on the Study of Medicine, comprising its Physiology, Pathology, and Practice, is in course of preparation ; by Dr John Mason Good.

Memoirs of James Earl Waldegrave, K. G. one of his Majesty's privy council, in the reign of George II., and governor of George III., when Prince of Wales ; being a short Account of Political Contentions, Party Quarrels, and Events of consequence, from 1754 to 1757, in small 4to.

Elementary Illustrations of the Celestial Mechanics of La Place, in 8vo.

The Century of Inventions of the Marquis of Worcester, from the original M. S., with Historical and Explanatory Notes, a Biographical Memoir, and an original Portrait, in 8vo.

The fifth and concluding volume of Mr

Britton's Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain will be completed by midsummer next. It will contain 80 engravings.

Preparing for the press, by the same author, Illustrations and History of Oxford Cathedral; to be followed by those of Canterbury Cathedral.

The first number of a Magazine of the Fine Arts will appear in April.

In the press, a Literal Translation of the Medea of Euripides into English prose, with the scanning and order; by T. W. G. Edward, M. A.

Preparing for publication, Intimations and Evidences of a Future State; by Rev. T. Watson.

The Topography of Athens, with some remarks on its Antiquities; by Lieut. Col. Leake; 8vo., with plates from the drawings of C. Cockerell, Esq.

Burchard's Travels in Syria and Mount Sinai may shortly be expected.

Metacom; or Philip of Pokanaket, an Heroic Poem, in 16 books; by the author of Night, Peter Faultless, &c.

In the press, the Letters of Mary Lefel, Lady Hervey, with Illustrative Notes.

Shortly will be published, Dr D'Oyley's Life of Archbishop Sancroft.

The Poems of Catullus, translated by the honourable Geo. Lamb, with a Preface and Notes.

The Last Days of Herculaneum, and Abudates, and Panthea; by Edwin Athastone, Esq.

A Poem, in sixteen books, called Cœur de Lion, or the Third Crusade; by Miss Forden.

Memoirs on the Present State of Science and Scientific Institutions in France; by Dr Granville.

A Novel, entitled, The Sisters, in four 8vo. volumes.

The third and fourth volumes of Mr Butler's History of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics.

Mitchell's Translation of Aristophanes, vol. ii.

The Rev. T. Smith of St John's College, Cambridge, is publishing a new edition of the Eton Latin Grammar, with copious Notes, and having the quantities of all syllables marked. This edition will appear in February.

In the press, and will be published early in February, the third part of the New Translation of the Bible, translated from the Sacred Original Hebrew only, completing the Pentateuch, or Five Books of Moses; by J. Bellamy.

Shortly will be published, an Itinerary of the Rhone, including part of the southern coast of France; by John Hughes, Esq. A. M. of Oriel College, Oxford.

Shortly will be published, an Attempt to analyze the Automaton Chess Player of M. de Kempelen, with an easy method of imitating the movements of that celebrated figure, illustrated by plates, and accompanied by a copious collection of the knight's moves on the chess-board.

Captain Batty's Narrative of the Campaign of the Left Wing of the Allied Army under the Duke of Wellington, from the passage of the Bedasso, in 1813, to the end of the war, 1814; illustrated by a Plan of the theatre of war, and twenty Views of the Scenery in the Pyrenees and south of France.

The first number of Mr Haden's Monthly Journal of Popular Medicine, will be published in March. It is addressed to the public in general, as well as to the profession. It treats of the various modes of preserving health, as well as of the nature and courses of common diseases, and of the treatment of accidents, &c. It also gives a digest of such parts of the medical and philosophical literature of the day, as may be interesting to the public, or lead to useful remarks.

The Rev. John Hodgson is preparing for publication, the Second Volume of his History of Northumberland, which will contain the History of the Parishes in Castle Ward.

## EDINBURGH.

The Fourth Edition, improved and enlarged, of Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland; and on the Principles of Mercantile Jurisprudence. By George Joseph Bell, Esq. advocate. 2 vols. 4to. Will be published in a few days.

A Second Edition, corrected and improved, of Werner's Nomenclature of Colours. By P. Sym.

Preparing for publication, in elephant folio, Illustrations of British Ornithology. Series first—Land Birds. By P. J. Selby, Esq. of Twizel-House, Northumberland.

Preparing for publication, in elephant folio, Illustrations of British Ornithology. Series first—Land Birds. By P. J. Selby, Esq. of Twizel-House, Northumberland.

## MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

### LONDON.

#### AGRICULTURE.

ESSAYS on Practical Husbandry and Rural Economy. By Edward Burroughs, Esq. 3s. 6d.

Farmer and Grazier's Guide. By J. Towne. Foolscape 8vo. 10s.

The Miller's Guide; or Treatise on the Flour Manufacturing and Milling Business. By John Miller. 8vo. 10s.

#### ANTIQUITIES.

A History of Northumberland, in three Parts. By the Rev. John Hodgson, &c.



cretary to the Newcastle Antiquarian Society. Vol. V. being the First Part of vol. III., and containing ancient Records and Historical Papers. Demy, 2l. 2s. Royal Paper, 3l. 3s.

#### ARCHITECTURE.

A Series of Designs for Private Dwellings. By J. Hedgeland. 4to. Part I. £1, 1s.

Specimens of Gothic Architecture, selected from various Edifices in England, engraved by Turrell, from drawings by Pugin, Nos. I. II. each containing 20 plates. £1, 1s. each.

#### BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Laycock's General Catalogue of New and Old Books, for 1821. 3s.

A Catalogue of the Library of the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By William Harris, Keeper of the Library. Second Edition, royal 8vo. £1, 1s.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

County Biography for Norfolk, Essex, and Suffolk. Royal 18mo. £1, 2s. 6d.

Biographia Curiosa; or Memoirs and Portraits of Remarkable Characters in the Reign of George III. No. VII. 2s. 6d.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Alfieri; with Portrait. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

#### EDUCATION.

The Student's Manual; being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words, derived from the Greek. 18mo. 8s. 6d.

An Abridgment of Dr Goldsmith's History of England. By the Rev. Alexander Stewart. 12mo. 5s.

Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant, a new Edition, with 1000 New Questions. By the Rev. T. Smith, of St John's College, Cambridge, Master of Gordon House Academy, Kentish Town, Middlesex. 2s.

Chosroes and Heraclius; a Tale from the Roman History. By Miss Sandham. 3s.

Short Stories from the History of Scotland. 2s. 6d.

The Travellers; or, an entertaining Journey round the Habitable Globe. Coloured, 18mo. 7s. 6d. Plain, 6s.

A Letter to a Member of Parliament, shewing (in these Days of Infidelity and Sedition,) the serious and dangerous Defects of the British and Foreign School, and of Mr Brougham's Bill (now pending) for the General Education of the Poor. By Richard Lloyd, A.M. 1s. 6d.

The Latin and Variorum Classics. No. XXII. Tacitus.

Synonymus Thesaurus. No. XI.

#### HISTORY.

General History of the House of Guolph, or Royal Family of Great Britain. By Andrew Haliday, M.D. 4to. £2, 10s.

History of Seyd Said, Sultan of Muscat, together with an Account of the Countries

and People on the Shores of the Persian Gulph, particularly of the Wahabees. By Sheik Mansur. 12s.

#### MATHEMATICS.

Analytical and Arithmetical Essays. By Peter Nicholson. 8vo. 12s.

The Gentleman's Annual Mathematical Companion, for 1821. 12mo. 3s.

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Letters to a mother on the Management of Infants and Children, Nursing, Food, &c. By a Physician. 4s. 6d.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Treatment of Gravel, Calculus, and other Diseases of the Urinary Organs. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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A Description of the Changeable Magnetic Properties possessed by all Iron Bodies, and the different Effects produced by the same on Ships' Compasses, from the Position of the Ship's Head being altered, with Engravings. By P. Leccreut, Midshipman, R.N. 8vo. 4s. 6d.

Robson's Classification of Trades, bound with the London Commercial Directory, for 1821. Royal 8vo. 13s. 6d. The Directory separate. 7s. 6d.

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The Literary Chronicle and Weekly Register, for 1820. 4to. £1, 7s. 6d.

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#### NATURAL HISTORY.

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Edinburgh Monthly Review for March. No. 27.

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# MONTHLY REGISTER.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.—14th February, 1821.

**Sugar.**—The demand for inferior Sugars continues dull and unsettled. The finer qualities are in considerable demand, and prices advanced. The refined goods have given way in price. Foreign Sugars are more in demand, on account of some expected regulations in Russia. Except from Demerara, the supplies of Sugar must, for several months to come, be very small. The appearance, however, of the crops for 1821 were, at the date of the last account from the Islands, very favourable. The present prices will not by any means reimburse the planter, whose distress must be severe. In no case is he getting the interest of his money. The extension of cultivation in Foreign Colonies is filling every foreign market with Sugar more than adequate to the consumpt thereof; nor does there appear any limits to the increasing evil.—**Cotton.** The prices of Cotton continue still to give way, and are now at a rate lower than we believe were ever previously known. The consumpt, however, continues to increase, but not equal to the supply, which is unprecedentedly large. The same cause that extends the cultivation of Sugar is also extending the cultivation of Cotton. On this article, the loss on importation must, for some time past, have been very great. It exceeds 30 per cent. in the short period of a few months. East India Cotton is sunk to a price ruinously low.—**Coffee.** The demand for Coffee was for some time very considerable, and the prices in consequence advanced. Of late the market is become more languid, and the prices have lately given way. The value of this article depends altogether upon the advices from the Continent. The season for exportation advances, and every mail will tend to alter the face of the Coffee market for better or for worse. The chance is in favour of improvement.—**Corn.** The price of Wheat may be stated on the decline, and the market full and heavy. Oats are stationary. The prices of every article of agricultural produce is at a rate injuriously low for the agricultural interest, the foundation stone of the strength of this country. As commercial affairs mend, however, the price of Grain will gradually improve, and approach its proper level; but it is a question very doubtful. if the prices will enable the landholder to realize his rents.—**Rum.** The government contract has made no alteration in the price of this article. It continues exceedingly low and distressed. The planter had better give away his Molasses in a present, than convert them into Rum, at its present rates; it does not pay the expence of distillation. Brandy and Geneva continue without any alteration. Tobacco is dull and heavy. Greenland Oils are on the decline. Hemp, Flax, and Tallow are each in a languid state, the latter in particular lowering in price, and much depressed. There is no material difference in any other article of commerce from our quotations. The demand for goods from foreign markets continues to improve, and there is also a considerable improvement in the home markets. Some branches of trade, however, still continue much depressed. This is particularly the case with Birmingham. Taking, however, the aggregate of our manufacturing establishments, the condition of the labourers is very greatly improved indeed, compared to this time last year. Work is now abundant. The wages are more than doubled, and the prices of provisions are unusually low. Upon the whole, we anticipate a continued improvement in all our commercial concerns.—The general Review of British Commerce for last year, is unavoidably postponed to our next.

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d Jan. 1821.

	2d.	9th.	16th.	23d.
Bank stock,.....	223 2	—	223	223
3 per cent. reduced,.....	70½ ½	70½ ½	69½ ¾	70½ ½
3 per cent. consols,.....	—	69½ ¾	69½ ¾	69½ ¾
3½ per cent. consols,.....	79 ½	79½ ¾	78½ ¾	79½ ¾
4 per cent. consols,.....	87½ 8	87½ ¾	87½ ¾	88½ ¾
5 per cent. navy ann. ....	—	104½ ¾	103½ ¾	104½ ¾
Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ....	—	—	—	—
India stock,.....	—	225½	—	223½
— bonds,.....	27 pr.	33 35 pr.	32 33 pr.	36 38 pr.
Exchequer bills,.....	1 3 pr.	4 5 pr.	5 4 pr.	4 6 pr.
Consols per acc. ....	71½ ¾	71½ ¾	70½ ¾	70½ ¾
American 3 per cents. ....	60½	60½	60½	60½
French 5 per cents. ....	—	—	—	—

*Course of Exchange, Feb. 9.*—Amsterdam, 12: 9. Ditto at sight, 12: 6. Rotterdam, 12: 10. Antwerp, 12: 10. Hamburgh, 33: 2. Altona, 33: 3. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25: 75. Ditto 26: 5. Bourdeaux, 26: 5. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburg, 9½: 3 U. Vienna, 10: 17 Eff. flo. Trieste, 10: 17. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 55. Barcelona, 31½. Seville, 34½. Gibraltar, 30½. Loughorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27: 60. Malta, 45. Naples, 33½. Palermo, 115. Lisbon, 49½. Oporto, 50. Rio Janeiro, 50. Bahia, 59. Dublin, 8 per cent. Cork, 8.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Portugal gold, in coin, £0: 0: 0. Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 10½. New Doubloons, £0: 0: 0. New Dollars, £0: 4: 10½. Silver in bars, stand. £0 4: 11½.

## PRICES CURRENT, Feb. 6.

SUGAR, Musc.	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	60 to 65	57 62	58 61	58 61
Mt. good, and fine mid.	74 86	62 71	61 71	62 67
Fine and very fine.	96 99	— —	78 85	75 82
Refined Double Leaves.	150 115	— —	— —	— —
Powder ditto.	106 110	— —	— —	92 110
Single ditto.	105 108	— —	— —	— —
Small Lumps.	94 98	— —	— —	— —
Large ditto.	91 91	— —	— —	— —
Crushed Lump.	11 56	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	27 27 6	27 28	23 —	25s 6d 0
COFFEE, Java, cwt.	— —	— —	— —	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	115 122	112 119	115 122	90 122
Mt. good, and fine mid.	125 128	120 125	121 126	125 128
Dutch Large and very ord.	80 110	— —	90 116	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100 110	— —	100 126	— —
Mt. good, and fine mid.	132 135	— —	128 135	— —
St. Domingo.	12 12	— —	111 116	— —
Prunella (Bend.)	84 —	— —	84 —	— —
SPICES.	— —	— —	— —	— —
Java, Bona, 16 O. P. gold	2 100 7 6d	1 7d 1 6d	28 2d 28 4d	28 5d 28 4d
Prunella.	1 0 1 6	— —	— —	5 4 4 0
Java.	1 0 1 6	— —	— —	2 0 2 2
Java White.	7 —	— —	— —	— —
WINE.	— —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 1st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	450 460
Port, 2nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	45 52
Port, 3rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 4th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 5th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 6th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 7th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 8th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 9th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 10th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 11th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 12th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 13th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 14th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 15th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 16th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 17th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 18th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 19th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 20th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 21st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 22nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 23rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 24th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 25th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 26th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 27th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 28th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 29th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 30th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 31st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 32nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 33rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 34th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 35th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 36th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 37th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 38th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 39th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 40th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 41st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 42nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 43rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 44th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 45th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 46th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 47th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 48th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 49th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 50th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 51st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 52nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 53rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 54th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 55th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 56th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 57th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 58th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 59th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 60th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 61st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 62nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 63rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 64th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 65th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 66th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 67th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 68th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 69th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 70th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 71st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 72nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 73rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 74th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 75th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 76th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 77th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 78th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 79th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 80th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 81st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 82nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 83rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 84th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 85th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 86th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 87th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 88th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 89th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 90th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 91st Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 92nd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 93rd Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 94th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 95th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 96th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 97th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 98th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 99th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —
Port, 100th Growth, hhd.	10 —	— —	— —	— —

## EDINBURGH.—FEBRUARY 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....39s. 0d.	1st,.....22s. 6d.	1st,.....19s. 9d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 6d.	2d,.....17s. 6d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.
3d,.....24s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 9 : 10, 6-12ths. per boll.

Tuesday, February 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.)	0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quatern Loaf	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (23 lb.)	0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter	10s. 0d. to 15s. 6d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 3d. to 1s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 18s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb.	1s. 0d. to 1s. 2d.
Tallow, per stone	8s. 6d. to 9s. 0d.	Eggs, per dozen	0s. 8d. to 0s. 9d.

## HADDINGTON.—JANUARY 19.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.	1st,.....13s. 0d.	1st,.....13s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.	2d,.....16s. 0d.
3d,.....29s. 6d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....14s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 9 : 9.

*Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended 27th January 1821.*

Wheat, 64s. 8d.—Rye, 54s. 7d.—Barley, 25s. 2d.—Oats, 18s. 5d.—Beans, 32s.—Pease, 33s. 10d.  
Beer or Big, 0s. 0d.—Oatmeal, 20s. 6d.

*Average Prices of British Corn in Scotland, by the Quarter of Eight Winchester Bushels and Oatmeal, per Boll of 128 lbs. Scots Troy, or 14s. 10 pbs. Avoirdupois, of the Four Weeks immediately preceding the 15th January 1821.*

Wheat, 52s. 8d.—Rye, 54s. 4d.—Barley, 25s. 7d.—Oats, 20s.—Beans, 32s. 3d.—Pease, 32s. 6d.  
Beer or Big, 25s. 5d.—Oatmeal, 16s. 5d.

## London, Corn Exchange, Feb. 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Wheat, red, new	34	to 46	Hog pease	28	to 29
Fine ditto	48	to 51	Maple	29	to 30
Superfine ditto	55	to 57	White	51	to 56
Ditto, old	—	to —	Ditto, boilers	57	to 58
White, new	38	to 45	New ditto	—	to —
Fine ditto	52	to 58	Small Beans, new	29	to 31
Superfine ditto	60	to 62	Ditto, old	40	to 41
Ditto, old	—	to —	Tick, new	25	to 25
Blank, new	25	to 28	Ditto, old	57	to 58
Rye	28	to 32	Foreign	32	to 34
Fine ditto	—	to —	Feed oats	15	to 19
Barley	21	to 22	Fine	20	to 21
Fine, new	25	to 24	Poland ditto	17	to 20
Superfine	26	to 27	Fine	21	to 23
Malt	42	to 52	Potatoe ditto	21	to 25
Fine	54	to 58	Fine	24	to 26

## Seeds, &amp;c. Feb. 5.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Must. Brown	9	to 11	Hempseed	56	to 58
White	7	to 8	Linseed, crush.	—	to —
Barley, new	5	to 6	New, for seed	72	to 76
Ryegrass	12	to 28	Ryegrass	10	to 32
Red	—	to —	Clover, new	60	to 90
Yellow, new	—	to —	White	76	to 112
Caraway	70	to 80	Coriander	10	to 12
Canary	60	to 75	New Trefoil	12	to 26

Rape Seed, new, per last, £55 to £57.

## Liverpool, Feb. 6.

Wheat,	s. d.	s. d.	Pease, grey	s. d. s.
per 70 lb.			30	0 to 34
Eng. Old	8 6	to 9 0	White	46 0 to 51
Foreign	7 6	to 8 6	Flour, English,	
Bonded	5 9	to 5 0	p. 210lb. fine	58 0 to 59
American	—	to —	Irish	35 0 to 38
Riga	—	to —	Americ. p.	196 lb.
Archangel	—	to —	Sweet, U. S.	
Canada	—	to —	Do. m bond	20 0 to 22
Scotch	7 9	to 8 0	Sour do.	30 0 to 32
Welsh	—	to —	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Irish	7 6	to 7 10	English	25 0 to 27
Barley, per 60 lbs.			Scotch	22 0 to 25
Eng.	4 0	to 4 6	Irish	21 0 to 21
Maltng	—	to —	Bran, p. 24 lb.	1 0 to 1
Scotch	5 6	to 4 1	Butter, Beef, &c	
Irish	5 3	to 5 5	Butter, per cwt	s.
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. pota.	2 6	to 2 9	Belfast, new	89
Irish do.	2 7	to 2 8	Newry	78
Scotch do.	2 6	to 2 9	Waterford	78
Rye per qr.	—	to —	Cork, pick, 2d.	82
Malt per b.	—	to —	3d dry	74
Fine	8 6	to 9 0	Beef, p. tierce	—
Middling	6 6	to 7 0	Tongue, p. fir.	—
Beans, per qr.			Pork, p. brl.	—
English	35 0	to 38 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	—
Irish	31 0	to 35 0	Short muddles	—
Rapeseed, p. l.	54	to 55	Flams, dry,	—

ALPHABETICAL LIST of ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 30th of November 1820, and the 20th of January 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

- Aaron, L. Chatham, navy agent.  
 Abtol, M. Bury-street, St James, merchant.  
 Adams, J. Trinity-square, Minorities, merchant.  
 Adlington, J. Tottenham, builder.  
 Allen, C. Shad Thames, lighterman.  
 Allen, J. Warwick, innkeeper.  
 Arnett, J. H. Smith's-square, Westminster, coal-merchant.  
 Ayers, J. Sutton Valence, Kent, farmer.  
 Baggott, J. Bromyard, Herefordshire, skinner.  
 Baillie, J. Liverpool.  
 Bailey, J. Birmingham, grocer.  
 Barehead, J. New Malton, York-shire, corn-factor.  
 Barker, T. and F. Hudson, Stratford, brewers.  
 Barton, H. Paul's Cray, Kent, miller.  
 Hatten, L. St Albans, cooper.  
 Bellis, J. Chester, grocer.  
 Bevens, J. City-road, timber-merchant.  
 Bickerdike, G. Huddersfield, victualler.  
 Billing, J. H. jun. Old City Chambers, flour-factor.  
 Bond, J. B. Blackman street, Southwark, innkeeper.  
 Boven, J. Crutched Friars, grocer.  
 Bonwell, M. J. Liverpool, ship chandler.  
 Bray, G. Leeds, pocket-book manufacturer.  
 Brinkworth, G. Bath, victualler.  
 Brown, J. Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, timber merchant.  
 Brown, R. Sheffield, draper.  
 Brownley, J. Circus-street, New-road, Mary-le-bone, ironmonger.  
 Bruggenkatte, G. A. T. Little Eastcheap, merchant.  
 Bryon, E. Hammer-mith, hop-merchant.  
 Buckley, J. Saddleworth, York-shire, dyer.  
 Budgett, J. B. Stoke-Lane, Somersetshire, dealer.  
 Bulkey, G. Great Titchfield-street, Oxford road.  
 Bunyon, G. Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, master marmen.  
 Burgess, H. and J. Hubbard, Miles-lane, Cannon-street, woolstaplers.  
 Bury, T. Exeter, factor.  
 Butler, S. Sherston Magna, Wiltshire, innholder.  
 Butler, J. C. and F. Dunnington, York-shire, bacon factors.  
 Byrne, W. Fludd-street, Westminster, broker, Hanman.  
 Carter, W. Hammersmith, slopseller.  
 Carter, R. Hertford, tanner.  
 Clark, G. High row, Knights-bridge, carpenter.  
 Clarke, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.  
 Chapman, T. jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, master marmen.  
 Chapman, C. W. Finch-lane, stock-broker.  
 Charlesworth, J. Almondbury, clothier.  
 Christy, J. Old gravel lane, master marmen.  
 Coates, C. Bechminster, Somersetshire, tanner.  
 Coombs, W. Norton St Philip, Somersetshire, butcher.  
 Courtney, T. Strand, coffee-house keeper.  
 Curcio, J. Berner's-street, St Mary-le Bone, painter, Hamilton.  
 Daly, M. Holborn, soda-water manufacturer.  
 Davis, H. Bristol, merchant.  
 Dehay, R. Lincoln's-inn-fields, coal-merchant.  
 Dehm, T. Birmingham, dealer.  
 Dorrington, J. Manchester, wine-dealer.  
 Douglas, T. London, merchant.  
 Duffield, W. Darlaston, Staffordshire, nail manufacturer.  
 Dumant, J. L. Austen Friars, merchant.  
 Durkin, J. and W. Southampton, ship builders.  
 Edmunds, E. Oswestry, scrivener.  
 Edwards, J. W. Westminster, coal-merchant.  
 Edwards, T. Affric, Hingham, ironmonger.  
 Elwes, W. Run-warpy, York-shire, corn merchant.  
 Ellis, S. and Glover, C. Aldersgate-street, dry-sellers.  
 Eaves, J. Bishopgate-street, pastry-cook.  
 Fairair, G. Mincing lane, merchant.  
 Fell, H. Walbrook, merchant.  
 Fenn, J. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Forst, S. T. Exeter, spirit-dealer.  
 Forster, T. Liverpool, wine merchant.  
 Forrester, J. Ketchurch, Suffolk, maltster.  
 Foter, T. William street, Newington, builder.  
 Fox, R. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, wine-merchant.  
 Freeman, J. N. Bradford, Wilts, money-scrivener.  
 Gilbert, W. R. Leicester, woolstapler.  
 Gilbert, J. Plymouth dock, butcher.  
 Glascoett, B. Cheapside, jeweller.  
 Graddon, E. Nassau-street, Middlesex Hospital, piano-forte maker.  
 Gray, J. Bishopgate-street Without, grocer.  
 Green, J. Heden, York-shire, merchant.  
 Gregson, R. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Hall, H. B. New Alresford, Hampshire, maltster.  
 Hanson, J. sen. Wakefield, oil-crusher.  
 Harris, H. Argyle-street, Westminster, grocer.  
 Harrison, W. H. Farmfield, Nottinghamshire, victualler.  
 Hardman, E. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Hartley, R. Ripon, mercer.  
 Hatton, J. Overton, Cheshire, miller.  
 Hay, T. Kendalworth, Warwickshire, builder.  
 Heelis, E. Chorley, spirit merchant.  
 Hemmell, D. Kettering, draper.  
 Hewitt, R. North Shields, linen-draper.  
 Hickes, J. Leeds, linen-draper.  
 Hodson, G. and Higgs, W. Bristol, leather factors.  
 Hogg, G. William-street, Newington Causeway, plumber.  
 Hollands, B. High-street, Shadwell, corn-chandler.  
 Holmes, J. Portsmouth, coal-merchant.  
 Holt, M. Stoke, Sussex, watch-maker.  
 Hope, T. Sandwich, toyman.  
 Housman, W. Bridge-street, Blackfriars, merchant.  
 Houlse, R. Hineckey, grocer.  
 Howell, H. Knarshorough, grocer.  
 Hunt, H. Liverpool, haberdasher.  
 Hunter, J. A. Aston, Warwickshire.  
 Hutchinsin, J. Manchester, joiner.  
 Inchbold, T. Leeds, bookseller.  
 Jackson, H. Great Prescott-street, merchant.  
 Jackson, J. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.  
 Jackson, G. Birmingham, grocer.  
 Jefferies, J. Siston, Gloucestershire, innkeeper.  
 Jennings, J. Sittingbourne, innkeeper.  
 Johnson, A. Palmer-village, Westminster, brick-layer.  
 Judd, J. Derby, innkeeper.  
 Keddl, J. H. Balsam Heath, Moreley, sword cutler.  
 Kirby, H. Margate, coach-master.  
 Kidd, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper.  
 Kingsell, S. Blackwall, painter.  
 Knight, T. Clipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, dealer.  
 Lamb, J. Birmingham, saddler's ironmonger.  
 Landles, J. and J. Berwick-upon-Tweed, merchants.  
 Landles, G. Lower Thames-street, fish-factor.  
 Lankescheer, W. Waleot, Somersetshire, victualler.  
 Lawrence, W. H. Bath, linen-draper.  
 Laycock, S. and G. Brooke, Minorities, slopsellers.  
 Leeson, G. Wood-street and Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer.  
 Lesley, W. A. Stowmarket, cabinet-maker.  
 Levy, J. New-road, St George's in the East, merchant.  
 Levy, M. A. and D. Bath, goldsmiths.  
 Lister, J. and B. Leeds, woolstaplers.  
 Lloyd, T. W. Evesham, Worcestershire, felt-monger.  
 Machin, D. C. Cornhill, merchant.  
 McDonald, H. jun. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Malcolm, W. Great St Helens, merchant.  
 Marshall, W. Regent street, Westminster, stationary.  
 Marsh, F. Huddersfield, grocer.  
 Marston, J. Birmingham, coal-dealer.  
 Matthews, P. Gibson street, Lambeth, builder.  
 Mayer, E. and Heeling, J. Shelton, Staffordshire, factors.  
 Meadowcroft, T. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Melhuish, G. Crediton, Devonshire, tanner.  
 Minnet, W. Prospect place, Southwark, auctioneer.  
 Millard, J. Cheapside, linen-draper.  
 Milbar, A. and J. C. Bishopgate-street, merchants.  
 Mitchell, E. and S. Norwich, wine-merchants.



METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Atmos. Ther.	Wind.
Jan. 1	M. 21 A. 51	29.655 A. 52	M. 32 A. 32	N.W. Fair	Jan. 17	M. 57 A. 45	29.682 A. 46	S.W. High.	Fair.
2	M. 22 A. 29	29.699 A. 30	N.E. Mod.	Frost and snow.	18	M. 58 A. 49	29.706 A. 49	W. High.	Ditto.
3	M. 10 A. 19	29.728 A. 27	N.E. Mod.	Ditto.	19	M. 58 A. 46	29.720 A. 48	W. High.	Rain mod. for day.
4	M. 12 A. 51	29.800 A. 29	E. Mod.	Ditto.	20	M. 53 A. 41	29.799 A. 45	S.W. Mod.	Fair.
5	M. 17 A. 25	29.862 A. 31	E. High.	Ditto.	21	M. 52 A. 41	30.225 A. 46	N.W. Mod.	Ditto.
6	M. 24 A. 50	30.006 A. 32	S.E. High.	Snow with drift.	22	M. 58 A. 46	30.116 A. 45	W. Mod.	Mild and fair.
7	M. 25 A. 51	30.089 A. 33	S.E. Mod.	Frost, with rain.	23	M. 55 A. 31	30.120 A. 39	W. High.	Frost fallen. Fresh afternoon.
8	M. 9 A. 15	30.114 A. 33	S.E. Mod.	Ditto.	24	M. 51 A. 41	30.062 A. 42	W. Mod.	Fair.
9	M. 20 A. 27	30.277 A. 34	E. High.	Ditto.	25	M. 52 A. 40	30.029 A. 41	W. Mod.	Mild and fair.
10	M. 9 A. 15	30.300 A. 34	E. Mod.	Ditto.	26	M. 55 A. 40	30.142 A. 42	W. Mod.	Ditto.
11	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.	27	M. 56 A. 41	30.207 A. 43	W. Mod.	Fair to warm.
12	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.	28	M. 56 A. 41	30.207 A. 43	W. Mod.	Fair to warm.
13	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.	29	M. 56 A. 41	30.207 A. 43	W. Mod.	Fair to warm.
14	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.	30	M. 56 A. 41	30.207 A. 43	W. Mod.	Fair to warm.
15	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.	31	M. 56 A. 41	30.207 A. 43	W. Mod.	Fair to warm.
16	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
17	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
18	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
19	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
20	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
21	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
22	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
23	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
24	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
25	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
26	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
27	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
28	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
29	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
30	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					
31	M. 20 A. 27	30.371 A. 35	E. Mod.	Fair to warm.					

Average of Rain, 2.497 inches.

Average of Rain, 2,497 inches.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

110	Col. George F. ...	70	Ensign Eliot, Lieut. vice Hopkins,
5	Dr. P. Thompson, ...	80	W. F. Thompson, Ensign, do.
12	... Capt. ...	81	Ensign ... Capt. ...
14	Cds. Capt. ...	85	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
15	... Capt. ...	86	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
16	... Capt. ...	87	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
17	... Capt. ...	88	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
18	... Capt. ...	89	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
19	... Capt. ...	90	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
20	... Capt. ...	91	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
21	... Capt. ...	92	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
22	... Capt. ...	93	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
23	... Capt. ...	94	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
24	... Capt. ...	95	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
25	... Capt. ...	96	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
26	... Capt. ...	97	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
27	... Capt. ...	98	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
28	... Capt. ...	99	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.
29	... Capt. ...	100	Ensign ... Major vice Napper, dead, do.



## Medical Department.

Surg. Loinsworth, from 9 F. Surg. to Forces, vice Cockell, dead 28 Dec. 1820  
 Hosp. Assist. Caverhill, Assist. Surg. to Forces, vice Savery, 1 W. I. R.  
 H. I. Stuart, Hosp. Assist. to forces do.  
 J. Brydon, do. vice Higgins, dead 11 Jan. 1821

## Garrison.

Capt. Simson, 6 R. V. Bn. Town Major of Portsmouth, vice Ashurst, dead 4 Jan. 1821

## Exchange s.

Lt. Col. South, from 20. F. with Lt. Col. Ogilvie, h. p. 8 F.  
 Bt. Lt. Col. Lord C. Fitz Roy, from 55 F. with Major Mill, h. p. 27 F.  
 ———— Fitz Simon, from 65 F. with Major Dumas, h. p. York Chas.  
 Major Broomfield, from 16 F. with Lt. Col. Shaw, 22 F.  
 Capt. Simson, from 6 R. Vet. Bn. with Bt. Major Spinduff, h. p. 18 F.  
 ———— Hadden, from 6 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Irwin h. p. 20 Dr.  
 ———— Edgell, from 1 F. with Capt. Hoveniden, h. p. 60 F.  
 ———— Ginger, from 81 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Gordon, h. p. 6 F.  
 ———— Stewart, from 82 F. with Capt. Meech, h. p. 59 F.  
 ———— Barry, from 2 W. I. R. with Capt. Pausonage, h. p. African Corps  
 Lieut. Drake, from 7 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Everard, 21 F.  
 ———— De Lorentz, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Bourke, h. p. 1 F. G.  
 ———— Dobree, from 22 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Potenger, h. p. 56 F.  
 ———— Cosby, from 45 F. with Lieut. Butler, h. p. 77 F.  
 ———— Colls, from 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Harding, h. p. Rifle Brig.  
 ———— Harris, from 77 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Maclean, h. p. 5 F. G.  
 ———— Goodwin, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Keith, h. p. 69 F.  
 ———— Cathcart, from 91 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Burne, h. p. 61 F.  
 Cor. & Sub-Lt. Honeywood, from 1 Life Gds. with Ensign Fletcher, 15 F.  
 Cornet Hall, from 1 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Cornet Dantrey, h. p. 21 Dr.  
 ———— Dent, from 3 Dr. with Cornet Trollope 10 Dr.  
 Ensign Brown, from 5 F. with 2d Lieut. Everard, h. p. Rifle Brig.  
 ———— Cameron, from 5 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Burchell, h. p. 2 Prot. Bn. of Mil.  
 ———— Blythe, from 5 F. with Ensign McNabb, h. p. 94 F.  
 ———— Miller, from 5 F. with Ensign Piggott, h. p. 7 W. I. R.

Cornet Smith, from 22 F. with Ensign Burlton, h. p. 69 F.  
 ———— Dixon, from 70 F. rec. diff. with Ensign Westcra, h. p. 91 F.  
 Surg. Rule, from 86 F. with Surg. Cunningham, h. p. Gleng. Fenc.

## Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut. Col. Master, 5 F. G.  
 ———— McNeight, 22 F.  
 ———— Tucker, 29 F.  
 Capt. Gill, 16 F.  
 ———— Burns, 80 F.  
 Lieut. Balhae, 20 F.  
 Cornet Coulston, 5 Dr.  
 Dep. Storekeeper-Gen. James Smith.

## Deaths.

General Gwyn, 1 Dr. G. London 15 Jan. 21  
 Lieut. General Monro, Bath 5 Jan. 21  
 Major General Chester, late of Coldstream Gds. London 5 Jan. 12  
 ———— Hare, late of 22 Dr. Bangalore, on Staff at Madras 28 Aug. 20  
 Colonel Vise, W. de Serrant, late Irish Brig.  
 ———— F. A. L. Bar. De Arentschildt, 3 Huss. Germ. Leg. Hanover 10 Dec. 20  
 Lieut. Col. Handfield, Ro. Eng. London 5 Jan. 21  
 ———— Sir F. H. Flight 10. Paymaster, Royal Marines  
 Capt. Bates, 16 F.  
 ———— Gray, of F. Camp near Mally. Bombay 8 June 20  
 ———— Roberts, Roy. Eng. Barbadoes 17 Nov. 20  
 ———— Spence, h. p. 160. Bn. Londonderry 5 Oct.  
 ———— Metter, h. p. 2 Hu. s. Ger. Leg. 2 Dec.  
 Lieut. W. W. 14 F. Meerut, Bengal 11 July 20  
 ———— Pugh, 14 F. Meerut, Bengal 9 June  
 ———— Beeson, 17 F. Bengal 10 July  
 ———— Watson, 16 F. Cuddapah, Madras 27 do.  
 ———— W. Iton, 55 I. Mauritius 28 Aug.  
 ———— Mackenzie, 8 Vet. Bn. Fort George, North Britain 12 Dec.  
 ———— Collins, R. Art. Plymouth Dock 28 do.  
 ———— Howcroft, Sqn. Hants Militia, Lower Ponton, Lancashire 20 do.  
 ———— Webb, late 2 W. I. Gar. Comp. Fort Nugent, Jamaica 2 Oct.  
 Cor. Adm. & Eng. Weller, 21 F. Tobago Nov. 20  
 ———— Ensign, late of 1 Dr.  
 ———— Browne, h. p. 22 F. Foxborough, Rosemount 21 Feb. 20  
 Paymaster, Nolan, 11 Dr. Calcutta, Bengal 9 June 20  
 ———— Robertson, 100 Broke Militia 15 Dec.  
 Quar. Mast. Coghlen, late of 14 F. Gibraltar Dec. 20.  
 ———— Horsington, h. p. Berwick Fencible Cav. 29 Aug.  
 Surgeon Thomas, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Wandsworth 1 Nov. 20  
 ———— Gilvie, F. Milit. Mil. Holloway 5 Jan. 21  
 Assist. Surg. Donnelly, Royal Eng. Barbadoes 6 Nov. 20

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

June 22. At Morshedabad, Bengal, the lady of Mr John Campbell, Civil Service, of a son.  
 Aug. 22. At Calcutta, the lady of George Swinton, Esq. Civil Service, of a son.  
 24. At Madras, the lady of Captain Tweedie, 2d regiment Madras Native Infantry, of a son.  
 25. At Calcutta, Madras, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert M'Nabb, of a son.  
 Nov. 17. At the island of Maurice, Mrs John Kerr, of a son.  
 Dec. 21. At Leicester, the lady of Major Dalzell of Colmar, of a son.  
 Jan. 1. The Marchioness of Blandford, of a daughter.  
 — At Limerick, county of Antrim, the lady of H. H. Jones, Esq. of Limerick of a daughter.  
 5. At Upper Baginbun, Ulster, London, Mrs Charles Graham, of a daughter.  
 — At Lough Molun, Mr G. G. G. of a daughter.  
 4. At Dublin, Mrs Alexander Wilson, of a son.  
 3. At Canterbury, the lady of Robert Grant, Esq. of the 10th Light Dragoons, of a daughter.

— At No. 8, Low Calton, Mrs Tyrie, an out patient of Dr Thatcher's dispensary, and wife of Mr Tyrie, shoemaker, of a son, being her first child, in the forty eighth year of her age, and having been married 21 years. Both the mother and infant are doing well.  
 6. At Broadby Place, the lady of Major James Beresford, of a son.  
 7. Mrs Verburgh, York Place, of a daughter.  
 — At Northampton Place, the lady of Robert Hartshorn Butler, Esq. of a son.  
 — At Redhill, the lady of William Bailie of Polkington, of a daughter.  
 8. The lady of Wilmot Parish, Esq. jun. of St James's Place, of a son and heir.  
 10. Mrs A. Cleghane, 15, Dundas Street, of a son.  
 — At London, the lady of Major Moody, Royal Engineer, of a son.  
 — At Stonehill, the lady of John Campbell, Esq. of Stonehill, of a daughter.  
 — At Carr Cottage, the lady of George Faulkner, Esq. of a son.

11. In Albany street, Lady John Campbell, of a son.  
 — At 32, Bernard Street, London, Mrs Young, of a son.  
 — Mrs Bowie, Albany Street, of a daughter.  
 — At Gayfield Square, Mrs Maccaulish, of a son.  
 12. At Maulesden, near Brechin, the lady of Colin Gibb, Esq. of a son.  
 — The lady of J. N. Macleod, Esq. of a son.  
 13. Mrs Mason, St John's Street, Camogie, of a son.  
 14. Mrs Trotter, Abercromby Place, of a daughter.  
 — At Shivas, the lady of Alexander Forb's Irvine, Esq. of a daughter.  
 15. At Edinburgh, the lady of A. Maitland Gibson, younger of Clifton-Hill, of a son.  
 — At Great King Street, Mrs Thomas Kinneir, of a son.  
 16. At Bassetdean, Mrs Hewitt, of a son.  
 — At Holland Lodge, Newington, Edinburgh, Mrs Colonel Walker, of a son.  
 17. In Charlotte Square, the lady of the Lord Justice Clerk, of a son.  
 18. At Duke Street, Mrs Paul, of a son.  
 19. At Edinburgh, the lady of John Scott, Esq. of a daughter.  
 — At Haberton-house, the lady of Archibald Christie, Esq. of a son and heir.

## MARRIAGES.

July 7, 1821. At Madras, Captain Duncan Ogilvie, 2d regiment of native infantry, to Jane, daughter of the Rev. Dr Duncan, Batho.

At Madeira, in November last, on board his Britannic Majesty's ship *Esq*, John Telling, Esq. to the illustrious Lady Donna Juliana Leonora de Cunha Bella.

Dec. 7. At Auchmaeraug, Mull, John MacLean, Esq. of Arlow, to Christian, only daughter of Alexander Campbell, Esq.

— At St Pancras Church, London, William Hendrickson, Esq. of the island of Nevis, to Eleanor, youngest daughter of the late William Fyfe, Esq. of the island of Jamaica.

27. At London, William Ludlow Lindsay Carnegie, Esq. of Boyack, to Lady Jane Christian Carnegie, fourth daughter of the Earl of Northesk.

29. Mr Thomas Dickson, builder, Edinburgh, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Baillie, Edinburgh.

30. At Mchendeau, Charles Abraham Leslie, eldest son of Sir John Leslie, Bart. of Wards and Findass, to Anna, third daughter of Adam Walker, Esq. of Muirhouse-law, Roxburghshire.

Jan. 2. At Dryck house, Joshua Henry Mackenzie, Esq. advocate, to the Honourable Helen Anne Mackenzie, youngest daughter of the late Right Honourable Lord Selkirk.

1. At Aberdeen, George Wilson, Esq. younger of Glasgow, advocate, to Agnes, second daughter of William Dyce, M. D.

5. At Jeshfield, John MacVicar, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh, to Isabella, third daughter of the late Robert Burn, Esq. architect.

— At Glasgow, William Wallace, Esq. to Janet Crawford, eldest daughter of Samuel Cooper, Esq. of Ballindalloch.

9. At Great Baddow, in Essex, Major-general Robert Douglas, to Mary, eldest daughter of William Parker, Esq. formerly of Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury.

— At Leith, Mr Alexander Simson, solicitor, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Barker, brewer there.

10. At Edinburgh, Robert Haig, Esq. Dublin, to Eliza, youngest daughter of George Chalmers, Esq. lately of Westcombe-house, Somersetshire, and formerly of Madras.

— At Montrose, James Smart, M. D. of the Madras Medical Establishment, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Thomas Dougal, Esq. banker there.

12. At Craig, the Rev. William Ramsay, minister of Aylth, to Mary, daughter of Mr McNeill, factor for the Earl of Arly.

— At Balphetrish, in the island of Tyree, Neil Maclellan, Esq. Mungary, Mull, to Mrs Campbell, widow of Malcolm Campbell, Esq. late of Barnallock, and eldest daughter of Colin Campbell, Esq. of Kilmartin.

16. At Morton-of-Pittulish, Mr William White, Cringoodie, to Ann, eldest daughter of John Adamson, Esq.

18. At Roschill-house, in Hampshire, James Cruikshank, Esq. eldest son of James Cruikshank, Esq. of Langley Park, in the county of Angus, to the Right Honourable Lady Anne Letitia Carnegie, second daughter of the Earl of Northesk.

19. At Dunkeld, William Ranken, Esq. Esquirement, to Janet Susanna, daughter of Robert Canby, Esq.

21. At Edinburgh, W. Smith, Esq. to Miss Jessie Hoy, daughter of the late Mr William Hoy, surgeon, New York.

23. At Edinburgh, John Penstone Milbanke, Esq. of Hainaby Hall, Yorkshire, to Mrs Elizabeth Gray, widow of Thomas Gray, Esq. M. D.

— At Wytham abbey, the seat of the Earl of Abingdon, Charles John Bailie Hamilton, Esq. second son of the late Archdeacon Hamilton and Lady Charlotte Hamilton, to the Right Honourable Lady Caroline Berke, sister to the Earl of Abingdon.

25. At Edinburgh, Robert Cadell, Esq. bookseller, to Anne Fletcher, eldest daughter of George Mylne, Esq. Howe Street.

26. At North Berwick, Mr John Cousland, merchant, Haddington, to Ann, fourth daughter of the late Mr Somerville, merchant, North Berwick.

— At Dundee, Mr John Cooper, Dalmeny, to Margaret, daughter of the late Rev. John Scott, Kilmarnock, and widow of Dr Power, of St John's, Newfoundland.

## DEATHS.

April 11, 1821. At Hasingabad, of the jungle fever, Lieutenant John Campbell, of the 16th regiment of Bengal native infantry.

Oct. 22. At Braemar, St Mary's, Jamaica, Walter Pollock, Esq.

June 5. At Nagpore, in India, Alexander Muir Campbell, assistant-surgeon on the Moora establishment, son of the late Matthew Campbell, Esq. Wigton.

— At Surat, much lamented, Captain Robert Campbell, of the Bombay army. He distinguished himself particularly in the late Indian war, and was brother to Captain John Campbell, of the navy, and Major John Campbell, late of the 55th regiment, who was severely wounded, being shot through the body at Bergen op-Zoom—the only two surviving brothers out of seven brought up in the service of their country.

Sept. 1. At Nassau, New Providence, in the prime of life, Anne Susan, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Tomkins, and eldest daughter of Commissioner Woodruff, of the navy; and, on the 4th of the same month, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Tomkins, aged 42.

Dec. 1. At Edinburgh, Mr William Whyte, solicitor, Supreme Courts.

3. Mr Holmes, the musician. He was the first performer of his day on the bassoon; and if he was ever equalled, can never be excelled, for science, skill, taste, and expression, on that instrument. He was, besides, a most worthy man in private life, and will be deeply lamented by all who knew him, for the unalloyed simplicity, good sense, and benevolence of his character. He lived in Sloane street, Chelsea, and as he was walking in apparently good health, he fell down suddenly in Piccadilly, and expired in an instant.

15. At Burn of Akeraric, Mrs M'Tavish, relict of Dunean M'Tavish of Garthgar.

20. At Sandymount, near Dublin, John Archibald, second son of Lieutenant-Colonel Hart, Inspecting Field Officer of the recruiting district there.

25. At Hutton-hall, Mrs Catherine Hume, wife of Robert Johnston, Esq. of Hutton-hall, daughter of the late John Hume, Esq. of Ninewells, and niece of the celebrated philosopher and historian of England.

— At Forthside, near Stirling, Mrs Wallace of Forthside, aged 85.

— At Castle Mary, Ireland, Lieutenant-Colonel Longfield, of the city of Cork militia, and one of the Commissioners of his Majesty's Board of Excise.

26. Mr Walter Davidson, of Rosebank, near Portobello.

26. At Trieste, the celebrated Fouché, Duke of Otranto.

— At Stockbridge, Alexander Edgar, Esq. late of Wedderly, Jamaica.

27. Suddenly, at Dalkeith, at an advanced age, Mr Adam Young.

— At her house, in Aberdeen, Mrs Elizabeth Forbes of Blackford.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Carmichael, poultryer.

28. At Cholmondeley-house, Piccadilly, London, the infant son of Colonel and Lady Charlotte Seymour.

— At Bellfield, near Dalkeith, Mrs Marion Simpson, wife of Mr Charles Sanderson, aged 56.

— The Rev. Richard Smith, rector of Maistun, Yorkshire, and chaplain to the Earl of Cathcart.

— At Carpow, in his 14th year, James, the eldest son of James Paterson of Carpow.

30. At Lissau, Ireland, at the advanced age of 85, the Right Honourable John Staples, one of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council.

— At his chambers in Clement's Inn, London, Colin M' Rae, Esq.

— At Toulouse, south of France, James, infant son of Captain Robert Boyle, 42d foot.

31. At his house, in Dominick Street, Dublin, William Walker, Esq. recorder of that city.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Thomson, wife of William Bruce, merchant.

— James Dickson, Esq. of Alton, merchant, Hawick.

Jan. 1, 1821. At Leith, aged 24, Mr Andrew Walker, teacher there—a young man of the most promising abilities.

— At Siquahar, in the 88th year of her age, and in the entire possession of her faculties, Mrs Nicolas Murray, relict of Mr James Leslie, who was one of the ministers of Kilmarnock, and only child, by his first marriage, of James Murray, Esq. formerly of Upper Ingles-ton, Glencairn.

— At Edinburgh, after being delivered of a still-born son, Mrs Catharine Harvie, wife of John Swanton, Esq. of Broadwoodrow.

2. At Edinburgh, in her 87th year, Miss Grisell Gray, second daughter of the late William Gray, Esq. of Newholm.

— In Rose Street, Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Wallace, aged 80.

— At Montrose, aged 76, Mrs Mary Gairdner, relict of William Douglas, Esq. merchant, Leith.

— At Castle Howard, Ireland, William Parnell, Esq. M. P.

— At Edinburgh, John, third son of Coll Macdonald, Esq. writer to the signet.

3. At Glasgow, John Falconer, Esq. merchant in Hamilton.

— At No. 1, Hanover Street, Dr Peter Fair, of the Honourable East India Company's service.

— At Bath, General William Monro, of Ansham-house.

— At Sundrum, aged 82, John Hamilton, Esq. of Sundrum.

4. At Bath, Mrs Maria Maxwell, eldest daughter of the late Major Hamilton Maxwell, Artwell, and widow of Adam Gordon, Esq. formerly Collector of the Customs, Portland.

5. At Borrow-townness, Elizabeth, daughter of Mr Robert Henderson.

— At his house, 16, Greenside Place, Mr William Murray, formerly wine-merchant, head of New Street, Canongate.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jane Gordon, relict of the late Rev. Robert Paterson, B. D.

9. At Edinburgh, Mr Charlotte Johnston, relict of Mr Patrick Flenckerhath, writer in Pittenweem.

10. At St John's Street, Edinburgh, aged two years and ten months, Mary Scott Ballantyne, daughter of Mr James Ballantyne, printer.

11. At his house, in the Canongate, Mr John Macintosh, writer in Edinburgh.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr Peter Megget, late Lieutenant of the 4th, or King's Own.

— At his house, No. 12, Thistle Street, Edinburgh, very suddenly, Mr Robert Dick.

14. At Craigflower, Mrs Isabella Colville of Ochiltree, relict of the late James Wedderburn Colville, Esq.

14. At Bellshill, the Rev. John Brown, minister of the relief congregation in Falkirk, in the 41st year of his ministry. Mr Brown was a man of a vigorous and discriminating mind; he had much general knowledge, and was an excellent biblical scholar.

— At Edinburgh, Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hill, of the Bengal artillery.

12. At his house in Brompton Grove, at an advanced age, Sir John Macpherson, Bart. for many years a member of the Supreme Council at Bengal, and afterwards Governor-General of India.

13. General Gwynn, Colonel of the King's Dragoon Guards, and Governor of Sherness.

— At his house at the Bowling Alley, near Nottingham, in the 77th year of his age, John Cramond, Esq. a native of Airdair, in the county of Angus, North Britain, and formerly a captain in the 1th, or King's Own.

15. At Hamilton, the Rev. Dr Alexander Hutchison.

14. At Boulogne, Lady Anne Digby, sister to Earl Cassinis. Her ladyship survived her husband only five weeks.

18. At West Grange, near Edinburgh, Charlotte, only surviving daughter of David Millar, Esq. of Ballumhill.

21. In London, Frances Anne, youngest daughter of the late George Lawson, Esq. of Keshington Gore.

— At No. 12, Queen Street, Mr Pietro Lottini. He was highly respected as a conscientious teacher, and an upright man.

— At his house, St John's Hill, Mr William Bruce, late banker in Edinburgh, much respected.

22. At Jamaica Street, Tobago Street, aged 82, Mr John Ferguson, late merchant, Dalkeith.

24. The infant daughter of Mr Michael Anderson.

— At his house, Warriston's Close, after a long illness, Mr John Todd, doctor.

22. At Portsmouth, suddenly, Sir George Campbell, G. C. B. Admiral of that port. Sir George had endeared himself to every individual by his many amiable qualities, and the great loss he sustained the loss of a most kind benefactor. Sir George was 59 years of age; he entered the navy very early in life; he was made a Post-Captain in 1781, Rear-Admiral in 1801, Vice-Admiral in 1806, and Admiral of the White in 1811. He was appointed Port-Admiral at that station in 1817. His term would have expired in April next.

— At his house, near Edinburgh, a few weeks ago, the celebrated Herman Boerhaave, in the 81th year of his age. Mr Boerhaave, by universal consent, had long worn the chief rank of learned men, being at once the most expert, most valiant, and most prudent in the performance of his tricks. For nearly twelve years he had been disabled by a paralytic affection, and though a popular and eminent performer for the greater portion of his life, he had not been able to "lay up" for his help; and, in his declining years, it is understood that his family have been left unprovided for. Having frequently enjoyed the massive meetings in the place with his store, of anecdotes and jokes, he was attended to his grave by six of the most eminent men in the city, and buried with some honours—so that it is gratifying to learn, that, consistently with the true principles of that order, this was done less with a view to vain and idle parade, than as the tribute to some exertions in behalf of his widow and family.

At Paris, aged 60, M. Marietti, ex-conventionist, who voted for the imprisonment of Louis XVI.

At Cowbridge, Gloucestershire, in the 77th year of his age, Alexander Jaffray, Esq. of Kingswells, Aberdeen. He is supposed to have fallen a victim to his active humanity, while endeavouring to save a gentleman in whose company he was skating. Both were unfortunately lost.

At Bombay, Colonel John Griffith, commandant of the 2d battalion of artillery at that Presidency.

Feb. 7. At his house at Preenall, county of Lancaster, Thomas Bourne, Esq. aged 41.

# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XLVIII.

MARCH, 1821.

VOL. VIII.

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## EDINBURGH:

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# BLACKWOOD'S

## EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. XLVIII.

MARCH, 1821.

VOL. VIII.

### EXTRACTS FROM A LOST (AND FOUND) MEMORANDUM BOOK.

Preliminary Letter—Extracts—Strictures on Political Economy, wherein a Remedy for the Poor Laws is Divulged—Diary—Cockney Letter and Love Song—The Somnambulatory Butcher, an Episode—Athe Mushat's Cairn—Horæ Sinicæ, No. II. Ode on the death of Yahmahacero—Stanzas on Despair, and Thoughts on a New Conjugation.

*To CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq.*

SIR,—While lately travelling through part of England, a thing which is customary with me twice a-year, for the transaction of business, I happened, in the stage between Bath and ———, to meet with a circumstance, which is the occasion of my now addressing you.

As I do not happen to be of the melancholic temperament, and am rather fond, than otherwise, of society, it is not unusual for me, as I am a bachelor, and have the happiness or misery of travelling alone, when I fall in with a landlord of genteelish manners, and good nature, to ask him to a participation of my supper. By good luck, it fell out that I here found a man to my mind. After supper was discussed, and our rummers charged for the second time, the spirit of my host began to expand; and, in the midst of his hilarity, he let me in to numerous anecdotes of his own; some of which might have been spared, and many of which were entertaining enough. I shall confine myself to that, which is the subject of my present epistle.

About two years ago, a military gentleman, of what rank he could not learn, except that his companions sometimes called him General, took up abode with him for eight days; and lived, during the whole of that time, to use a proverbial expression, “at rack and manger.” Every stranger that arrived within that time, at the inn, seemed to be of his acquaintance; or, if they were unknown to him, a friendship was soon begun and cemented; and ere they were a couple of hours together, one could have sworn that they had been born in the same village—educated at the same school—or, to bring forward a still stronger link of association, which the author of *Rob Roy* has mentioned, “had read from the same Bible at church.” Whoever was with him, whether the social

or the serious, he regularly obliged them to sit till three in the morning, when he sent them, or, more properly speaking, led them, to their bed-rooms.

At length, having ordered breakfast one morning, he disappeared, and the landlord could never afterwards find one token or trace of him. He left behind him a green-net purse, (containing more than the amount of his bill,) and the chambermaid drowned in tears. He was remarkably tall, of rather a spare habit of body, wore neatly curled brown whiskers, a grey surtout, Wellington boots, with spurs, and a South-Sea cap, with a gold band. He had no baggage with him; and the only relique of his visit was a little book, which he had inadvertently left in his bed-room.

I begged a sight of this relique from my host, and was not a little struck with its contents. It is a small volume, in red binding, fastened with tape—on the back, in gilt letters, is marked “Memorandum Book.” After looking over a few pages, I was highly amused with its contents, and expressed myself so to my host, who obligingly told me it was of no use to him, and that I was most welcome to it. Its contents are of a most miscellaneous nature, and written, in some parts, in a rather illegible hand. I have made one of my young men transcribe a piece from it, here and there, which you will receive along with this, and which you may make public if you please. Should I observe this to be the case, I may transmit you a few farther extracts from time to time. I remain yours, &c.

J——T——N.

February 10, 1021.

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EXTRACTS.

No. I.

STRICTURES ON POLITICAL ECONOMY, WHEREIN A REMEDY FOR THE POOR LAWS IS DIVULGED.

*Insula, sole occidente, viridi, seculis plurimis clapsis, præclarus vir militaris apparatus florebat. Ille non modo omni sapientia re, sed omni philosophia discit et docet; poetæ etiamque celeberris.*

*Frig. M.S. Vct. apud. Vatuan.*

It is only of late years that political economy has raised itself to the dignity of a science. Doctrines, that men believed to be as true as Father Paul's history of the Council of Trent, were nevertheless neglected; and other theories, as unsubstantial as the morning mist, though known and acknowledged to be false, substituted in their stead, and acted on. As Jeffrey said of Wordsworth's Excursion, “this would never do.” The chaff has been sifted from the wheat—the truth has been purified from the error—and the facts that before were scattered, like the twelve tribes of Israel, over the face of society, have been brought together, and cemented into a regular and almost complete fabric; under the auspices of Malthus, Godwin, Weyland, Say,

James Graham, McCulloch, Jeremy Bentham, and the writer of the present article.

But what is the rising of the stocks to him who has no capital?—What is the question about the balance of trade to him who has no merchandize? And what is the worth of our knowing the right principles, if we find it impossible to act on them?—It is of no use to know the nature of the disease, if we have not a plaster to apply, or a remedy to prescribe.

We cannot make as good silks in England as we can get from India; nor can we afford to sell them as cheap, we want *matériel*. But then it would overpower the feelings of our humanity to ruin the 40,000 families, that are employed in that branch of manu-

facture. The silk spun in this country is by no means so good; whether it be the case that the silk-worm does not keep its health in our northern latitudes, or not, I have too little confidence in my own opinion to say: but this I can tell from experience, that we are more apt to be mistaken as to the animal itself, thereby rendering all our labour fruitless, and our efforts abortive. The writer of this article bought several papers full of the embryos of the silk-worm, but after waiting in eager expectation for a twelvemonth, to his utter consternation and astonishment, they turned out to be nought else but common maggots.

The poor-rates are a great bore in this country, but it is all owing to the excess of population, and for this I have before suggested a remedy. If the overplus of the population were to be called together, and some able speaker, say one of the advocates of the Scottish bar, selected to address them, and lay down to them in a placid and precise manner, the hardships they entail on society, and the impropriety of their ever having been born, unquestionably then the overplus of population, provided they consisted of well-educated, decent, and sensible people, could have no objection either to be transported beyond seas, or dispatched in as gentle a manner as could be devised. Until a great national meeting is called for the purpose, we must be content to put up with many evils. Mendicity is not the least of these, and to the public in general we recommend the following plan, which is as yet in private circulation, and does not seem to have reached the ear of the Society for the Suppression of Begging. It originated from the ingenuity of one of that useful class of the community, a French cook; but as he had been for several years domesticated in this country, no other realm can presume to come in for a share of the honour, which is purely national. It is said that M. Say, Benjamin Constant, and Carnot, claim it for France; but this is only a report.

The house, in which this ingenious French cook served, was infested from morning to night, and the court-yard literally swarming with beggars, as

"thick as the shotes that people the sun-beams." The proprietor was dunned with petitions, and the watch-dog, which was chained at the outer gate, had actually worn down his teeth to the stumps in biting the intruders. No further service could thus be expected from him. Long did the French cook ponder, during his evening reveries over his tumbler by the kitchen fire, what could be done in the present unfortunate dilemma. For a long series of evenings he beat his brains to no purpose; at length, after a long hour's silence, he one night started up, and almost severed, with his heel, the butler's gouty toe from his body, exclaiming—"Eureka! I have found it!"

He set about preparing a most hellish decoction, which he seasoned with Cayenne pepper, (the *Capsicum Annuum* of Linnaeus), until it was enough, without a metaphor, to set the stomach on fire, and cause an "interna conflagration."

Next morning he set about putting his project in practice, and the first beggar that approached he beckoned him to come in, shut the kitchen door, and having filled out a bumper, bade him whip it off, and be gone, lest his master should appear. The mendicant, glad of the treat, turned up his little finger in a twinkling, and retreated as fast as his legs could carry him, but not far; for his eyes threatened to start from his head, and the saliva ran from the corners of his mouth, after the fashion of a waterspout. Thus was one dispatched; he came no more. Again—again—a hundred times was the project tried, and uniformly with the same success; till, in less than three weeks, not one beggar was to be seen in that country side. The French cook is, we understand, at present putting in for a patent, which we have no doubt will be granted.

By this the public may observe, that the way to get quit of beggars is by the immediate use of the hellish decoction; and not by following the vain, void, visionary, childish, and nugatory schemes, at present inculcated by the writers on political economy.

M. O.

July 10th.—Settled with Bullock and Badcock for the "Poems by a Military Amateur." Balance in my favour of

L. 3 : 15 : 11½. Very bad concern. Cost me three month's severe composition. Cannot fathom what the read-



ing public of this age would swallow. What I write most carelessly they relish best. Hope I shall succeed better with my "Treatise on the education of young ladies."

July 12th.—Went to Newmarket. Beat three to one, at starting, on the bluebody, and buff sleeves; fairly taken in, as he came last; or rather never came in, being distanced. Gulled out of a guinea and half, and got very angry. Run, after the race, a foot match with Lieutenant Finch; shammed lameness at first, and then beat him hollow; running the last fifty yards backwards. Out of pocket by this excursion 10s. 6d.

13th.—Played three hours at billiards with a knowing one, who took me in. Proposed whist, at which I am a dead hand, and fairly came paddy over him. Rose in a passion, and broke

off farther connection with me, swearing there was foul play. Gained by my acquaintance with him L.2: 10: 3. Got drunk.

14th.—Headache in the morning. Wrote sonnet to Despondency—ditto to Despair. Got up and shaved, felt better,—went out at twelve to a match at cricket—returned successful—a dinner and drink at stake—dressed at five—excellent claret—got drunk. Returned home, and read Rogers' Human Life—did not much like it—too wirewove. Took up Story of Rimini—thought more highly of it—last book admirable.

15th.—Dreamt all night of Cockaigne—terrible jargon these fellows speak. Felt squeamish; but after dispatching a bottle of soda water, sat down and composed the following letter and love song.

#### LOVE SONG,

*By a Junior Member of the Cockney School.*

TO THE EDITOR OF LA BEILLE ASSEMBLEE.

(This letter is private, so you must not print it.)

SIR,—As I am not at all pleased with the strain of sentiment and affectation, that disfigures and runs through the love poems of Burns and Byron, I have endeavoured to hit on a key somewhat nearer to the well-head of the human heart, and somewhat truer to the feelings of domestic nature, mutual endearment, and connubial felicity. Descriptions of simple life, and rural nature, are very well to those who have had an opportunity of seeing them; but to me, and the multitudes like me, who live in the great city, it is but just that the writers of the present age should adopt something that would come home to our feelings and businesses. A friend of mine, that came off a far journey last week, very jauntily told me, that cabbages grew on fir trees, that cows can eat potatoes, and that they feed sheep on cyder in Kent; but I was not such a spoonie as to believe him. If the accompanying poem be adapted to your miscellany, please insert it, and believe me,

Your most obliged Friend,  
WM. TINS GOODENOUGH.

Oh! lovely Polly Savage,  
Oh! charming Polly Savage,  
Your eye beats Day and Martin,  
Your cheek is like red cabbage.

As I was going down the Strand  
It smote my heart with wonder,  
To see the lovely damsel,  
A-sitting at a vinder.  
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

Oh! once I loved another girl,  
Her name it was Maria;  
But, Polly dear, my love for you  
Is forty-five times higher.  
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

We'll take a shop in Chicken Lane,  
And I will stand prepared,  
To sell fat bacon by the pound,  
And butter by the yard.  
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

And when at five o'clock, my love,  
We sit us down to dine,  
How I will toast your darling health,  
In draughts of currant wine.  
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

Oh then our little son shall be  
As wanton as a spaniel,  
Him that we mean to cristen'd be,  
Jacques Timothy Nathaniel.  
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

And if we have a little girl,  
I'm sure you won't be sorry  
To hear me call the pretty elf,  
Euphemiar Helen Laurar.  
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

Then fare-thee-well a little space,  
My heart can never falter,  
And next time when I see your face,  
'Twill be at Hymen's altar.  
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

18th. Wet morning,—could not venture to stir abroad,—just shews us how much men alter. A few years ago, when my country demanded my services, I braved the dangers of every clime, the torrid heats of a Spanish summer, and the damp atmosphere of the United States. Dare say, however, that I could do so again, if occasion required. Took a chair by the fire, and read over again Crabbe's Borough.

Think the Reverend Gentleman shews pluck ; but do not remember in all his pictures of human life, ever observing the portrait of one butcher introduced. Pondered whether I might venture to remedy this defect, and send him my delineation to be hung up in the Gallery of Portraits, in the next edition of his admirable work.

Wrote what follows in twenty minutes, and copied it verbatim as under.

THE SOMNAMBULATORY BUTCHER.—*An Episode.*

Reflections,—birth,—parentage,—boyish tricks,—education,—change of dress,—apprenticeship,—bladders and Dr Lavenant,—bad habits,—ditto cured by his mother,—caution,—and moral.

Men's legs, if man may trust the common talk,  
Are engines put in motion when men walk ;  
But when we cross our knees, and take a chair  
Beside the fire, they're not in motion there :  
So this we learn by wisdom, art, and skill,  
That legs are made to stir, or to sit still.  
Yet sometimes I have heard that, when the head  
In woollen cap lay snoring on the bed,  
The legs, without the sanction of the brain,  
Were fond to wander on the midnight plain,  
Pursue, mid darkness, tasks of common day,  
Yet come, as will'd Caprice, unharm'd away ;  
Which to illustrate, let the reader bend  
A willing ear, and list his warning friend.

James Neckum Theodore Emmanuel Reid, }  
Was meanly born, and was ignobly bred,  
Lived upon pottage, slept within a shed ;  
His mother,—but it were in vain to look—  
Her's was no marriage by the session book ;  
His mother, fool, had never taken pains  
To gird her neck with matrimonial chains,  
And he, her leaner, seeing what would be,  
Turn'd a blue-neck'd marine, and cross'd the sea ;  
So, in neglect and wrath the child was born,  
While neighbours chuckled with their looks of scorn ;  
But fast he thrrove, and fat he grew, and that  
Was felt most keenly by the tortured cat,  
Whose ears he pinch'd, whose tail he drew, until  
'Twas forc'd, when fairly vanquish'd, to lie still ;  
The chickens, too, no sinecure of life,  
Had with the boy, who pull'd their necks in strife,  
Till from the sockets started their black eyes,  
And died their vanish'd voice in feeble cries.

At length a cap upon his head was braced,  
Shoes shod his feet, and breeches girt his waist ;  
Tall as a leek he grew, his hair was long,  
And through its folds the wild winds sang a song ;  
From mother's clutches oft would he elope,  
And little knew his morning face of soap ;  
Till, having spent the morn in game and play  
With comrades dirty, frolicsome, and gay,  
As duly as the village clock struck two,  
As duly parted he from ragged crew,

And homewards wended, fast and nothing loth,  
To dip his whispers in his mother's broth.

The boy grew strong; the master of the school  
Took him in charge, and with a birch did rule;  
Full long and oft he blubber'd; but, at length,  
Within a week, he learned to letter tenth;  
And ere six moons had waxed, and waned, and set,  
He had reached z, and knew his alphabet.

His education finish'd, choice he made  
Of a most lucrative, and wholesome trade;  
The leathern cap was now dismiss'd; and red,  
Yea fiery, glow'd the cowl upon his head;  
And, like a cherry dangling from the crown,  
A neat wool tassel in the midst hung down;  
Around his waist, with black tape girded tight,  
Was tied a worsted apron, blue and white;  
His Shetland stockings, mocking winter's cold,  
Despising garters, up his thighs were roll'd,  
And, by his side, horn-handled steels, and knives,  
Gleam'd from his pouch, and thirsted for sheep's lives.  
For, dextrous, he could split dead cows in halves,  
And, though a calf himself, he slaughter'd calves.  
But brisker look'd the youth, and nothing sadder,  
For of each mother's son he got the bladder,  
And straight to Galen's-head in joy he bore it,  
Where Dr Lavement gave a penny for it.

But he had failings, as I said before,  
So, duly as his nose began to snore,  
His legs ran with his body to the door;  
And forth he used to roam, with sidelong neck,  
To—as the Scots folks term it—lift the sneck.  
All in his shirt and woollen cap he strayed,  
Silent, though dreaming; cold, but undismay'd.  
The moon was shining mid the depth of Heaven,  
And from the chill north, fleecy clouds were driven  
Athwart its silver aspect, till they grew  
Dimmer, and dimmer, in the distant blue;  
The trees were rustling loud; nor moon, nor trees,  
Nor cloud, could on his dreaming phrenzy sieze,  
But, walking with closed eyes across the street,  
He lifted handsomely his unshod feet,  
Till nought, at length, his wandering ankles propt,  
And head and heels into the pond he dropt.

Then rose the loud lament; the earth and skies  
Rung with his shouts, and echoed with his cries;  
The neighbours, in their night-caps, throng'd around,  
Call'd forth in marching order at the sound;  
They haled young Neckum out, a blanket roll'd  
Around his limbs with comfortable fold,  
Hurried him home, and told him, cursing deep,  
“That if again with crics he broke their sleep,  
Him they would change into a wandering ghost,  
Draw from the pond, but hang him on a post.”

Oh! reader, learn this truth most firm and sure,  
That vicious practices are hard to cure;  
That error girds up with a serpent fold,  
Hangs on the youth, but clings about the old.—

Night after night, if rainy, cold, or fair,  
 Forth went our hero, just to take the air ;  
 Ladies were terrified, and, fainting, cried,  
 A ghost in white had wander'd by their side !  
 The soldier home his quaking path pursued,  
 With hair on end, gun cock'd, and bayonet screw'd,  
 And frightful children run to bed in fear,  
 When mothers said the ghost in white was near !

'Twas a hard case, but Theodore's mother quick  
 Fell on a scheme to cure him of the trick ;  
 Hard by his bed a washing-tub she placed,  
 So, when he rose, it washed him to the waist ;  
 And loud he roar'd,—while startled at the sound,  
 Old women boiled from their beds around—  
 " Save, save a wandering sinner, or he's drown'd !!! "

He rose no more, as I'm inform'd, in sleep,  
 But duly fell'd down cows, and slaughter'd sheep,  
 Took to himself a wife, a pretty wench,  
 Sold beef by pounds, and cow-heel on a bench ;  
 In ten years had seven boys, and five fair girls,  
 With cheeks like roses, and with teeth like pearls ;  
 Lay still in bed like any decent man,  
 Pursued through life a staid, and honest plan,  
 And lived beloved, while honours thicken'd o'er him,  
 Justice of Peace, and Custos Rotulorum.

So all my readers from this tale may learn,  
 The right way from the wrong way to discern ;  
 Never by dreams and nonsense to be led,  
 Walk when they wake, and slumber when in bed !

—Read last night a volume of the  
 Heart of Mid-Lothian. The author's  
 name as well known to me, as if he had  
 put it on the title page. " None but  
 himself can be his parallel." Well  
 may we say, as my friend Ovid said of  
 Telamon Ajax,

" None but himself, himself could over-  
 throw."

This book knits my heart more firmly  
 than ever to the " land of the moun-  
 tain and the flood." When sitting in  
 my chamber, I am transported there in  
 a twinkling ; the scenes rise before me  
 in all their native majesty,—the Cas-  
 tle, the High Street, and the Porteous  
 mob. Am most pleased with the scenes  
 at Davie Deans's cottage, Leonard's  
 Hill, and Arthur's Seat. Many a time  
 have I, reclining among the ruins of  
 St Anthony's Chapel, surveyed, in ec-  
 static admiration, the magnificent pros-  
 pect around ;—the blue and castellated  
 majesty of Dunedin, " throwing its  
 white arms to the sea ;"—the variega-  
 ted succession of woodlands, and pas-  
 ture, and green fields ;—the broad ex-

ppanse of the Forth, with its multitude  
 of gliding sails ;—and, far in the north,  
 the pale green, or the remoter hazy,  
 blue mountains of Fife and Stirling-  
 shire. At my feet, the Palace of Holy-  
 rood, the habitation of kings, the man-  
 sion of the Stuarts, with the Gothic  
 ruins of its chapel, its grey towers, and  
 its desolate garden, spotted with dark-  
 green shrubs, and melancholy flowers ;  
 —and, stretching around me in eme-  
 rald smoothness, the far extending park,  
 with its well-trodden pathway. Often  
 have I, returning half cut, from din-  
 ning at the mess of my fellow-soldiers  
 at Piershill, felt an inward trepidation  
 in entering that park, and instinctively  
 grasped my sword, when I thought  
 on the ghost of Ailie Mushat, who is  
 said, yet to

" Visit the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous."

N. B.—A good subject for poetry ;  
 to remember it the first idle hour.

(After a few pages,—commemora-  
 tive of a battle between two of the

Fancy, written in the cant style,—the review of a corps of sharpshooters, with whose manœuvres the writer finds great fault,—and an elaborate criticism on a charity sermon, which had been recently preached,—we find this promise fulfilled to the letter, as follows,)—

AILIE MUSHAT'S CAIRN.

A Vision-like remembrance of a Vision.

The night was dark ; not a star was view'd  
Mid the dim, and cloudy solitude ;  
I listen'd to the watchman's cry,  
And to the midnight breeze, that sung  
Round the ruins of St Anthony,  
With dismal, and unearthly tongue :  
I scarcely felt the path I trode ;  
And I durst not linger to look behind,  
For I knew that spirits were abroad,  
And heard their shrieks on the passing wind ;  
When lo ! a spectacle of dread and awe  
With trembling knees, and stiffening hair I saw !

A grave-light spread its flames of blue,  
Its flames of blue and lurid red,  
And, in the midst, a hellish crew  
Were seated round the stony bed  
Of one, whom Murder robb'd of life !—  
I saw the hand that held the knife,  
It was her husband's hand, and yet  
With the life-gore the blade was wet,  
Dripping like a fiery sheath,  
On the mossy cairn beneath !  
The vision changed ; and, on the stones,  
With visage savage, fierce, and wild,  
Above the grave that held her bones,  
The ghost of Ailie Mushat smiled ;  
It was a sight of dread and fear—  
A chequered napkin bound her head,  
Her throat was cut from ear to ear,  
Her hands and breast were spotted red ;  
She strove to speak, but from the wound  
Her breath came out with a broken sound !

I started ! for she strove to rise,  
And pierced me with her bloodshot eyes ;  
She strove to rise, but fast I drew  
Upon the grass a circle round ;  
I said a prayer, and she withdrew  
Slowly within the stony mound—  
And trembling, and alone I stood,  
In the depth of the midnight solitude.

Aug. 4.—Am glad to observe from the philosophical journals, the newspapers, and other authentic sources, that several of the barbarous tribes are paying attention to literature and the fine arts.—The Japanese poem I have seen pleases me extremely, though the subject can scarcely be said to be well adapted for poetry. My translation is not so bad. M. Titsingh's Latin paraphrase is also very good. The English is literal.

MORÆ SINICÆ. No. II.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF YAHMAHSCERO, COUNCILLOR OF STATE.

*Japanese.*

Kee rah ray tah yah  
Bah kah to see yo see to  
Kee koo tah fah yah  
Yah mah mo a see ro mo  
Sah vah goo sin bahn.

*English.*

I have just learned that one of the new  
guards has excited a tumult in the castle,  
by assassinating a councillor in his folly.

II.

Yah mah see ro no  
Ser ro no o ko so day  
Tahay mee so mee tay  
Ah kah do see yo see to  
Fee to vah yoo nahr.

The white robe of Yahmahscero, is  
stained with blood, and all call him the  
red councillor.

III.

Ah soo mah see no  
Sahn no no vah tahree nee  
Mee soo mah see tay  
Tah no mah mo kee ray tay  
O too too yah mah see ro.

The current which, on the eastern road,  
crosses the village Sahnno, has swelled,  
and penetrated the dike round the fen, and  
the high castle of the mountain has fallen.

IV.

Fah tsee oo yay tay  
Oo may gah sah koo zah ta  
Sah koo fahn mah vo  
Tah ray tah kee too kay tay  
Sahn no mee kee ray say tah.

Who has cast into the fire the plum and  
cherry trees?—Valuable trees, which are  
planted in boxes, for the sake of their  
agreeable flowers? *Sahnno* has cut them  
down.

V.

Kee rah ray tah vah  
Bah kah do see yo see to  
Yoo cobay kay mee  
Sahn no sin sah yay mee moo  
Ho ray gah ten mei.

A councillor in his madness hath been  
overthrown; if ever such an event was  
heard of, it may be said to be a judgment  
from heaven.

*Latin.*

*Præcidit*  
*Consiliarium minorem*  
*Nuper audivi,*  
*In montis castello*  
*Turbas excitantem, novum custodem.*

*Free Translation.*

Pray, have you heard the news?  
One of the footguards drew  
His sword: in a rage  
His anger to assuage,  
A councillor he slew!

II.

*Yahmahscero*  
*Candidam togam*  
*Crimine tinctam*  
*Rubentemque consiliarium*  
*Omnes viderunt.*

Yahmahscero's robe  
Is stained with fiery gore,  
And each that doth him meet,  
Calls him upon the street,  
The crimson councillor.

III.

*In via orientali*  
*Per vicum Sahnno irruentes,*  
*Aquæ profuentes,*  
*Terram lacunæ perfecerunt*  
*Bautque montis castellum,*

The current to the east  
By Sahnno, little town,  
Hath overflowed, and burst the dike  
With fury, and the castle, like  
A fort, hath fallen down.

IV.

*Præcidit in vasis arboræ,*  
*Fraxos et cerasos*  
*Floribus amenas*  
*Quis in ignem projecit?*  
*Sahnno quidem eas præcidit.*

Who has felled the cherry trees?  
And who has felled the plum?  
Trees planted in neat boxes,  
And anything but hoaxes  
For odorous gum.

V.

*Præcidit (consiliarium)*  
*Vesanus consiliarius*  
*Dicere possumus*  
*Si prius talis unquam audiverimus*  
*Hoc puisse Cui Mandatum.*

A councillor hath been knocked  
From off his legs,—most true;  
If ever such a thing was heard,  
It may most safely be aver'd  
That it hath been—adieu!

Aug. 8.—Blue stockings are not to my taste, unless their attention be only paid to polite literature—the play that is just to come out, or the last new poem.

Last night's party, however, the most agreeable of the kind that I have met; if the young lady with the blue eyes, could have been contented, with only smiling and shewing us her fine teeth, and not disturbed herself about the alteration in the criminal laws, and the effects which the corn-bill might have had. Rather too theatrical in the other young lady Miss ———, to recite Coleridge's ode to the Departing Year, with such emphatic pith, and such vehemence of gesticulation. The MS. poems handed round insufferably bad. Elegies in the measure of "Oh, Miss Bailey,

unfortunate Miss Bailey," and Odes, in which sound gave sense no opportunity of coming forward in self defence. Must learn the particulars of that sweet, modest, and melancholy young creature, who sate on the end of the sofa, nearest the door. Am certain that I caught her sighing several times. Must be at the bottom; having been teasing myself whether the unfortunate passion, the theme of the stanzas which she handed about, as her picnic share of the literary banquet, can be only an effusion of sentiment, or whether they have originated in dread reality. At all events, she may wait long enough, till her verses come round to her again; as, in the heat of conversation, I stowed them along with my snuff-box into my waistcoat pocket. They are not amiss.

STANZAS.

*Oh mine be the shade, &c.*

Oh! mine be the shade where no eye may discover,  
Where in silence and sorrow alone I may dwell;  
Give scorn to the maid, who is false to her lover;  
A tear unto her, who has loved but too well!  
Alas for the heart, when affection forsaking  
The vows, it hath pledged, and has cherish'd through years;  
For no refuge remains to that lone heart but breaking,  
The silence of grief, and the solace of tears!

Farewell the bright prospects that once could allure me  
To think this poor earth was a promise of Heaven;  
Since he, who once deoted, no more can endure me,  
Too much with the darkness of fate I have striven;  
The flowers with their odours—the birds with their singing—  
The beauties of earth, and the glories of sky,  
Dear—sad recollections are constantly bringing—  
And all that remains upon earth is—to die!!

To die—or to be married. It is a lottery indeed, but still "I have stout notions on the marrying score," to use the words of an eminent poet. Truly I am not a little taken with this sweet young creature; and perhaps, after all, this

Was *not* taught her by the dove,  
To die, and know no second love.

If I thought so,—I do not know, but

that I might make proposals; if she has any rhino, so much the better; let her put it in her pocket, and it will prevent the wind from blowing her away. But the deuce is, I am afraid of that evil genius of mine, Mrs M'Whirter. What misery a rash step entails upon us. I wish a hurricano would blow her and the lecturer to the river of the Amazons for ever and a day.

\* \* \* \* \*

## SKETCHES OF VILLAGE CHARACTER.

## No. V.

## "Proemium."

EACH one that lives has an appropriate "want"—  
 Some scant of morals, some of grace are scant,  
 Some lack contentment in the midst of means,  
 And Misses lack a lover in their teens;  
 The half-pay army-surgeons lack a fee,  
 And parsons now-a-days lack modesty;  
 Some lack, alas!—and these are authors too,  
 The frontal bumps at No. 32.  
 One writes a volume—minus "common sense";  
 Another writes, because he lacks the pence;  
 The Poets now—e. g. there's I myself—  
 Who ne'er had written, but from lack of *pelf*.  
 But, then again, that all may balanced be,  
*Each one* is saddled with "redundancy."  
 Some ladies shew *too* much of neck and shoulder—  
 And some are faced, in helmets, like a soldier—  
 Some sport *too* much of learning, love to shew  
 And figure in the "sum" of all they know;  
 As others walk abroad in *too* much finery,  
 In tassellated blossoms, like a viney—  
 We know a man whose sneaking is *too* much  
 For maiden ladies—the report is such.  
 Another owns an extra *power* of nose,  
 Which trumpets through *their* nerves whene'er it blows.  
 Our hero's "*want*," we must explicit be,  
 Was *nothing*, courteous friend, but "*honesty*";  
 But then to balance all, "*he took a glass*,"  
 And this was *Mungo's* error in *caress*.  
 Thus much premised, proceed we with our tale,  
 Which, to delight our *readers*, cannot fail.—

## "MUNGO CLARK, THE SOUTH COUNTRY PACKMAN."

A Packman, Mungo, of no vulgar kind,  
 A staff before, a monstrous *pack* behind,  
 Bent o'er his *rung*, he crawls along the road,  
 And groans, and grunts, beneath his merchant load,  
 Snuff's up the wind, with teeth exposed and bare,  
 And looks the very image of despair—  
 Till gain'd at length the farmer's open door,  
 Where many a cur has fled his staff before,  
 On meal-ark lid he rests his *coffin'd* ware,  
 And by the evening "*ingle*" takes a chair—  
 And long the country clash—"How Lizy fled,  
 "Though thrice on Sabbath call'd, the bridal bed;  
 "How Tibby's Bell is off wi' Jenny's Rob,  
 "And Jeanie's Bet has gi'en the kirk a job;  
 "How sold the 'Nowt' last week, at '*Staigsharo-bank*,'  
 "And how the drover perish'd in the '*stank*,'  
 "How very dear the newest *Bumbazeens*,  
 "How scarce the *Cassimeres*, how rare the *Jeans*—  
 "The Cottons, too, are up, the *Waistcoat pieces*  
 "Are selling off at most enormous prices;  
 "And e'en the *Bible*, curse upon the printer,  
 "Is dearer now than what it was in winter."



This prelude past—and all the household crew  
On tip-toe set, his summer stock to view,  
His pack he slow uncords, for warping round,  
Full many a *leash* of packing-cord is found—  
Knot after knot, by tooth and nail untwisted,  
(And some resolved with scissors, that resisted)  
At length unfolded, come the “Treasures” forth,  
Of newest fashion that have travell’d “North.”  
The spangled gown-piece, fancy-figured o’er,  
The very pattern which the “Countess” wore,  
The *shawls* all edging—*sorrier*’d red and blue,  
A little rumples, but—as good as new.  
The “breeches-pieces” time might not destroy—  
The *strong, imperial, thickset corduroy*.  
The waistcoat-patterns, rarely striped and bright,  
Unfold their gay temptation on the sight.

The farmer’s jolly Daughter wipes her hands,  
And bending o’er the packman’s treasure stands,—  
Fingering the stuffs with most provoking skill,  
And from the proffer’d bargain turning still.—  
“That gown-piece was so coarse,—’twas quite a fright;  
“Dirt-cheap, indeed, it was, as well it might;  
“This other remnant, which was eightpence dearer,  
“Wad never suit.—This *last* was coming nearer  
“The thing she wish’d—yet any one might know  
“The ‘piece’ was damaged, for the price was low.”  
There is a Latin proverb, “*verbum sat*,”—  
The hint hit Mungo’s workly wisdom pat;  
So edging in the web beneath a pile  
Of Sisterhood—he brings it with a wile  
From out the further side, with knowing air,—  
And, “Fath, my lady, \* *this* indeed is rare,—  
“I ne’er had such a “remnant” in my pack,  
“Nor ever bore a *dearer* on my back—  
“’Tis all, long time bespoken—nor did I mean  
“To let this portion of my stock be seen;  
“But since I am compell’d the *piece* to show,  
“I may perhaps—perhaps may let it go.”  
“I never saw such muslin with mine eyes.”  
The gull’d and half-transported dame replies.  
“Now, *fath*, my lady, you need say no more;  
“I’ll just affix it to your father’s score.—  
“You’ll want a waistcoat, Jamie—there, select,  
“And to the payment—never have respect.  
“For six months after *this*, we’ll not dispute;  
“’Tis time enough when next I come about.”  
“This gown-piece wants a *strig*, and that a colour;  
“This shawl is lovely, gin that she had siller”—  
“Now, *Fath*, my lady, you may suit your taste,  
“That very napkin is the very best  
“Of all my present stock; this trade I dote,  
“The rest I sold at *six*, ’tis yours at *five*.”  
Now Nell has bought a Bible bound in calf—  
The hymns and psalms appended to each half;  
The Summer Sacraments she knows are near,  
For “Morton” she has pled, and “Durisdée,”  
And saith her matter bother’d for the † “Keir;” }

\* “Fath, my lady,” was Mungo’s way of addressing all individuals of the fair sex.

† It is well known that the *out* or *trout*-preachings at the Presbyterian sacraments are now generally abolished; and it is, no doubt, upon the whole, better that they are so.

And Jenny, less religious, on her neck  
Displays a napkin of enormous check ;  
And Jock his waistcoat *locks* secure away,  
Preserved to figure on some future day.

But six months soon revolve, and Mungo then,  
Unwelcome visitor, returns again ;  
Nell pays her Bible, still the print is clear,  
And smooth the cover, though the book be dear.  
Jock grudges much his waistcoat, soil'd and done,  
His penny "fee" was far too hardly won  
To lay it out on such unthrifty trash.  
Obdurate Mungo pockets still the cash.  
But Jenny's napkin was unsound, and fell  
In rotten flaws, as all the house could tell,  
It did not wear a fortnight, till the piece  
Was fit wi' downright holes "to pickle geese."\*  
She would not—could not—~~was not bound to pay,~~  
So let him take with her what steps he may.

Now Mungo was endowed with "worldly wisdom,"  
Nor for a napkin's price would risk his custom ;  
So on a plan he straightway set his brain,  
And took his leave, "*most terribly in pain.*"  
A fortnight afterwards a rumour passed,  
That Packman Mungo now had breathed his last—  
He died on Sunday. Jenny smiled to hear,  
Nor deem'd the dreadful day of reckoning near—  
But up the "Brae," there sped a stranger lad—  
'Twas Mungo's kinsman, Heir of all he had,  
And Mungo's books were open,—as it stood,  
He heir'd his uncle's "Dues,"—to make them good  
Was what he was determin'd—she must pay,  
Or he would force her very "Kist" away.

Here Jenny stared, and storm'd, and flounced about,  
He was a vile Impostor, he must out—  
The debt was paid—and though it were not, he  
One penny of the payment should not see.—  
"But God shall be my safety—what is this !  
"My uncle's spirit left the realms of bliss !

Yet we cannot recollect, without feelings which have in them something exceedingly pleasing and decidedly religious, those sunny Sabbath afternoons, which in our earlier life we have spent, seated on the green grass-turf, under the musical voice of "Macgill" the clear and discriminating eloquence of "Keyden," or the sonorous and manly exhortations of "Yorston ;" whilst the stream danced by in purity—the sheep eyed us down from their hill-side—the clouds floated over us in peaceful serenity—and a vast amphitheatre of attentive and devotional countenances, gave altogether an impression of sublimity, which the heart of man could never catch under any arrangement of *stone and lime*. Were the question put to us, "Which of our early impressions we would be most unwilling to relinquish?" our reference would probably be, to that made by a vast multitude of worshippers assembled in a deep and hollow recess, such as we have alluded to, pouring forth the full, and solemn, and irresistible swing of "the Martyrs," into these beautiful and appropriate lines :

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,  
"From whence doth come mine aid ;  
"My safety cometh from the Lord,  
"Who heaven and earth hath made," &c.—Ps. 121.

\*"To pickle geese," i. e. in Scotch idiom, so full of holes, that geese may pick up grain through it.

"And there it comes—the very pack he bore—  
 "The very staff—the very coat he wore—  
 "It comes, I guess, to claim a rightful 'due'—  
 "It comes, I nothing doubt, to speak with you,  
 "So I'll retire."—"Oh, God, in mercy stay!  
 "Here, take the "Crown,"—'tis just—away, away!  
 "I cannot stand it;" then she fainted quite,  
 And then departed "Visitor" and "Sprite."

Our hero once, amidst a drunken splore,  
 And as he "Gill'd it on" from door to door,  
 Was heard to reason thus—"The devil's in't,  
 "This populous city—this immense 'Penpont,'\*  
 "Three days did Jonah travel, only *threc*,  
 "Through all the streets and lanes of Nineveh;  
 "To me a task more vast than his is given,  
 "'Penpont' already has exhausted 'seven,'  
 "And yet there still remains a deal to do—  
 "A month, I fear, will scarcely bring me through."

But Mungo sicken'd sadly at the last—  
 For Death had grasp'd his fever'd victim fast,—  
 No feint was this to clear a maiden score,  
 The Doctor left him, he could do no more.  
 The Priest was summon'd, douce and holy man,  
 Who straight to shrieve poor Mungo's soul began.—  
 "You have offended, doubtless, many a time,  
 "Your conscience, Mungo, must be black with crime,—  
 "E'en now you feel the consequence of sin,  
 "For all your sufferings are the fruits of gin—  
 "Your taste you must adjust to holier fare—  
 "Nor gin nor ought that pampers sense is there."  
 "For why?" says Mungo, roused to hear the reason.  
 "For why! Because they're wholly out of season.  
 "None there to taste such carnal fare are able."  
 "They might," says Mungo, "*place them on the table*—  
 "But how are matters order'd in the sky?"  
 "They sing *his* mercy, who resides on high."  
 "And then again?"—"His name they utter ever,  
 "And to proclaim his praises cease shall never."  
 "It may be so!" replies the sinful man,  
 "I should not like so *uniform* a plan."  
 "Your sins have sear'd your conscience—you are dying!  
 "An undone creature in your errors lying!  
 "Repent of all your tricks, your trading lies,  
 "All these are register'd above the skies,  
 "And you must reckon in the judgment-day,  
 "For all your impositions dearly pay."—  
 "All this is most unlikely—ay depen'  
 "On *large allowances* for trading men!"  
 Thus answered Mungo, turn'd aside his head—  
 Writhed and convulsed—was number'd with the dead.  
 So hard the heart which worldly motive rule,  
 So paid the "Sinner" whom his *wisdom* fools!

---

\* "Penpont," a small village near the confluence of the Sear, and the Nith, in Dumfriesshire.

## SUTOR JOHN.

OLD Sutor Fergusson, thou'rt welcome here  
 To all thy Friends, and Customers most dear—  
 The first esteem thee for thy nobler parts,  
 The latter know thee by thy sutor arts;  
 But both unite to claim for thee the bay,  
 From all the prosing shoe-craft of thy day.

I see thee throned amidst thy various tools,—  
 Lasts, tacks, and pincers, customers and fools.  
 The neighbouring villager from labour free,  
 The Club-foot pedagogue, brimful of glee;  
 The scholar-boy, with greekish coloured face,  
 The noisy brethren of the carter race,  
 The farmer garrulous of harvest bad,  
 The ragged cottager, and servant lad,  
 I hear thy voice amidst this motley band;  
 Attention, praise, astonishment, command—  
 Whilst loud acclaim, for triumph justly due,  
 Breaks long and hearty from the listening crew.

With children mix'd, from task and labour free,  
 Thy apron'd figure in their games I see,  
 Goliath-like, amidst the boyish throng,  
 With giant "*shinty*" drive the ball along;  
 Or, deeply versant in each well known law,  
 Sustain the "*dumps*," and knuckle down at "*taw*."

On summer eve, the manly "*Quoit*" to throw,  
 I see thee full of buoyant spirit, go  
 The ground, the "*Tee*," the distance, all adjust,  
 Then down the "*feather*" goes, as go it must,—  
 Whilst edge-way, on its flight thy "*Quoit*" descends,  
 And takes the winning shot, whoe'er contends.  
 The *sidling* Prentices, their elbows claw,  
 And speak their triumph in a loud *guffin*.

But who thy curling prowess aims to tell,  
 A fuller tone, a deeper note must swell,  
 Must dare to paint thy "*besom*" brandish'd high,  
 And all the silent censure of thine eye,  
 Whilst a rash, reckless "*Lead*" is seen to go  
 And spend its useless force amidst the snow;  
 That kindling rage, and censure speaking roar,  
 When nerveless caution hung behind the "*score*;"  
 Must mark thy form like troubled ocean toss'd,  
 When all the gaxie, by one vile "*miss*" was lost;  
 And next pourtray the joy that shook thy frame,  
 When *conduct*, *fortune*, *skill*, secured the game.

Who has not known thee in thy evening hour  
 With beef and greens, and punch-bowl in thy power,  
 To jolly madness seen thy spirits rise,  
 With all the victor sparkling in thine eyes;  
 Around thee wave the flashing blade of wit,  
 And laugh, and cause to laugh at every hit,  
 Each happy jest, and smart retort thy own;  
 Who hast not known thee thus—has never known.

But whilst the muse thy varied worth essays,  
 And dips her pen, delighted, to thy praise—

Thy fate is doom'd—the slowly passing bier  
Demands the parting tribute of a tear;  
Thy requiem next with sorrowing heart I sing,  
And o'er thy crumbling dust, this "Vale" fling.

"Farewell, thou friend of every joyous mood,  
"Though witty, wise, though social hearted, good  
"The last of all the race which erst I saw,  
"Give tone to village life, to fools give law,  
"Thy games are o'er, each controversy past,  
"And all thy many doubts resolved at last,  
"In 'sweet Dalgarno'\* crumble into dust,  
"Till God to better life awake the just.  
"Around thee sleeps a covenanted hand,  
"The bulwark once of a misgovern'd land.  
"The 'Gibson' and the 'Harkness' ne'er thee rest—  
"Nor fear the 'Traitor,' nor abhor the 'Pest'  
"From forms, from surplice, and from Curate fret,  
"And all undreading now, of prelacy—  
"There rest thee soundly, sure to wake anon,  
"Thought 'Curates' sleep around thee, 'Sutor John'

ADAM HARKNESS.

OLD Adam Harkness stoops beneath the load,  
Yet braves the weight of ninety years and odd—  
His are the habits of a former day—  
A bonnet blue, a coat of Parson gray,  
Opinions, too, he owns of kindred hue—  
He loves the old, but deprecates the new—  
As rock in ocean fix'd, he serves to show  
How swift the tides of passing manners flow

\* "Dalgarno," a lonely, but most romantic burial ground, by the side of the river Nith, in Closeburn. Dalgarno is mentioned by Burns

"He went to the tomb at Dalgarno"  
and was once a separate parish. It has long been united with Closeburn, and many of the "old stool," as they are termed, of that parish, still continue to bury in this ground

† The detestation in which the Curates were held during the eight-and-twenty years persecution, is well known. It was the firm belief of the populace, that the last Curate of Closeburn was prayed into eternity by the zealous covenanting party of one "Peter Stranger," who by a curious coincidence, was buried in Dalgarno at the feet of the old Curate, whose "exit" he had so religiously accelerated. An epitaph was written up on the occasion, of which the three following verses are all which the author of these Sketches can now recover—

1.

"Here's Peter Stranger, strangely placed,  
"Just at the old Curate's feet—  
"In those who could him so disgrace,  
"Twas strangely indiscreet

2.

"For Curates and their Underlings,  
"He held us mortal foes—  
"Nor did he fail to clip their wings,  
"Whenever occasion rose.

\* \* \* \* \*  
"But stay—I quite mistake the case—  
"Most fitly *here* he lies,  
"Just ready to renew the chase  
"Whence'er the Two shall rise!"

The mountains are his home, their cairns his pride—  
 For shepherd born, he loves the mountain side.  
 And many a sun has set, and morning smil'd,  
 On him, the shepherd boy, and mountain child ;  
 His manhood, as his youth, hath pass'd away,  
 And still he seeks the misty mountain gray.

It is indeed a comely sight to see  
 This shepherd sage beneath his garden tree—  
 To hear " This Register " his feats renew,  
 Were pleasure more inviting than the view !

And he can speak of caverns, where, of old,  
 The Covenanter kept his secret hold—  
 Or stone deep-cruised with the pious blood  
 Of him, against " conformity " who stood.—  
 The wind and torrents sweep it—still remain,  
 In spite of wind and flood, the witness-stain—  
 His grandsire hounded from his native home,  
 Compelled—outlaw'd—and felon-like, to roam,  
 From wife and children had been forced to flee,  
 And end his sufferings at the *Gallow-lee*. \*

Old Adam is a man of sober mind,  
 Contented, cheerful, single-hearted, kind.  
 None were more loyal—more approved than he,  
 When faction braved the throne, in ninety-three—  
 'Twas then he spoke, of *rights* so dearly bought—  
 Of British rights, for which his fathers fought.  
 'Twas then he put his influence abroad,  
 To serve his king, his country, and his God.  
 'Twas then ! And Heaven permitting, would be still—  
 The means alone are wanting, not the will ;  
 Yet, I have watched the gleaming of his eye,  
 Like lightning flashing o'er a wintry sky—  
 What time his thoughts to " Former years " return'd,  
 And all his soul with indignation burn'd.

" Sad time, indeed—Oh, most detested time !  
 " When vice was faulty, and religion crine ;  
 " When Counsellors were Traitors to the state ;  
 " A Chancellor's *authority* was fate,  
 " And Scotland felt the grasp o'er inoor and dale,  
 " Of *cruel, beastly, turn-coat Lauderdale*.  
 " When Grierson†—stept abroad in human gore,  
 " The peaceful Peasant butcher'd at his door—

\* This is " o'er true a tale." Vide " The joint testimony of Thomas Harkness, in Locherbane ; Andrew Clerk, in Leadhills, in Crawford parish ; and Samuel M'Ewen, in Glencairn parish, who were sentenced and suffered at the Gallow-lee, near Edinburgh, August 15, 1684."—*Cloud of Witnesses*.

† " Grierson of Lag." His feet, according to the popular belief, founded upon an indelible impression made by his cruelty, caused water to *boil* during his last illness ; and after his death, two of Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick's best horses lost their lives in dragging his sinful carcase to the burial ground. We remember having often met with, in early life, hawked about in baskets, a little pamphlet entitled " Lag's Elegy," containing a lamentation of the Devil, over the death of his devoted servant.

" And cruel Graham, and merciless Dalyell,\*  
 " In nightly rendezvous enacted Hell.  
 " Sad day, indeed, oh much detested day,  
 " When man was snatch'd from kindred man away ;  
 " When Wives stood weeping by, whilst Husbands bled,  
 " And screaming children bent the knee, and pled ;  
 " When neither age nor sex the heart could pierce,  
 " Of savage Windram, † feelingless and fierce ;  
 " Who look'd unpitying on, though Woman stood,  
 " And scorn'd his irony amidst the flood,  
 " Invoked the swelling tide more swift to flow,  
 " And pray'd some friendly hand to ' *let her go.*'

" Sad years indeed ; oh, years of dire alarm ;  
 " Dread times of trustless treachery and harm ;  
 " When seeming friends were council-pension'd foes,  
 " Subborn'd each glen to search, each cave disclose ;  
 " When blood-hounds did the work of savage men,  
 " And track'd the wounded victim to his den ;  
 " And torture follow'd up these deeds of hell,  
 " With stifled groan, and anguish-breathing yell."

My country much I love ; my native land  
 Shall my last pulse and " benison" command ;  
 I prize my charter'd rights, nor would forego  
 My British liberty for Gallic shew :  
 No airy plans I hatch of Government,  
 Nor stickle for an annual Parliament ;  
 Of Ministers, the topic of the day,  
 Or good or bad, I'm seldom heard to say.—  
 I pity much, despise, and ever shall,  
 The guilty and misguided " Radical."  
 But should I ere forget this Shepherd's tale,  
 Oh let not aught on earth my peace avail !  
 May I be doom'd, my children in my train,  
 To dreè eternal vassalage and pain,  
 Our " freedom" to exchange for pelf or place,  
 And live to latest times—a " *trodden race.*"

JUVENALIS JUNIOR.

\* These strenuous supporters of the most unjust and oppressive administration, with which any nation on earth was ever cursed, are reported, and the report, whether well founded or not, evinces, at least, the opinion which obtained of their character, occasionally to have varied their nightly " Orgies" with an enactment of Hell punishments !

† See the narrative of this savage transaction in Woodrow's history, Vol. 2. Chap. 9. p. 506, which, if any one can read *unmoved*, his heart must be strangely constituted :

" When Margaret Wilson (we quote only the concluding passages of this narrative) was at the stake, she sang the 25th psalm, from v. 7, downward a good way, and read the 8th chapter to the Romans, with a great deal of cheerfulness, and then prayed. While at prayer, the water covered her, but before she was quite dead, they pulled her up, and held her out of the water till she was recovered and able to speak, and then, by Major Windram's orders, she was asked if she would pray for the King. She answered, she wished the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none. One deeply affected with the death of the other (who had been previously drowned) and her case, said, ' Dear Margaret, say, God save the King.' She answered in the greatest steadiness and composure, ' God save him if he so will, for it is *his salvation* I desire : Whereupon some of her relations near by, desirous to have her life spared, called to Major Windram, ' Sir, she has said it, she hath said it.' Whereupon the Major came near, and offered her the abjuration oath, charging her instantly to swear it, otherwise return to the water. Most deliberately she replied, ' *I will not, I am one of Christ's children, let me go.*' Upon which she was thrust down again into the water, where she finished her course with joy !

## NOTES TO ADAM HARKNESS.

It is not unknown to those who are in any degree conversant about, or interested in the subject, that many instances of extreme cruelty, and even perhaps of murder, which occurred during the "eight and twenty years" persecution, in the west and south of Scotland in particular, have never yet, in any shape, been committed to writing; and have consequently fallen, and are every day falling, into total oblivion. To effect a pilgrimage through the mountainous districts of Galloway, Dumfries, and Selkirk shires, and to collect from the few "Adam Harknesses," which still remain, those traditionary notices, of which such aged individuals alone are in possession, would be a task worthy of "Old Mortality" himself. In the mean time, and in the absence of more ample information, we shall state a few facts and circumstances, of which we happen to be in possession:—

At the head of the "Well-path," in the parish of Durisdeer, Dumfries-shire, just at the point where "wind and water shears;" and standing out from amidst a tuft of long grass, there appears a "headstone," evidently sunk deep into the earth by the hand of man, but without hieroglyphic, or any kind of inscription whatever. The popular belief is, that a young man, supposed by his pursuers to have been, what, however, he actually was not, a "Covenanter," was here shot dead by a detachment of Dalziel's company,—and that then having discovered their error, they instantly buried the body, and concealed their unfortunate mistake.

In the neighbourhood of "Auchincairn," a farm town,\* in the eastern and more mountainous district of the parish of Closeburn, there is a deep ravine or linn, where one of two brothers (Gibsons), was shot at, and severely wounded by a detachment, under the immediate command of Clavers. The stone, upon which the mark of the blood, of course, still remains, we have often inspected.

There is likewise in the neighbourhood of the farm town of Locherben, in the same parish,—the present residence of *Adam Harkness* himself—a stone similarly encrusted with the blood of a "non-conformist." Here too, is "Red Rob's gutter," as it is called, which derived its present designation from the following circumstance, as related to us by Adam.

Adam's grandfather, William Harkness—the brother of Thomas, who was executed, as formerly stated, at the Gallowlee,—had been surprised one morning, by a party of Clavers' Dragoons, under the command of a zealous persecutor, and then well known character "*Red Rob*," (so called probably from the marked colour of his uniform),—and after arming himself with a blunderbuss, had been compelled to take to his heels, in the direction of a steep, and, to cavalry, altogether inaccessible rock, in the neighbourhood. William was seen, and closely pursued, and the zeal of Red Rob, who was besides always well mounted, had urged him forward, so that the balls which he from time to time fired from his carbine began to whiz in the ears of the Covenanter. The rock was at hand—but Red Rob was still nearer,—so William, finding no other way left of effecting his escape, to use the words of his grandson Adam, "just faced about, raised up the blunderbuss to his cheek, and *wisht* half a score o' slugs through the callant's shoulder-blade." Rob immediately came down, "like a winged gled," into the fore-mentioned "*gutter*," destined, like the Simois and Scamander, to future notoriety.

One other story,—which Adam has often related in our hearing, and which, in every material circumstance, can yet be confirmed by the traditionary lore of many persons alive,—we shall give as nearly as possible in Adam's own words:—

"My grandmother's maiden name was *Mcg Mac'aig*; she was ane o' the Mac-Caigs o' the Newton, a set o' as creditable folk as war to be fun' atwixt Corsincom and Carlaverock; and she had na been but just about sixteen or seventeen months William Harkness's married wife—it was the same William that laid Red Rob in the *gutter*, ye ken—and the auldest bairn hadna been twenty-four hours or aboon't in the warl, whan o'er the Glass Rig, and plash through the 'Capple Water,' came a hale troop o' Clavers' Dragoons, under the command o' this same Red Rob, my grandfather afterwards had occasion to settle accounts wi'. They searched *in* the house, and they searched *out* o' the house, an' they passed neither barn nor byre, kist nor pantry. But my grandfather, warned by the singing o' the bird—for there was a wee bird that sang aye sweetly on the rowan-tree bush in the corner o' the kail-yard the night or the troopers cam—had ta'en to the bent, an' was snugly lodged in the Cave at Capple Yetts; sae him they could na' fin' ony where; which put Red Rob, wha was aye foremost and maist active in a' mischief, as ye may weel suppose, into an aufu' tantrum; and he stamped, and

\* A farm-stedding is called a *town* in the south of Scotland; many mistakes have originated in an ignorance of this fact,—e. g. Wodrow speaks in his history, of the "*Village*," of *Magus*, where Archbishop Sharp was murdered. In the documents which lay before him, it was termed a "*town*," and he conjectured, of course, that a small village was what was meant.



rampaged through the house and through the house, like a person *red-rud-mad*. My grandmother had been 'lying-in' in Mitchelslacks aul' 'Chamer' ye ken—that's aye stan'ing yet, ayont the closs—an' had nae will, as ye may guess, to mak them any wiser than they were about the gudeman; sae whan Red Rob cam *in*, and spierd for the d—d covenanting psalm-singing hypocrite her husband, she had nae will to hear her bairn's father that way spoken o', and raising hersel' up on her elbow, and stretching out frae aneath the blankets her arm, "A set o' unhaly an' blood-thirsty villains," says she, "are ye a'," (for the MacCaigs, as weel as the MacChains, war aye feck-fu' and fearless) "the rod wi' whilk it has pleased the Lord to chastise this backliding and covenant-breaking land. But bide a wee—bide a wee, my bairns, an' the switch will be broken, and the sap that's in't e'en now will be fizzing in the fire yet—My husband, in troth!—an' d'ye think I wad betray into the hands o' them that never knew mercy my ain guidman?—Gae wa, gae wa—ye may seek him whar ye saw him last, though that war at the Back-o'-Beyont, whar the *marc fouled the fiddler*."—Whereupon, without ony mair ado, an' without uttering a single word, Rob gaed up to the bed-side, and tearing the infant frae its mither's breast, dashed it down upon the hard stane floor. 'Let the *whelp lye there*,' quo' he, 'an' the b—— will soon follow.' My grandmother sprang frae her bed in an instant, lifted up her infant, and examined it carefully all over; then turning roun' to the Troopers, some o' wham by this time had begun to show symptoms o' pity,—'Now,' added she, 'that my wean's ance mair in my power, ye may e'en do y're warst; stab away—stab away:—(for now they were piercing the bed, where she had been lying, through and through wi' their swords.)—'An' my guidman had been *there*, a' the dragoons out o' the pit should na hae raised *me*.'—'March!' exclaimed the leader; 'and let the hag be tied down to a horse's back, and her brat beside her.' This was no sooner said than done, and in a caul' frosty night, and through a hantle o' new fa'en snaw, was this poor helpless woman an' her wean carried a' the way to the *Gateside*, four gude lang miles, I trow. There was a public-house there, and *in* the villains gaed, about twal at night, to carouse and to drink. I canna weel tell ye how it happened, but so it was, that whan they began to tak' wi' the liquor, Isbel crap cannily out at the door, and down among the bushes in the *Gateside Sluck* she clappet.—The wean was sleeping in her arms.—Sair, an' lang, an' wi' mony a fearfu' aith was she sought for. They fired their carbines through the bushes—they hurled stanes o'er the brae—an' mony a ane o' them gaed stening o'er her head; but they had nae commission to hurt her. They proggit the hazels wi' their swords, and the very flaps o' the dragoons cloaks came o'er her face; but her they saw na, or, may be,—for there war some no that just sae *douns* bad among them,—her they didna care to see.—Sae on they marched to Clavers, at Lag-Castle; and ye may be sure my grandmither let nae *giras* grow to her heels till she was safe at her ain ingle *check* again.—But, oh callans! *the war awfu' times*."

## SONNET.

*Written off the Dutch Coast,*

*August 1st, 1820.*

Let him not say 'I love my country'—he  
 Who ne'er has left it;—but, what time onc' hears  
 The yell of waters ringing in his ears,  
 And views around him nought but sky and sea,  
 And sea and sky interminable,—then—  
 Then comes the longing for soft hills, and dales,  
 And trees, and rivulets, and bloomy vales,  
 And the green twilight of the shady glen,  
 And sweet birds welcoming the summer!—Now  
 Swells the full feeling in my heart, while slow  
 I sail upon the ocean's shudd'ring breast.—  
 O Erin—O my country—let me see  
 But once, once more, thy cherish'd scenery—  
 Then let me lowly in thy bosom rest!

*Dublin, 8th Feb. 1821.*

## HANS HEILING'S ROCKS. A BOHEMIAN LEGEND.

*Translated from the German of KÖRNER.*

THERE lived many ages ago, in a little village on the Eger, a rich farmer. The name of the village, tradition has not handed down to us, but it is generally believed to have been situated on the left bank of the Eger, opposite the village of Alch, which is well known to all the invalids of Carlsbad. VEIT, such was the name of the farmer, had a pretty and amiable daughter, the joy and pride of the surrounding country.

ELS<sup>B</sup>ETH was really very handsome; and, besides that, so good and well educated, that it would not have been then easy to find her equal.

Near Veit's house stood a little cottage, which belonged to the young ARNOLD, whose father had lately died. He had learned the trade of a mason, and was just returned home for the first time after a long absence, at the period of his father's death. Like an affectionate son, he dropped tears of unfeigned grief upon the old man's grave, for he had received as his patrimony nothing but a miserable cottage. Arnold, however, enjoyed, in the stillness of his own bosom, a most valuable inheritance—truth and probity, and a lively sense of every thing good and beautiful. The elder Arnold was already in a declining state of health, when his son arrived at the village, and his physical strength was not sufficient for the joy of again beholding him. The young man sedulously attended him, and in fact never stirred from his side, so that, previously to his father's decease, he saw none of his early friends and companions, except those who visited him as he sat by the bed of sickness.

Of all the other villagers there was none that took so lively an interest in Veit's daughter Elsbeth, as Arnold; for they had grown up together, and he still entertained a pleasurable remembrance of the kind-hearted little maid, who had been so fond of him, and wept so bitterly when he was obliged to set out for the dwelling of his master, who resided at Prague. He was now a fine slender youth, and he had often said within himself, that Elsbeth must also be now full grown, and exceedingly handsome.

The third evening after his father's death, Arnold was inusing in sorrow,

upon the new-made grave, when he heard a light step entering the churchyard behind him. He looked up, and saw a lovely girl gliding among the grave-hillocks with a basket of flowers upon her arm. An elder-bush concealed him from the eyes of Elsbeth, for it was she who was coming to adorn with garlands the resting-place of her venerable neighbour.

She bent in tears over the turf, and spoke in a low tone as she folded her hands together: "Rest in peace, virtuous man! may the earth be less burthensome to thee than thy life!—though no flowers were strewed along thy path, yet shall thy grave at least be bedecked with them!"—Here Arnold sprang forward through the bushes—"Elsbeth!" cried he, as he pressed the terrified maiden in his arms, "Elsbeth, do you know me?"—"Ah! Arnold! is it you?" stammered she, blushing; "it is very, very long since we have seen one another."—"And you are so handsome, so mild, so amiable—and you loved my father, and still cherish such an affectionate remembrance of him. Dear, delightful girl!"—"Yes, worthy Arnold, I loved him with all my heart," said she, gently disengaging herself from his embrace; "we have often conversed together about you—the only joy he knew was the possession of such a son."—"Was I really a source of joy to him?" interrupted Arnold, hastily; "then do I thank thee, God, for having preserved me in probity and virtue! But, Elsbeth, only think how every thing is altered. Formerly we were little, and, as my father sat before the door, we played about his knees—you were so fond of me—and we could not live asunder—and now the good old man slumbers beneath us—we are grown up; and, though I have not had it in my power to be with you, yet have I often thought of you."—"And I also of you," whispered Elsbeth, softly, as she tenderly gazed upon him with her large friendly eyes.

Then Arnold exclaimed with animation:—"Elsbeth, we already loved in childhood!—I was obliged to quit you—but here, on the grave of my father, where I once more behold you,

where we both came to meditate in silence upon him,—I feel as if we had never been separated. The sentiment of a child awakens within me, fostered into the passion of a man.—Elsbeth, I love you—here, on this sacred spot, I declare it to you for the first time, I love you! and you?"—But Elsbeth hid her glowing face in his breast, and wept heartily—"And you?" repeated Arnold, in a mournful and imploring tone. She gently raised her head, and looked full upon him through her tears, but with an expression of satisfaction. "Arnold, from the bottom of my heart, I am your's—I have ever, ever loved you!" He again pressed her to his bosom, and they sealed with kisses the confession of their hearts.

When the first transport of reciprocal affection was over, they sat in an ecstasy of bliss upon the grave. Arnold related his adventures, and longings for his home, while Elsbeth again dwelt upon his father, and their early childhood, those days of unclouded enjoyment. The sun was already a considerable time below the horizon, but they had not observed it. At last a bustle in the adjoining street awoke them from their reverie, and Elsbeth, after a hasty parting kiss, flew from the arms of Arnold towards her father's house. At the dead of the night, Arnold was still sitting upon the old man's grave, sunk in blissful recollections; and the morning was already dawning, when, with an overflowing and thankful heart, he entered his paternal cottage.

On the morrow, as Elsbeth was preparing her father's morning repast, the old Veit began to speak of Arnold. "I pity the poor youth," said he, "from my heart—you must certainly remember him, Elsbeth, for ye have often played together."—"How should I not?" stammered she, reddening. "I should be sorry if it were the case—it would appear as if you were too proud to think of the poor lad. It is true, I have become rich, and the Arnolds have always continued poor creatures, —but they have always been honest, at least the father, and I also hear very favourable accounts of the son."

"Really, father," interrupted Elsbeth, hastily, "he is an excellent young man."—"Ho, Elsbeth," retorted the father, "how have you learned that with such certainty?"—"They say so

in the village," was the faltering answer. "I am glad of it; if I can assist him in any way, my exertions shall not be wanting."

Elsbeth, in order to terminate the conversation, during which her cheeks exhibited one continued blush, set about some of her household affairs, and thus escaped the scrutinizing glances of the suspicious old man. Before mid-day, Arnold met his beloved by appointment in the garden behind Veit's house. She related to him the entire conversation, which inspired him with the most favourable expectations. "Yes," said he in conclusion, "I have been considering all night what is best to be done. I shall go this very day to your father, openly declare to him our love, and desire to be united. I shall acquaint him with my pursuits, produce the testimonials which I have obtained from my master, and implore his blessing. He will be pleased with my candour, and consent; I shall then cheerfully depart on my travels, amass a little competence, return a faithful and joyous lover, and we shall then be happy. Is it not true, sweet good Elsbeth?"—"Yes," cried the transported maid, as she hung upon his neck, "yes, my father will certainly give his consent—he is so fond of me!" They separated, full of the most sanguine hopes.

In the evening Arnold put on his best attire, once more visited his father's grave, fervently invoked his blessing, and then, with a beating heart, took the way to Veit's house. Elsbeth, trembling with joy, welcomed him, and forthwith introduced him to her father. "Neighbour Arnold," cried the old man, anticipating him, "what have you to offer me?"—"Myself," answered he. "That means?"—"Inquired Veit. "Sir," began Arnold, with a voice tremulous at first, but afterwards more resolute and animated, "Sir, let me recover myself a little, and you will then understand me better. I am poor, but have been regularly brought up to business, as these testimonials will certify. The whole world lies open before me; for it is not my intention to confine myself to the mechanical part of my profession, but to pursue the theory of it: I shall one day become a skilful architect—this promise I have given to my deceased father. But, sir, all human efforts must centre in some object, and

labour must be directed towards some fixed end. The houses which I build are not projected for the purpose of *erection* merely, but of *utility*; so is it with my profession. I do not devote myself to it for the mere sake of *study*, but with a view of deriving some *profit* from it, and that reward which I have proposed to myself it rests with you to bestow. Promise me that it shall be mine, as soon as I shall have earned a competence, and I will devote myself to my profession with the utmost avidity.”—“And what then do I possess,” answered Veit, “which can be of such importance to you?”—“Your daughter—we love one another—I have, like an honest man, applied in the first instance to her father, and also refrained from saying much about the girl herself, as is the habit of many. No, I come to you after the good old fashion, and solicit a promise, that if, at the end of three years, I return home from my travels, and with some little property realized, you will not deny me your paternal blessing,—and that you will, in the mean time, suffer your daughter to continue for three years my betrothed bride.”

“Young man,” replied the father, “I have let you speak on—do you permit me to do the same, and I shall plainly and fairly declare to you my resolution. That you love my daughter gives me unfeigned pleasure, for you are an honest youth; and I am still more pleased that you have openly applied to her father, which conduct indeed merits my decided approbation. Your principals term you a clever young man, and inspire you with hopes of advancement: I wish you joy of this; but hope is an uncertain good, and shall I rest the future prospects of my Elsbeth on so frail a foundation? It is possible, that, during these three years, proposals may be offered, which shall be more agreeable to my daughter, or at least to me. Shall I refuse such, because there is a possibility of your return? No, young man—I shall do no such thing. If, however, you return while Elsbeth is still disengaged, and with your fortune already made, I shall not oppose your wishes. For the present, not a word more on the subject.”—“But neighbour Veit,” faltered Arnold imploringly, and seized the old man's hand, “only reflect——”—“There is no need of further reflection,” inter-

rupted Veit, “and therefore God bless you,—or, if you wish to remain longer, you are welcome; but not a word more of Elsbeth.”—“And this is your final resolve?” stammered Arnold. “My final one,” returned the old man coldly. “Then God help me,” cried the youth, and was rushing out of the room; Veit caught him quickly by the hand, and detained him. “Young man, do not commit an indiscretion. If you are a man, and possessed of strength and fortitude, be collected, and suppress your feelings. The world is wide—seek to engage yourself in busy life, and your breast will recover its tranquillity. Now, farewell, and may good fortune accompany you in your wanderings.” With these words he let go his hold, and Arnold tottered to his cottage. Weeping bitterly, he packed up his bundle, bid adieu to his little patrimony, and then directed his steps towards the churchyard, in order to pay a parting visit to his father's grave.

Elsbeth, who had through the door partially overheard the conversation, sat drowned in tears. She had indulged in dreams of future bliss, and now, even hope itself seemed to be annihilated. Wishing to get a last sight of Arnold, she had stationed herself at the window of her apartment, and waited until he stepped out of the cottage, and bent towards the churchyard. She flew quickly after him, and found him praying on the grave. “Arnold, Arnold, you will then depart,” cried she, embracing him, “ah! I cannot let you go!” Arnold started up, as if awakened out of a dream—“I must, Elsbeth, I must. Forbear to break my heart with your tears, for I must go.”—“Will you ever return, and when?”—“Elsbeth, I will labour as much as man can do—I will not squander a moment of my time—in three years I return again. Will you continue true to me?”—“Until death, dear Arnold,” cried she, sobbing. “Even though your father should endeavour to compel you.”—“Let them drag me to the church—even at the foot of the altar I will cry—no. Yes, Arnold, we will remain true to one another, here and above yon sky. Somewhere we shall meet again!”—“Then let us part,” cried Arnold, while a ray of hope beamed through the tears which filled his eyes, “let us part. No longer do I shrink before any obstacles—no enterprise shall be too great, or too audaci-

ous for me. With this kiss I pledge my troth to you, and now—farewell ! in three years we shall be happy.”—He tore himself from her arms. “Arnold,” cried she, “Arnold, do not forsake your Elsbeth !” but he was already gone. His white handkerchief waved from afar a last adieu, and he at length disappeared in the obscurity of the wood.

Elsbeth flung herself down upon the grave, and prayed fervently to God. Being confident that Arnold would be true to her, she became more calm, and appeared more collected in the presence of her father, who fixed his eyes sharply upon her, and inquired into the most minute particulars.

Early every morning she performed a little pilgrimage to the spot where she had last embraced her Arnold ; the old Veit was well aware of this circumstance, but made no comment upon it, and was rather glad that Elsbeth could be so tranquil, and even at times cheerful.

A year passed away in this manner, and, to Elsbeth's great satisfaction, no suitor who had yet announced himself had met with the approval of her father. About the end of the second year, a person returned to the village after a long absence, who had left it early on account of some acts of gross libertinism, and had seen a great deal of the world. HANS HEILING had departed in extreme indigence, but returned in very opulent circumstances. It seemed as if he had come back to the village for the mere purpose of displaying his wealth to those who had formerly been inimical to him. It was at first believed that he would spend only a short time in it, as he was continually speaking of important affairs which required his presence ; he appeared, however, shortly after, to be making preparations for a longer stay. Marvellous reports were spread throughout the village concerning him. Many an honest man shrugged his shoulders ; and there were some who gave broad hints that they knew how he had amassed all his riches.

That as it might, Hans Heiling visited the old Veit daily, and amused him by relating his travels ; how he had been in Egypt, and sailed into regions still more remote ; so that the old man enjoyed a great deal of pleasure from his acquaintance ; and that evening seemed to him very tedious,

of which Heiling did not pass some part in his chamber. He heard, to be sure, many whispers among his neighbours, but shook his head incredulously at them ; still there was one circumstance which excited some surprise in him,—that Hans Heiling shut himself up every Friday, and remained at home alone during the entire day. He put the question, therefore, to him straightway, how he employed himself on such occasions ; “I am bound by a vow to spend every Friday in private prayer,” was the answer. Veit was satisfied : Hans went in and out as before, and his views with regard to Elsbeth became every day more apparent. But she entertained an unaccountable aversion for this man, inasmuch that the blood seemed to curdle in her veins at the mere sight of him. Nevertheless, he made formal proposals to the old man, and received as an answer, that he should first endeavour to discover the sentiments of the girl herself. He therefore took advantage of an evening, on which he knew that Veit was not at home, to sound her feelings.

Elsbeth was sitting at her spinning-wheel, as he stepped in at the door, and shuddered as she stood up to inform him that her father was not within. “O then, let us chat a little together, my charming girl,” was his reply ; and with these words he sat down by her side. Elsbeth quickly moved away from him. Hans, who considered this to be merely the effect of maiden timidity, and held the principle, that he who wishes to succeed with women must act with boldness, caught her suddenly round the waist, and said, in a flattering tone, “Will the fair Elsbeth not sit beside me ?” But she tore herself out of his arms with an expression of aversion ; and, with the words—“It is not becoming that I should remain alone with you,” made an effort to quit the room. But he followed, and embraced her more boldly : “Your father has assented to my proposals, fair Elsbeth ; will you not then be mine ? I shall not release you, until you make me that promise.” She vainly struggled to avoid his kisses, which burned upon her cheek, and increased her terror ; in vain did she cry out for assistance,—his passion was in the highest state of excitement, and he was proceeding to take further liberties, when his eyes rested upon a little

cross, which Elsbeth had from a child worn about her neck, as a token of remembrance received from her mother, who died early. Seized by some strange emotion, he let her go, appeared convulsed, and rushed out of the apartment. Elsbeth returned thanks to God for her deliverance; and when her father came home, related to him the outrageous behaviour of Heiling. Veit shook his head, and seemed much irritated. At his next meeting with Hans, he animadverted strongly upon his conduct; and the latter offered, as an apology, the impetuosity of his love. The occurrence, however, was so far fortunate for Elsbeth, that it released her for a long time from his assiduities. She wore openly upon her breast the cross which had, she knew not how, been her protection on that occasion; and observed that Heiling never addressed a single word to her whenever he found her so provided.

The third year was hastening to a close. Elsbeth, who had always employed some artifice to divert or interrupt the conversation, whenever her father spoke on the subject of a union with Heiling, became more and more cheerful. She daily visited old Arnold's grave, and then, crossing the Teger, ascended a height which lay on the road to Prague, silently indulging the hope of one time desecrating her true-love on his way back to the village.

About this time, she one morning missed the little cross which was so dear and precious to her. She thought it must have been taken from her neck as she slept, for she never left it off; and her suspicions rested upon one of the maids, whom she had on the preceding evening overheard whispering with Heiling behind the house. In tears, she told it to her father, who laughed at her mistrust, asserting, that Heiling could set no such value upon the cross; that he was not a man for such amorous toying, and that she had certainly lost it in some other manner. Notwithstanding this, she remained unshaken in her opinion, and observed very plainly, that Heiling renewed his addresses with great seriousness and circumspection. Her father, too, became every day more urgent, and at last declared openly, that it was his firm and unalterable will, that she should give her hand to Heiling,—that Arnold

had certainly forgotten her, and the three years were besides already past. Heiling, on his part, swore eternal love to her, in the presence of her father, adding, that he was not, like perhaps many others, actuated by any mercenary motive,—no, she herself was the object of his affection, for he had money in abundance, and would make her richer and happier than she had ever dreamed of becoming. But Elsbeth despised himself and his wealth; being, however, strongly importuned by both parties, and tortured by reflections on the supposed infidelity or death of her Arnold, she saw no other course before her, but that which lies open to all those in despair; she accordingly begged for a respite of three days, for, alas! she still cherished the idea, that her beloved would return. The three days were granted; and her two persecutors, full of the hope that they would soon behold the accomplishment of their wishes, quitted the cottage, as Veit was going to accompany his intended son-in-law on a walk. Just at this moment, the priest of the village, preceded by the sacristan, was coming down the street, on his way to administer the final consolation to a person who was at the point of death. Every one bowed before the image of the crucified Redeemer, and Veit, in particular, fell prostrate; but his companion sprang into the nearest house with an expression of horror. Veit looked after him astonished, and not without shuddering, and then shaking his head, returned to his home. Presently a messenger from Heiling entered, who informed him, that his master had just been seized with a sudden giddiness, and hoped that he would come to him, without forming any unfavourable surmises. But Veit replied, crossing himself:—"Go, tell him I shall be happy to hear, that nothing worse than a mere giddiness has befallen him."

Elsbeth, meanwhile, sat weeping and praying on a hill at the entrance of the village, which commanded a view to a great extent along the road to Prague. A cloud of dust became visible in the distance; her heart throbbed violently; but as soon as she could distinguish objects, and descried a party of persons on horseback, in rich attire, her fond hopes were again blasted. In front of the train, there rode on the

left of a venerable old man, a handsome youth, for whose eagerness the rapid pace of the horses seemed much too slow, and it was with difficulty that the old man could prevent him from gallopping forward. Elsbeth was abashed at the number of men, and cast down her eyes, without looking any longer on the procession. On a sudden, the youth sprung from his steed and knelt before her:—"Elsbeth, is it possible? my dear beloved Elsbeth!" The terrified maid started up, but sunk in an ecstasy into the arms of the youth, exclaiming,—*"Arnold, my Arnold!"* They continued for a long time in a paroxysm of delight, lip to lip, and heart to heart. The companions of Arnold stood around the entranced pair, full of joyful emotion: the old man folded his hands in thankfulness to God; and never had the departing sun shone upon a happier group.

When the tumult of joy had in some measure subsided, it was a question between the lovers, which should first commence a recital of their adventures. Elsbeth began at last, and explained in a few words, her unhappy situation, and the terms on which she stood with Heiling. Arnold was shocked at the idea of the bare possibility of losing his Elsbeth; while the old man made accurate inquiries concerning Heiling; and finally exclaimed,—*"Yes, my friends! it is the same wretch, who, in my native town, was guilty of these abominable acts, and escaped the hand of justice, only by the rapidity of his flight. Let us thank God that we are here, to frustrate his villainous intentions."* Amid such discourses respecting Heiling and Elsbeth, they at length reached the village, but at rather a late hour.

Arnold triumphantly led Elsbeth to her father, who could hardly believe the evidence of his eyes, when he saw a number of rich-clad persons entering his cottage.—*"Father of my Elsbeth,"* began Arnold, *"I am here to solicit the hand of your daughter. I have become an opulent man—am in favour with individuals of exalted rank, and able to do even more than I promised."*—"How!" cried the astonished Veit, "can you be the once poor Arnold, son of my deceased neighbour?"—"Yes, it is he," replied the old man, joining in the conversation,

"the same, who three years ago left this place in poverty and despair. He applied to me,—I immediately perceived that he would become a master of his profession, and consequently received him into my employment. In the discharge of his duty he invariably gave the utmost satisfaction; and I was, in a short time, able to entrust the most important matters to his superintendence. He has permanently established a character for himself in many great towns; and is at present engaged in executing a work which promises to be a master-piece. He has become rich,—been admitted to the society of dukes and counts, and shared their munificence. Bestow your daughter upon him, in performance of your promise. The wretch to whom you were about to sacrifice your Elsbeth has a thousand times merited the gallows,—I know the villain well."—"Is this all true that you relate to me?" enquired Veit. "It is! it is!" repeated all present. "Then I should be sorry to oppose your wishes," said Veit, turning to Arnold; "distinguished artist, the girl is your's; and may the blessing of God be upon you." Unable to express their gratitude, the happy pair threw themselves at his feet: he folded them to his bosom,—and constancy at last met its reward.

"Friend Veit," began the old man, after a long silence, interrupted only by the exclamations of joy which proceeded from the lovers, "Friend Veit, I should wish to make one request more of you.—Unite your children to-morrow morning without delay, that I may have the pleasure of seeing my Arnold completely happy, whom I love as a son; for Heaven has bestowed upon me none of my own. The day after to-morrow I must return to Prague."—"Well, well," answered Veit, quite exhilarated, "if it is so very agreeable to you, we shall so arrange it.—Children," said he, addressing himself to the young couple, "to-morrow is the day. Yonder, at my farm on the Egerberg, I shall make preparations for the wedding. I will immediately apprise the priest;—do you, Elsbeth, attend to your household concerns, and prepare to entertain your guests suitably to their dignity." Elsbeth obeyed; and that Arnold slipped out a moment after, and both remained in the garden, engaged in con-

fidential dalliance, we find very natural.

The first thought which occurred to the good son, when he had recovered from his ecstasy, rested upon the grave of his father; and he and Elsbeth went, therefore, arm in arm to the spot, which they had, at their last visit, quitted in despair.

At the grave they again plighted their troth, both inspired with a feeling of religious awe. "Does not," whispered Arnold, embracing his betrothed with ardour, "does not this moment of blessedness overbalance three whole years of pain? We have attained the summit of our wishes,—life has no higher enjoyment to bestow,—it is only above that any purer bliss awaits us!"—"Ah, that we could once die thus, arm on arm, heart on heart," sighed Elsbeth.—"Die!" repeated Arnold; "yes, on your breast! Gracious Providence! lay it not to our charge, that, even in the overflowing of our present joy, we entertain a feeling of something still higher. With grateful hearts we acknowledge the abundance of thy bounty! Yes, Elsbeth, let us pray here on our father's grave, and offer thanksgiving for the beneficence of Heaven!" It was a silent prayer, but fervent and sincere; and the lovers returned home in indefinable emotion.

The morrow was a fine clear day; it was Friday, and the Festival of St. Laurence. There was a bustle through the whole village; at the door of every cottage stood youths and maidens in their holiday attire; for Veit was rich, and every suitable preparation had been made for the nuptials. Heiling's door alone was shut, for it was Friday; and it will be recollected, that he never let himself be seen on that day.

The procession to the church was presently set in motion, for the purpose of conducting the joyful pair to the loveliest of all solemnities. Veit and Arnold's principal walked together, and shed tears of unfeigned joy, on witnessing the happiness of their children. Veit had chosen an open place under a large linden in the middle of the village, for the celebration of the marriage-feast. Thither the train proceeded when the rites were at an end. The light, as it were, of heaven, shone from the eyes of the loving pair. The festive meal continued for several hours, and goblets crowned with flowers often

rung to the toast, "Long live Arnold and his lovely bride!"

At last, the new-married couple, with the two fathers, Arnold's friends, and some of Elsbeth's companions, forsook the linden for the farm on the Egerberg. The house was beautifully situated among the foliage which crowns the rocky precipice that rises out of the valley; and, surrounded by a circle smaller in number, but consisting of more confidential friends, the hours flew by like minutes, for the enraptured Arnold and his Elsbeth. The adorned bridal-chamber had also been prepared in the farmhouse, and a cheerful evening meal stood ready, under bowers of fruit-trees, with which the garden was enriched. The most costly wines sparkled in the cups of the guests.

Twilight had already darkened the valley, but unnoticed by the joyful circle. At length the last faint glimmer of day disappeared, and a serene starry night saluted Arnold and his bride. The old Veit began even to speak of his youthful years, and entered so warmly into the subject, that midnight now approached, and Arnold and Elsbeth eagerly awaited the end of his speech. At last Veit concluded; and, with the words, "Good night, dear children," was preparing to escort them to the door of their chamber. At this moment the clock of the village below them struck twelve,—a fearful hurricane arose from the depth of the valley,—and Hans Heiling stood in the midst of the terrified assembly, with his countenance hideously distorted. "Satan," cried he, "I release you from your thralldom—but first annihilate these!"—"On that condition thou art mine!" answered a voice which issued from the howling blast.—"Thine I am, though all the torments of hell await me! but annihilate these!" A sort of fiery vapour now enveloped the hill, and Arnold, Elsbeth, Veit, and the guests, stood transformed into rocks; the lovers tenderly embracing each other, and the rest with their hands folded, in the attitude of prayer. "Hans Heiling," thundered a fiendish voice through the howling blast, "they are blest in death, and their souls are flown to heaven; but the term of thy contract is expired, and thou art mine!" Hans Heiling flew from the top of the rock down into the foaming Eger, which



hissed as it received him, and no eye ever beheld him more.

Early on the following morning came the female friends of Elsbeth, with nosegays and garlands, to deck the new-married pair; and the whole village flocked after them. But the hand of destruction was visible every where;—they recognized the features of their friends in the group of rocks; and the maidens, sobbing aloud, wreathed their flowers around the stony forms of their once beloved friends. After this, all present sank upon their knees, and prayed for the souls of the departed. "Peace be with them," a venerable old man at length broke the deep silence with these words:—"Peace be with them,—they passed away in love and joy together—arm on arm and heart on heart they died. Be their graves perpetually adorned with fresh flowers, and let these rocks remain, as a memorial to us, that no evil spirit has

power over pure hearts—that true love is approved even in death itself."

After that day, many an enamoured pair performed a pilgrimage to Hans Heiling's rocks, and invoked the blessing and protection of the souls in bliss. This pious usage has died away, but the tradition still lives in the hearts of the people; and, even at this day, the guide who conducts strangers up the fearful valley of the Eger, to HANS HEILING'S ROCKS, pronounces the names of Arnold and Elsbeth, and points out the forms of stone into which they were metamorphosed, together with the father of the bride, and the remainder of the guests.

It is reported, that there was heard, some years since, a frightful and unaccountable roaring of the Eger, at the part where Hans Heiling had precipitated himself into it; and no one passed by at that time, without crossing himself, and commending his soul to the Lord.

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SONNET.

Calm is thy silver bosom, lovely Clyde!  
At this sweet hour of ev'ning, when the glow  
Of ruddy sunset, kissing thee, doth throw  
A chain of lustrous rubies o'er thy tide,  
Charming the balmy zephyrs as they glide  
On silky wings ethereal, so slow  
As if they slept in flying. Even so  
Wert thou, sweet stream, ere on thy verdant side  
Rose the abodes of men; and when the rage  
Of time shall desolate the busy scene,  
Haply in some far distant future age  
On such an eve a traveller may lean  
Amid thy ruinous domes, while on his page,  
He writes with trembling hand, Here men have been.

X. Y.

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SONNET.

*To Robinson Crusoe.*

Friend of my childhood! many a weary day  
Hath past since first I listen'd to thy tale,  
Since first I saw thee borne before the gale  
'To the wild shore, or mark'd thy devious way  
On yon far isle. How oft when ev'ning grey  
Came darkling down upon the peaceful vale,  
Soothing all murmurs save the streamlet's wail,  
How oft with thee I've charm'd the hours away!  
How have I joy'd when thou a smile didst wear,  
In garnishing thy habitation wild;  
And mourn'd to mark upon thy cheek the tear  
Shed for thy friends, from whom thou wast cal'd.  
Easily then my youthful heart could bear  
Part or in joy or woe—a simple child.

X. Y.

## BRIEF SKETCH OF THE REV. JOSIAH STREAMLET.

SOME twenty years ago, I remember a call of business led me to the dwelling of the Rev. Josiah Streamlet. He was then, what might be termed the Parish Priest. Frugality in early life, a chaplaincy in the Collegiate Church, aided by other emoluments, conjointly flowing from his avocations as old book-vender, classical preceptor, surrogate, and civilian,—had raised him far above want. The house which he inhabited, had long been his own by purchase; and, with a reputable external appearance, contained all the substantial blessings which render life comfortable. Yet the faded relics of a large bough, some few months before green and inviting, hung above the door, and gave no favourable presage of the beings that were within it. Year after year was this emblem renewed; and year after year, did its veteran possessor recruit his shattered strength, and falsify the mortal predictions of his neighbours and friends.

His domestic economy was peculiar and laughable. His establishment consisted of a well-fed housekeeper, verging towards three score; a pert damsel, (her niece), two cats, three pigeons, and a monkey. Latterly, however, the monkey was discarded, for he claimed relationship with the girl, and his master could not arbitrate between two of a species.—Himself a confirmed bachelor, notwithstanding the *insinuations* of a world that lives upon scandal, he expected those that were about him, to humour his whims, indulge his caprices, and, having done so, to gratify their own, without fear of controul.

Thus habituated for years, he sought to regulate the world, as he managed his own penetralia; and often, with

the best intentions, subjected himself to ridicule and abuse, merely by the thoughtlessness that characterized his interruptions. In passing along the streets, not a squabble could occur in which he did not speedily participate; no imaginary abuse could exist, which he did not feel authorized to reform. Hence, a zeal, praiseworthy enough in its origin, but tempered by no prudence, nor restrained by any considerations of time and place, often drew upon him the sarcasms and ridicule of a population, *not the most civilized*; and, what was worse, created an unchristian disposition towards his order in general.

This unfortunate propensity, if faults, like diseases, be hereditary, he inherited from his father; although the more cultivated associations of a clerical life, prevented its appearing in such outrageous acts, as are attributed to the sire.\* Often, too, has he been known, when engaged in the most sacred offices of religion, to exclaim against irregularities which had caught his eye; or, even, in the temporary respite of a chaunt, to descend from the reading desk, and correct them himself. Once, indeed, upon an occasion of this kind, he allowed an exclamation to intrude between the connecting words of a passage in the burial service, which furnished the subject of a laughable caricature. This was speedily exhibited in the booksellers' windows; and against the original publisher he very properly commenced a prosecution. In the end, he obtained a handsome sum of money; whether as a compromise, or by verdict, is now immaterial; which he liberally presented to a charitable institution. In relating this circumstance,

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\* He, the father, was, for many of his latter years, a perfect cripple, and sat, for days together, at his son's front door. But he was a man of the most violent passions, and the singularity of his appearance, occasioned by a large red night-cap, and legs clothed with brass, gave a forbidding, and rather horrible character to his person; indeed, his common appellation was Pontius Pilate. One day some gibe was exchanged between him and a huxter, who was returning to her home in the L—g M—. The old man's choler was raised, and determined to avenge the insult, he watched her return to the Market Place, and despatched the servant for a sedan chair. On arriving in the place, he hobbled up to the huxter's stall; and supporting himself with one crutch, began to belabour the woman most furiously with the other. This aggravated appeal to arms, was speedily met by a reprisal; and in a few moments, half the women in the market were at the old man's head, with their leaden quarts and scales. The contest was fiercely maintained for some time; till, as the story goes, an officer interfered, and the offender was ultimately lodged in the ——— for a breach of the public peace.

(for he made no scruple in repeating a joke even at his own expense) "he wished," he said, "he had kept it; for a great flood shortly afterwards carried away the boundary wall of my premises, and the purse in question would have built it up again *nicely*." Yet, he was a man, than whom none were deeper versed in the lore of the church, or held its sacred institutions in more reverence and awe. His enunciation, though extremely rapid, was clear and emphatic; to the reading of the Sacred Scriptures, he imparted a delightful pathos, and the most discriminating euphony; and although his manners and cast of feature did not challenge a very favourable estimate of the sensibilities of his heart, there were particular parts of the Bible, through which the conflict of his feelings invariably prevented him from proceeding. He had that sacred Depository, indeed, (to use a common phrase), "at his finger ends;" and with a memory surprisingly tenacious for his years, he would dwell, to the delight and edification of his juniors, upon the treasured beauties of the classic page, or recount, with singular fidelity, the past occurrences of his own eventful life. Not his least remarkable characteristic, was the precision with which he could detail the date or standing of old university men;—or, in his usual phrase, "*who were ordained in the year of our Lord, 1781, in June, in June in the third week, by Beilby Porteus, at Arburnham, when Nette was vicar, and Dickson preached the ordination sermon, and Watts read the prayers; he did, I know.*"—The expression "he did, I know; ay, he did"—almost invariably terminated his chronological narratives. Whenever accident, or the turn of conversation, introduced him to a reverend brother, the Oxford or Cambridge calendars were produced at the first opportunity: his college, offices, and degree were speedily ascertained, and by the rank which he then held, the estimate of his present character was formed. Thus, in a series of years, he had acquired a tolerably correct knowledge of almost every member of the profession within an extensive circle; and as his own elevation had been attained by the unbroken track of study and perseverance, he was particularly jealous of its undue assumption, or ostentatious display, when less honourably gotten. A

fellow minister, with more vanity than discretion, had once an unpleasant specimen of this scrupulous punctilio. Being only B. A. he appeared in a long sleeved gown at his diocesan's visitation. This did not pass unnoticed by his clerical associates; some of whom were longing to take him to task. The subject of this memoir soon after entered the church, and was not long in ignorance of the circumstance. One whispered—"Streamlet! there's Monson in a silk gown!"—Another—"Streamlet! he's only B. A.!"—He needed not much prompting. Forcing his way through the clustered hierarchy, vicars, rectors, curates and incumbents, to the spot where his intended victim awaited the Bishop's salutation, he twitched him by the sleeve, and significantly wished him joy of his degree. The other was aware of the meaning, and confusedly replied, that he had been fifteen or sixteen years on the college books, and could take it any time. "What does that signify?" rejoined Streamlet; "you're only B.A. in the last calendar."

When in the humour, too, the traits of private character which he would record, particularly of predecessors in the collegiate body, and the stories which he retailed immediately from his parents, of local occurrences at the time of the last Rebellion, in which M——r took so conspicuous a part, were highly humorous and amusing. One is too laughable to be passed over, although its repetition may require an apology. It was of a little dumpy man, by profession a barrister, who had a huge impediment in his speech. He went by the name of Counsellor Lowe; and being a rank jacobite, when the Pretender was in M——r, he was privately introduced at the Palace Inn, and kissed his hand. This circumstance, some how or other, was communicated to Government; and one morning, very early, when walking in his flannel gown upon Ridgfield Flagg, where he resided, and smoking, as was his practice, he was arrested by a party of military on a charge of High Treason. He was hurried up to London, and when taken before the Privy Council, was asked, amongst other questions, if he had not kissed the Pretender's hand?—"Yes! by G—," said he, "I did; and I, I, I'd ha, ha, have k— k— kissed his a— a— a— a—, to get quit of han!" The device

was successful; and his stammering saved his neck.

Even whilst cultivating the muses in a cloistered seclusion, the singularities of the worthy gentleman's life were no less the object of attention than the resources of his mind, which, at this early period, he turned to some account, by assisting those who were less happy in their acquirements. Nor can it be condemned in one who had barely the means of subsistence, and yet, by personal denial and exertion, contributed not a little to the consolation and assistance of indigent and infirm parents. To his latest years, did he delight in retracing the circumstances of this era, and in narrating the various manœuvres by which he prevented deficiencies in his limited finances. Conscious, therefore, of the station to which, at least, his acquirements as a scholar, and his situation in the church, so justly entitled him, may it seem surprising, if the ridicule, excited by his peculiarities, in time produced an asperity of speech, painful in a great degree, to some, and little less than insulting to others. Enemies, it is believed, he had none; for though the old smiled, and the young jeered, both old and young were ready to serve him with alacrity and zeal. If he had enemies indeed, it was amongst those who are equally the enemies of all good men; and who could expect no compromise in the stern severity of his reproof.

For his interferences in matters which did not concern him, any apology would be foolish, because they were unpardonable; and, indeed, they carried with them their own antidote, as a hearty laugh, and "Well, done, Jossy!" were generally the salutations returned. But in those instances, where he considered the sanctity of his order invaded, or the proprieties of decorum violated, the character alone of his rebuke was reprehensible, the object never. All acknowledged his usefulness and vigilance, though none approved of the spirit with which he evinced it. He might not have known that a soft answer turneth away wrath, or that an unruly reace,

— "pietate gravem, ac meritis si forte virumquem,

Conspexere, sicut"

V. lib. I.

His appeal was never to the reason, and invective is a feeble argument. Once, in the market-place, whilst read-

ing a bill, a tall and white spaniel that was a great favourite, clumsy-looking, and somewhat engaged, as coolly as he could, and loud enough to be heard by the bill thus— "The coloured man, the name of Jossy, has been the cause of my being, regardless of my own name, and the insignificance of my station, he burst upon him with a torrent of sarcastic and angry reproach; and thus, instead of wisely "pocketing" an unavoidable insult, rashly involved himself in a personal and degrading quarrel with a contemptible blackguard. These occurrences were not unfrequent; and, by them, he forfeited that little reverence, which, in a populous manufacturing district, is assigned to the clergy.

The Rev. Gentleman was somewhat diminutive in person, and age had added to his corpulence. His gait was broken and imperfect; a kind of shuffling amble, latterly assisted by a stick. Long and impending eye-brows, the partial flush in his cheeks, a shrill, unmelodious voice, and rapid utterance, gave a tartness and pungency to his address, by no means prepossessing. His habiliments, upon common occasions, were but a degree better than a common mechanic's. He wore a hat with very large brims; a square cut coat, whose jet had yielded to a dusky brown; small-clothes of the same tinge, with plain worsted stockings and thick shoes. When without a stick, his left hand was generally crammed into his outer coat-pocket, and from the corresponding one, an old book or two regularly peep'd; whilst his right, if not laden with the same commodity, was carefully jammed into the pocket of his waistcoat, where his spectacles lay. Indeed, had it not been for the air of independence, inseparable from ease and plenty, added to some certain grains of powder, which lingered on his coat collar, he would have passed for a respectable petty shopkeeper, or the bustling vergor of a cathedral church. Yet, so familiar had this homeliness become to his neighbours and acquaintance, that any deviation from it would have created surprise.

On the Sabbath-day, however, the contrast was great. His hair was combed and powdered with the most scrupulous exactness; a handsome suit of black, and a clean ruffled shirt, were

carefully placed upon the table before the parlour door; his stockings, and bright buckles, were put in a row on the mantelpiece; the first ball tolled for the service, issued from the bellows in his silken vest, and his beaver perched upon his head; he took off his cravat, and, having performed the usual duties, exchanged for a long black gown, and carefully laid upon the table: the leathern shoes were superadded by the list; the cravat altogether discarded as cumbrous or extravagant, and the Sunday spectacles deposited in the case.

Happy would it have been for the Rector of Ellwood, had he been introduced to the old gentleman, in this holy-day attire. The usual hour for marriage at the parish church, was twelve at noon, and the latter, on arriving as usual about that time, was surprised to find the parties already at the altar, and an entire stranger performing the ceremony. In him, however, he speedily recognized an old acquaintance, to whom a valuable preferment had early devolved; and, when the service was performed, he accosted him with—"Well, Nette! what, in the name of goodness, brings you here?" at the same time presenting his hand. The beneficed rector no longer recognized a former comrade in the shabby little figure that so familiarly claimed his notice, and haughtily retorted—"My horse, sir, to be sure."—"This was not to be borne."—"What, sir, what," exclaimed the astonished chaplain, "do you not know this is the Collegiate Church, and I, the chaplain of it? My name is Josiah Streamlet; your name is Nette; you're rector of Arburnham, in Derbyshire: we were ordained together, sir, in 1781, July, and drank tea together in the evening. You have usurped my office: I marry here, sir: that's my surplice, sir; pray, sir, walk into the Chapter House, and strip it directly; my horse! indeed!"—Then posting down the church—"Aspinwall, Aspinwall, Aspinwall," vociferated he, "go and take my surplice; what made you let that man take my surplice? you don't know what kind of persons put it on!"

In vain did the now enlightened rector deprecate the chaplain's wrath: in vain plead ignorance, surprise and

regret. "Strip the surplice, sir," was the only reply, and when it was deposited in the chapter house, the chaplain banged the door, turned the key, put it in his pocket, and hurried home, muttering "My horse, indeed," for the next two hours.

The comfort of his declining years was painfully interrupted by the infirmities of age. Yet, although bending beneath the weight of accumulated disorder, with one foot literally in the grave, the same unshaken zeal, the same uncompromising decision, the same fervid vehemence of manner, continued to distinguish him. Occasionally, it is true, the mind seemed to participate in the weaknesses of its earthly tenement, and to betray the petulant dissatisfactions of second childhood. But these misgivings were rare and accidental—the effect of acute suffering, or temporary debility. Never, indeed, whilst he could draw his enfeebled members to its threshold, did he neglect the place which had been through life the object of his affection, and the never-ending subject of his boast. Nay, towards the last when the service has been concluded, and the attendants have all been retired, he has lingered alone within its venerable walls, as if there were in the place a secret influence which he loved to cherish—a link of affection between it and his heart, which he was conscious must shortly be severed. And there must have been something—in the obscurity which gradually enveloped the lofty arches and spacious recesses of the edifice, increasing their vastness by the indefinite image presented to the imagination, as the remnant of day faded from the walls—in the wind occasionally sweeping through the heavy-fretted canopy of the chancel—in the simple melody of the chimes, rudely performing the accustomed chaunt—in the recollection of the days and years that had been devoted to the ALMIGHTY in that holy place—of the attacks it had withstood, and the souls it had gained—of those that had triumphed within its sanctuaries, and the many then at peace within its vaults—of the joys that it had hallowed, and the sorrows that it had healed—which would present to a mind tempered, as was his, by age, and humiliated by infirmity, no unapt subjects for contemplation. Could one dive into the recesses of a soul, amid

the reveries of such a moment, or pursue its unearthly flight whilst indulging in such meditations, it might perhaps be perceived how intimate was the connection between the weather-beaten turrets, and mouldering columns of this antiquated pile, and the shattered form of the infirm hoary-headed old man, that loved it to the last.

Ere we close this hasty portrait, it may be well briefly to mention the largest, and certainly not the least important appendage, of the old gentleman's household. This was the *maîtresse de la maison*. Taller by the head and shoulders than her master, the good things of life contributed to bring her width in some proportion to her height. Fat and unwieldy in person, she almost grazed the walls of the lobby, as she answered the ceaseless appeals to her master's front-door knocker. Not a creature could approach, suppliant or visitor, but must first encounter the blaze of her resplendent visage, and hear the treble squeaking of her harsh salutation. In a morning, as if to contrast more effectually

the bronze of her countenance, accumulated frills and ruffles were heaped upon her head and neck, whilst a mass of the whitest drapery fell beneath her feet. A cluster of auburn curls, (God save the mark!) reposed upon each cheek, and a cap of pyramidal magnitude crowned the whole. In this attire, the vocations of the morning were sedulously performed, till the *tout ensemble* was changed for the pleasures of the evening. Here, indeed, it would be difficult to continue the description. Silks, and fringe, and lace, "white, purple, and grey," vied with each other in the brilliancy of their hues. The fervour of her visage failed amid the glare, or was shadowed by the enormous plume that nodded above her bonnet.

Her niece, the third subject in the series, though very necessary to the economy of the whole, sinks into insignificance before these more important personages; and for the rest, the cat was double the size of her species in general; and the parrot was taught to make as much noise, as the maid and mistress combined. *Mv.*

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THE STEAM-BOAT; OR, THE VOYAGES AND TRAVELS OF THOMAS DUFFLE,  
CLOTH-MERCHANT IN THE SALT-MARKET OF GLASGOW.

## No. II.

### VOYAGE FIRST (CONTINUED.)

For some space of time after I took my seat beside the decent woman, mentioned by me in the foregoing pages, we had a blithesome conversation concerning the fine weather and the pleasantry of a steam-boat, as a vehicle for travelling by water. But judge of my surprise, when I found out that my present companion had, like her predecessor, visited many far-off parts of the Continent; which I discovered by her speaking of the towns of Ghent, and Bruges, and Brussels, and of the Dutch canals, and the *schuyts* that sail therein, like the track-boats between Port-Dundas and lock No. 16. I could not have thought from her appearance, that she had been such a venturesome woman, far less that she was then on her way home from Waterloo to the shire of Ayr, where she was the widow of a farmer, managing the pack of the mailing, "for the behoof," as she said, "of a bastard oye, her own bairns being a' dead, and awa to their Maker in Heaven."—I say, it was not to be suspected from her looks, that she had been so far a-field, for she was of a sedate countenance, and clad in the plain apparel of a bein west-kintra wife, wearing a red cloak, trimmed with gray and white fur, the cloth of which was of the best sort,—on her head she had a black silk cap, gauzey, and none hampered either in the magnitude or the ribbons; and in her hand a bundle, tied in a mourning shawl, that was seemingly some four or five years old in the fashion, but not greatly damaged by tear or wear.

## TABLE II.

*The Soldier's Mother.*

OUR discourse from less to more went on at last into particulars, but without coming to any regular issue till we had reached Dumbarton Castle, at the sight of which my fellow-traveller gave a deep sigh, saying, "It was a strange thing for her, a woman,—but she could not tell how it was, that the sight of soldiers, and other implements of this deadly traffic of war warmed her heart, even while they made it sorrowful. I have been," said she, "as I was telling you, o'er the sea, by my leevin' lane, for nae ither end or purpose but to see the place where the great battle was fought and won. Nac-boddy at hame kens where I have been, nor what took me there; but now I can lay down my head in thankfulness, for the wish of the mother's heart within me has been satisfied.

"My gudeman has friens in East Lothian, and upon a notion of visiting them between haytime and har'st, I set out frae hame, about three weeks syne, taking my passage in the steam-boat at Ardrossan for Glasgow, where I staid with my cousin, Mrs Treddles, the manufacturer's wife, and next day went to Port-Dundas, whence I sailed on the canal in the trackboat to Falkirk, with this bundle in my hand.

"Being a lanely widow-woman, I was blate amang strangers in the boat; but there was a drummer-laddie, with a Waterloo crown hinging at his bosom, and I made up to him, or rather I should say, he made up to me, for he was a gleg and birky callan, no to be set down by a look or a word. I was no only a widow-woman, but a bairnless mother, which made me kindly to a' rampler weans; for my ain were laddies, stout and stirring, though only ane of them came to manhood. But it was no because I was a forlorn widow that no ither noticed, nor because I was gladdened with the bold and free spirit of the drummer-laddie that I gave him a share, no unasked, its true, of the store in my bundle.—I had a far deeper reason. For my only surviving son had many a year before gone off with the soldiers, and I could never hear aught concerning him. He was a braw and brave lad, a sightlier was not to be met with in a Carrick, Coil, or Cunningham; but he

was of a wild roving disposition, and wou'd never settle to the plough. It is his bastard bairn that I am bringing up for the mailing. Many a sore heart he gave me; but there was a winsome way about him, that soon made me forgive and forget his faults. Perhaps in that I was overly lenient; but it was a sin that I hope the Lord, in his mercy, will remember in gentleness; for in the wisdom of his dispensations, he had taken from me all his other gifts—the four elder brothers of my gallant and light-hearted prodigal.

But what mother can remember the errors of her fatherless bairn?—I have forgotten a' those of my roving Willy, for he was no man's enemy, but his own. He gaed to the Ayr races in the year fourteen; and forgathering there with some other free-natured lads like himself, they sat lang singing the songs of Robin Burns, and dipping o'er deep in the barley bree. In coming out to gang to their lodgings, they happened to fall in with some of the ne'er-doweel gentlemen that was at the races, whether it was in a house or the crown of the causeway, I never heard the rights o't; but they fell out and fought, and my unlucky bairn, being at the time kindled with drink, and of a natural spirit that wou'd na brook the weight of the king's hand, far less a blow in the face from Sir Patrick Malice; he struck this poor divor with such a dreadful arm, that he made his head dash against the stances of the causeway. Every body thought Sir Patrick was killed outright. He lay lang senseless, and the fright caused sobriety to a' present; both sides cried to Willy to flee, for the gentlemen were as convinced of their error as the farming lads. My Willie fled straight to Glasgow, which he reached in the morning. We had credit with our friends the Treddles; there they supplied him with siller, and he went off to London the same day. Pursued by his own conscience, thinking he had committed a murder, and fearing to let any body know where he was, we never had a scrape of a pen from him, till he was on the eve of embarking as a dragon soldier at Portsmouth for Flanders. Nor would he have written then, but he happened to see

as it were a ghost,—Sir Patrick alive and weel, in the Isle of Wight, where he was for the benefit of mild air, having run through with his health and his fortune.

This was the last and only letter I had ever from him, for he was slain in the great day of Waterloo; and as one of his comrades wrote to me, died, not leaving a braver heart, or a better friend in the British army.—It was a strange thing; but instead of sorrow, this letter made my heart triumph; and from that day, though the king may boast the victory, and the duke of the fame, there's no a breast in a' the three kingdoms that thinks of Waterloo with more pride than mine. I put on mournings, its true, but they were to me as garments of praise,—and I thanked the Lord for the manner in which he had rewarded me for the cares and anxieties of being a mother.

“This was the chief cause of my discoursing with the drummer-laddie, who I saw had been at Waterloo; and from him I learnt it was neither so far off, nor in a pagan lan' that the battle was fought, as I fancied. He said I had only to take the smack at Leith for London, and then the coach there for Dover, and I would be in no time at Brussels, where every body could shew me the road to the field of battle.

“After getting into the coach, at Lock No. 16, for Edinburgh, I thought of what the laddie had said, and I felt it would be a satisfaction to my heart to visit the grave of my brave Willy. As I had come provided with siller to buy some articles on my return at Glasgow, I was in want of nothing for the journey, so instead of going to our cousins in East Lothian, I went directly to Leith, and embarked in a Smack, that was to sail the next morning for London. We had a pleasant voyage, and the captain, who was a most discreet man, saw me safe in a coach for Dover. I did not tell him where I was going, but on my coming back, when I said where I had been, he thought it for me a wonderful undertaking, I having no guide nor knowledge of the language. But I followed the drummer laddie's direction, for after passing the sea in the packet at Dover, I just pointed to the folk that came round me, and said Waterloo, which they all understood. A grand English gentleman

came up to me on the shore, as I was standing inquiring my way, and he told me, that I ought to have had a passport; but when I said that I was the mother of a Scotch Grey, going to see my son's grave at Waterloo, he was wonderful affected, and said, that neither money nor interest would be wanting to help me on. I told him, however, that I stood in no need of money; and that it was an old saying, that a woman with a Scotch tongue in her head, was fit to gang over the world. It was surprising the attention he paid me; for being obligated, on account of coming without a pass ticket, to go before a magistrate, he went there with me, and told the magistrate in French all about me, and where I was going, by which he got the magistrate, not only to give me a pass, but likewise he gave me himself a letter to a friend of his own, a high man that was living about the Court at Brussels. Thus did I experience, that it was only necessary for me to say, I was going to Waterloo, in order to be well treated.

“By the advice of the English gentleman, I went with some French ladies in a coach, to a canal where we embarked in a schuyt, as they called the trackboat; and, after stopping and changing at various places, and ancient grand towns, which, however, I did not look much at, we came to the city of Brussels, where one of the ladies kept a book-selling shop, who very civilly invited me to stay at her house, and would take nothing for the trouble, saying only, for she could speak no English,—“Waterloo”—meaning as I thought, that she was paid already by what the bravery of my Willy had helped to do there.

“On the next day, she went with me herself to the house of the English gentleman's friend, who was likewise from London, with his lady seated among a nest of bonny bairns with fair curly heads, that were far more beautiful than clusters of pearls. They read the letter, and treated me as if I was a world's wonder, saying they would take me in their coach to Waterloo. But I told them I would not put them to that trouble, for my thought was to go alone, but it was a proud thing for me, that gentry in their station of life could be so civil, because I had a son lying at Waterloo. They insisted, however, that I should take a refreshment of winc, and wait



until they could procure a proper person to go with me to the place.

"That day I staid at Brussels, and they sent one of their servant lasses, a French maiden that could speak some English, round the town with me, and she described to me the panic that was in the time of the battle, and how the waggons, horses, and cannon, and wounded soldiers, filled the streets. It was indeed such a thing to hear of, that the like is not to be met with in any book out of the Bible.

"The English family got a man to go with me, who had been a Highland soldier, from Moidart, in Lochaber. He lost an arm at Waterloo, and afterwards married a Dutchwoman that keeps a tobacconist's shop in the market, forenent the town-house, and was settled with his pension at Brussels. Him and me set out on our feet soon in the morning, and as we were walking along, he told me many particulars, but he said overly mickle anent the Highlanders, as if he would have given to them all the glory of the day, although it is well known the Scotch Greys were in the front and foremost with the victory. Except in this, Corporal Macdonald was a sensible man, and shewed me both far and near where the fray was bloodiest, and where the Duke fought, and Bonaparte began to run away. But the last place he took me to was a field of strong wheat. "There," said he, "it was that the Scotch Greys suffered most. Their brave blood has fattened the sod that the corn springs here so greenly."—I looked around with the tear in my e'e, but I could see no hillock to mark where the buried lay, and my heart filled 'u', and I sat down on the ground and Macdonald beside me, and he said nothing but continued for a time silent, till I had poured out my sorrow.

"As we were sitting, communing with the dead and gone, he happened to notice a bit of a soldier's coat, and pulling it out of the yird drew with it an old rusty gully knife. "This," said Macdonald, as he lifted it, "has belonged to some brave fellow." But think what I felt when in that same identical knife I beheld a proof and testimony that my poor Willy could no be far from the spot where we then were. It was a knife that his father bought, and I knew it by the letters of his name, burnt out upon the horn of the hilt. I seized upon it in the hands of

the corporal, as if it had been a precious relic of a great price, and I have it now in my bundle. But I would weary you to sleep, were I to recount only the half of what I saw and felt on the field of battle, at Waterloo.

"It was far in the afternoon, indeed gloaming, before we returned to Brussels, and the English family had sent three times to inquire if I had come back. I was fatigued and my heart was heavy, so I did not go to them that night, but took a dish of tea with Mrs Macdonald, the corporal's Dutch wife, who was a remarkable civil woman, but having no knowledge of one another's tongue we could hold but small discourse. At night I went back to the house of Madam Bukenbacht, the bookselling lady that had been so discreet to me, and there found the servant lass that gaid round the town with me, to interpret between us. By her, I heard that the day following, a French millender lady of her acquaintance, was going to London to buy goons, and meaning to take Mechlin in her way, it would be a fine opportunity for me to go with her, which I was glad to hear of, so Madam Vaurien and me came off by break of day in a schuyt on the canal; but, although she could speak but little English, and me no French, I soon saw that she was a pawkie carlin, the true end and intent of her journey being to take over a cargo of laces to the London market. For after dark, in the public house at Mechlin, where we slept that night, she persuaded me to sew to my sark tail, and other canny places, mony an ell of fine Flanders' lace; and it was well for her I did so, for when we got to the English coast at Harwich, by which round about gaet she brought me, the custom house officers, like so many ravens, turned Madam Vaurien with all her bags and bundles, as it were inside out, calling her an old stager; in the doing of which they seized upon all she had, but having no jealousy of me, I escaped untouched and brought safe to hand in London, all the lace about me. At first, Madam Vaurien made a dreadful cry, and when the men were handling her, declared she was a ruined woman, but when she got me and herself safe out of the coach, and into her lodgings in London, she said that she did not care for what had been taken, the same being of no value, comparid with what

was about me: she had made me a cats-paw to smuggle her commodities.

"I was not overly content with Madam Vaurien for this, nor did I think, upon consideration, that either Madam Buckenbacht was so disinterested in her kindness, when I came to understand that the two madams were gude-sisters. But I had been at Waterloo, I had sat near the grave of my gallant Willie, and I had brought with me a token more precious than fine gold—and all other things were as nothing.

"On the next day Madam Vaurien,

who was well acquainted with the ways of London, got a person to go with me to Wapping, and I saw, in passing, many a farlie and fine things, such as St Paul's and the Tower, till we came to the Smack's place on the river, where I found the bark I had come in ready to sail that very night. As I carried my bundle aye in my hand, I had nothing to make ready for the voyage, so I steppit aboard, and, in four days after, was set on shore at the pier of Leith, and now I am so far in my way back to my own dwelling" \* \* \*

We were at this pendicle of the narration, when the steam-boat came opposite to the old castle of New-Ark, by which a break was made in the soldier's mother's story; but it was of no consequence, for, as she said, her tale properly began and ended with Leith, where she had taken shipping, and was restored in safety to her native land. We had, therefore, leisure, as we sailed along, to observe the beauties of Port-Glasgow, which is a town of some note in the shipping trade, but more famous on account of its crooked steeple, with a painted bell, the like, as I was told, not being in all the west of Scotland. However, in this matter, as Mr Sweeties argued with me, I had a plain proof of the advantages of travelling, and of the exaggerations in which travellers sometimes deal, for, upon a very careful inspection of the steeple, I could see neither crook nor bend in it; and, as for the bell, I can speak on the veracity of my own ears, that be it painted, or be it gilded, it is a very fine sounding bell, as good every bit as the one in the Brig-gate steeple of our own city, than which no better bell need be. At the same time, it behoves me to reserve, that I do not undertake to avouch, that the steeple of Port-Glasgow has not got any thrav, for considering, as was pointed out to me, by a jocose gentleman from Greenock, who was also a passenger, that both the town-house and steeple are erected on faced ground, it was very probable it might have declined from the perpendicular, and that the story of its twist may, therefore, have arisen from the probability or likelihood of the accident having taken place. I have heard, however, since, that the Greenock gentlemen are not altogether to be trusted in the repetition of any story derogatory to the exploits and ornaments of Port-Glasgow, for that, from an ancient date, there has been feud and hostility between the two towns, insomuch, that "the Port" has been apprehensive of a design on the part of Greenock, to stop the navigation of the river, and utterly to effect their ruin, by undoing their harbour, which is one of the best and safest in the Clyde, a *caput mortuum* of emptiness, as much as it often is in the spring of the year, when the vessels, that trade therein, are all out seeking employ in foreign countries. Indeed, I have myself some reason to think, that the aforesaid Greenockian was not altogether without a spice of malice in his remarks, for he made me observe how very few of the Port-Glasgow lums were recking, which, he said, was a proof of the inhospitable character of the inhabitants, shewing, that neither roast nor boil was preparing in the houses, beyond what was requisite for the frugal wants of the inmates. But although there was truth over all controversy in the observe, Mr Sweeties has told me, that, on some occasions, he has seen not only plenty, but both punch and kindness in houses in Port-Glasgow, highly creditable to the owners; and, I think, there must be surely some foundation for

the notion, although I cannot speak from my own personal experience, for the soldier's mother having a friend from Ayrshire in the town, left us there, and, by her absence, obligated me to look out for another companion, to entertain me in the remainder of the voyage. But this was not a matter of such facility as might be thought, for the major number of the passengers being for Greenock, they were all taken up with counting by their watches how long time they would be of reaching the Custom-house stairs, and telling one another of the funny deeds and sayings of some of their townsfolk, who, by all accounts, are the cleverest people in the whole world, and not only the cleverest, but the drollest, having a capacity by common, and a manner, when they are inclined for sport, that is most surprising. I shall, however, have something more to say about them by and by ; meanwhile let it be enough for the present, that, in the whole course of the voyage from Port-Glasgow to Greenock, I got no satisfaction. They turned their backs to my inquiries, as if I had been nobody, little reflecting that the time would come, (as may now be seen here) when I would depict them in their true colours, and teach them, that there is truth in the proverb, which says,—“ It's not the cloak that makes the friar ;” for I perceived, they thought me but an auld-fashioned man, little knowing that there was the means in my shop, of getting as fashionable a coat as the sprucest of these saucy sparks had on, to say nothing of the lining I could put in the pouches.

When we came to the town of Greenock, I was much surprised to see it a place of great extent and traffic, of which I had no notion ; more especially was I struck with wonder at the custom-house, that is a most stately erection, bearing a similitude to our jail, and I was grieved that I had paid my passage to Helensburgh, because it prevented me from viewing the vast of shipping and curiosities of this emporium ; but as I have, through life, resigned myself at all times, and on all occasions, to the will, as it were, of the things I could not controul, I submitted, for the present, to the disappointment, resolving, at some future period, to make a voyage from the Broomielaw, on purpose to take a survey of Greenock, and to note at leisure, as it behoves a traveller to do, the manners and customs of the inhabitants, together with the religious ceremonies and antiquities of the place, after the excellent method exemplified in that very entertaining book, Guthrie's Geography. Accordingly, having pacified my mind in this manner, I staid in the steam-boat with the passengers that were bound for Helensburgh, until the Greenockians, with their bag and baggage, were put on the shore, which took place at the stairs forenent the custom-house ; and here let me pause and make a remark for the benefit of persons intending to see foreign parts, to the effect, that they should both read and inquire anent the places they purpose to see, before they depart, by which they will be enabled to regulate their course in a more satisfactory manner, than if they go away in such light hearsays, as I did in my first voyage.

After landing, as I have noticed, our cargo of Greenockians, the steam was again set to work, and the vessel, with all that orderliness and activity which belongs to the enginry, moved round, and, turning her latter end to Greenock, went over the waters straight to Helensburgh. This is not a long voyage naturally, being no more than four miles, if so much ; but it is not without dangers, and we had a lively taste and type of the perils of shipwreck in crossing the bank, a great shoal that lies midway in the sea. For it happened that we were later for the tide than the Captain had thought ; so that, when we were in what the jack-tars call the mid-channel, the gallant Waterloo, that had come all the way from Glasgow like a swan before the wind, stuck fast in

the mud. Never shall I forget the dunt that dirled on my heart when she stopped, and the engines would go no farther. Fortunately, as I was told, this came to pass just at the turn of the tide, or otherwise, there is no saying what the consequences might have been ; it being certain, that if the accident had happened an hour before, we should have been obligated to wait more than two hours, instead of half an hour ; and if, in the course of that time, a tempest had arisen, it is morally certain, the vessel lying high and dry, that the waves would have beaten over her, and, in all human probability, dashed her to pieces, by which every soul on board would to a certainty have perished ; for we were so far from land, both on the Greenock and the Helensburgh coast, that no help by boat or tackle could have been afforded. It was a dreadful situation, indeed, that we were in ; and when I reflected on the fickleness of the winds, and the treachery of the seas, my anxieties found but a small comfort in the calm that was then in the air, and the glassy face of the sunny waters around us. However, I kept up my spirits, and waited for the flowing of the tide with as much composure as could reasonably be called for, from a man who had never been a venture at sea before, but had spent his days in a shop in the Saltmarket, as quietly as an hour-glass ebbing its sands in a corner.

While we were in this state, I fell into discourse with a sailor lad, who had come home from Jamaica in the West Indies, and was going over from Greenock to see his friends, who lived at the Rue, on the Gairloch side ; and falling into discourse, we naturally conversed about what might be the consequence of our lying on the bank, and if the vessel should chance to spring a leak, and such other concerns as, from less to more, led us on to talk of ships sinking in the great ocean, or taking fire thousands of miles from any land, and all those other storms and perils among which the lot of the mariner is cast. And I was expressing to him my amazement, that ever any man who had been cast away, could afterwards think of going again to sea. " Ah," said he, " for all that, the sailor's life is a heartsome life—If we risk limb and life, we are spared from the sneaking anxieties that make other men so shame-faced. Besides, sir, there is a pleasure in our dangers, and common suffering opens the generosity of the heart, so that, when we have little wherewith to help one another, we make up for it in kindness." I could not but wonder how this sailor lad had learnt to speak in this style of language, and he satisfied me by telling me that his father had been a dominie, and that he had received a good education, to qualify him, please God, to take the command of a vessel. I then spoke to him very particularly about what he might have seen and met with in the course of his seafaring life, and so led him on to relate, as follows, an account of a hurricane, by which the ship that he was in was lost, and every soul on board, save himself, a dog, and a black fellow, perished.

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TALE III.

*The Hurricane.*

" We were going up," said he, " from Trinidad to St Kitts, in as fine weather as ever was seen in the heavens, and we expected to make a brisk passage ; but, in the third night after our departure, about the middle of the second watch, the wind fell on a sudden dead calm—I was on deck at the time—every one was surprised—for it had

been blowing a steady breeze till that moment. It had, however, been noticed the night before, that the cat was freaking about, and climbing the rigging, with a storm in her tail,—a sign which is never known to fail.

" Towards morning, the air in the West Indies becomes lighter and fresher ; but in that night, we observed, it

grew close and sultry, and about sunrise the heat was very heavy—Yet the sky was clear, not a speck of cloud to be seen,—the sea, however, was discoloured, as at the mouth of a river. An old man-of-wars-man whom we had on board, one Thomas Buoy, who had been in the *Ramilics* when the *Ville de Paris* went down, was very uneasy at these signs, and said they reminded him of the weather before that hurricane.

“All day the dead calm and the oppressive heat continued, but still overhead the heavens were bright. About noon, however, just as we had taken an observation, Thomas bade me notice a sort of smoky haze spreading round the horizon. ‘I don’t like that,’ said he; nor did I either, although I had no reason on my part. At sunset, this vapour had thickened in the west into two or three strips of black cloud—some of the men thought they betokened rain and thunder, ‘and wind too,’ said Thomas Buoy, as he walked the deck thoughtfully. However, the night set in as beautiful as ever. Every star in the firmament was out, beaming like the lamp in the binnacle, but, for all that, the dead calm and the sultry air lay heavy on the spirits of all on board, and the ship was as a log on the water.

“About half a glass before midnight, the man at the helm saw a fire-ball at the mainmast head, and in a short time another on the foremast. When the watch was changed, there was one at each mast-head. Some of the sailors had seen such lights before, without harm following, but nobody liked them.

“During the watch the men were not so cheerful as usual, as I heard in the morning, and Thomas Buoy kept himself aloof, and was frequently heard to say, ‘God help us!’ The mate had that night come suddenly on deck, terrified out of his sleep by a dream, in which he thought he saw a large black Newfoundland dog come down into the captain’s state-room, and run off with him in his teeth—But the day-light broke round, and the weather, for a while, was finer than ever; a breeze sprang up, and the ship went at a brave pace, but Thomas Buoy remarked that the skies were streaked with flakes of goatshair, and said the wind was not yet come—At noon, he pointed out to the captain a small round black cloud in the north-west, which he solemnly

said was the eye of a hurricane. Every other vapour changed its shape and hue but that cloud—It was fixed; and, as Thomas said, looked at us with vengeance. Towards the evening it began to alter, and gradually to spread, until the whole heaven, from the south-west to the north, was filled with the dark and rolling omens of a thunder-storm and tempest. The wind frequently veered from one point to another, and every now and then came out with a sudden puff, as if the devil had been fetching his breath. We prepared for the worst—took in sail, and struck the topgallant masts. About an hour after sunset, it began to lighten fiercely along the horizon, but we heard no thunder.

“This confirmed the fears of Thomas Buoy. ‘It is now gathering,’ said he,—‘these flashes are Beelzebub’s rockets, thrown up as signals for action.’ Surely the old man felt the hand of fate upon him, for all his apprehensions were confirmed.

“The wind, as the night darkened, came on gusty and rougher—now it blew a steady breeze from the north, but in a moment there was a pause, and then a squall came roaring from the west, as if all the trade-winds that were blowing from the east since the last hurricane, had been furiously driven back. Still the hand of mercy struggled with the tempest; and it was not till midnight that it came flapping forth with all its wings, in the dreadful license of full liberty.

“As we were all snug aloft, the captain, who was a steady seaman,—poor fellow, a better never trode on oak,—ordered the watch to be kept as usual, that, in case of accidents, the men might come fresh to their duty, but few of us turned in. The mate sat with Thomas, listening to what he had suffered on board the *Ramilics*, and hearing the howls of the hurricane above. While he was in one of the wildest passages of his old stories, a sheet of lightning struck the mizen, and the whole party declared, that in the same moment they saw something in the likeness of a large black Newfoundland dog, such as the mate had seen in his dream run past them, as it were from the hold, and escape upon deck. The mizen topmast was rent into splinters, and the captain was so wounded in the head by one of the pieces, that I assisted to carry him to his cot.

"We were now driving along at the mercy of the wind, which was blowing so strong, sweeping round the compass like a whirlpool, that the ocean was flying all spindrift. In this state we continued three hours, till, in a sudden checking round of a squall, a sea broke on board, which carried away the boats, the binnacle, two men at the helm, and every thing on deck that was not a part of the ship. She was almost upset by the shock; and we found, when we expected that she would have righted from the lurch, the cargo had shifted, by which the rudder was rendered useless—and still the hurricane was increasing.

"The day light began at last to dawn, but the air was so thick, that we could not see across the deck; and, but that we knew from the force of the wind, that the vessel must be going, and that too at a great rate, no one on board could say she was in motion.

"About two hours after sunrise, we saw, on the larboard side, something vast and dark, through the spindrift, at first we took it for a line of battle ship lying too, but in a moment Thomas Bruy clapped his hands in despair, and cried, 'The land, the land.'

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the ship struck with such force, that all her masts were started. The cry was then, 'Cut

away;' but in an instant she struck again, and the masts were thrown overboard. The third shock did her business; she gave, as it were, a deep groan, and, hogging up in midships, yawning asunder by the main hatchway, her stern sinking into the water with the poor captain in his cot, and all the brave fellows who were at the moment at the mizen chains, cutting away the rigging.

"I happened at the time to be on the fore-castle; and, looking a-head, saw that the bowsprit reached to the rocks. I called on all to follow me; and, running out at once, got safe to the cliff; but in the same moment, the wreck lurched over, and falling, went down with all the crew, except a black fellow, whom the captain had brought as steward from Trinidad, and a little dog that he was taking as a present to a lady at St Thomas's.—How the dog had escaped I cannot tell, for he was on the land before me; but the black fellow was like a sea-gull, and saved himself by swimming.

"It seemed to me, that at the very time, when we reached the shore, the gale slackened; for the air soon after became lighter, and I saw we were not far from a sugar plantation, all the mills and houses belonging to which, were scattered like shingles and splinters."

Just as the sailor had got to this crisis of his story, the steam-boat began to move; and in the course of a minute or two, she was paddling her way towards Helmsburgh; and her motion made every body again so jocular and lively, that I could not but marvel at the depths of the mysteries of the heart of man. As we drew near to the shore, the sailor had forgotten all the earnest solemnity of his tale, and was the blithest in the boat. Fain would I have questioned him about the particulars of what ensued when he found himself in the plantation, but he was no longer in a humour to attend to me,—his heart being taken up with the thought of getting to his friends,—just like a young dog that has broken loose from a confinement; so that I was left in a kind of an unsatisfied state, with the image of the broken ship in my mind, with her riven planks and timbers, grinning like the jaws of death amidst the raging waters;—the which haunted me till I got a check of dinner at the hotel, and a comfortable tumbler of excellent old double-rum toddy. But I should mention, that till the dinner was gotten ready, I had a pleasant walk along the shore, as far as the Cairn duue, and saw on the right hand, among its verdant plantations, the lordly castle of Ardsinapple, and on the left, about the loch, the modern mansion which the Duke of Argyll is building there among the groves of Rosneath; with which, it's my opinion, no situation in this country side can compare, for hill and dale, and wood and water, and other comely and romantic incidents of Highland mountains, all rocky and fantastical, like a painted picture by some famous o'ersea painter.

## HORÆ DANICÆ.

## No. IV.

*Hagbarth and Signa; A Tragedy.*

BY ADAM OEHLANSCHLÆGER.

THERE have been several poets, (Wordsworth for example) who have deemed it advisable to publish prefatory dissertations, in order that their works might be properly understood and appreciated. We do not say that Oehlenschlæger should have done this;—and yet it certainly is desirable that the reader should be perfectly aware of the author's peculiar system, that he may not condemn the poet for missing a mark at which he had never aimed.

It is obvious, that whoever comes fresh from the study of Müllner and Grillparzer, in German, is but ill prepared to relish the works of their Danish contemporary. By an elaborate and ornate style, founded on that of Calderon, the masters of the modern schools in Germany exhibit all the arts (or tricks as they have been termed) of eloquence, and irresistibly attract admiration, even from those who do not allow them unqualified praise. Not so, Oehlenschlæger. As if by chance, (if metaphor is here allowable) he finds the pillars of some ancient Scandinavian temple, seizes the massy fragments, and, by one mighty spell, combines them into a great and graceful whole; where subsidiary ornaments, if not indeed altogether neglected, are yet never watchfully sought for, or ostentatiously displayed. Thus, he will be the favourite more of brother-poets, than of ordinary readers; for a congenial mind can perceive in a few simple and careless notes, the hand of a powerful musician; and, from such notes, endless trains of association may arise. The works of this highly-gifted Dane, are indeed a rich mine of inspiration for others;—yet the Imagination by which he is led, scarcely allows herself time to spread her wings in any

one track ere she flies away into another. Any one of his plots would, in the hands of Mullner or Grillparzer, have been rendered much more effective; for these authors, though not naturally gifted with superior power, have acquired the habit of patient and elaborate concentration, and their system is highly laudable; for imagination, though an *active*, is generally a *slow* faculty, as every strong passion reaches *by degrees* its acme.

In some respects, Ingeman (though a much younger author) is even superior to his countryman;—and there are four or five of his plays to which we intend, before long, to direct the attention of our readers. But to return,—the story of the tragedy now before us might almost be told in three words:

SIGNA, A YOUNG DANISH PRINCESS, FALLS IN LOVE WITH HAGBARTH, A NORWEGIAN PRINCE, WHO HAS KILLED HER FIDEL BROTHER IN SINGLE COMBAT.

On this simple groundwork, all the interest depends. The work belongs to the numerous class of "*Helden-gedichte*," (heroic poems, or rather "gests of heroes") and the characters, however wild and rude, are in strict keeping with the manners of the time. To obviate an objection which would otherwise be made to the conduct of Signa, the poet has very skilfully made it appear, that her deceased brother Alf, had been, in truth, for twelve months past, weary of his life, and that his antagonist, instead of deserving to be branded as his murderer, had in truth only saved his antagonist from the necessity of committing suicide.

The drama commences with the arrival of Hagbarth's Norwegian vessel on the shore of Denmark.



## ACT I. SCENE I.

*Morning. Blowing of horns from the sea-shore, which are answered from the wood. GRIM and ERICHSON enter with halberds.*

*Grim.* It is a Norman.

*Erich.* No—a Swede.

*Grim.* A Norman;—

A Drontheimer. See'st thou not the black sail?

*Erich.* The Herald disembarks upon the shore.

*Grim.* And blows his horn. Well, I must answer him!

(*Winds his horn.*)

*Herald. (Entering.)* Hail, Danish warriors!

*Erich.* We thank you, brother.

Come you as friends or foes?

*Her.* Truly, as friends.—

Though champions fight, they need not cherish hatred.

*Erich.* Thou speakest in riddles like a priestess.

*Grim.* Say,

At once, if honour and a soldier's fame

Are dear to thee?—

*Her.* See'st thou that Dragon there

With golden masts—down in the bay?—

*Erich.* Aye, surely.—

But wherefore comes your ship to Denmark's harbour?

*Her.* It bears young Hagbarth—Hako's son of Drontheim.

*Erich.* But wherefore comes he hither?—

*Her.* But to prove

His courage, and a Danish oaken wreath,

If he can win it, to bear home to Norway.

*Grim.* His name is on our northern seas renown'd.—

*Her.* Now then he seeks renown on northern lands,—

Yet wishes not for war, but single combat.

Your Crown Prince Alf,—his brother Alger too,

Are both for valour fam'd—therefore would Hagbarth

Now try their strength, and let the god of war

Decide which of the three may best deserve

The victor's wreath.—My master sends me now

To your Queen Bera—of her grace to beg,

That in her audience hall he may salute her.—

Of twenty horsemen is his train compos'd,—

All ready like himself their skill to prove,

Against a double number of your Danes,—

Not boasting thus our own superior power,

But recollecting that the challenger

Must run a double risk. Now this is all.—

Point out the way, good friends, to Bera's court,

Or grant us a free convoy.

*Erich.* Willingly—

Now follow us.

*(Exeunt.)*

HAGBARTH *(Enters smiling with a rose in his hand.)* HAMUND.

*Hagb.* That was a rough encounter!

*Ham.* Hagbarth, thou bleed'st! Stain not thy rich attire

*Hagb.* Could I have thought that Beauty thus could wound?—

That cunningly she look'd from her green arbour,

But to betray me?—How is this flower nam'd?—

*Ham.* A rose.—

*Hagb.* We have none such at home in Norway.—

*Ham.* Well, they may come in time.

*Hagb.* They may forsooth!—

Nay in our iron clime, such tender growth

Must perish.—

*Ham.* Tender as it is, thou see'st

It has the power to wound thee!—

*Hagb.* By my sword,

I love it all the better.—Tell me whence

The Danes obtain'd such flowers?—

*Ham.* From southern shores

Far distant.—Here in Signa's garden stand

The cherish'd plants. The verdure spreads apace,

And soon will half the land adorn.

*Hagb.* Ha, then

I have unwittingly committed here



A trespass on the virgin charms of Signa !  
For this I merited my punishment,  
And willingly must bleed.

*Ham.* But mark'st thou not  
The rich perfume ?

*Hagb.* How fresh and sweet !

*Ham.* As lips  
Of virgin beauty tinted, and in fragrance  
Sweet as the first kiss of true love.

*Hagb.* The fairy  
Perchance would coax me now !

*Ham.* Coax thee indeed !  
That were a task !—But Hagbarth, wherefore thus  
Should we proceed—we have no convoy.\*

*Hagb.* That  
Will soon be granted.

*Ham.* On the brave young princes  
I could rely. The queen herself is cruel.—  
Alf, her first born, is her chief favourite.

*Hagb.* If men were ever venturous, *that* are we !  
We challenge two to one !

*Ham.* Well—and besides,  
'Tis not resolved that either party falls !

*Hagb.* Perchance it may be so—And yet, by Heaven,  
When warriors fight, they must use all their strength !—  
Poor is that strife, where anger is but feign'd !—  
No—Thor must there be present—The Walkyries  
Must from their clouds descend ;—and Heindal too,  
On Heaven's resplendent arch, the golden gates  
Of bright Walhalla hasten to unfold.

*Ham.* So young—and yet of death so covetous !  
*Hagb.* Nay, Hamund, what is all our life on earth ?—

Mere preparation for Walhalla's banquet—  
Years of probation,—and the sooner past  
The better,—Blest indeed I deem the hero,  
Who dies in youth's full bloom.—In Odin's halls,  
Thenceforth he flourishes ;—by the Walkyries  
Far more will he be cherish'd and beloved,  
Than many a grey-hair'd lingerer on earth,  
Who dies at last, because he cannot bear  
The spectral glance of strength—consuming Hela ! †

*Ham.* But never till this hour hast thou beheld  
This fair and fertile Zealand.—Look around you !—  
What say you to these hills and thickets green,—  
The bay, and richly wooded vale ?—Thou livest  
But in thy self-creative world of dreams,  
And like short-sighted Sigward still are blind  
To joys that round thee bloom.

*Hagb.* And therefore, Hamund,  
Mine eyes require old Runic characters,—  
Gigantic symbols, that heroic souls  
Inspire, and that we recognize afar !—  
Therefore I love the mountains of our Norway,—  
That boldly bare their bosoms to the waves,—

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\*The judicious reader will observe, that by the "*platitude*" of a dialogue such as this, Oehlenschlaeger systematically enhances the spontaneous bursts of pure poetry, which are always interspersed in his writings ; of which in the present scene an instance hardly occurs in one of the speeches of Hagbarth, contrasting Denmark with Norway.

† See Mallet's Northern Antiquities, or Nyerup's Dictionary.

Girdle with lightnings fierce their mighty frames,  
 And cool their brows in everlasting snow!—  
 And therefore, too, I love the cataract wild,  
 (Whose accents thunder on the distant ear,)—  
 That to the gulph rolls proud and reckless on,—  
 In death and in destruction glorified!—  
 And then the green, green pine trees, that fade never,—  
 That Odin's thunderbolts alone destroy,—  
 All these things I *do* love;—for these are Nature,  
 That lifts our heavenward gaze to Aukthor's car,  
 And Freya's distaff, weaving lives of men.—  
 But these poor pretty ant-hills—and these hives  
 Of busy bees,—for *them* I do confess,  
 Hamund, I am short-sighted—and yet more,—  
 I *wish* not to see farther!—

Hamund, now wishing to moderate the wild enthusiasm of his companion, and objecting even to the proposed combat with the Danish princes, tries the irritable temper of Hagbarth so far, that the two friends almost resolve to part for ever;—but after some ex-

planation, they are again reconciled, and renew their promises of mutual confidence and fidelity. In the third scene, the Danish Prince Alf, (afterwards killed by Hagbarth,) for the first time appears.

## SCENE III.

ALF (*alone. He walks with slow steps towards a large oak tree.*)

It seems mysteriously, as if my grief  
 Drew now unto a close;—that my free spirit  
 Ere long shall float away to join Chyrytha!—  
 'Twas the day whereon she died—since then,  
 Three hundred days and sixty-four have I  
 Here added to the mournful calendar—  
 Now let me mark the last!—

(*Cuts the bark with his dagger.*)

Oh, might it be  
 Indeed the last!—From Freya's hall hast thou  
 Beheld thy lover's faith unchangeable!— (*Much moved.*)  
 One year in silent grief has worn away—  
 For memory's visions only have I lived.—  
 In all its matchless grace and loveliness  
 Thy cherish'd image dwell'd upon my soul.—  
 When home I rode in the late winter night,  
 Then at the gate appear'd thy slender form  
 Attired, (as thou wert wont,) in silk and sable,  
 And mid the pale moonlight came to meet me!—  
 When Signa to her brothers in the hall  
 The golden mead-horn brought, I thought of thee,  
 And press'd her white hand with resistless tears.—  
 In summer, too, thine image floated here,  
 Through the beech woods amid the favourite trees—  
 In every gleam that through the shadows broke,  
 Methought I recognized thee!—Then, oh Heaven,  
 I saw thee yet again upon the bier,  
 With rayless eyes, and cheeks all colourless,  
 And folded hands upon thy breast—Well—thus,  
 It has been proved to thee that Alf can love,—  
 That his devotion was no transient glow,  
 That, like the morning clouds, will fade away—  
 No—faithfully thy lover has sustain'd  
 His year of trial—Freya now from Heaven  
 Looks down compassionate, and summons me—

This youthful hero too, who hither comes  
In search, as he believes, of warlike fame,  
Is but her messenger,—who on my heart  
Shall the red token press in friendly contest,  
And free my spirit for its upward flight  
To Heaven and to Chyritia!—

Alger, the younger brother of Alf, now enters, boasting of his bright and beautiful armour, and the two princes hold a lively dialogue together, until the entrance of Hagbarth, attended by his friend. Their intentions being made known, the proposal of Hagbarth, that he and his knights shall be opposed by a double number of Danes, is rejected with indignation; it is decided, therefore, that the number on both sides shall be equal. Soon afterwards, Bera the queen, and her daughter Signa, make their appearance, and all the terms of the combat, "*more*

*majorum*," are agreed upon. It is to take place in a small island, at some distance from the main-land. Hagbarth then receives from Signa the parting draught of mead in the golden cup; who at the same time bids him welcome to that honourable death, dear to the souls of heroes. Bera, a character vindictive, passionate, and Amazonian, makes a speech to the four warriors, and then, with Signa, and her two sons, retires. Hagbarth, being left alone with his friend, for the first time expresses his admiration of the young princess.

*Hag. (After a long pause.) Here stood she, blooming like her own red roses!*

The drink indeed is sweet from such a hand!  
"Welcome to death!"—This was her salutation.  
Yet never till this hour I valued life!  
Am I enchanted? Now these verdant hills  
More than mine own wild mountains must I love!  
And since I met the blue gleam of her eyes,  
The rivulet is more dear than mighty floods.  
What have I rashly quaff'd? What has she given me?—  
She look'd on me compassionate and kindly,  
Yet from her hands, when I received the cup,  
A fire unknown before stream'd through my heart.  
I feel that all my wonted strength decays,—  
That even my love of warlike fame has faded.  
Signa alone I love, and Thor is hateful.  
What have I done? Her brothers must I meet?  
Perchance this night, my heart's blood shall be spent,—  
Or if they fall, do I not also perish?—  
Then must I fly these lovely scenes. For, never  
Will she behold her brother's murderer.  
Ha, fate, thou hast renounced me!—But one hour  
Earlier, if I had seen her, I had come  
A happy wooer—not an enemy!—  
Now must the bloody festival proceed!

*(Takes the rose from his breast.)*

Thou beauteous rose, indeed, resemblest her!—  
Thou hast foretold my death.—Thou gavest to me,  
As she has done, sweet wounds—Yet to my heart,  
Dear are those wounds! Resistless are these tears! *(Kisses the rose.)*

*Alf. (Enters armed.) Now Hagbarth, I await thee!*

*Hag. 'Tis resolv'd.—*

Yet one word—If I fall—salute for me  
Thy sister. And I pray thee, in my grave,  
Lay with me this red rose.

*Alf. Whoe'er shall fall,  
Fate and our swords, or lances must decide.  
Yet I too have one prayer to thee.—If death  
Chooses me for his victim—on my tomb  
Plant one white lily; 'tis an emblem fit*

Of her whom I have loved.—I would not seek  
A prouder monument.

*Hag.* (*Grasping his hand*) I shall not fail.

*Alf.* Heindal will choose the victor.

*Hag.* Without hatred,  
We shall contend?

*Alf.* Like Odin's heroes.

(*Exeunt arm in arm.*)

Thus concludes the first act. At the beginning of the second, Signa attended by Rinda, is discovered watching the return of the vessel from the small island on which the tournament has taken place. They perceive, by a signal, that a distinguished character has fallen, but know not who it is, until Hallagé, an ancient bard, enters, and sings to his harp a description of the

combat between Alf and Hagbarth,—commemorating the death of the former, but praising the valour of Hagbarth; and, finally, rejoicing that Freya's halls have now witnessed the reunion of a happy pair—alluding to the late prince's well known attachment to the departed Chyriitha. Bera, having overheard the last words of the song, enters pale, dishevelled, and in great agitation.

*Ber.* (*To Hallagé.*) Old dreamer, silence! With thy harp, away!

(*Wrists the harp out of his hands, and gives it to Erichson.*)

Hew it in pieces—Cast it in the flames!

Destruction seize thee!

*Erich.* Injure not, Oh queen,  
Your aged poet—for his art is holy!

*Bera.* He is a madman—or indeed a traitor—

Truth he regards not—all is but delusion,

Whereby the feeble heart he leads astray!—

Now has a robber, from the barren rocks

Of Norway, risen against our prince.—One hour

Has the land's cherish'd hope—the hope of years—

And all a mother's earthly bliss destroy'd.

In dust and ashes, now this injured nation

Will mourn their loss.—Despair, even like a tiger

Breaking his iron chains, will rage abroad,

Spreading destruction all around. And, lo!

This old man, who should Denmark's grief deplore,

Sings gladly a chivalrous lay of love!—

Ere long, his harp-strings pleasantly will sound

A song of thanks, even to the murderer.

Tell me, Hallagé, how much gold has Hagbarth

Paid for that song?

*Hal.* I am an old man, lady,

And on the grave's brink totter. Gold I lack not—

Forgive me if my lays have thee offended!

I sung them with a pure and honest heart.

*Ber.* Go from my sight!

*Hal.* How! Banished?

*Ber.* Ay—for ever!—

Thou art a traitor!

*Hal.* Oh! yet let me die

In mine own native land—that to my songs

Has listen'd now for half an hundred years.—

To these grey forests—and that azure sea,

That gleams so lovelily the vallies through,

I am so used,—I could not live without them.

*Ber.* It may be so—Then die!

*Hal.* Nothing will move thee?

Then let me wander in my misery—

Bragi will have compassion. Yet, I pray thee,

Let me possess my harp again! Could'st thou

Refuse, in my last hours, mine only friend  
And consolation?

*Ber.* Ay—it shall no more  
Seduce the listener's heart. (*To Erichson.*) Go—take thy sword  
And cut the golden strings!

*Erich.* Oh, never!

*Ber.* How!

Dar'st thou presume?

*Erich.* I know that thou can'st kill me—  
But never while I live, shall arm of mine  
Injure the hoary-headed son of song!  
Seek now, Hallagé, the far shores of Iceland—  
The noble land of poets!—Thou indeed  
Art not the first, and wilt not be the last,  
Whom an ungrateful native land has scorn'd.  
But thy lays will survive thee; and thy name  
Will live immortal.—Denmark's maidens too  
Will cherish thy sweet songs and precepts wise!—  
Oh Queen, permit me, in his banishment,  
To follow this old man.

*Bera.* Weak-hearted youth,  
I scorn thee!

*Erich.* Come then, father, let me bear  
Thy harp!

*Bera.* Stay, both!—I have even o'er myself  
Lost all command.—Despair had overpower'd me.  
Stay then, Hallagé; I indeed believe  
Thy heart, even as thou say'st, was free from guilt.  
Mine anger against Hagbarth shall not thus  
Be wreak'd on thee.—*Him* only do I hate!  
Bring now my lost son's corse; and let me gaze  
On his pale features. Are they yet uninjured?

*Erich.* Ay, madam, Hagbarth's lance but pierced his side.

*Bera.* It was his heart—his heart!—Oh, murderous deed!

(*Exeunt.*)

#### SCENE III.

*Signa.* (*Alone.*) I weep not!—How is this? Cold-hearted Signa!  
Thy brother fallen, yet thou despair'st not!  
Dear Alf! My friend! My heart's beloved! Thou then  
Art gone, and yet thy sister cannot weep.  
Lightly I breathe, as from my heart a weight  
Of marble had been lifted. Yet, indeed,  
Why should I mourn his fate?—A beauteous maid,  
Leaving her lover, sought that better land,  
Where everlasting spring and roses bloom;  
There she expects him, and this warning sends:—  
“Come, now!—My chariot, light as air, awaits thee,  
With winged steeds, swift as the breeze-born clouds,  
To bring thee to Chyritha!—Fear not then  
The charioteer, though pale, and darkly robed!”  
Now Alf has mounted in this car to heaven,  
And wherefore should his sister mourn for him?  
Shall we not meet again? (*A pause.*)—Yet no!—With Freya  
Dwell only lovers; and to Geiton goes  
The maiden who in youth yet unbeloved,  
Has wither'd. Therefore, I indeed no more  
Shall see my brother. This indeed hath moved me,  
And I must weep.

## SCENE IV.

SIGNA, HAGBARTH.

*Hagb.* There ! 'Tis herself, alone !  
Thanks, gracious Freya !

*Sig.* Ha ! my brother's murderer !

*Hagb.* Nay, say not so !—His conqueror !—The sword  
Gleam'd equally o'er both ; and o'er our heads  
Death hover'd. *Mc* he chose to-day. To-morrow,  
Perchance, his summons will demand the victor.\*

*Sig.* Leave me, Oh cruel hearted !

*Hagb.* Ay, dear Signa,  
I leave thee now for ever ; but to me  
Is one thing yet as needful as the wind  
To fill my sails ; and yet when I obtain it,  
'Tis but another anchor here to hold me !

*Sig.* What wouldst thou then ? (*Much moved.*)—What boots  
it to forgive thee,

Proud hearted man ! Of woman's sighs and tears  
Thou art regardless ever. Wild ambition  
Alone is thy divinity—Thy heart  
Is cold even as the steel that covers it—  
The happiness of others, and the joy  
That ruled within their peaceful home, present  
No barriers to thy spirit's daring flight.  
Thou fall'st upon thy prey, and it must bleed  
Or thou thyself must die—Oh this is fitting !  
Nature indeed has bears and wolves, for blood  
And rapine only form'd. Thor holds them dear ;  
And they are noble tenants of the wild ;  
Yet to defend from them his flocks, the shepherd  
Raises high walls ; and when they come in view,  
The shepherdess grows pale—the song and dance  
Are still'd—All wish them driven afar to hide  
In the deep forest gloom the claws and teeth  
That innocent blood have shed.

*Hagb.* And thou believest  
That I am such an enemy ?—Ah, Signa,  
Can wolves thus weep ?

*Sig.* (*Less agitated.*) Forgive to me, King Hagbarth,  
The sorrows of a woman and a sister ;  
Thou hast but acted as my brothers too  
Oftimes have done. Therefore, indeed, remains  
Nothing to claim forgiveness or reproach.  
But spare me now thy presence.—Leave me, Hagbarth,  
With mine own speechless grief.

*Hagb.* Ay, Signa, never  
Shalt thou behold me more. But wherefore thus  
Should'st thou lament thy brother ? He indeed  
Gain'd but the death he sought, and now is happy.  
I promised him, upon his grave to plant  
A lily ; and to gain a fresh one, lo !  
I rush'd into the lake, (so wondrous bright  
I saw the flow'rets on an island there)  
And almost in the water sank. Permit me  
This duty to fulfil—Then shall I go,  
And never see thee more !

*Sig.* Leave us, I pray you !  
My mother's grief is fearful ; and she hates thee.—  
Go thou to Norway—greet thy mother there—  
Thy sister and thy bride ; and roam no more,  
Spreading misfortune round thee !

*Hagb.* Signa, listen !—  
I have no mother.

*Sig.* How?

*Hagb.* No sister.

*Sig.* No?

*Hagb.* Nor bride.

*Sig.* (*Blushing.*) Indeed?

*Hagb.* I stood alone, even like a tree  
Mid storms autumnal, on the rocks of Norway.  
For deeds of arms and war, from earliest youth,  
Had I been train'd. In my dark chambers there,  
I sat and long'd for pleasures yet unknown,  
But through the songs of bards who praise Walhalla.  
Then wearied of repose, I sought to lose  
In battle strife, the conflicts of my heart;  
And death itself seem'd to me but a call  
To joys yet but in dreams reveal'd.

*Sig.* (*Mournfully.*) It is so!

*Hagb.* (*With energy.*) No—I was but a dreamer, all untutor'd—  
That scorn'd, forsooth, that which I never knew.  
O, Freya! Should I then have hated life?  
Sprung from the cradle but into my grave—  
Tasted no joy, and pluck'd no radiant flower—  
(Loving the gods, yet their best works disdaining)  
Sigh'd for the charms of Odin's bright Walkyries,  
And all the happy dwellings of this earth  
Careless pass'd by, where love and joy were blooming?  
No—like the purblind owl, I only flew  
In my own darkness, fearful of the sun.  
Now, deeply in the dust I lay my wings  
Before thee here; and, self-condemned, abjure  
My boyish pride.—(*Kneels.*)

*Sig.* Ah, Hagbarth!

*Hagb.* Wilt thou now  
Refuse to me the wreath? It cost, indeed,  
Thy brother's life; and me too it bereft  
Of earthly joy. Oh, may I be forgiven!  
Give me the wreath that now adorns thy hair—  
No other in this world shall I obtain.  
Mournfully shall it hang upon my sword,  
Or on my harp, when every night I sing  
My melancholy conquest. When I die,  
And soon I hope that hour will come,—(the flower  
That has not sun nor dew must fade,)—then, too,  
It shall around my funeral urn be twined. (*Signa stands irresolute.*)  
No answer—then farewell for ever! (*About to go.*)

*Sig.* Stay,

Hagbarth, thou rightfully deservest the wreath!

*Hagb.* (*Vehemently, as he returns back.*) Speak not of right,  
but grant it of thy favour!

Signa is now about to give him the wreath, when Bera, the Queen, suddenly enters, with the words,

Why stand'st thou thus?—What would'st thou with that wreath?  
In confidential converse have I found thee  
With thy lost brother's murderer?

Terrified by her mother's violence, the princess retires, without giving Hagbarth the wreath, and says, at parting,  
Farewell, for ever!

A highly animated scene now occurs, which we regret not having room to transcribe. The Queen expresses the deepest resentment against Hagbarth, and allows him but one hour for his departure from Denmark. After that should he ever venture within

her reach again, she swears, by all the divinities of Scandinavian mythology, to wreak on him the most horrible revenge. Afterwards, she exacts from Alger, her surviving son, a solemn oath that he will cherish everlasting hatred against his brother's conqueror;

and that if the latter should, by any chance, again fall within their power, no stratagem or persuasions shall soften his heart towards such an enemy. They then retire severally, and Signa comes once more slowly forward to utter the following soliloquy, with which the second act is concluded :—

*Signa. (Alone. She enters slowly.)* Ay—he is gone ! Methinks I hear the beat

Of oars that bear him far away from Denmark !  
So hastens from the wood the rapid deer,  
When hunters have invaded his repose.  
Ay, he is gone ! The moon comes with the night,  
Shedding her silvery beams ! The birds now sing  
A melancholy parting strain.—'Twas here  
That I received his last farewell ! No more  
Shall I behold Prince Hagbarth. Oh, had I  
Never beheld him !—Spirit of my brother,  
Saw'st thou not Hagbarth weep ? Thou art not wrathful !  
He is so kind—so noble !—With such mildness  
Can cruelty be join'd ? This garland too,  
I would have given him, ere he went for ever,  
Had not the queen forbade. That which I loved  
I cannot hate, but thus I separate,  
Even what my heart united—the last wreath  
That I shall twine on earth. So, leaf by leaf,—(*Tearing the wreath.*)  
And patiently—I tear its chain asunder.  
Farewell, sweet hopes ! I to the wind resign you !

The third act opens by moonlight, at a late hour of the evening, with a long conversation between Hagbarth and Hamund, who, after having sailed away until they were concealed from view by an intervening island, have secretly returned again to Denmark. Hagbarth, finding that he could not live without Signa, has desperately resolved to obtain her for the companion of his flight,—at all events to see her once more, and obtain from her an affectionate farewell. The charac-

ter of Hamund, who wishes to be the Mentor of his friend, affords a kind of under-plot on which we have not time to dwell. After ten pages of dialogue they retire, and Signa again appears with two female attendants, one of whom has lost her lover in the late tournament. They accordingly betake themselves (*more majorum*) to singing and dancing, until Signa grows tired of their music, and desires to be left to her own contemplations.

## SCENE III.

*Sig. (Alone.)* There, on the grass, yet lie some wither'd leaves  
Of the torn wreath ! Now through the foaming waves  
He speeds afar, and I am all forgotten !—  
Or is he rather station'd at the helm,  
And gazing wistfully on Zealand's shore,  
And searching with a falcon's eye, for light  
From Signa's dwelling ? Heaves he yet the sigh  
To be once more in Denmark ? Gracious Freya,  
There is his footmark !—Yet he is not here !  
What have I dream'd ?—Thou, sweet and placid moon,  
How kind and friendly are thy beams ! Yet wherefore  
Awak'st thou such deep longing, when thou know'st  
It may not be fulfill'd ? He had some thoughts  
That weigh'd upon his heart—and these to me  
Would have imparted—(*A pause*)—Well—this night, perchance,  
He spends not without many a tear and sigh—  
To-morrow his regret will pass away—  
And the third day—(*Pauses, then adds with her hand on her heart.*)  
Oh, woman's sorrow thus  
Is not assuag'd ! Her sufferings still are silent—  
And in the heart deep-rooted. (*Looking towards the sea.*)

Hasten now,  
Thou light-wing'd bird, across the waves—and spread  
Thy plumage to the sun on other shores.—



Thy once lov'd flower is left behind and withers—  
The rose had her brief interval of joy—  
Now in her bosom gnaws the deadly worm !

She is here interrupted by Hamund, and brought back to her for medical aid—but retires as soon as the prince of Hagbarth being mortally wounded, himself appears.

## SCENE V.

SIGNA, HAGBARTH.

*Sig.* Thou liv'st !

*Hagb.* I live.

*Sig.* And hast no mortal wound ?

*Hagb.* Aye—that indeed I suffer.

*Sig.* Speak—Where is it ?

*Hagb.* I cannot.

*Sig.* Tell me, Hagbarth, wherefore com'st thou ?

*Hagb.* If, without words, the truth thou know'st not, Signa,  
My lips shall ne'er announce it.

*Sig.* Cruel man !

Seek'st thou thine own and Signa's death ?

*Hagb.* Oh, Heaven !—

*Thy death ?—Then let me fly !—Farewell !*

Now grant me kindly *thy* farewell—To-day

The fates were cruel and denied it me—

But without that brief word I might not live.—

Nay in the grave I might not rest—but wander  
A pale ghost through these woods.

*Sig.* (*Kindly.*) Farewell then, Hagbarth !—  
Farewell !

*Hagb.* (*Pressing her hand.*) I thank thee !

*Sig.* (*Smiling.*) Was this all ?

*Hagb.* That I had dar'd to hope for !

*Sig.* Hast thou then

Forgot what I had promis'd thee ?

*Hagb.* (*Vehemently.*) The wreath—  
The wreath !

*Sig.* *There* in the dust it withering lies !—  
I thought not to behold thee more !

*Hagb.* One leaf

Is yet enough for me ! (*Takes one, and puts it in his breast.*)

*Sig.* One leaf indeed,

For thee who ventur'd all ?

*Hagb.* Permit me then

One moment stedfastly to gaze on thee !

Thus in my soul thy features deeply graven,

Nor time nor separation shall efface ;

And thy bright form will, in my dying hour,

Still smile on me, and with my soul be borne

To realms of light, where we shall meet again.

*Sig.* *That* indeed we shall !

*Hagb.* Oh, from this hour,

Gladly would I be blind !—No other form

Would then usurp thy place ! (*Covering his eyes.*)

*Sig.* (*Drawing his hand away.*) Look up again !—

Signa, herself, remembrance will not weaken !

*Hagb.* Oh, Signa ! lov'st thou me ?

*Sig.* I wish thy welfare—

Be that enough, my friend !—now go !

*Hagb.* Thy friend ?

*Sig.* Ay—that indeed thou art.

*Hagb.* And thou forgiv'st me

Thy brother's death ?

*Sig.* He wish'd for death.

*Hagb.* Erewhile

That wish was mine—How different it is now !

*Sig.* Shall I not be forgotten when thou leav'st me ?

*Hagb.* Thee—*thee* forgotten ?

*Sig.* When shall I again

Behold thee ?

*Hagb.* As thou wilt—Ever and aye—  
Or never !

*Sig.* How is this ?

*Hagb.* Thy mother hates me,  
And never, Signa, wilt thou be allow'd  
Her enemy to love.

*Sig.* Too true !

*Hagb.* Her deeds

Tow'rd's thee are not maternal—therefore, she  
Deserves not filial love.

*Sig.* Yet, in my heart

The spirit of revenge finds no abode.

*Hagb.* Oh, Heaven ! I cannot beg—I dare not say  
What are my wishes.

*Sig.* Say it not then, Hagbarth.

Such thoughts had better wear the veil of silence.

*Hagb.* Nay, Signa, if thou lov'st me, thou should'st listen !

*Sig.* Speak then !

*Hagb.* Come, follow me at once, and fly  
With thy lov'd Hagbarth to the shores of Norway !

This request Signa resolutely refuses, but promises to go with Hagbarth, if he will come for her in the spring season of the following year. We have not room for the rest of this dialogue, which is interrupted by the clashing of swords. Hamund endeavouring to prevent the sudden approach of the queen and her attendants, is mortally wounded and dies. The first act of Bera's guards (who has entered in great wrath) is to bind with ropes (made of sedge) the hands of Hagbarth, but he instantly breaks them asunder, and disdainfully flings them away.

Bera then, with a refinement of cruelty, cuts off a lock of Signa's hair, with which, instead of the ropes, she orders Hagbarth to be bound. To this, of course, he makes no resistance ; though Signa entreats him to break through his fetters as before, and make his escape by flight. He kisses the lock of hair and utters a fine speech, which we must not pause to transcribe, though it is one of the best in the play. Signa believes that death will now be her portion, as well as that of Hagbarth ; but her mother, fully aware of her attachment, says, that *life* will to her be

the greater punishment. The fourth act is opened with a soliloquy of Prince Alger, who is deeply affected by the situation of his sister, and by the approaching fate of Hagbarth, *whose execution is appointed for the following day*. He now also repents of the oath which Bera had extorted from him—and perceives only the most melancholy prospects before him. Signa will, in all probability, die of grief. Bera will not, by the fulfilment of her revenge, lessen her affliction ; and he himself will be left to reign—a king amid the graves of all that were dear to him. After this follows a fine and poetical dialogue between Alger and Signa ; at the conclusion of which he promises to her, as the only step which his oath has left within his power to grant to her, a meeting with Hagbarth in his prison. There is next a scene between the latter and his gaoler, in which are some highly beautiful passages, especially where the prince refuses his keeper's proposal of *cutting* the fetters by which his hands are bound. The knots are then carefully untied, and the lock of hair given to Hagbarth.

*Hagb.* Oh, treasure, inexpressibly belov'd !—  
How long and waving !—Like a stream of gold,  
I saw thee on her bosom yesterday,—  
Now thou art mine !—Life was indeed thy price,  
Yet more even than a thousand lives I prize thee !

There comes next an interview with the prisoner several ballads. Then Alger appears, who, in the course of an

affecting dialogue, communicates to the prisoner, that he may have a private conference with Signa. We hasten to transcribe the dialogue between them, and shall then as rapidly as possible

wind up this article, which, considering that "Hagbarth and Signa" is certainly not the *best* of Oehlenschlaeger's productions, has perhaps extended to undue limits.

## SCENE VI.

## SIGNA, HAGBARTH.

(*Signa has roses in her hand, and other flowers in her breast. As soon as they are alone, they fall into each other's arms.*)

Hagb. Oh, happiness—for beauty such as this,  
To die!

Sig. Fate hurries on—Now listen, Hagbarth!

Hagb. From Heaven, immortal joy now beckons us!

Sig. Ay, truly.

Hagb. Signa, Signa! lov'st thou me?

Sig. With all my soul I love thee!

Hagb. Yet one fear

Assails me, that compassion only moves  
Thy yielding heart.—

Sig. Compassion! How? For him  
That admiration gains from all, and envy!

Hagb. Then all is well—Death is no more unwelcome.—  
I know thy truth, and shall, in Freya's halls,  
Await thee.

Sig. Nay, thou shalt not wait me long.

Hagb. Oh Signa, speak not thus!—Yet live, I pray thee;  
And when thou wander'st through these verdant woods,  
In summer's pleasant hours, think of thy Hagbarth!—  
Think of him still when evening softly falls,—  
When western breezes blow, and thrushes sing —  
When elder flowers are blooming, and the moon  
Sheds through the leaves her chequer'd light—Think then  
Of our brief season of true love!—What more.  
In mortal life, but one brief day and night?  
Therefore deem not so lightly of our love,  
Because the time was fleeting. Here on earth,  
One moment serves congenial souls to join—  
Eternity shall never disunite them!

Sig. Take, Hagbarth, this my gift—the first and last—  
These roses—All the buds for thee I gather'd;  
But with another year fresh flowers will bloom;  
Bera will then too late bewail her lot;  
And vainly Hagbarth's grave and Signa's too,  
With flowers adorn.

Hagb. Roses!—I know full well  
Wherefore they wounded me!—'Twas the sweet warning  
Of hapless love! But, Signa, what are these  
Ill-chosen flowers thou bear'st in thine own breast?

Sig. They are but for myself.

Hagb. What do I see?—

Ha! Poison!

Sig. Scorn them not—they are my friends,  
Compassionate and kind, that to my heart  
Restore lost strength.

Hagb. (*Shocked.*) Oh Freya!

Sig. Listen, Hagbarth!  
Thou did'st entreat me hence to fly with thee.  
I stood irresolute—had duties then,  
Which now I do renounce—I gave my word,  
That if to Bera all my prayers were vain,  
I would yet follow thee—and therefore now,  
I shall fulfil my promise!—

*Hagb.* Signa—Signa!—

*Sig.* Hear me, beloved!—When from that elder tree,  
Thy scarlet mantle waves—he *that* the signal;  
Then shall I quaff the friendly cup—Then too  
Fierce flames will from my dwelling rise—and waft  
Two loving souls to Freya's halls immortal!

*Hagb.* Oh Signa! Signa! live!

*Sig.* My life below

Were but a tedious and a torturing death!  
I would not like the lily bend my head,  
And all unknown and unlamented die!  
No!—Every heart our mournful fate shall move,  
And thenceforth, as the day revolves again,  
It shall be solemnized, a festival  
Of faithful and unconquer'd love!

*Hagb.* Well—then,  
We part not?

*Sig.* Never!—

*Hagb.* Where on all this earth  
May there be found a youth so fortunate  
And blest as Hagbarth?—

(*Exeunt.*)

The fifth act abounds with long speeches, more carefully written perhaps than the rest of the poem, but we have not time left even to analyse them. The first scene exhibits Bera under the influence both of grief and an accusing conscience. Then follows a dialogue in which Signa vainly endeavours, by eloquence, to change her mother's determination regarding Hagbarth. The same endeavour is afterwards made by Alger, who succeeds so far, as to extort from Bera a promise

that Hagbarth shall be allowed to survive, but, on condition that he shall be everlastingly separated from Signa, and that he shall first undergo, even to the last moment, all the horrors of death by anticipation. The reader will naturally foresee, that the queen's intended reprieve will *come too late*. On looking over the speeches in this part of the play, we regret having made extracts so freely from the preceding acts. We have room only for a hasty sketch of the last scenes.

#### SCENE VII.

*Hagb.* (*To one of the Guards.*) Thanks, friendly youth! In good  
time hast thou freed  
My hands, that I may stretch thine, ere I die,  
With fervour to Walhalla!

*Trabant.* That indeed  
Is not denied to thee.

*Hagb.* Death is to me  
But child's play! But if *she* is firm and faithful—  
If her rash vow and stern resolve were more  
Than tenderness of momentary impulse,  
This must I know ere I from life depart.

*Trab.* Now, Hagbarth, thy last prayers!

*Hagb.* One word, my friends.  
Is it not true, that to the criminal,  
Who thus is doom'd to death, *one* wish is granted,  
If not too bold? One cup, perchance, at parting,  
That may, for the last time, his spirit cheer?

The guards answering, that his last request, whatever it may be, will be granted, he desires, that (according to the signal agreed upon with the princess) his red mantle may be hung upon the trees. The time allowed him for prayers is not yet elapsed, and he watches until the flames burst out

fiercely from the dwelling of Signa.—  
(The historical reader will remember that houses in Denmark were of wood.) Satisfied thus of her constancy, he immediately stabs himself with his own dagger to the heart, and dies. Bera then enters with her intended reprieve.

*Ber.* Go—rescue him.

*Erich.* See how the flames ascend!

*Ber.* Let Hagbarth live!

*Trab.* He is already dead.

*Ber.* Already dead!—But who comes here?

(*Signa enters through the flames, pale and scorched, attended by Alger.*)

*Alg.* Here is your daughter, queen!

*Ber.* Signa!—Insane!

'Tis well that thou art rescued from the fire.

*Sig.* I see the mantle. Where is Hagbarth? Ha!

(*Sees the body.*)

*Trab.* He ordered us, it was his last request,

To hang his mantle there. When he beheld

The fire he stabb'd himself.

*Sig.* Ay, so he wish'd

To try the constancy of Signa's heart.

Oh, Hagbarth, couldst thou doubt?—But I forgive thee!

*Ber.* Daughter, thou see'st the just reward of rashness—

I came to him with pardon—He has been

His own destroyer.

*Sig.* Has thy heart relented?

*Ber.* Ay; therefore did I come.

*Sig.* Oh, Hagbarth, Hagbarth!

Wouldst thou have then united us?

*Ber.* (*Scornfully.*) So low

My spirit ne'er descended.

*Sig.* So would'st thou

Have torn us yet asunder?

*Ber.* Even like death!

*Sig.* Nay, death unites us. For thy constancy

Of purpose I do thank thee;—without this,

I had despairing died.

*Ber.* What mean'st thou, daughter?

*Sig.* Me too hath the kiss

Of death already chill'd. My brother! thou

Hast rescued me from outward flames. No power

May quench the fires of poison in my veins!

Signa, perceiving that death approaches, betakes herself to the dead body of Hagbarth—embraces it, and dies. Bera then soon after breaks out into a strain of poetry, addressed to her remaining son Alger, which almost

conciliates the reader, notwithstanding all her past cruelty and sternness; but we have not time left for it now. With the following lines the tragedy is concluded:

Long, long the fate of this unhappy pair  
Shall in remembrance live;—while those on whom  
Fate kindly smiled are in oblivion lost!  
Like those two brilliant stars that through the gloom  
Of winter nights together loveliest beam,—  
(Long as on earth true loving hearts are found,  
Or bards remain to praise them,) shall the fame  
Of Hagbarth and his faithful Signa cast  
A radiance on the memory of the past!

Yet one word before closing this article. We are well aware, (as we said at the commencement,) that from readers, accustomed to the carefully finished and ornate style of Müllner, Körner, and Grillparzer, the present author runs a risk of meeting an unfavourable reception. His productions, indeed, may sometimes be compared to mere outline sketches,—or, to use a

more poetic illustration, they are like trees without the adornment of leaves and blossoms. But let these hastily written tragedies of Oehlenschläger be compared with the most finished compositions of the French School, or even with those of Wieland or Collin, and the superiority even of the Dane's rudest outlines will then be manifest.

L. M. F.

## HUBERT;

*Or, the Veteran of India.*

## PART II.\*

YEARS roll'd along : the aged Briton's life  
 Still mid the Indian hamlet tranquil pass'd ;  
 And still his honour'd eld enjoy'd secure  
 The fruits of arduous youth. Yet lonelier now  
 His widow'd years appear'd : for now no more  
 His Mary's presence cheer'd the social ring  
 That met beneath his cot : the hand of death  
 Had call'd her home ; and Hubert's length of days  
 Had lost its dearest charm. Yet lovelier here,  
 Mid added cares, fair Virtue's honour'd lot  
 Shone forth conspicuous : calmness ruled his heart,  
 And anxious friends were still in kindness near  
 To sooth his grief. His dutious daughter's care  
 Unceasing waked : her husband's filial love,  
 With fond invention, sought each grateful theme  
 To charm despondent age : around his knee  
 His youthful grandsons play'd, and prattling sought  
 Those tales of British land again to hear  
 Which once he loved to tell. Nor oft refused  
 The Veteran's grateful heart to own their love,  
 And join their lively joy. Perchance at times  
 Despondence ruled his mind, and all his griefs,  
 In happier hours forgot, recall'd to view.  
 Like lowering mist, that reigns along the vale,  
 And clothes with dew the gossamer of morn,  
 (The sunnier hours conceal'd,) now tangling seen  
 O'er all the landscape wild. Such lowering mood  
 Oft fill'd the Veteran's heart ; each latent grief  
 Came full to view ; and oft his sad complaint,  
 (By filial sympathy unconscious soothed)  
 Amid his children placed, he loved to pour.  
 His youth consumed in wars ; his hapless eld  
 Slow sipping now the bitter dregs of life  
 In wild and foreign land : his widow'd life  
 Deprived of her he loved, and dwelling lone,  
 Bereft of all his friends : such mournful themes,  
 Oppress'd his drooping heart. His age prolong'd  
 Seem'd cheerless now, with men unknown to dwell.  
 Like Otaheitan boatman, sailing forth,  
 With gladsome friends, from creek of palmy isle,  
 The funny tribes to seize ; till, slowly lured,  
 The breeze of sunny ocean, far to sea,  
 Some rising gale assaults his struggling boat,  
 And drives him tossing far from every land,  
 Till all his failing comrades sink in death,  
 And he alone is left ;—soon thrown ashore,  
 On some far island, held by stranger men,  
 Who scarce can know his words :—how different far  
 From gladsome friends that went with him to sea,  
 And shared his fate, and join'd in all his toils !  
 " Alas, my son, (thus still the mournful sire  
 Prolong'd his plaint,) to me the charms of life  
 Are hopeless fled ; thine efforts kind are vain  
 To fill with joy the days of wintery age :—  
 The weak remains of life but hold their place

\* See page 26.

Like wither'd beechen leaf of former year,  
 'That clings amid the growing buds of Spring.  
 While youth, like ship that skims the tropic sea,  
 And holds, in changeless breeze, unceasing course,  
 Exults in swelling sails, and views at ease  
 The wonders round of all her joyful way ;  
 Amused by every theme, and cheer'd anew  
 By hopes at eve of more successful morn :—  
 But languid age is lost to every joy,  
 Like wearied ship whose guide, at boisterous eve,  
 By rocky soundings harsh, and breaking waves,  
 Is told of coast unseen, the ceaseless dread  
 Of men from long and erring voyage come ;  
 What then affords him joy ? When setting sun  
 Gleams stormy far astern, can he regard  
 The beauteous rainbow form'd amid the spray,  
 That sweeps his highest sail ? or count its hues,  
 That brighter shine as wilder dash the waves ?  
 No : he but thinks of dread approaching night,  
 When men that watch but spend their toil in vain,  
 And men that sleep but dream of leeward shore.—  
 And such, my son, is age : the themes of men  
 Are tasteless all and vain ; the memory shrinks  
 From recollections long of wasted time ;  
 And chilly fears await the hour of death.”

With many an effort kind of cheerful love,  
 Such thoughts of sadness tried the youth to cheer ;  
 And oft the veteran's kindling memory led  
 To youthful days in patriot duties pass'd,  
 When not unnoticed he had shared the fame  
 By Britain earn'd, and given his arduous aid  
 To rear for Indian worlds the glorious frame,  
 Where sceptred Order firmly sits enthroned,  
 And spreads protection round the busy land ;  
 While near her feet, to giant boldness nursed,  
 Young Science drinks secure the streams of truth,  
 Erst timid lapp'd, like draught from Nilus' stream,  
 By him who fears the crocodile conceal'd  
 Amid the shaking reeds : And round the land  
 Now hush'd from wars, and fill'd with tranquil peace,  
 The small still sound of fair Religion's voice  
 May glad at length be heard. Such favours high  
 Have British toils on Indian land conferr'd.  
 “ Such praise, my sire, thy youthful labours shared ;  
 Such honours fair thy peaceful age adorn :  
 Nor mid the orchard fairer seems the tree  
 In flowery May, than mid the fading year,  
 When yellow leaves o'erspread the autumn bough,  
 And deeply red the fruitage shines beneath,  
 Rewarding full the toils of arduous Spring.”  
 The Veteran heard ; and, sooth, the pleasing tale  
 With glow of pride oft cheer'd his darkening mind,  
 And chased each moodier thought.

Then sought the youth  
 Some newest guest from Britain's lands to bring,  
 (When guest from Britain sought that distant shore)  
 Whose cheerful tale of fond remember'd home,  
 (For home, to exile's latest breath is dear,)  
 Might wake remembrance glad :—who told of deeds  
 In distant lands by generous Britons done :  
 Of power and riches gain'd : of stubborn wars  
 Through many an arduous year by Britons fought :

Of fame by sea, and glories reap'd on land,  
Against the iron foe.

Nor less of peace,  
Where arts advance on young discovery's wing,  
And toil grows rich, the Veteran loves to hear :  
Perchance the stranger tells, that arts improved,  
With boundless good have mixture brought of ill ;  
For now, to nicest rule each practice bound,  
The master's art less needs of servant's skill,  
And less of kindness marks their mutual tie ;  
The poor, perchance, less independent seem,  
And rich employers more, perchance, are proud ;—  
But tale like this, with cold reluctant ear  
Old Hubert hears : his country's cherish'd fame,  
Like pledge of earliest love, some jewel kept,  
He would not now, in age, see false esteem'd.  
But o'er his sparkling eye the patriot smile  
Exulting beams, as tells the traveller glad  
How British arts through every farthest land  
Extend their widening marts ;—how savage men  
From sluggish misery roused, seek eager round  
Amid the wealth of all their regions wild,  
(Neglected else and waste,) for equal price  
Of British merchandise,—the magic lamp  
Of happier, wiser life :—how British power,  
Like giant guide, prepares the paths of men  
Through every ocean strange, and leads the fleets  
Of distant worlds, with richest commerce fraught,  
Through strait and gulf, where once the savage tribes  
To ceaseless war sent forth their puny fleets  
Athirst for blood, and wing'd with minim sails,  
Like insect swarm, seen white in evening sun.

Such tale from stranger guest the Veteran lov'd,  
Of Britain's fame, to hear : nor less to list  
That stranger's question, much enquiring still  
Of Hubert's wanderings o'er the Indian land,  
Where he, adopted child of eastern clime,  
Had all its various tribes familiar known,  
And, unrestrain'd, each savage rite beheld,  
Of war or peace ; in hold of Indian chief,  
Or hamlet wild, from changeful towns remote,  
And marts where strangers come, his social step  
Had mingled free, in all their scenes of joy,  
And all their griefs had known. Yet, sooth to tell,  
So well the Veteran loved those Indians kind ;  
So oft the mild Hindoo had bound his wounds ;  
So oft, on fainting march, had quench'd his thirst  
With wine from cooling palm delicious drawn,  
Or tended kind his couch of sickness spread  
Amid their huts remote,—that scarce he loved,  
For strangers prying gaze, the veil to lift,  
Whose decent shade their ruder faults conceal.  
And oft he tells, that, far receding back  
Before the peaceful light of British rule,  
Each grosser rite now seeks, abash'd, the shade  
Where Native Anarchy still holds her court,  
'Mid distant tribes, by fierce divisions torn.

Thus pass'd the Veteran's peaceful eve of life,  
At times with cloud of passing sadness dimm'd ;  
More oft in tranquil joy, encircled kind  
With family of youth. Like setting sun,  
Which youthful peasant bids his sire behold.



When eve of May invites the tottering sage  
To balmy walk, and shines the level beam  
In soft transparence thro' the leafy crown  
Of spreading beech that decks their humble cot,  
Where all the hopes of spring are glittering round.

"And thou, my son, (thus spoke the aged man,  
Now fill'd with length of days, and waiting mild  
For hour of rest,) thy hand has led my steps  
Amid the vale of years ; thine anxious care  
Has cheer'd my gloomier hours, and kind has borne  
The fretfulness of age :—May watchful heaven  
Protect thy steps, and all my blessing aid !  
Soon number'd low with all my parted friends  
This head shall lie : my Mary's sainted shade,  
So long companion loved, awaits my flight ;  
And he whose hand so oft amid the deeds  
Of danger's hottest hour, was link'd to mine,  
The faithful Nursoo ! oft to nightly dreams,  
Comes, warning mild of death ; and waits at times  
To speak some tale of friendship's earliest days,  
Or tell of toils and piercing sufferings borne,  
That bid the memory shrink, and yet are loved  
For recollections dear of mutual aid :

Awake, I live with thee ; yet scarce my thoughts  
Even then, can leave the brighter pictures seen  
In dreams of night, when friends departed come  
And speak with me, and act again the deeds  
Where each supported each, and grateful souls  
Received impressions deep of mutual love.  
But soon the hour will come ! my longing soul  
Shall soon rejoin the friends of ancient days,  
And men of kindred life : with thee I leave  
My fondest care, my young Phoolrauee's love,  
And yield in willing trust my life to Heaven."

The sun of eve now sheds his parting ray  
Athwart the Veteran's grave. In wild recess  
Is placed his humble tomb, amid the ground,  
Where Britain's sons in Indian land are laid :  
And there at last he joins the crowds of dead,  
Whose race of life with him in youth began.  
Here oft at eve his daughter duteous comes  
With flowers, her Indian rite, his tomb to strew ;  
And lingering 'mid the graves, I've seen her oft,  
Low bending, seek the honour'd names to read  
Of men her sire had loved,—slow passing on,  
And pondering sad amid the scenes of death.

But lo ! the sun descends ; the woods around  
Throw wild a deepening shade. Each mournful rite  
Around old Hubert's grave has now been paid.  
His daughter gathers sad one simplest flower  
Of all the store she strew'd ; then turning slow,  
She leaves the place of tombs. Beside the gate,  
With prattling son, her husband meets her steps,  
To cheer her sad return, and guide her path  
Amid the deepening night ; where, mournful seen  
In glimmering light, the Indian's funeral piles  
With all their mourners round,\* now frequent shine.

\* The Hindoos' custom of burning their dead has often been mentioned. These cremations often take place in the evening ; and as the friends or relations of the deceased are always present, the appearance of so many persons in the eastern dress, seen at night by the gleams of such a fire, makes an impression on European strangers not soon to be forgotten.

## LINES WRITTEN IN A BRITISH BURIAL GROUND IN INDIA.

HERE 'midst the glade of loneliest Indian wood,  
Where circling palms shut out the rays of morn,  
Arc laid the British dead.

How deeply sad  
The bosom waxes here ! no sacred pile  
Here calls the heart from brooding o'er the grave,  
Or spreads its holier influence round the scene.  
No father here, beside the ancient church,  
May shew his sons their honour'd grandsire's tomb,  
Or point the spot where near that sacred dust  
Would he recline, his worldly labours done :—  
No haven this of rest, where hopes and toils  
Are glad resign'd, and mortals long to sleep :—  
Nor this the place, where wearied traveller comes,  
His long pursuit of wealth and greatness o'er,  
To lay his aged head amid the dust,  
Where sleep the bones of all his ancestry.  
No :—lies the stranger here by strangers' side ;  
And here the traveller sinks, whom death has seized  
Amid the busy road, while cheerful hope  
Urged eager course, and promised safe return.  
No brother here nor sire, may pour the flood  
Of sorrowing kindness o'er the wanderer's grave ;  
A passing stranger's tears are all that flow !  
And oft such stranger, here is mournful seen,  
Like peasant wending forth at early dawn  
From some impending rock the field to view,  
Whence all the livelong night, the battle's roar  
Had kept his trembling family awake,—  
Who sees beneath the thousand fragments strew'd  
Of war and death,—who hears the rising groan  
Of wounded men, wide weltering far below,—  
And weeps to think that each complaining voice  
There raised unpitied, once, like him, could call  
Some mother's fondest aid, or wife's beloved.

And yet, though here no sorrowing kinsman's hand  
Performs the sacred rites ;—no parent comes  
To weep the son, who, 'mid his race of fame,  
Has fall'n untimely ;—yet the tribute sad,  
Which mourning friendship here unceasing pours  
Amid the stranger's land, even wakes the heart  
To deeper sympathy. How sad the tears  
That silent fall o'er yonder sculptured tomb,  
That speaks the love by British soldiers felt  
For brother hero fall'n ! recounting sad  
The social fire that warm'd his generous heart,  
His deeds of worth, his patriot valour shewn !  
What heart but feels their grief ? they saw him fall—  
Companion tried in toils of fiercest war—  
Associate loved in all their earliest hopes—  
As fainting mariners, before the storm,  
Behold some comrade brave (who strives on high  
To furl the rending sail) shook furious down  
Amid the boiling ocean—seen to swim  
One moment blind, then all ingulph'd in death.

Beneath yon arching palm, where, 'mid the boughs,  
The careless climber fills his gourd with wine,

A Briton's wife has found an Indian grave.—  
 She left her gay companions—left her home,  
 To bless, in Eastern clime, the lover's arms  
 Whose young attentions gain'd her virgin heart :  
 With venturous love she braved the Antarctic storm,  
 Nor shrunk from scorching rays of Indian sun.  
 She met her lover : There on Indian shore  
 Stood he, to watch for her, whose parting smile  
 Still fill'd his heart, and oft had cheer'd his dream  
 In wild Mahratta tent, or Gorkah town ;  
 But short the union given : like budded rose,  
 But pluck'd to fade, her drooping head reclined  
 On breast beloved, and sunk to earliest death.

Perchance in lone recess the tomb is seen  
 Of him, whose valour gain'd to British arms  
 Their earliest triumph here. Methinks I see  
 His spirit stern come hovering round, to mark  
 That empire, now complete, which he had plann'd  
 'Through many a conflict fierce ; ere yet his arm,  
 From roaming bands of wild insulting foe,  
 Could well the spot secure where now repose  
 His honour'd bones. The firm resolve was his,  
 That, 'mid repeated failure, waits the hour,  
 When proud success shall blind o'erweening foes :—  
 'The stern rebuke, that awes dissentient friends,  
 Yet not offends their pride ; like fierce command  
 Of skilful pilot, 'mid the strengthening storm,  
 For common safety given ;—the watchful eye,  
 That knows by instant glance the fated hour  
 To seize success, or rally from defeat :—  
 All these were his ; and all were still required  
 'Mid savage clime, and floods of circling foes,  
 For British fame foundation meet to place,  
 Where now triumphal arch is rais'd secure,  
 And high display'd her sovereign banners shine.

Another tomb, for milder sage is rear'd,—  
 The man of peace : in long succeeding time  
 Came he, with tranquil sway, to rule the plains,  
 By sterner virtues gain'd ; to win the tribes  
 From superstitions dire, and wild misrule.  
 And deep his skill, to lure their fetter'd minds  
 From savage rites, by tyrant Brahmans forced  
 On man's reluctant heart ; but, cautious still,  
 Aware how soon the jealous Indian shrinks  
 From meddling stranger, all the paths he shunn'd  
 Where angry prejudice stood centinel,  
 And no congenial feeling watch'd within  
 To aid his purposed good. Before his tomb  
 The passing Indian bows, and loves to tell,  
 How he, that stranger sage, even deeper still  
 Than native Brahman, through the sacred book  
 Of Menu's laws had pierc'd ; and oft could guide  
 The Pundit's wilder'd steps in Indian lore.

Behind yon shrubs, in corner verdant spread,  
 Lies crowd of nameless graves :—The soldier there,  
 Whose vigour pined before the Indian sun,  
 Now uncomplaining sleeps : his languid eye  
 Had oft with envy seen his comrades call'd,  
 In cheerful bands, to join the active war,

And meet their speedier fate ; whilst he on couch  
 Of lingering sickness lay, unheeded, weak,  
 With grief and conscious uselessness oppress'd.  
 Here sleeps he now ; his couch as softly green,  
 As his whom fate has graced with nobler death,  
 And given to fall, amid the eager shouts  
 Of gloom-dispelling fight :—the glory less  
 That decks his humble name ; but softer far  
 The tear that pity sheds beside his tomb.

Here, too, her wanderings o'er, the soldier's wife  
 Has found at last a home : her anxious ear  
 No more shall list to catch the dreadful sounds  
 Of distant fight ; where each returning roll  
 Brought thrilling fear that there perchance in death  
 Had fallen her husband : Ne'er again shall she  
 (Her tones of love, by weary faintness, changed  
 To wild impatience,) call her lagging child  
 To haste its steps, or shun the trampling crowd,  
 Amid the oppressive speed of soldiers' march.—  
 Her toils are o'er : a refuge here is given  
 From grief and fear, from wants and shame, secure.

Sad scene, farewell ! thus numbering all thy tombs,  
 How oft have I the mournful evening passed,  
 'Till all thy lonely paths were lost in shade.

A LETTER FROM THE MAN IN THE MOON.

A Calendar, a Calendar ! Look in the Almanack ; find out Moonshine—find out Moonshine !

*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

THOU hast often seen me, Christopher, I will not say upon earth, though that is possible enough, but in heaven—I am the Man in the Moon. I have often had an eye upon thee, when thou hast been giving no heed to me. But what is come to thee, and to many others of thy kidney ? for if one were to judge by your supercilious glance, when you look moonwards, you seem to doubt my very existence. Precious sagacity ! On the contrary, when you were children, (and wiser, because less philosophic,) you delighted in making out my person, and were able to recognize every one of the insignia, with which, in popular belief, I was said to be decorated. Whether common report was right or wrong, I shall not stop to explain. This is an epistle of complaint ; and, in order to shew that I am better fitted to find fault with folks upon earth, than many would suppose, I let you into this piece of my secret history. It is, that the Moon requires my services only during the middle fortnight of her revolution, and, of course, I am thus at liberty for an equal period ; so that I

keep up enough intercourse with your base terrestrial sphere, to know your doings and misdoings.

You have lately had some report of a Dr Heidelberg's upward voyage. Of this visit, in our parts, I know nothing. I cannot think that he came to our Moon—certain it is that I am not Zulloc. I greatly suspect that the Doctor went to some astronomical, mathematical, prosaic Moon of the natural philosophers. Now, mine is the Moon of the common people—the one which sets the children singing,

Both old and young, come out to play,  
 For the moon it shines as bright as day.

Mine is that, during whose increase country folks kill their hogs, "that the bacon may prove the better in boiling ;" and also cut their children's hair, that it may grow again kindly. Nay, more, such persons not being ambitious of believing in the philosophical doctrine of cause and effect, turn their money in their pockets at the first sight they can catch of her when she is new, and is, according to a base comparison, like the paring of a

finger-nail ; or, to use a nobler illustration (which we owe to Schiller and Mr Coleridge) at the time, when

“ The sickle of the moon  
Struggling darts snatches of uncertain  
light.”

Then is it that these wise ones turn their money, in undoubting confidence that the said coin, which has been so magically fumbled about in their pouches, shall be doubled ere the new moon is at the full ; that is, ere the said “ sickle ” shall bear more resemblance to a bright pot-lid. Mine is the genuine Moon, the old original Moon, at which dogs and wolves have an imprescriptible right to bay, and witches to draw her from her sphere by their spells, *if they can*—and lovers to swear by her—and fairy-elves to trip their deft measures in her light ; but though she has been still continuing overhead to “ wheel her pale course,” I do not learn that any “ be-lated peasant ” has latterly reported that he has been a spectator of these midnight revels of the tiny crew.—Mine is the Moon, to which poets in days of yore thrummed their lyres, in chaunting her praise ; and as lyres have long since gone out of fashion, they now count ten syllables upon their fingers fourteen times over, when they feel themselves moved by her influence. Some do it in laudatory strains, some in objurgatory ; some are mirthful, some dolorous (the latter being the more favourite mood of the two) ; some tuneful, some discordant ; some extravagantly incomprehensible, and some intelligibly dull and soporific. This, then, is the Moon to which I belong. She is my mistress, she finds me, nay, is herself my habitation, my lodgings, my watch-tower, my pedestal, my sentry-box, my coach, my cutter, for a whole fortnight at a time—and then my lady and I kiss and part for a brief season. I am off—I leave my lodgings (but N.B. I am not the gentleman who published *Essays and Sketches of Life and Character*, a little while ago)—I forsake my towers, and relax awhile from “ this high commercing with the skies.” I, like Pope’s walking statue, step from my pedestal to take the air.—I get relieved from guard—I sign the reins and jump off the rocky—I step ashore—and am among you terrestrials in a trice. This is the

reason why I can speak with such boldness of your delinquencies, but I keep my person unknown ; therefore, who but myself can tell whether thou thyself, Christopher, hast not all unwittingly entered into personal confab with the Man-out-o’-the-Moon.

To come, then, to the burden of my complaint—it is, that this mistress of mine, my well-beloved lady the Moon, is scurvily used by the writers of fiction among you, chiefly by the poets. Bards and bardlings, good, bad, and indifferent, all take liberties with her. They say soft nothings to her, and rough nothings too, whether they have any thing to say or not. I cannot tell why this is, but the practice is inveterate, and I am almost ready to fancy it is compulsory upon them ; and that in their indentures of apprenticeship to Apollo, there must be some clause to this effect—“ That the said M. N. shall, within twelve months from the date hereof, execogitate, concoct, write, indite, and clerkly deliver to be printed and promulgated, a true and lawful Sonnet of fourteen lines to, of, or concerning the Moon, &c.” This is a mere guess of mine, and if, indeed, it be an old regulation of Apollo’s, it must have been for the honour of the family, that he insisted on this abundance of metrical homage to his sister Phœbe ; and heartily sick of it he ought to be by this time. In whatever way we account for it, and I give you earthly people leave to differ from my conjecture, yet the fact is certain, that scarce a poet now-a-days leaves the nest, without chirping at the Moon ; when he is sufficiently fledged to take ever so short a flight into the regions of imagination, the Moon, the Moon is a perch he would fain roost upon. Hence it is rather difficult to address her by any appellation, direct or circumlocutory, which has not been already employed even to surfeiting. One may rack one’s wits in vain for a fresh title to approach her with—Midnight Empress—Queen of the Night—Mistress of the silent hours—Fair Lady of the Sky—Huntress of the Silver Bow—Lone Wanderer in Heaven’s expanse. These, and others, are thread-bare in their lays. Then, as for epithets, she has them of all sorts of dimensions, and they have been so often put off and on, that they fit as easy as old shoes. The materials of which she is composed are sometimes precious, she

is silver, pearly, crystalline—but, alas ! she is fickle, inconstant, cold, icy, frosty, and dewy—but then to make up for it, they often make her figure away as beauteous, bright, glorious, lustrous, &c. &c. &c. *ad infinitum*—or, if you like doublets better, a sort of hook-and-eye appellatives, why you may find precedents for calling her full-orbed, high-sphered, heaven-hung, clear-shining, star-encircled, &c. &c. ; and then, too, her motions and actions are much celebrated, for she travels, climbs and rides, swims and floats, fades, beams, gleams, and streams, peeps, creeps, and weeps, hides and winks, and does many more tricks in poets' numbers, than I have space to recount.

Now, with all this I do not find much fault, and many of the celebrations of my mistress I cannot too highly praise. Those who have an eye for her beauties, and who really do scrape acquaintance with her in good earnest, before they presume to write about her, such have my good will, and, in many instances, their performances win my hearty commendation also. But then these do not compose one-twentieth part of the crew who point verses at her ;—the other nineteen-twentieths rhyme and rave about her loveliness, or whine and sob, and yell out syllables of dolor at the iciness of her bosom, and do it without going out to pay their obeisance, when she is pleased to be visible—no ! many of them sit muffled up within doors, and note down their raptures upon paper under no alarming symptoms of ecstasy, or pen their lamentations in very tolerable spirits, and would seem to be addressing the moon as if they were beholding her, while, at the same time, they must have eyes that can penetrate a brick wall, to see her from the station where they composedly remain. From this it comes, that their descriptions are all made up at second-hand, or else it is sheer guess-work, and therefore frequently erroneous. Now this, I must own, moves my spleen. When we see such cart-loads of verse licked into the shapes of

Ode, and Elegy, and Sonnet,  
Tricked in antique ruff and bonnet,—

and all taking “ the bright regent of the night” for their theme,—wouldst thou not suppose, Christopher, that from “ my watch-tower in the skies,”

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(for my sight is preternaturally good,) I should see whole hosts of poetasters gazing and gloating, if not upon me, yet upon my brilliant vehicle, every night that we shew off to advantage ? Far from it ; scarce one in fifty ever composes a couplet in our presence, but hurry home, and find a good fire a more congenial source of inspiration. Unless thou imaginest that the following classes are of a poetical cast, we have little observance paid us by the votaries of the muses. Those whom I discern as closest in their attendance upon us, are watchmen, mail-coachmen, soldiers on guard, and sailors on watch, deer-stealers, poachers, and smugglers, shooters of wild-fowl on the sea-coast, and other well-occupied men. I fancy there are not many sonnetteers among these ; yet these alone keep abroad, and rejoice in the moon-shine. As for the professed “ builders of the lofty rhyme,” some half a dozen or so may have written what the actual view of my mistress's charms suggested, and have really delivered themselves to the fancies which thickly thronged at the sight of her, pursuing her silent journey, and tenderly gleaming upon flood and fell ; but as for the rest of the versifying tribe, how should they be right in delineating the witchery of moonlight views which they never see ? If they be right, it is by plagiarism, and there hangs about their work the dullness of a twice-told tale ; and if they attempt to be smart and original upon the subject, we have a fancy-piece with a vengeance. Hence it is that my lady's complexion is described as if in autumn she became a perfect Blouzelinda—“ the ruddy harvest-moon !”—Would not any one suppose, that she turned as red as a strapping lass, who, in a farmer's service, has worked herself into invincible health, cherry cheeks, and elbows where crimson and purple have a struggle for mastery ? I do allow, that my gentle lady is at that time of year less saintly pale than usual, and that, at rising, she has a more heightened glow than at other seasons ; but I deny that she can be called ruddy when she has mounted a few steps of the firmament ; and when she has ascended to mid-height in heaven, and is “ towering in her pride of place,” she is as snowy-pure as ever ; so that this description of her is overdone through inattention.

Again, the Moon is often represent-

ed as showering down a yellow light ; and though I own, that, on some occasions, there is reason to attribute a very faint proportion of this colour to the tint of her beams, nevertheless I affirm, that it is not the prevailing hue which she diffuses over the objects which she illuminates. Her beams have quite as much of the blue ray in them, and, of course, the mixture will sometimes afford what may be called a green light. Delicate, and almost imperceptible as the colour is amid the brightness, yet distant objects on which the light of the moon falls more broadly than on nearer objects, where it is frittered into parts, have surely more of a greenish-grey appearance than of a yellow look. Yet some writers of authority have gone as far as truth will warrant them, and sometimes perhaps beyond it, in celebrating the yellow lustre of the queen of the sky ; and the tribe of parlour moon-admirers have deepened her colour, till, in their metre-mongering, she has become as yellow as a guinea, and then they have made her give the jaundice to whatever her rays have fallen upon. Even Pope, excellent poet as he is in some departments, has treated my divinity rather strangely in a famous passage of his *Homer*, book 8th ; and although it was formerly quite fashionable to cocker him up with praise even for this very piece of mistranslation, yet of late he has deservedly gotten more raps on the knuckles than pats on the back for it. The original is allowed by all to be a true and natural description of a delightful, clear, serene moon-light night, aptly introduced, and the sentiment it elicits unforced and pleasing. The reason of old *Homer*'s success in the passage was, that in his simpler times, and in the benignant climate of Greece, folks lived almost wholly in the open air, so that they had all the benefit of being in the constant presence of nature ; and, having lively watchful minds, they drew accurately what they perpetually witnessed. Before the old poet of the *Tale of Troy* had lost his eye-sight, I have often seen him watching us, (that is, the Moon, and myself in it,—not, indeed, that he ever had the kindness to mention *me*) ; and, therefore, after ruminating upon what he had so often rejoiced in beholding, he produced this little cabinet-picture, in which he neither wrested the ex-

pression, nor “ overstepped the modesty of nature.” And the reason of *Pope*'s failure was, that his puny constitution did not permit him to be out at night, and his artificial inclinations and habits estranged him from any deep and lover-like attachment to the scenery of the country, and from any susceptibility of emotion from rural sights, and scents, and sounds, so that, by this defect, he was disqualified for picturesque poetry. To complete the discomfiture of poor Nature in this passage, “ poetic diction” was then firmly believed in as an indispensable auxiliary, in a translator especially. Deserting, therefore, poor *Homer*, and embellishing without any regard to truth, we have, in these much talked-of lines, “ a gilt and glowing pole,”—“ yellower verdure” than common upon “ dark trees,”—shining vales below, and “ floods of glory bursting from all the skies.” Now these mistakes would not have happened, had he but kept close to his original ; or, if he must amplify, had he but put on his great-coat, and gone out upon his terrace, he might have added without disfiguring ; nay, if he had looked out of the window attentively, he might have been prevented from committing himself. But, no ! he wrote this, while snug and cozy in his villa at Twit’nam, with the shutters closed, curtains down, a couple of burnished candlesticks bearing their tapers aloft, and that very silver standish which Lady Frances Shirley gave him, lying on his right hand, and most invitingly supplying him with pen and ink, to overlay, and dizen out, and misrepresent *Homer*, and his modest moon and mine. No, no ! it would not have been a very easy job to have made him stir forth. Even if his man John had rushed in with news like that of *Hubert* to *King John*, “ My lord, they say five moons are seen to-night ;”—he would not improbably have replied to him, as he addressed the same worthy in his *Epistle* addressed to *Dr Arbuthnot*, “ Shut, shut the door, good John,”—especially if, in *John*'s eagerness to tell the wonder, he had left it open ;—how much less, then, could we expect the valetudinary poet to have looked forth at the solitary moon which he might see every month, and the solitary *Man in the Moon*, moreover, high mounted with her.

Here, then, I conclude for the pre-

sent. I shall take another opportunity of complaining of the maltreatment we get from the novelists. I have also some remarks to make upon the voyagers to our lunar quarters of the solar system, as it is called; till when,

fare thee well, Christopher. These are from

Thine,

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

*From the Crescent,  
Monday, (more properly Moon-day.)*

LETTER TO PIERCE EGAN, ESQ.

(Confidential.)

MY DEAR EGAN,  
You are well aware that there is no man in the empire, who has taken so deep an interest in your writings as I have. I flatter myself that I have been the means of introducing you much more generally to the notice of the literary population, than your unpatronized merits, great as they unquestionably are, would have done. In fact, I have made

The name of Egan, like an evergreen,  
To blow and blossom in the northern sky;  
and a pretty sort of a plant, I think, it is. And now my esteem for you leads me to give you some good and wholesome advice in this confidential letter, dropping, as you perceive, the princely pronoun we, and taking up the plebeian, but more familiar singular, much after the manner of my good friend Frank Jeffrey, when he wrote his veracious apology to Coleridge, for having caricatured his Christabel, in one of those articles which have so completely done up the character of the Edinburgh Review: but, I think, that my motive is somewhat better than that of Francis the Little.

You are acquainted with the nature of my malady, and may well wonder how I can possibly survive it in this metropolis of pharmacy. It is indeed a difficult thing for a sick man to keep alive in a city, where, besides a regular vomitory for doctors of medicine, there are at least 417 graduates of physic, resident and stationary, not to mention the subordinate rank and file of the faculty—apothecaries, druggists, oculists, aurists, bonesetters, bleeders, dentists, and other guides to health, (Destroyers rightlier call'd, and plagues of men,)

in multitudinous aggregations, sufficient to depopulate the dominions of the celestial Emperor Kang-hi, whom God preserve. But practice is every thing, and our's is never to let them

practise on us. Were an M. D., (always excepting my honest old compotator Jamie Scott, who visits me poetically, not medically, and a few others of his kidney), to come within a yard of me, I should instantly summon the whole posse of my household,

Shoulder my crutch, and shew how heads are broke,

and send him out of the nearest window. I am bad enough; but were I to mind the physicians, I should have been long ago in the bills of mortality, which, you know, would be an irreparable loss to the empire. Out of mere patriotism, therefore, I resist the doctors. Eating and drinking are the grand panacea, the elixir vitæ, and I never knew one of these whey-faced tadpoles, who did not commence operations by cutting down one or the other. After so glaring an absurdity, is it any wonder that the breath of their lips is destruction—that they slay their thousands, after the manner of Sampson, by the wagging of the jaw-bone of an ass?

Instead of looking over their pot-hooks and hangers, therefore, I spend my time in writing articles which delight the world, or in reading books which delight myself. That I have perused with satisfaction your striking volumes, you know—the universe indeed knows it. By some accident, not worth explaining, your neat little collection of Sporting Anecdotes, (which I had the honour of receiving from you, with your other admirable works,) had fallen aside until the day before yesterday; but I got hold of it in good time. I was just seized with a twinge of the rheumatism, which was intolerable. I lay upon my sofa, making wry faces, and thinking Cicero and the other ancient philosophers, who maintained that pain was no evil, a set of insufferable coxcombs;—when your book, with a lot of others, for my amuse-



ment, was brought in and laid before me by my lassie. I took it up in preference to all the rest, and read it with *gusto*, as a certain pimpled lecturer would say,—not that he knows the meaning of the word, but because it makes the ignorant, his principal readers, imagine that he understands Italian. It amused me not a little, though many of the stories are old—venerable Pierce, with the rust of ancient magazines upon them—and many more, simply cuts from those authentic registers of events the newspapers. Yet it is a pleasant little book. It revived me to read of hunting, fishing, shooting, coursing, racing, and the other varieties of sporting, which I was once able to enjoy. I never was as great a sportsman as Nimrod or Colonel Thornton, and yet I have ridden in as close after the hounds as either of them; and I still reflect with pleasure on hearing old,—no matter who, for I cannot trust myself to write his name, as my eyes are dim from merely thinking of it—on hearing a gay-hearted old squire exclaim, when I hunted in Yorkshire some thirty years ago, “By goles, that there gaffer” (meaning me) “roides rum! Raddle me, if he be’ant a’most as foin a broidel-hond as Yallow Dick, the huntsman; and mayhap, if he takes to it koindly, he may be as great a man a’ together.” A prophecy accomplished rather in a different manner from what the vaticinator intended. I was a fair shot, and a tolerable courser. I remember one day—but I see that I am beginning to prate about myself. Garrulity concerning past events is one of the prime characteristics of old age, as you will find mentioned a dozen times in the notes of Clarke’s Homer, if you are up to reading it. When I began, I did not intend to say a word about myself, being desirous to call your attention to a far different subject, to which I shall immediately advert, after remarking *en passant* that stories of thieves, pickpockets, blacklegs, &c. ought not to be mixed up with anecdotes of sporting and sporting men. Bill Habbersfield and Duke Hamilton, the Prince of Wales, Major Baggs, and Tom Crib, do not agree well together. *Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur*, as Ovid very properly remarks on the occasion, in a verse which has been thus ingeniously translated by Mr Cor-

nelius Webb, a poet not to be sneezed at,—

Them chaps there, I would gladly bet a dollar,

Don’t take their drink together, by Apollo.

This, however, is a bagatelle scarcely worth noticing; but I confess I was seriously vexed at finding an article, p. 30, &c. in your book, written by a Cockney, on the subject of poor Cavanagh, the great Irish fives-player. Is it not enough, I exclaimed, that these Cockneys write about politics, war, law, poetry, drama, without knowing a pinsworth about them, with the most brazen and indomitable assurance? Are they not satisfied with befouling by their slaver, or intolerable conceit, every thing venerable or amiable in the country? Are we not pestered enough with them elsewhere, without having them flung in our faces, while comfortably reading a book of sporting anecdotes? You certainly are a very proper man in your line, Pierce, but you cannot have as much experience of men and books as I, or you never would have polluted your work by any of the impertinent drivellings of this fellow, no more than you would have put a handful of bay-salt into your punch-bowl, the very idea of which thrills my soul with horror. I determined to write to you at once about it, and though scarcely able to hold my pen, you see I am putting my determination into practice.

The calm assurance of this article altogether astonishes me. Here’s a fellow who talks of playing fives! The force of impudence could no farther go. Why, man, he never played a game at it in his life. His ideas could never soar so high: he could as soon fly to the lunar sphere, like Daniel O’Rourke or Astolpho. He has not the spirit to engage in any game, which would require more pluck than is possessed by a well-trained shrimp, or a city haberdasher. The little blood he ever had in his veins, has been washed away by eternal dilutions of tea, by everlasting decoctions of congo. His hands, lord love them, are too pretty for any thing, but to wield his pen for the purpose of writing venomous tirades against his King and country, or lackadaisical, water-gruel sonnets on the paterpastoral ruralities of the Serpentine or Fleetditch. And yet he has the unparalleled audacity to pretend

he feels an interest in the honest, soul-stirring, thirst-begetting British game of fives!—O! Shame, where is your blush? Any where, says Shame, except on the lemon-coloured physiognomy of a Cockney.

I repeat, Pierce, that he does not even know how many aces there are in the game, and as you understand betting more clearly than ratiocination, I bet you Blackwood's Magazine to the dirty work of Hazlit, which is something more than Lombard-street to a china orange, that he knows no more the use of a hand-ball than he does of a hand-grenade. The notion of his going to a fives-court is in fact ridiculous: To my ideas, at least, (if I may defile myself by a vile Cockney phrase), it is more worthy of laughter than the most pathetic of Keates's sonnets, and more than that a man cannot well say. Just think of a poor feckless animal like this, crammed full of the vile vapours of tea, bread and butter, filthy politics, and Cockney poetry, standing up to play a game, that requires activity of body, dexterity of hand, and quickness of eye: Or figure to yourself such a creature, summoning up resolution to call for a quart of porter to wash down the dust, and endeavouring to put the honest extract of malt into his perked-up muzzle, a depot for such small mixtures as hyson or toast-water. Why, Pierce, he would faint at the sight of the jolly, laughing, cauliflower head of that magnanimous liquor.

I shall proceed, my dear Egan, to examine this article a little, and shew you the utter exconbry and insolence of this unfortunate scribbler. Let us begin with the beginning. His third-sentence is this,—“It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things, indeed, that make more noise, and do as little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away.” Is it not evident to you, that this is a dirty species of slang, my dear Pierce, quite different from the bang up language of the fancy, of which you are the great lexicographer? You see from it at once, that the fellow who could write this puppy sentence never had a heart to play fives. On it, I shall only remark, that he is much mistaken if ball-playing does not do more good than writing such poems as Rimini.

Ball-playing, or, in his own elegant language,

Striking a ball  
Against a wall,

exhilarates a man's spirits, raises no blush but the healthy glow of manly exercise, and excites no ideas but those of good humour and innocence, while Rimini is enough to throw a man into the horrors; and I leave it to his own conscience to answer what blush it calls up, and what ideas it is calculated to excite. After this comes on some more stuff in praise of fives, which I skip; for it is manifest that he is extolling what he knows nothing about, just as he lauds the Italian poets sometimes. We also have a panegyric upon Cavanagh, and it must lacerate every soul of sensibility, to see that fine fellow of an Irishman undergoing the praise of a Cockney. I am informed by a letter from a friend in Ireland, that his surviving family are quite indignant at this atrocious libel, and are determined to do something on the occasion. His poor mother, who is not a woman of literary habits, as she is rather unacquainted with the alphabet, on having the matter explained to her, a task of some difficulty, said with much indignation,—“Arragh, is that the sort of spalpeen who is going a keening after poor Shane? Ohone!—ohone! If he was alive the day, its a fine kicking he would give that bullaboo, for speaking that fashion about him after he was dead!” and I am sure you must sympathize with this hapless Hibernian matron.

But to return to our author. He soon finds it impossible to go on with panegyric, and from mere inability, falls to the trade he is best used to, that of abusing those who are immeasurably above him. Here is a specimen. “Cavanagh's blows were not undecided and ineffectual, lumbering like Mr Wordsworth's epic poetry, nor wavering like Mr Coleridge's lyric prose, nor short of the mark like Mr Brougham's speeches, nor void of it like Mr Canning's wit, nor foul like the *Quarterly*, nor let balls like the *Edinburgh Review*.” As Wordsworth and Coleridge do not frequent the Daffy Club, you may not have heard that they are two of the greatest men in the literary world—such fellows, in short, as Tom Crib or Jack Randal in their own way, and Hazlitt's criticizing them, is just as prime gammon as if the Brumagen youth

was to strip against the champion, or Alderman Waithman to try a turn up with Sutton. And it is no bad joke that this mudlark of Cockaigne takes it into his head that he patronizes Wordsworth every now and then, and yet you see him here talking of his epic poetry, though I assure you, Pierce, the man never wrote an epic in his life. And then Mr Canning's wit! O tempora, O mores! I thank you to look at the ass who puts himself up as the judge of wit, and the wit of such a man as Canning. He spits at the Quarterly for the same reason that a thievish soldier never can give a good word to the Provost Marshal; he has tasted his thong, and still feels his back so sore from the castigation, that he cannot even think of his punisher without wincing. As for bully Brougham and the Edinburgh, though I am not exactly in the habit of twisting my bunch of five with theirs, yet I should be a very unfair fellow indeed, if I did not admit that the worthy hero of the "well foughten field,"\* and little Frank are much too decent out-and-outers to be carped at by such a sneaking costermonger as this knight of the white feather.

Again, he brings in how "politicians wonder to see the balance of Europe suspended in Lord Castlereagh's face, and admire the trophies of the British navy under Mr Croker's hanging brow. Now Cavanagh was as good a looking man as the noble lord, and a much better than the Right Honourable Secretary. He had a clear, open countenance, and did not look sideways or down, like Mr Murray the bookseller." Now, for God's sake, did you ever hear such impertinence?—Is he thinking of his own principles, or of Mr Leigh Hunt, with his coming-up mouth, and his "showery smile," and his "clipsome waist," and his "nose lightsomely brought down from a forehead of clear-spirited thought," and his washerwoman air, and his whole physiognomy redolent of conceit;—has this animal, I say, whose appearance puts you in mind of the Serpentine, and the Indicator, the Examiner, and Heigh-ho-nonny, little Johnny, and other vile slops, has he the consummate assurance to talk of people's looks! Compare him with Lord Castlereagh! Look upon this pic-

ture, and on this, as Hamlet says. Why, Cavanagh, though a smart fellow indeed, was in no one lineament of gentlemanly or manly appearance, or, to use his Lordship's own pet phrase, in no fundamental feature, to be compared to Lord Castlereagh; but to put this being who prates of his looks in competition with him, would be as bad as comparing a baboon to the Apollo Belvidere. He suspects Mr Croker of having given him some sharp dressings, and thinks he has made a grand hit in return, by cracking that excellent joke on his hanging eye-brows. The thing is a lie, but that, no doubt, in his opinion, enhanced the wit. Poor jackass! As for Mr Murray's down looks, I fear there is some foundation for the charge, but I could cure him in a month. All he has to do is to take to reading us with might and main; let him peruse us with unsated eyes; let him devour us with unwearied jaws; let him swallow us down with immeasurable throat; and if that will not clear his countenance, put jollification and delight into his face, and lift his eyes from the perusal of the base earth, there is no truth in man. I am anxious he should do this, for he is really one of the best and most honourable fellows in the world, though no astronomer. Let him reflect seriously on my advice, if he should hear it, taking warning by the words of old Merrythought: "I have seen," says that worthy elder, "a man come by my door, with a serious face, in a black cloak, without a hat-band, *currying his head as if he looked for pins in the street*; I have looked out of the window half a year after, and have spied that man's head upon London Bridge," which would be a sad end for Mr Murray, and would spread woe and consternation among the bright literary luminaries of Albemarle Street. But seriously, Pierce, I leave it to you if this ruffian personality be not altogether abominable; more particularly if you reflect, that the gang of which this Cockney is the prime swell, are the most sore, touchy, thin-skinned abortions conceivable. Were any of my friends, Adam Oehlenschlaeger, the great Danish dramatist, for instance, to drop a word about Hazlitt's face being as thick studded with pimples as a tumbler of soda water is with air-bubbles, or to hint that John Keates

\* See the close of Mr Denman's speech on St Caroline.

was a smart hand at a glyster, you have no notion what a lamentable squeaking would be sent forth from all the tiny ratholes where these animals burrow. They abuse and libel the most dignified characters in the empire; the King, the clergy, the nobles, the men illustrious in war, policy, or literature—and think they have a *carte blanche* for so doing; but they themselves—poor devils that they are—must forsooth be sacred characters, like the old Roman tribunes—not to be touched. It is leze majesté of Cockaigne to laugh at the ridiculous persons, or the ridiculous minds of any of its inhabitants; but in their brutal doggrel or caricatures, *they* may picture our King as a beast, or our bishops as pimple-nosed debauchees, or, as in articles like this, may upbraid Mr Croker with hanging eye-brows, and Mr Murray with downcast looks. Is not this gross and stupid assurance? Mr Murray is an upright and honourable man, of sound principles in church and state—that I shall say of him, though he and I are a little cool at present—and on account of those very principles, he is attacked with sneering personality. What the principles or characters of the Cockney authors are, I need not say; but if any one happen to think they are not entirely exempt from ridicule, the whole flock bristle up their feathers at once, put themselves into the most comic attitudes of turkey-cock defiance, and begin gobbling with indefatigable bill. Of this, Pierce, you have most probably never heard, as these dunghill birds are not much known beyond their own roosts, except by such people as myself, who now and then condescend to cast an eye on the poultry, just to pluck one or other of them, to make a feast for the honest people of the realm; but I assure you it is the fact, and what is your candid opinion of such conduct?

Let me take another sample of this precious article. "As Mr Peel made it a qualification of the present Speaker, Mr Manners Sutton, that he was an excellent moral character, so Jack Cavanagh was a zealous Catholic, and could not be prevailed on to eat meat on Friday, the day on which he died." I am not a Roman Catholic, yet I cannot feel any thing but contempt for a man, who could thus sneer at one of the most solemn ordinances of that re-

ligion; nor am I particularly given to fasting, but I do not forget that it was one of the practices of the primitive church—for which, to be sure, this heartless buffoon does not care a farthing. That he should vent a pointless sarcasm on Mr Peel and the Speaker, is only natural—they are gentlemen, and of course honoured by his hostility, and accordingly I shall say nothing of that.

I really am tired of exposing this piece of blackguardism, which yet is only six pages long, and after quoting one more passage, shall fling it from me in disgust. "Powell is at present the keeper of FIVES COURT, and we might have recommended to him for a motto over his door, '*Who enters here forgets himself, his country, and his friends.*' And the best of it is, that by the calculation of the odds, none of the three are worth remembering." True it is, indeed, that this heartless scribbler has forgotten his country. Take up any of his trash, no matter of what date, and you will find abundant proofs of his utter Anti-English spirit. Not a ruffian, great or small, can lift his head, or raise his tongue or pen against England, or English interests, at home or abroad, but is sure of being eulogized by him; not a scoundrel can join in a cry of revolution, robbery, and murder, in any quarter of the globe, without being extolled as a patriot, or canonized as a martyr. You will find Buonaparte, and his huffcap marshals, held forth as invincible, even in the middle of runaway defeat and ruin; you will find our national heroes vilified, and our victories, from Trafalgar to Waterloo, depreciated and slandered. There every un-English sentiment is carefully treasured up; radicalism is recommended, assassination panegyricized. I wonder not, therefore, at his saying he does not think it worth while to remember his country; but I utterly disbelieve him when he informs us that it is among the honest recreations of the Fives Court that he has lost his memory. I know that he never mixed in any such manly sports; and I know also, that country is always forgotten by those who have the misfortune of wallowing in the sloughs of his much-be-praised Jacobinism. Whether he has any friends or not, I cannot say; but if the rule *nosceitur a socio*, (which being interpreted, Pierce, signifies, Tell me with whom thou goest, and I

will thee how thou doest,) be a good one, they must be little worth remembering indeed. Washerwomen, I suspect, are his chief associates; but I am inclined to think he has no friends, or they would hardly suffer him to make such an ass of himself as he does, when he goes about speaking of Homer without knowing a letter of Greek.

I believe I need not say any more on the subject. I flatter myself I have slaughtered the Cockney with ease and affluence. I have kicked the turnspit out of the ring, and he will not be able to shew his face there for six months at least. I have shewn his appalling assurance in pretending that he knows any thing about *Fines* playing—his unequalled audacity in attempting to panegyricize it—his want of feeling towards poor Cavanagh—his insolent personality towards respectable persons—and his total heartlessness throughout. What can a man do more? You may ask, Pierce, why I have thought it worth my while to write so long a letter about so contemptible a fellow; to which I answer, first, because I wish you well, and am desirous that you should thrust this garbage out of your book without delay. Believe me, it is a disgrace to any decent man's book, as I have sufficiently shewn already. And, secondly, it would give me inexpressible grief, were the Cockney crew to be at all read by the Fancy. The pugilists of Britain are part and parcel of her fame, and must, of necessity, be loyal—they must be downright Tories, like myself. Every brave and honest man in the kingdom should, in fact, be a Tory; and unless I deceive myself, the valiant heroes of the ring are, to a man, ready to throw a crossbuttock in honour of Church and State. Richmond, a great authority, I know, is jocose on the clergy at times; but it is only in jest, for his principles, as you can testify, Pierce, are sound, firm as Ailsa's rock. We must allow for his Transatlantic education, and for his having been born under the auspices of a divine, which may make him think he has a right to take a little liberty with the cloth. No Whigs are pugilists; they have not the heart to shake a fist, or even to write a good boxing article. Tom Moore, a mighty clever little fellow, is the only one who tries it; but though some of his hits are amusing enough, you see that he has

not the matter at heart; puns and politics always rising up to spoil the sporting effect. Compare the best of his slang things, with Odoherly's papers on Boxiana in Blackwood, and you will see our infinite superiority. Long may the Fancy keep free from the contamination of the Cockneys! Long may they be ready to chaunt such elegant stanzas as your own:

'Twas on the plains of Waterloo,  
Old England proved her valour true,  
Where Shaw, the nine Frenchmen slew,  
Which many there did see!

Long may they have a hand to spare to level a plebeian, who would undervalue that immortal victory, and the glorious general who flooded, not by good luck, as Tom Moore sings, but by British talent, and British bravery, the first swell of France, the prime one, who milled, not us indeed, for that never was in his breeches, but almost all the game men of the Continent. Indeed, the late behaviour of the Cockney rabble, instigated by such pestilent scribblers as Ilone, Wooler, Wager-of-battle Thelwall, and others of that riff-raff brotherhood, to the Duke, would be enough to make a fair man for ever forswear Radicalism. What would Tom Crib say to a parcel of scoundrels, who mustered together to assail one man, and he, too, one of the greatest glories of England? Would not he call them a gang of base poltroons; and look upon any fellow who would have the villainy to praise their conduct with ineffable contempt? I swear he would. This one trait of their character, will enable you, Pierce, to appreciate this fellow's ability for writing sporting articles. It shews that he does not even understand fair play.

I must apologize, dear Egan, for sticking you for treble postage; but I cannot get a frank, as all our Scots Members of both Houses, are attending their duty in Parliament, where I hope they will exert themselves to keep the Whigs out of power. What immense mouths that half-starved gang are opening for the loaves and fishes! Read the last article of the last Edinburgh Review, on Parliamentary Reform, and you will see with half an eye, that the poor devil who wrote it (*entre nous* Peter Moore) is absolutely ravenous. Good heavens! just think what a knife and

fork Tierney would play, and Sir John Newport would do very well for a man of his inches. Then there are the small deer, the animalcules, Creevey, for instance, or Kit Hutchinson, or Lambton, whom Peter, the reviewer, compares for talents to Mr Pitt (upon my honour, I am not humbugging you) in a parallel after the manner of Plutarch, all opening their muzzles, and yelping for their little messes of prog. But they will be disappointed: and, in truth, I pity them; for hunger is a horrible sensation.

Adieu, Pierce: rest you merry.—  
Keep writing books that will stir up  
the old English spirit,—but avoid the

Cockneys if you love me. I am, my  
dear Egan, your's, affectionately,  
C. NORTH.

27th February, 1821.

P. S. This letter is confidential: do not shew it to any body. If you see any one attempting to read it, you ought to give him a salute *a la Randal*. Before I close my letter, I may ask you, was it a Cockney who wrote for you the Pigeon-shooter's Glee: I suspect it from the rhyme of these lines:

No game laws can ever thwart us,  
No Qui Tams, or Habeas Corpus.

#### THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

What had'st thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

CHILDE HAROLD.

CALMLY he died, the gallant youth,  
When still'd was demon War's commotion,  
When summer's trees were green, and smooth  
The surface of the ocean:  
Well for his sake may Friendship weep,  
Weep that, when battle toils were done,  
When Glory's wreath was bravely won,  
Too swiftly should descend his sun,  
O'er being's western steep!

I heard the roll of muffled drum—  
I heard the bugle's lonely wailing—  
As to the church-yard they were come  
With honours nought availing;  
I saw the sad procession move,  
With arms reversed, and looks of woe—  
The pall, the bearers moving slow—  
The sword, and helm with plumes of snow,  
The coffin-lid above.

Prancing along with hoof of pride,  
Unconscious of the sad disaster,  
Unmounted, led on either side,  
Behind its ancient master,  
The gallant war-horse followed; oft  
To battle had he borne his lord,  
Nor started at the flashing sword,  
When trumpets sung, when cannon roar'd,  
And smoke-clouds gloom'd aloft.

Then slowly, 'mid the new-dug ground,  
I saw the sable bier descending;  
The grave fill'd up—his comrades round  
With heads uncover'd, bending;

In pensive mood I turn'd away,  
 And from the mournful scene did steal—  
 Full sad and sore my heart did feel,  
 As thrice I heard the volley peal  
 Above his senseless clay !

Yes ! there they left him ;—daisies grow  
 Upon the turf that wraps his bosom,  
 And round the evening breezes strew  
 The hawthorn's silver blossom ;  
 He hears no more the clarion sound—  
 No more the helmet decks his head—  
 No more, in love, by him are led  
 His gallant troop,—but, in his stead,  
 Another now is found !

Yes ! all must die, and pass away—  
 The fair—the noble—and the brave !  
 'Tis desolate—I dare not stay  
 To hear the breeze sigh o'er the grave !—  
 Well may the lonely bosom ache,  
 To mark the grey sepulchral stone,  
 And hear the melancholy moan,  
 As the long grass and weeds upon  
 The church-tower's summit shake !

Δ.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LESS FAMILIAR LATIN CLASSICS.

No. V.

*Ausonius.*

TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,  
 THE works of D. Magnus Ausonius being good in themselves, have, I think, this further merit, that much of them is unlike all other Latin classical poetry. He is one of the most modern of the Roman poets, having flourished during the reign of the Emperor Gratian ; and he certainly strikes me as being by far the most modern in his style and turn of sentiment. Claudian, though later, is much more classical in his air. The heavy Prudentius, too, is more “ the antique Roman ” than Ausonius, whose verses, for the most part, remind one of Prior, Swift, and the lighter poets of the period between Charles the Second and the accession of the House of Hanover. He deals in those productions, which an ingenious and amiable man strikes off, with little expence of labour, thought, or deep feeling. It would seem, from the first of his *Edyllia*, that Ausonius was a Trinitarian Christian. He does not

shew, however, the slightest intolerance of the fancies of the “ elegant mythology of his heathen neighbours,” a species of moderation, probably, a little uncommon at that time. It is difficult to give any accurate description of the miscellaneous efforts of his Muse. His *Epigrammata* remind one sometimes of Martial, sometimes of Catullus, and sometimes of Waller or Prior. A few are whimsically written in alternate lines of Latin and Greek. His *Epistles* are those of a “ gentleman who writes with ease,” and some of them are of that half-humorous, half-trifling cast, which characterizes the rhyming letters between Swift and Delany. Of his *Ephemeris*, or the events of a day, the idea is much better than the execution. In short, he seems to have been a good man, of an elegant mind and an excellent disposition, and far fonder of panegyric than satire, as witness his *Professores*, his *Cæsares*, his *Sapientes*, his *Parentalia*, and his *Clara Urbes*, or “ Goodly Ci-

ties," as it might be rendered. Like are sometimes wonderfully neat and Horace, he has, with more pleasantry, most elegantly pointed. As for the a vein of good sense and good temper, purity of his Latinity, I most willingly leave that to be settled by better judges. I am, &c.

T. D.

## AUSONIUS TO PAULINUS.

*Epistle xxv.*

FOUR letters now, my friend, thou hast,  
Each more complaining than the last,  
And though I lack new phrase to tell  
How long I've loved thee, and how well,—  
And thus, so gently, jog thy sloth,  
Still to reply, I find thee loth,  
As if thou had'st no time to spend  
Upon the letter of a friend.

Have I deserved, Paulinus, say,  
This thankless and unkind delay,  
Or dost thou curb thy wishes in,  
Remorseful for some secret sin,  
Determined to continue dumb,  
As penance, for a year to come?

This between friends?—Why, even foes  
Are civil till they get to blows,  
And, often ere they come to fight,  
Will say "good morning," or "good night;"  
For why should Mars unfurl his banners  
Against well-breeding and good manners?  
Nay, e'en the very stocks and stones,  
Paulinus, have respondent tones,  
And if you bid a cave "good bye,"  
A civil echo makes reply.  
As for the groves, they are what folk call,  
Who like fine words, "exceeding vocal;"  
Your sea-shore rocks, too, are great gabblers,  
And streamlets are notorious babblers.

I've heard a buzzing hold, for hours,  
With busy-body bees and flowers,  
And Midas, that half-witted Vandal,  
Found reeds a good deal prone to scandal;  
As for the wind and pines, they'll sing  
And quaver, too, like any thing.  
Ay! puzzle some that have reliance  
Both on their voices and their science.  
— Take this, in short, Paulinus, from me,  
"Nature throughout, abhors a *dummy*."  
Beasts, birds, and bats, are proofs of this,  
The very serpent has his hiss;  
The proverb goes, that fish are mute,  
But wise philosophers dispute,  
And tell you, with a knowing wink,  
"Not so mute, maybe, as you think."  
The hoarse tragedian, if he fears  
His bawling may not split your ears,



Stamps when he thinks his voice is wanting,  
 And gets the boards to help his ranting.  
 I pass your cymbals and your trumpet,  
 And drum that grumbles when you thump it ;  
 And, quite as garrulous, I pass  
 Your timbrels of the noisy brass,  
 That at Dodona still cry clang,  
 Nor take, in peace, one single bang.

Paulinus, you have grown so dumb,  
 That those who know not whence you come  
 Will all agree to think it likely,  
 You are a burgher of Amyclæ ! \*  
 If, like Sigalion, Egypt's god,  
 You'll only wink, or sign, or nod,  
 And give a sinecure to tongue,  
 Can folks but wonder why 'twas hung ?

Come, come,—I know you're sorry ;—shame  
 At once both feels and causes blame ;  
 The more your sluggishness you see  
 The longer it is like to be.—  
 But can't you send a word or two  
 Just barely to say, “ how d'ye do ? ”—  
 They shall pass freely for a letter, a  
 “ Health to my friend,” and “ yours, &c. ; ”  
 I ask you not to fill the sheet,  
 Talk, like love-cyphers, short and sweet.

It never was my way, God knows.  
 To like a friend because he'd prose,  
 Nor do I think it less a curse  
 Because my friend can prose in verse.  
 Write for the prize in pithy brevity,  
 And, ten to one, but we shall give it you .  
 E'en try to rival the gruff Spartans  
 Who play'd so dextrously their part once.  
 And capp'd a tedious king's long scrawl  
 With but one letter—that was all.  
 Strive like Pythagoras to teach,  
 Who never wasted time in speech,  
 But sent all syllogisms to pot,  
 With “ this is so,” and “ this is not : ”  
 A golden rule to disentangle  
 An argument that's grown a wrangle,  
 A way for all it may not suit  
 To get the worst in a dispute.

His affability is small  
 Who never says a word at all,  
 But he who cuts his speeches short,  
 We like him all the better for't ;  
 And take my word, Paulinus, would ye,  
 To be a genial fav'rite, study,  
 I do believe the secret lies  
 Midway, between two contraries,

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\* This joke is founded upon a law of great severity, which the citizens of Amyclæ passed against propagators of false or unpleasant news.

And that the keystone of the matter,  
 Is neither to be dumb nor chatter.  
 'Tis plain (you'll tell me) that I shew  
 A road I never mean to go ;—  
 How nearly the extremes will touch  
 Of saying nothing and too much.  
 You cannot into speech be wrung,  
 Nor I compell'd to hold my tongue ;  
 Yet these varieties, we see,  
 But serve to pester you and me.

Still,—let no snowy Pyrenees,  
 Paulinus, thus your kindness freeze,  
 Nor all the shades that round you lie  
 Make you forget our friendly sky.  
 Would all the plagues e'er pester'd Spain  
 Might rise and pester her again ;  
 Depend on't I'd feel no objection  
 Should Carthage make a resurrection,  
 And set once more, to rouse your fears,  
 Old Hannibal about your cars—  
 Believe me, I should think it glorious  
 To hear that the old rogue Sertorius  
 Again on earth his nose had thrust,  
 Resolved upon another dust.

Your country's honour, and mine own,  
 Prop of the senate and the throne,  
 Shall rocky Calagorris have—  
 Or Bilboa—your forgotten grave,—  
 Shall parch'd Iberia refuge give,  
 Whose thirsty river scarce can live ?  
 —Your country saw your early rise,  
 And let her close your dying eyes,  
 Nor the hot sands of distant Spain  
 Those honour'd bones, at last, contain  
 Oh ! may he, who could recommend  
 Unsocial silence to my friend,  
 Ingrate, ne'er have it in his choice,  
 For any good to use his voice ;  
 Grant Heav'n he never may be found,  
 To share the joys that spring from sound.  
 For him may poet raise no strain—  
 For him no nightingale complain—  
 No groves resound—no breezes sigh—  
 No echoes liquidly reply—  
 Deserted—poor—may he be placed  
 Upon some lonely, barren, waste,  
 Or 'mid untrodden mountains, where  
 No sound disturbs the savage air,  
 Sad, voiceless may he wander on,  
 As did, of old, Bellerophon.—  
 But I have done ;—and now extend  
 Indulgence to thy chyming friend ;—  
 And oh ! Paulinus, he would fain  
 That his rough hewn Boetian strain  
 Might have the fortune to recall  
 A real poet to us all.

## THE TRUE MISTRESS.

Wild friend, a mistress ought to be  
 One who out-chatters even thee,  
 Light, handsome, petulant and young,  
 Nor sparing or of hand or tongue,  
 One who may carry off the laurel,  
 Victorious, when you chance to quarrel,  
 Or, if she happen to be routed,  
 Will kiss and think no more about it;  
 For if you take a prudent dame,  
 Chaste, mild, accessible to shame,—  
 Say what you please—upon my life,  
 She is no mistress, but—your wife.

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## VENUS ANADYOMENE.

This is Apelles' work. See Venus rise  
 Sprung from the sea, to captivate the skies,  
 See, with her taper fingers how she presses  
 The briny dew drops from her humid tresses;  
 This let her two celestial rivals see,  
 And they shall say—"Venus, we yield to thee.

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## TO GALLA.

Galla—midst other moving things,  
 Remember I have often said,  
 That Time, though aged, had his wings,  
 And thou would'st find how fast he flew

Yet vainly, to persuade I strove;  
 In youth's short summer thou wast cold,  
 Although the girl that will not love,  
 However youthful—still is old.

But Time, though beauty he hath ta'en,  
 Will recollection leave behind,  
 And now thou wishest back again  
 The days in which thou wast so blind.

Oh! well I read that sadness, when  
 I see it settle on thy brow;  
 Thou wouldst that thou wert young as then,  
 Or that thou hadst been kind as now.

Though 'tis a vain, unreal fire,  
 Compar'd with that those hours inspir'd,  
 Though 'tis not that I now desire,  
 So much, as that I once desir'd,—

Grieve not;—and if we speak of this,  
 Let us but bring each former scene,  
 To try to sweeten that which is  
 By thoughts of that which might have been

## REPLY TO MR BARKER.

DEAR CHRISTOPHER,

I AM not a facetious gentleman, but a very plain man, who was so struck by the critical sagacity of Cæcilius Metellus, that I could not refrain from expressing it in print. Nor can I even conjecture the meaning of Mr Barker, when he accuses me of having pronounced an Harveian oration against him. However, as he assures me that I have mistaken my man, I am ready to retract my guess, for you may remember it was nothing more; and I am sorry that Mr Barker feels annoyed at so trifling a circumstance. I never made any attack on him, but merely conjectured that it was he who wrote in the disguise of Cæcilius, from the dexterity and freedom displayed by that writer in the use of the scissors, for which we all know Mr B. is so famous; and a very excellent accomplishment for a lexicographer it is. This then should satisfy Mr Barker; so let him no longer be one of those who *læso dolere Metello*. It were unfair if I did not add, that in spite of my facetiousness, the said Cæcilius is a respectable scholar, and somewhat of a wag in his way, as his Greek squib on Jeffrey, a very neat little mock-heroic (which, *ut obiter dicam*, some of your contributors ought to translate for you) can testify; but I think all will agree that he was peculiarly deserving of my panegyric, for his authentication of your *Horræ Scandicæ*.

Mr Barker calls my attention to the second part of his Aristarchus Anti-Blomfieldianus, and recommends it as a proper butt for the exercise of my wit. It very probably is a fit subject for such a purpose; and I shall certainly read it, as I have read the first part; but whether I shall be droll on the occasion or not, is known only to the fates. Of this he may be sure, that there is no one who more sincerely desires that the great work in which he

is engaged may be executed in a manner worthy of our national literature; and also that I think he brings with him many requisite qualifications to his task, although I agree with the Quarterly Reviewer in nearly all his objections. His answer is rather a censure on Dr Blomfield (for which purpose he has even gone so far out of his way, as to translate some dull and forgotten German criticisms on that accomplished scholar's works) than a defence of his manner of editing *Thes.*—Valpy, in my opinion, has acquitted himself much better in the little pamphlet, which he has served up with the last number. Still, however, the main charge, unnecessary rambling and prolixity, is unanswered. Indeed I do not recollect any objection which has received a full reply; but the book will be a great depot of Greek after all.

I now make my bow to Mr Barker, and shall not trouble him again, unless I have strong cause. In case he wishes to call on me, I am ready, at a moment's notice, to march, *caligulus in agros*, and scatter Harveian orations as he calls them, upon him *ἐλθὲ τῷ βολάκῳ*; but if not, I shall remain under my own vine and fig-tree, at quiet and secure, like the men of Laish. But let him not be a blood-thirsty Danite, to come and disturb me, or perhaps I shall not give my throat to the edge of the sword as easily as these children of the Gentile.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Your's sincerely,

A CONSTANT READER.

LONDON, March 3, 1821.

P.S.—In my former letter, for “the most *doctriniacal* Scidlerus,” read, *meo periculo*, “the most *dochmiacal* Scidlerus.” That most facetie scholar being particularly sublime upon the dochmius.

MR EDITOR,

KNOWING that you take an interest in every thing relating to the arts, that is passing in this metropolis, it may not, perhaps, prove unacceptable to you to receive, for insertion in your excellent Magazine, a few casual observations, which I have been induced to throw together, on the re-opening of the above annual and national exhibition. I shall premise my remarks by stating, that, in speaking of its various performances, I shall constantly bear in mind the real views of the Governors in founding the Institution, and shall consider the British Gallery as established for the professed purpose of encouraging the *higher* departments of painting. It may perhaps appear, at first sight, very difficult to assign any adequate reason for its having so completely failed of producing the effects which were so fondly anticipated by its liberal and enlightened projectors, and by the public at large; but on taking a retrospective view of its annual exhibitions of modern art, and of the *species* of encouragement that has been afforded, the difficulty is solved, as it will be found that the latter, probably from the taste of the day, has been chiefly bestowed upon works that ought never to have found admission into an institution, originally intended to promote the highest branches of the profession. There are other exhibitions, in which ingenious productions, in the inferior departments of the art, may be seen to advantage; but in the one in question, the line of exclusion should have been as strictly drawn as it ought to have been rigidly adhered to. True it is, that a good deal of money is annually expended at the British Gallery, but it is wrongly directed; and when we look at the pictures which are generally purchased, they will be found to consist of subjects almost exclusively belonging to the lowest description of art, which, however excellent in their kind, may be bought, throughout all eternity, without promoting one jot the higher departments of design. The old-established maxim, in domestic economy, that, "if the pence be taken care of, the pounds will take care of themselves," should be completely reversed in matters of art; for, as Sir Joshua Reynolds has well remarked in

London, March 6, 1821.

his first lecture, "If the higher arts of design flourish, the inferior ends will be answered of course." I am aware, that, in a public exhibition, it is impossible to inform the public as to what it *ought* to direct its encouragement, nor is it becoming, in an individual, to censure any plans for the promotion of the fine arts, which a body of noblemen and gentlemen have deemed most conducive to their advancement. I merely wish to suggest it to the candour and discernment of these distinguished personages, whether the mode in which the British Gallery is at present filled, may not have a positive tendency to lead the public taste to the fostering of trifles, rather than to fix its attention on the nobler purposes of art. It is not encouragement that is wanted chiefly in this country, but that its encouragement should be directed into proper channels; and I will venture to assert, that if one picture only of real excellence, or even of *promise*, in the *higher walks* of painting, were yearly purchased by the Directors, with a view of gradually forming a National Gallery, it would do more for the perfection of arts in *general*, than all the sums that are annually expended on inferior productions, which, as they are now applied, only tend to promote the most lamentable of all consummations in art—mediocrity and common-place!—

These charges, I am fearful, may be applied with more than usual justice to the collection of pictures now exhibiting at the Gallery. The attempts at historical, or poetical composition, are far from numerous, and are extremely feeble; and even the fire and talents of Mr Hilton appear to have been completely paralyzed in his picture of "Penelope recognising Ulysses." Mr Hayter's "Venus complaining to Mars," is yet more unsuccessful; and the only picture in the Gallery that possesses any claim to attention, in the historical style, is the original sketch of Chevy Chase, by the late Mr Bird, which is preferable even to his celebrated finished picture of the same subject. The rest of the exhibition is chiefly filled by such subjects as "Dead Game,"—"Ducks from Nature,"—"Fruit,"—"Vegetables," and "Still Life," &c. &c. with a due

sprinkling of Hebes, Cupids, and Venuses. It is, however, but fair to add, that many of the above humble subjects are painted with great ingenuity and nature: One of the best, and belonging possibly to a somewhat superior order, is Mr Sharp's "Broken Window," the story of which is admirably told, and the picture extremely well painted. The two slight Sketches, by Mr Wilkie, certainly add nothing to his well-acquired fame, and it is to be regretted that this very eminent artist appears insensibly departing from that simplicity and truth, which so highly distinguished his early compositions. In the inferior departments of art, the most prominent exhibitor in the Gallery is unquestionably Mr Landseer, whose admirable compositions of animals can scarcely be spoken of too highly, for their spirit, fidelity, or painting. If any fault is to be found, it arises from their possessing too great a similarity to the animals of *Snyders* and *Reubens*, which, however excellent in their kind, cannot be followed as guides, with such confidence as the productions of nature herself. Mr Landseer has quite strength enough to draw from the fountain-head at once, without condescending to *follow* any one, in a style in which it is evident he is formed to *go before*. In the same walk of art, there is an extremely good picture by Mr M. T. Ward, not very felicitously termed "the Painful Bite;" but the thought is a happy one, and the subject is represented with great truth and humour. Many other pictures, of the same class, might be added, which reflect considerable credit on their respective painters, but all are unfortunately misplaced in an Institution purposely established for the encouragement of the higher walks of art. The landscapes, for the most part, are confined to the mere representation of individual places; but there is one splendid exception in the "Wood-scene at Evening," by Mr George Barrett, (the son of the celebrated painter of that name) which unites, with great truth and beauty of colour, many of the highest excellencies of this delightful department of painting. This artist has been, for the last few years, gradually rising into public notice, and there is little doubt that, by a

strict perseverance in the course he has hitherto pursued, his industry, knowledge, and unassuming worth, will be finally crowned with success, and general estimation.

Before I conclude, Mr Editor, I have to speak of an uncommon production, that adorns the Gallery, which has burst upon us with all the splendour of a meteor—I allude to the picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*, painted by Mr J. Martin, a gentleman who has, for some years, been known to artists and to the public for the originality and force of his conceptions, as well as for many other excellencies in his art.—It is difficult to criticise a production which in itself must be considered as almost unique; still more difficult is it to assign the precise style of art to which it can be said to belong.—It is neither strictly architectural, nor historical, nor poetical, but partakes somewhat, and in almost equal degrees, of all.—The whole forms one grand scenic representation, where nothing is seen in detail, but every thing in masses admirably managed, and adapted to express the general gradations of surprise, confusion, and consternation, with which the different portions of the multitude are supposed to be impressed, according to their proximity, or remoteness, from the warning and terrible vision on the wall: No single figure, however, will bear the test of examination either with respect to drawing, character, or expression,—nor was it probably the artist's intention that they should; his object seems to have been to give the grand general features merely, of a mighty assemblage of people placed under unusual circumstances of terror, without entering into individual distinctions.—In short, the figures can only be looked on as accompaniments to the scene, and ought not to be regarded as historical, any more than those introduced in the landscapes of *Wilson* or *Claude Lorraine*.—It is perfectly ridiculous, therefore, to consider the picture as an attempt at the highest styles of art.—The class to which it more properly belongs is the ornamental; and, considering it in this point of view, it may probably be fairly looked upon as one of the greatest and most original efforts that has been made in this country for years. The conception of the architectural part of the

design, and its masterly execution, form unquestionably the great excellence of the picture, notwithstanding the monotonous and heavy effect produced, from the whole of the build-ings being apparently composed of red granite; a defect that might easily have been remedied by a judicious mixture of black and white marble, particularly about the throne and the grand flight of steps that ascends to it; whether this would have been correct, in point of historical fact, is of little importance, as such liberties as these are perfectly allowable where a great advantage is to be obtained at so small an expence of truth—Perhaps the most striking errors of the picture arise from its colour, the omission of the hand writing the characters on the wall, and the mode of representing the characters themselves, which at present bear too great a resemblance to small windows, through which the rays of the sun are darting, and which, at first sight, greatly tend to obscure the subject; but these are trifling errors,

when compared to the various difficulties that have been so successfully overcome, and they are suggested to Mr Martin's consideration by no unfriendly voice, more in the shape of hints than as direct censures. In *his* peculiar walk of the profession, he will probably derive great benefit from a deep study of the larger works of Tintoret and Paul Veronese, his great defect having hitherto arisen from his deficiency in colour, and in some other excellencies for which these eminent men are so justly distinguished. It is pleasing to learn that Mr Martin's meritorious labours have not past unnoticed, or unrewarded; the picture, I have been informed, has been disposed of for eight hundred guineas, and it is also said that the Directors of the British Gallery have bestowed upon him an adonation of two hundred guineas, in testimony of their approbation and respect.—I am, Sir,

Your obedient humble Servant,

A CONNOISSEUR

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REMEMBERED BEAUTY.

A holy image,

Shrined in the soul—for ever beautiful,

Undimmed with earth—its tears—its weaknesses—

And changeless.

ANSTIC.

LONG years have pass'd; but yet, in silent mood,  
When pleasure to the heart is but a dream,  
And life with cheerless gloom is canopied,  
Amidst my musings, when I stray alone  
Through moorland wastes, or woodland solitudes;  
Or when, at twilight, by the hearth I sit  
In loneliness and silence, bursting through  
The shadows of my reverie appears,  
In undecay'd perfection, the same smile,  
The same bewitching and seraphic form.—  
It cannot pass away—it haunts me still—  
From slumber waking on my midnight couch,  
Methinks I see it floating beautiful  
Before me—still before me, like a star  
O'er the dark outline of a mountain steep;  
And, when the glory of the crimson moon,  
Tinging the honeysuckle flowers, breaks in,  
There still it passes o'er the pulseless mind,  
Revolving silently the bye-past times,  
Quiet and lovely, like a rainbow gleam  
O'er tempests that have shower'd and pass'd away.

Long years have pass'd—we cannot soon forget  
The lightning gleams that flash upon the heart;  
Nor pass, amid the solitudes of life,  
Its bright green spots unnoticed, or its flowers.

Long years have past—'twas on a festal night,  
 A night of innocent mirth and revelry,  
 When bounding throbb'd the youthful heart, and smiles  
 Play'd, meteor-like, upon a hundred cheeks  
 As if contagiously ; while sparkling lamps  
 Pour'd forth a deluging lustre o'er the crowd,  
 And music, like a Syren, wean'd the heart  
 From every grovelling and contentious thought,  
 From every care. Amid familiar friends,  
 The lovely, and the faithful, glad I stood  
 To mark them all so joyous.—As I gazed  
 An eye encounter'd mine, that startled me—  
 Sure never breathing creature was more fair !  
 Amid the mazy movements of the dance,  
 Accordant to the music's finest tone,  
 Sylph-like she floated ; graceful as the swan  
 Oaring its way athwart a summer lake,  
 Her step almost as silent :—as she stood,  
 Again that heavenly eye encounter'd mine.—  
 Pale was the brow, as if serene thought,  
 Quiet, and innocence, alone dwelt there ;  
 But yet, around the rosy lips, there play'd  
 A laughing smile, like Hebe's, which dispell'd  
 Its calmness, and betoken'd life and joy.  
 Her golden tresses, from her temples pale,  
 And from her rounded alabaster neck,  
 Were filletted up with roses and gay flowers,  
 Wove like a garland round them : skiey robes,  
 The tincture of the young Year's finest blue,  
 Were thrown in beauty round her graceful form,  
 And added to its brightness ; so that he,  
 Who dwelt on it delighted, almost fear'd  
 The vision would disperse into the air,  
 And mock his gaze with vacancy.—'Tis past.—  
 Years have outspread their shadowy wings between,  
 But yet the sound of that fair lady's voice  
 Hath been a music to my soul unheard ;  
 The lightning of that glorious countenance,  
 The shining richness of that golden hair,  
 The fascination of those magic eyes,  
 The smiling beauty of those small red lips,  
 The graceful lightness of that angel form,  
 Have been to me but things of memory.—  
 Before that festal night, 'mid woman-kind,  
 That peerless form did never bless my view,  
 It was to me a blank—a thing unknown ;—  
 After that festal night, my wistful eyes  
 Have never feasted on its loveliness ;  
 I know not whence it came—or whither fled—  
 I know not by what human name 'tis call'd—  
 Whether 'tis yet a blossom of this earth,  
 Or, long ere this, transplanted into Heaven !  
 It is to me a treasure of the mind,  
 A picture in the chambers of the brain  
 Hung up, and framed—a flower from youthful years,  
 Breath'd on by heavenly zephyrs, and preserved  
 Safe from decay, in everlasting bloom !

It cannot be that, for abiding place,  
 This earth alone is ours ; it cannot be  
 That for a fleeting span of chequer'd years,



Of broken sunshine, cloudiness, and storm,  
 We tread this sublunary scene—and die,  
 Like winds that wail amid a dreary wood,  
 To silence and to nothingness ; like waves  
 That murmur on the sea-beach, and dissolve.  
 Why, then, from out the temple of our hearts,  
 Do aspirations spring, that overleap  
 The barriers of our mortal destiny,  
 And chain us to the very gates of Heaven ?  
 Why does the beauty of a vernal morn,  
 When earth, exulting from her wintry tomb,  
 Breaks forth with early flowers, and song of birds,  
 Strike on our hearts, as ominous, and say,  
 Surely man's fate is such ?—At summer eve,  
 Why do the faëry, unsubstantial clouds,  
 Trick'd out in rainbow garments, glimmer forth  
 To mock us with their loveliness, and tell  
 That earth hath not of these ?—The tiny stars,  
 That gem in countless crowds the midnight sky,  
 Why were they placed so far beyond the grasp  
 Of sight and comprehension, so beyond  
 The expansion of our limited faculties,  
 If, one day, like the isles that speck the main,  
 These worlds shall spread not open to our view ?—  
 Why do the mountain-steeps their solitudes  
 Expand ?—or, roaring down the dizzy rocks,  
 The mighty cataracts descend in foun ?—  
 Is it to shew our insignificance ?  
 To tell us we are nought ?—And, finally,  
 If born not to behold supernal things,  
 Why have we glimpses of beatitude—  
 Have images of majesty and beauty  
 Presented to our gaze—and taken from us ?—  
 For Thou art one of such, most glorious form !  
 A portion of some unseen paradise,  
 That visitest the silence of my thought,  
 Rendering life beautiful.

Δ.

STANZAS.

*On visiting a Scene of Childhood.*

“ I came to the place of my birth and said, ‘ The friends of my youth, where are they ? ’ and Echo answered, ‘ Where are they. ’ ”

Long years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,  
 Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green ;  
 The spot where, a school-boy all thoughtless I stray'd  
 By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me there,  
 When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair ;  
 All scatter'd—all sunder'd, by mountain and wave,  
 And some in the cold silent womb of the grave !

I thought of the green banks that circled around,  
 With wild-flowers, with sweet-briar, and eglantine crown'd.—  
 I thought of the river, all stirless and bright  
 As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.

And I thought of the trees under which we had stray'd,  
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade ;  
And I hoped, though disfigur'd, some token to find  
Of the names, and the carvings, impress'd on the rind.

All eager I hasten'd the scene to behold,  
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old,  
And I deem'd that, unalter'd, my eye should explore  
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore !

'Twas a dream—not a token or trace could I view  
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew ;  
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,  
Like a tale that is told—they had vanish'd away !

And methought the lone river that murmur'd along,  
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,  
Since the birds, that had nestled, and warbled above,  
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove !

I paused,—and the moral came home to my heart,—  
Behold how of earth all the glories depart ;  
Our visions are baseless—our hopes but a gleam,  
Our staff but a reed, and our life but a dream !

Then, oh ! let us look—let our prospects allure  
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,  
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime  
O'er the blightings of Change, and the ruins of Time !

### THE WARDER. No. VIII.

AND ALL THE PEOPLE SHOUTED, AND SAID, GOD SAVE THE KING.

I SAMUEL X. 21.

#### THE KING.

THE spirit of the people of England is high and honourable. Even the occasional perversions which make it unjust, have their nutriment in the nobleness of its nature. Integrity is doubly resentful of sinister practices, and freedom doubly keen in its vigilance against oppression. But the error of the moment is profusely compensated, and no nation of the earth is more rapid in the discovery of its own prejudice, or more sincere and generous in its atonement. The late proceedings had brought the name of the King into discussion, and it is among the most serious charges against the public agitators, that they urged that discussion into personal liberties with the sovereign. This was not done blindly : No man can have laid his hand on the Book of the Constitution without knowing that it prohibits the confounding of the King's person with his authority. The Book of Insurrection has other

maxims ; and its first maxim is, "to degrade the individual upon the throne." A mighty step is made towards overthrow, when the monarch is stripped, to the popular imagination, of the ancient and inherited qualities of sovereignty, when every wanderer and outcast is taught to measure him by the mere gifts of our common helpless nature, and sink the standard of the uses and honours of the head of the state into a personal estimate of bone and muscle, faculties and virtues.

The parliamentary leaders in this course may not be fully chargeable with revolutionary designs. They have among them too much rank, wealth, and experience, for the hazard ; too much to lose, and no preponderating gain. With all their hazardous adulation of the Mob, with all their hatred of superior ability and superior success, it is not to be believed that they desire a nearer approach to public ruin,

than what may be sufficient to force themselves into power. They covet no more of the earthquake than what may be enough to break down their own dungeon-wall of opposition, and let them out with the light and air of royal favour.

But the result of this giddy obloquy ought to have been foreseen. Not a word of those personalities was lost upon the multitude of diseased minds, and desperate fortunes, that hung upon the speeches of party; the spirit darkened as it descended; what was sport to the rhetorical reformer within the House, was stimulated passion, and projected regicide to the sincere revolutionist without,—metaphoric folly was the parent of malignity and madness. This has passed away, and the shock to our Constitution has braced it with additional vigour. The public feeling seems to be anxious to atone, by its willing and declared homage, the offence of the rabble of reform; and at this moment, the King of England is, in the highest sense of the word, popular.

It was not possible that he should be long otherwise. Avoiding even the common complimentary language addressed to princes,—throwing out of the account all abilities, accomplishments,—all that may distinguish his Majesty as an individual, and looking upon him only as a public being, it was not possible that the national feeling could have long refused its homage to a Sovereign free from even the imputation of a political crime. There is not a living man who can charge the King with a perversion of the law;—with an oppression of the subject,—with the remotest tendency to use the great power of the throne to the prejudice of the constitution.

This is much, and it is perhaps all that is required for constitutional respect. The law of England supersedes the necessity for the frequent interference of royal faculties and virtues. The King is relieved from that restless mixture with state exigencies, which makes the peculiarity and the weakness of foreign governments. He is not called on to be the soldier or the secretary of his own cabinet. The spirit of English legislation invests him with a loftier character of universal supremacy, that he may be as far as possible beyond the sphere of human

passion; it enleavours to remove him beyond the stain of human crime, and declares that he “can do no wrong;” the tumults and labours of public life convulse a region below his feet, while the Kingly Abstraction sits undisturbed, his duty superintendence, and his merit that of maintaining a blameless throne.

This is the requisition of the law, and with less than this it will not be satisfied;—but precludes no manly and patriotic interest in the struggles of the country; and within the shadow of that solemn and hallowed robe of royalty, it allows all the impulses of the generous heart of man.

What the King has done is matter of record. In 1811, he was called to be sole Regent. We were then in the midst of a mighty war. The strength of the continent was crushed, the ancient defences of the great European Society were beaten down by a rude and headlong violence, which seemed raised for the purposes of a ruin surpassing the strength of man, or his hope of restoration. The world was deluged with confusion. To assume the sceptre at such a period without adding to the national perplexities by the rashness habitual to new power, was of itself no slight praise. To have simply sailed down in the vessel of the state without a dangerous interference with its course or its crew, without the vanity of exhibiting untried skill, or the gratification of repelling services in which he had no original choice, would have been meritorious. But the Prince Regent had to divest himself of long and accustomed impressions, he had to postpone personal feelings to the general advantage, and to prefer to men of captivating companionship, others less likely to sacrifice their opinions, but more furnished with the qualities for governing the state. Of the result of this determination we feel the benefits, and shall feel them as long as we have a country. We feel them in our military renown, in our commercial grandeur, in our domestic security. They visit and touch us like the light from every point of the atmosphere. The influence of that single, manly, and magnanimous decision has transfused itself from the central point of radiance through all the recesses and depths of the system. It is no presumptuous unravelling of Providence,

to look upon the refusal to subvert the ministry of the late King, as our preservative from the most calamitous afflictions that could have exhausted the heart of a people—a war protracted through a series of hopeless years, or an overthrow that should leave nothing of England but a grave, and nothing of her people but a broken remnant flying across the seas, and adjuring charity from strangers, and shelter from the wilderness. The history of this transaction is worth a slight survey. It would not be easy to select a situation in which an individual could have been more thrown on his individual firmness and discretion. He found among the Opposition men of talents and public weight, who brought with them a tempting portion, almost the whole opulent strength of the aristocracy, and a large share of the people, wearied by the prospect of an endless war. The Ministry offered him more repulsive materials, and it would have been difficult for a vindictive spirit to have looked on them but as the authors of what such a spirit might have called the long alienation and injury of the Heir to the Throne. The decision was made, and it was at once marked by candour to the Ministry and courtesy to their rivals. The memorable letter to the Duke of York, February 15, 1812, sets the question in the plainest point of view. After observing that delicacy prevented his exercising the prerogative of choosing new councillors during the “Restrictions,” it declares his purposes; and first, his reluctance to take any step which might diminish the confidence of Spain and Portugal in the good faith of England. “Perseverance alone can achieve the great object in question, and I cannot withhold my approbation from those who have so honourably distinguished themselves in support of it.” It then expresses the celebrated sentiment, “I have no predilections to indulge, no resentments to gratify, no objects to attain, but such as are in common with the whole empire.” The letter finally makes an offer of power to the Opposition on the only terms which could render their services safe. “I cannot conclude without expressing the gratification I should feel, if some of those persons with whom the early habits of my life were formed, would strengthen my hands, and form a part of my go-

vernment. With such support, and aided by a vigorous and united administration, formed on the most liberal basis, I shall look with additional confidence to a prosperous issue of the most arduous contest in which Great Britain was ever engaged.” To this offer, couched as it was in terms of personal kindness and courtesy, the leaders of Opposition returned a refusal, and an Administration was retained, which has from that hour continued to guide the nation through a course of triumphs to the foremost rank of Europe.

The solidity of this determination is now beyond a doubt; it has been stamped with the great, unanswerable seal of success. But justice is not fully done when the personal sacrifices of the measure are not ascertained. The Prince Regent’s negative was to dissolve the fantasies of thirty years. He had to expect all the insults that could be levelled at the Throne by revolutionary longings and desperate poverty.

Ambition is not always dignified in its means. The loftiness of its pretensions is commonly the inverse of its instruments. “*Tantum radice in Tartara.*” The aspiring majesty of its branches is sustained only by a deeper plunge of its roots into the darkness and evil of our nature. The twenty years’ rejection from power, had forced Opposition into familiarity with all the disappointed and broken of the country. They had been repelled by the nobler part of the national mind, and they looked for shelter and succours among the caverns and the outcasts of public life. They were failing candidates for power, and in their desperation no vote was to be refused. The bloated Aristocrat did not disdain to swell his troop with the refuse of his kind, nor even to head their march towards the field where the Constitution was to be fought for. It would be wonderful, if it was not the established course of faction, to see with what facility the proudest names of Opposition stooped to the grossest habits of the multitude. Like Lear, when they were once flung out, though by a wiser judgment, and felt the tempest upon them, they discovered a swift and strange propriety in “looped and wind-dowed raggedness,” tore off their more honourable investitures, and sate themselves down in the rapture of the time,

of England made all the menace audible. In the stillness of a juncture that had the gloom of midnight without its tranquillity, the Englishman on his shore could hear the "hum of the camp," the "armourers furnishing the knights," the whole dreadful note of preparation for the morn. There was no strength in man to impede that preparation. While the storm gathered up its materials of havoc, and hung above human reach, compounding, mingling, deepening its volumes, and sending out at intervals a voice of mysterious menace round the horizon, Europe lay beneath in silence, and expecting on what quarter the final and capricious ruin might be flung. It rushed down in flame.

It will yet be among the proofs of England's glory and prowess, vilified as they are by the opponents of her Government, even among ourselves, that Napoleon felt to the utmost their solidity and grandeur. She was the only antagonist whom he did not dare to attack in front. He had before shrank from the armed form of the nation, after gazing on it at the head of all the force of France; and he returned from his baffled warfare like Caligula, with only the weedy trophies of his own sea-shore. But all his warfare was against England. Her conquest would be the final subjection of the world; and to conquer her he ranged the world. He attacked her outwork as far as Russia. This is not the place to detail a warfare, to which history will yet look as one of the sublimest demonstrations of the providence of the God of Battles. We know the moral. When human valour could do no more, a mightier strength interposed and fought the fight alone, and with the weapons of his winter, the storm and the snow, smote the pride of the blasphemer.

The force of France was now put beyond the power of universal conquest. But there was still in the indefatigable treachery, and reckless ambition of its nature, serious exercise for courage and decision in the defence of Europe. It is enough to say, that Europe has been saved. The eye that had looked upon the world in 1812, would recognize in its tranquillity at this day, nothing less than the workings of an efficient wisdom, under the influence of a favouring Providence. Something like an anticipation of that glorious period to which prophecy has looked for the first

triumph of good. The trumpet heard no more in our border—the sword beaten into the ploughshare—the seas covered with fearless wealth, and become the great undisturbed highway of the world—the minds of men turning to the arts of a happy civilization—the inhabitants of the earth sitting under their own vines and fig-trees—the knowledge of religion spread, by a holy zeal, to the shores and deserts that scarcely even the ardour of gain had visited—the slight tumults of the world all conveying to the one central and splendid point of secure tranquillity—nation no longer at the mercy of nation—war dying—conquest dead. Are we to suppose that those stupendous benefits have been spontaneous—that they have come with the winds of heaven? or, are we not rather, when we see this, stately tree, that from England projects its fertility and its shade over the world, to consult the common course of nature, and ask by whose hands it has been planted and watered? It is not the purpose of these pages to offer adulation to the King, but to pay him the honourable tribute of justice. They have looked upon him as a public being. At a future time they may turn to those circumstances of personal conduct from which the generosity and British feeling of his government might have been anticipated. But the whole experience of nations proves, that where there is a course of decided success, there cannot be a counteracting feebleness in the government. If the members of Administration have been men of ability, is there no honour due to the choice which selected them from the crowd of competitorship?

Late events have brought forward the Monarch more distinctly from his servants, than is the custom of England. But have they not so far tended to his honourable distinction? Is there a doubt still clinging to the mind of any rational man, that the public were imposed on by the basest fabrications, for the most dangerous purposes? The national disturbance is now at rest. It served the objects of faction for a moment; but the stream, with all its load of offence, has sunk, and left, naked and loathsome to the sense, all that it had buoyed up on its sudden and squalid flowings. The King has appeared before his people, and they have shewn that they honour him. But History must be the giver of his most perma-

nent distinctions. It will turn from the minute impressions of the national mind, to the grand and universal impulse which his government has administered to England and to Europe. When we shall have been gathered to the grave, and the petty shades and stains of party shall have disappeared, like the outlines of the thicket and the hut, from the face of an ascending sun, History will contemplate with wonder and thanksgiving, the order that we have brought into the system—the stately power by which it has been sustained—the glory which our glory kindled.

This is the attestation of posterity. It will see England standing on the summit of human sovereignty. The representative of a beneficent Providence, holding the most powerful influence ever given to a nation, by that holiest and gentlest tenure of the affections and interests of the world.—The kingdoms of the earth, strong not in her weakness, but in her strength ; The law of her dominion, like the announcement that proclaimed the great advent of religion, “Glory to God in the highest, and peace and good will to men.” They will remember at what moment this illustrious elevation was reached, and without asking through what delays and struggles—through what unkindliness of the elements, or what ungrateful caprices of man, its steps at length surmounted the height, they will think of the hand by whose guidance, under Heaven, she was led resolutely up to universal empire.

This is history. It is not enough to

say, that the Government only followed the impulse of the people: If the great and noble portion of the English spirit was ranged in direct hostility to France, there was a vast and restless portion which fluctuated between peace and war ; and a keen, desperate, and compact influence, which demanded peace as a right and a necessity. Was it nothing that the throne was assailed with outcries from all the commercial cities—that the table of parliament was loaded with petitions for peace—or that the more formidable hazard of war was draining the land of its blood, and entailing on its finances a burthen to which there was no discoverable limit, and which seemed to be crushing the bone and marrow of English prosperity ? Ruin would have been the consequence of submission, but it would have been comparatively remote. A year or two are much in the calculations of a pusillanimous avarice. And is it no wisdom and no praise to have resisted the temptation of immediate ease ; and with it to have withstood the whole torrent of unpopularity within and without parliament ?

It is to the results of the King’s instant and masculine resistance to peace with Napoleon, in defiance of the clamours and prophecies of the Opposition, that future times will look for the Royal character. Secret and feeble malignity may endeavour to deface the monument that transmits the memory of our day of triumph ; but a few years will purify away those shallow devices, and nothing will remain but the inscription,

“TO THE SOVEREIGN WHO SAVED ENGLAND BY REFUSING TO YIELD  
TO HER MORTAL ENEMY.”

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Professor Lee is preparing for the press, in Persian and English, the late Mr Martyn's Controversy with the Learned of Persia; the whole exhibiting a more Complete Account of Mahomedism than has yet appeared.

Mr H. J. Wiffen will shortly publish the Fourth Book of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, translated into English Spenserian Verse; with a Prefatory Dissertation on Existing Translations.

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A new edition of Barde's *Missionary Anecdotes*, with considerable Additions and Alterations.

Preparing for the press, a new edition, considerably enlarged, of Dr Rasi's *Essays on Hypochondriasis and Nervous Affections*.

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Mr Ackermann has nearly ready for publication, a Description of that part of Western Africa, comprehending the Sahara, or Great Desert, and the Countries between the Rivers Senegal and Gambia, in continuation of the work commenced by him under the title of the *World in Miniature*. It will form four volumes, with nearly fifty engravings, illustrative of the manners, customs, dresses, &c. of the inhabitants, with views and maps.

Nearly ready, the *History of Thirsk*, including an Account of its once celebrated Castle, and interesting Particulars of places in its vicinity, with Biographical Notices of Eminent Men.

Mr Ackermann is about to publish, in a distinct form, *The Sentimental Travels to the South of France*, (part of which has appeared in the *Repository*) in 1 vol. royal 8vo., with numerous coloured engravings, from designs by Rowlandson.

Otto Von Kotzebue's *Narrative of a Voyage round the World*, is translating for the press.

Sermons for the Use of Families, in an octavo volume; by the Rev. W. Brown of Enfield.

An Account of the Interior of Ceylon, and its Inhabitants, with Travels in that Island, by John Davy, M.D. F.R.S.

Mr Wood has in the press *The Linnæan Genera of Insects*, illustrated by eighty-six coloured plates, and General Observations on each Genus.

Observations on the Climate of Perzance, and the District of the Land's End in Cornwall; by John Forbes, M.D.

The first volume of Sir Robert Ker Porter's *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, &c.* embellished with numerous engravings, will appear in a few days.

The first number of the *Magazine of the Fine Arts* will appear on the 1st of May.\* Sir Ronald, and other Poems.

A new novel, entitled, *The Cavalier*.

Shortly will be published in royal 18mo. Part I. of *Select British Divines*; containing the First Part of Bishop Beveridge's *Private Thoughts*; edited by the Rev. C. Bradley. A short Biographical Sketch of each Author will be given, and, in some instances, a portrait. It may be comprised in thirty, or may extend to fifty volumes.

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**Mr Ower's Report to the county of Lanark, of a Plan for Relieving Public Distress**, and removing discontent, by giving permanent productive employment to the Poor and Working Classes, under arrangements which will essentially improve their character and ameliorate their condition; diminish the expences of production and consumption, and create markets co-extensive with production; with the Report of a Committee, appointed by the County to take the same into consideration; and proposals by Mr Hamilton of Dalzell, to form an establishment on the said plan in the Middle Ward of Lanarkshire, on land offered by him for that purpose, and of which an engraving, exhibiting the arrangements proposed, is annexed; 4to. 3s. 6d.

**Fleurs**; a Poem, in four books, 4to. 10s. 6d.

## MONTHLY REGISTER.

## COMMERCIAL REPORT.—14th March, 1821.

*Sugar.* The Sugar market has for some time been very languid, and the holders anxious to effect sales. There seems no great appearance of any revival, although the quantity on hand is much reduced, and no supplies of any importance can be expected for some time. The reason of this seems to be that the demand from the Continent is greatly reduced, as several places are now carrying on a trade direct with the colonies of foreign powers. In refined goods the demand for some time was considerable, and the prices looked up; but unfavourable reports having been received from Russia, regarding some regulations which the government of that country have in view, has thrown a damp upon the Sugar market. *Coffee.*—The demand for Coffee has been fluctuating considerably. To-day there has been a revival, and the next day the market became languid. The market may, however, be stated to be much in the same state as at the date of our last. The future prospects for the Coffee market will greatly depend upon the advices from the Continent of Europe, the political affairs of which are far from being in a settled state. Should no serious convulsions take place amongst the great European powers, the demand for Coffee may be expected to improve. *Cotton.*—The demand for Cotton continues extensive and the market steady, inclining rather to an advance in price. The value of this article has of late sunk so low, that, if the same demand continues, the price must certainly advance. The high price abroad renders the importation of it a losing concern to those who take it in exchange for goods, or purchase it with the proceeds of the sales of these goods; while the freights obtained for carrying it from the United States of America to this market are so exceedingly low as to injure deeply the shipping interest engaged in it. Still the quantity raised and brought to market is very great, though the arrivals for this year have been smaller than to the same period of last. *Corn.*—The Grain market may be stated generally to be firm, and the different kinds in fair demand. The condition of the labouring artisan and manufacturer being greatly deteriorated, will certainly tend to increase the demand for every article of agricultural produce, and consequently raise the value of the same, which, in the course of a short time, will tend to remove the severe distress under which the agricultural interests of this country have for some time laboured, and yet labour. The prosperity of our agricultural interest is the foundation-stone of our national strength. When it suffers, all other interests must suffer.—The market for Tobacco is greatly depressed. Oil is on the decline. Beef is dull, and Pork in considerable request. Rum remains exceedingly low, and in Brandy and Geneva there is no alteration. Our general review of British Commerce is unavoidably postponed to next month, and in the meantime we subjoin an account of the present state of the manufacturing business in one of the chief districts of Scotland, which may be relied on. In Paisley, weavers' wages have risen somewhat, and work is plenty. The manufacturers of Paisley give employment not only to men, but also to a vast number of women and children, and all have now constant employment. The women's work is not better paid than formerly; draw-boys' wages have risen within these few months from 2s. 6d. and 3s. to 3s. 6d. and 4s. a-week. The weaving has advanced, though not a great deal, yet every person gets work, and is not obliged to be idle between webs, as lately. The weaver's situation has, of course, become vastly more comfortable than it was two years ago. However, as in the higher branches of work, a web takes several months to prepare and finish, many of the best weavers have not yet reaped the benefit to result from their new engagement. Though the situation of the operatives be improved, as above stated, there are few sales of any consequence, and the selling prices of goods have not advanced. The manufacturers have been speculating in anticipation of a brisk spring trade, which has not commenced. Though Cotton-Yarn is exceedingly low, Silk, which is the most expensive part of our higher sorts of manufacture, has advanced in price 25 per cent. The goods must, therefore, come into the market at a higher price, and whether the demand shall justify the expectations of the manufacturer, and reward him for his extra expense, time will determine.

*Course of Exchange, March 9.*—Amsterdam, 12: 9. C. F. Ditto at sight, 12: 6. Rotterdam, 12: 10. Antwerp, 12: 10. Hamburg, 38: 2. Altona, 38: 3. Paris, 3 d. night, 25: 80. Ditto 26: 10. Bourdeaux, 26: 10. Frankfort on the Maine, 156. Petersburg, 9½: 3 U. Vienna, 10: 15 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10: 15. Madrid, 36. Cadiz, 35½. Bilbao, 35. Barcelona, 35. Seville, 35. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46½. Genoa, 43½. Venice, 27: 80. Malta, 45. Naples, 38½. Palermo, 115. Lisbon, 49½. Oporto, 49½. Rio Janeiro, 49½. Bahia, 55. Dublin, 7½ per cent. Cork, 7½.

*Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.*—Foreign gold, in bars, £3: 17: 10½. New Dollars, 4s. 10½d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11½d.

## Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d Feb. 1821.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,.....	227½ 8	229½ 9	—	—
3 per cent. reduced,.....	72 1	73½ 1	73 2½	73½ 1
3 per cent. consols,.....	71½ 4	72½ 4	72½ 4	72½ 4
3½ per cent. consols,.....	81½ 1	82½ 1	82½ 1	83½ 1
4 per cent. consols,.....	89½ 1	91½ 1	91 90½	91½ 1
5 per cent. navy ann. ....	105½ 4	106½ 4	106 5½	106½ 4
Imperial 3 per cent. ann. ....	70½	—	—	—
India stock,.....	—	230	—	229
— bonds,.....	40 41 pr.	41 42 pr.	41 pr.	41 pr.
Exchequer bills,.....	8 5 pr.	4 6 pr.	3 5 pr.	2 5 pr.
Consols per acc. ....	71½ 2	73½ 2½	72½ 1	72½ 1
American 3 per cents. ....	—	—	—	—
French 5 per cents. ....	—	—	—	—

## EDINBURGH.—MARCH 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.....35s. 0d.	1st,.....21s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 0d.	1st,.....19s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....19s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 6d.
3d,.....26s. 0d.	3d,.....18s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 6d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, £1 : 10 : 0, 9-12ths. per boll.

## Tuesday, March 7.

Beef (17½ oz. per lb.) 0s. 5d. to 0s. 8d.	Quartern Loaf . . . 0s. 9d. to 0s. 0d.
Mutton . . . . 0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Potatoes (28 lb.) . . 0s. 10d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter . 8s. 0d. to 12s. 0d.	Fresh Butter, per lb. 1s. 7d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal . . . . . 0s. 8d. to 1s. 0d.	Salt ditto, per stone 18s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork . . . . . 0s. 6d. to 0s. 7d.	Ditto, per lb. . . . 1s. 4d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone . 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen . . 0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.

## HADDINGTON.—JANUARY 19.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 0 : 0.

## London, Corn Exchange, Feb. 26.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

## Seeds, &amp;c. March 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

## Liverpool, March 6.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st,.....32s. 6d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....20s. 0d.	1st,.....17s. 0d.	1st,.....18s. 0d.
2d,.....30s. 0d.	2d,.....18s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.	2d,.....15s. 0d.
3d,.....28s. 0d.	3d,.....16s. 0d.	3d,.....15s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.	3d,.....13s. 0d.

Must. Brown, 9 to 11 0 Hempseed . . . 56 to 58

## PRICES CURRENT, March 10.

	LEITH.		GLASGOW.		LIVERPOOL.		LONDON.		
SUGAR, Musc.									
B. P. Dry Brown, . cwt.	60	65	57	62	58	60	57	60	
Mix. good, and fine mid.	76	86	62	74	61	70	61	67	
Fine and very fine, . .	84	96	—	—	76	84	73	81	
Refined Doub. Loaves, . .	130	145	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Powder ditto, . . .	106	110	—	—	—	—	92	110	
Single ditto, . . .	102	106	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Small Lumps, . . .	94	98	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Largest ditto, . . .	91	94	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Crushed Lump, . . .	11	56	—	—	—	—	—	—	
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	26	27	27	28	28	—	23	0	
COFFE, Jamaica, . cwt.									
Ord. good, and fine ord.	115	122	112	119	115	121	94	124	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	123	128	120	128	122	132	126	146	
Dutch Trage and very ord.	80	115	—	—	90	116	—	—	
Ord. good, and fine ord.	120	128	—	—	120	126	—	—	
Mid. good, and fine mid.	132	138	—	—	128	133	—	—	
St Domingo, . . .	122	126	—	—	113	114	—	—	
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	84	84	8	—	7	8	—	—	
SPIRITS.									
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 10d	3s 0d	2s 7d	2s 8d	2s 2d	2s 4d	2s 4d	3s 10d	
Brandy, . . . . .	4 0	4 6	—	—	—	—	3 1	3 9	
Geneva, . . . . .	1 10	2 0	—	—	—	—	1 9	1 11	
Gram Whisky, . . .	6 9	7 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	
WINEs.									
Claret, 1st Growth, hhd.	60	61	—	—	—	—	£30	£60	
Portugal Red, pipe.	35	46	—	—	—	—	45	52	
Spanish White, butt.	34	55	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Lancaster, pipe.	30	32	—	—	—	—	28	40	
Madeira, . . . . .	55	61	—	—	—	—	—	—	
WOOD, Jam. ton.	£7	7 7	7 0	7 10	8 0	—	6s 10d	7s 0d	
Honduras, . . . . .	8	—	—	—	8 0	8 5	6 10	7 0	
Cumpeach, . . . . .	8	—	—	—	8 15	9 0	—	—	
USTIC, Jamaica, . .	7	—	6 10	7 0	6 10	7 0	£7 0	£8 0	
Cuba, . . . . .	9	11	8 6	8 10	8 10	9 0	1s 3d	1s 6d	
INDIGO, Caracas fine, lb.	9s 6d	11s 6d	7 6	8 6	8 0	9 0	10 0	10 6	
JIMBIR, Amer. Pine, foot.	1 6	1 8	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Ditto Oak, . . . . .	3 0	3 1	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Christiansand (dut. paid)	2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 4	1 8	1 2	1 8	1 0	1 4	—	—	
St Domingo, ditto, .	—	—	1 4	3 0	1 3	1 9	—	—	
TAR American, brl.	—	—	—	—	18	—	16 0	—	
Archangel, . . . . .	18	—	—	—	—	—	16 6	—	
PITCH Foreign, cwt.	10	—	—	—	—	—	8 6	10 6	
TALLOW, Rus. Y. l. Cand.	51	—	52	53	50	—	—	—	
Horn melted, . . . .	55	56	—	—	—	—	—	—	
HMP, Hga Rhine, ton.	45	—	—	—	—	—	£42	—	
Petersburgh, Clean, .	41	—	—	—	—	—	38 10	—	
FLAX.									
Hga Thies. & Druj. Hak.	58	60	—	—	—	—	£58	59	
Dutch, . . . . .	58	100	—	—	—	—	45	58	
Irish, . . . . .	45	50	—	—	—	—	—	—	
WALS, Archangel, 100.	75	80	—	—	—	—	£3 15	4 0	
BRISTLES.									
Petersburgh firsts, cwt.	15 10	14	—	—	—	—	—	—	
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, .	77	38	—	—	—	—	37	38	
Montreal, ditto, . .	11	46	41	42	40	40 6	11	43	
Pot, . . . . .	38	44	35	36	33	33 6	33	34	
Oil, Whale, . . . . .	£22 10	—	25	25 10	—	—	25	—	
Cod, . . . . .	84s (p. brl.)	—	21	22	—	—	23	—	
TOBACCO, Virgin fine, lb	64	7	63	71	0 5 1	0 8	0 5d	6 1	
Middling, . . . . .	6	64	64	71	0 4 1	0 5	0 3 1	0 4	
Inferior, . . . . .	5	54	5	54	0 2 1	0 3	0 5	0 4	
COTTONS, Bowed Georg	—	—	0 9 1	11 1	0 9	0 10	0 9	0 10	
Sa Island, fine, . . .	—	—	1 8	2 0	1 8	2 0	1 2	1 9	
Good, . . . . .	—	—	1 6 1	1 8	1 2	1 4	—	—	
Middling, . . . . .	—	—	1 4	1 6	1 2	1 4	—	—	
Demerata and Berbice, .	—	—	1 0	1 2	0 10	1 0	0 9	1 0	
West India, . . . . .	—	—	0 10	0 11	0 8	0 9	0 8	0 9	
Pernambuco, . . . . .	—	—	1 1	1 2	0 11	1 0 1	1 0	1 1	
Maranham, . . . . .	—	—	1 0	1 1	0 11	1 0	0 11	1 0	

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of January and the 20th of February, 1821, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbot, W. Bermondsey New road, cordwainer.  
 Almond, W. jun. Calstock, Cornwall, brewer.  
 Archer, A. Great Chapel street, Soho, baker.  
 Aust, J. Gloucester, victualler.  
 Barker, E. Exeter, druggist.  
 Bailey, B. Merton, Surrey, calico-printer,

Biverstock, J. H. Alton, Hampshire, brewer.  
 Beever, W. East Ardley, Yorkshire, farmer.  
 Benham, T. B. Poole, builder.  
 Berry, M. Newsome Cross, Yorkshire, clothier.  
 Berthoud, H. Soho-square, bookseller.  
 Birks, W. Charnes, Staffordshire, chemist.

Blogg, G. Aldersgate-street, jeweller.  
 Blindous, C. Half Garth, Westmorland, butcher.  
 Booth, J. sen. Bromley Park, Staffordshire, fin. mer.  
 Bartram, J. Canterbury, linen-draper.  
 Borham, J. Havershill, Suffolk, brewer.  
 Bowkett, T. Eastham, Worcestershire, and Charles Dowkett, Eves, Herefordshire, farmers.  
 Browne, J. Leeds, woollen-cloth merchant.  
 Bural, J. Swansea, cabinet-maker.  
 Bushell, E. sen. Bath, cabinet-maker.  
 Butcher, P. North-street, City-road, horse-dealer.  
 Card, T. A. W. Borough-market, tripe-dresser.  
 Cattermole, J. Farmington, merchant.  
 Castle, J. Banwell, Somersetshire, victualler.  
 Chester, C. Liverpool, auctioneer.  
 Clay, R. Stamford, scrivener.  
 Collet, J. Bath, shoemaker.  
 Collier, W. Wellington, ironmonger.  
 Cooper, W. Nottingham, grocer.  
 Clark, G. Blackburn, grocer.  
 Coward, J. J. Exeter, spirit-merchant.  
 Crowe, E. Wymondham, Norfolk, shopkeeper.  
 Crowthor, J. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Davis, J. Hereford, cabinet-maker.  
 Delapryne, A. and G. and C. Helton, Charley, cotton-spinners.  
 Dewa, J. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, clothier.  
 Dinley, F. Pershore, money-scrivener.  
 Dove, T. Malden, linen-draper.  
 Durham, W. Oxnead, Norfolk, paper-maker.  
 Edwards, M. Rochester, woollen-draper.  
 Ewing, J. Liverpool, merchant.  
 Eudicott, J. F. Exeter, builder.  
 Freday, L. Sedgley, Warwickshire, iron-master.  
 Fisher, F. Edgeware-road, nurseryman.  
 Fisher, J. Milby, Yorkshire, raff-merchant.  
 Foster, J. Sheffield, ironmonger.  
 Fraser, A. Norfolk-street, Mary-la-bone, Upholsterer.  
 Friend, H. Southwark, engineer.  
 Frost, T. Little Titchfield-Place, coach maker.  
 Fuller, H. Bethnal Green-road, surgeon.  
 Gill, J. M. Plymouth Dock, linen-draper.  
 Godfrey, S. Market Weighton, innkeeper.  
 Gouch, J. Bath, painter.  
 Green, R. Selby, Yorkshire, banker.  
 Grove, P. Cardiff, straw-hat manufacturer.  
 Harris, G. Worship-street, coach proprietor.  
 Hebden, W. Leeds, stuff-merchant.  
 Hodges, W. Newton, straw-hat manufacturer.  
 Howton, R. St Andrew, Worcestershire, victualler.  
 Howard, H. and J. Gibbs, Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, scribes.  
 Hughes, W. Bolton, scrivener.  
 Ivens, M. Shuckburgh, Warwickshire, grazier.  
 Ivens, R. Byfield, Flecknoe, Warwickshire, tannier.  
 Jarrett, T. Shrewsbury, victualler.  
 Johnson, T. jun. Wakefield, merchant.  
 Keep, J. Grainsby, Nottinghamshire, farmer.  
 Kempster, T. Bouvone-street, carpenter.  
 Kerkman, J. Great Bolton, cotton-manufacturer.  
 Knight, R. Gray's Inn-lane, livery-stable-keeper.  
 Lamb, J. Newington Causeway, glazier.  
 Langhorne, W. C. St Mary Axe, merchant.  
 Leeds, T. Gerard, Cheshire, cotton-spinner.  
 Leigh, P. Stockport, cotton-spinner.  
 Levi, S. Rosemary-lane, slop-seller.  
 Lockey, C. Ivy-lane, corn-chandler.  
 Lorne, J. Coventry, builder.  
 Mantle, T. Dover, cabinet-maker.

Marsh, J. Graecchurch-street, hosier.  
 Massey, E. Eccleston, watch-maker.  
 Maughan, H. Rochester, linen-draper.  
 Morgan, W. Compton Greenfield, Gloucestershire, butcher.  
 Morris, J. Liverpool, wine-merchant.  
 Moth, G. Portsea, vintner.  
 Mitchell, J. sen. Herts, dealer.  
 Nash, J. Bath, fishmonger.  
 Nelson, R. Neckinger, Bormondsey, fell-monger.  
 Newmarch, C. Cheltenham, stone-merchant.  
 Nobles, R. A. Swindon, Wilts, plumber.  
 Norton, L. New Union-street, stage-coach master.  
 Owen, J. Madeley, dealer in coals.  
 Parsons, J. Long Acre, coach lace manufacturer.  
 Pennell, P. Whitborne, Herefordshire, farmer.  
 Pethurst, J. Cranbrook, draper.  
 Philpots, R. Banbury, draper.  
 Phillips, C. and W. Parsons, Broseley, Shropshire, iron-masters.  
 Pitts, J. Hereford, timber-dealer.  
 Poole, A. Haydon-square, merchant.  
 Priddy, J. Oxford-street, wine-merchant.  
 Pryer, T. C. B. Birch-lane, saddler.  
 Pullinger, J. Itchingswell, Southampton, tanner.  
 Purkis, W. Portsmouth, cabinet-maker.  
 Reid, Wm. jun. Newcastle-place, Clerkenwell, watch-maker.  
 Reeve, B. Hilgay, Norfolk, dealer.  
 Richards, J. Deritend, Warwickshire, brewer.  
 Richardson, T. Iron-Aeton, Gloucestershire, tanner.  
 Ridout, J. P. Bridport, linen-draper.  
 Roberts, W. H. Aldbury, Surry, paper-manufacturer.  
 Rosson, R. Manchester.  
 Ruspini, J. B. Pall Mall, medicine vender.  
 Russell, T. Brighton, builder.  
 Rutt, J. Red Cow-lane, Hammersmith, market-gardener.  
 Sager, W. Chaddeston, Lancashire, merchant.  
 Sager, E. jun. Chaddeston, Lancashire, merchant.  
 Saunders, J. Duke-street, St James's, surgeon.  
 Shakespear, J. Fillmagle, Warwickshire, draper.  
 Shipden, R. Hythe, grocer.  
 Shorey, J. Croydon, coal-merchant.  
 Sidwell, R. Bath, shoemaker.  
 Skeel, R. S. Stratford upon Avon, carter.  
 Smithies, J. Huddersfield, victualler.  
 Stead, R. Huddersfield, corn-dealer.  
 Symes, W. Crewkerne, Somersetshire, linen-draper.  
 Thurtell, J. and J. Giddens, Norwich, bombazine manufacturers.  
 Timbrell, A. Old South Sea House, merchant.  
 Tongue, G. W. B. East India Chambers, merchant.  
 Vigor, M. Bristol, cabinet-maker.  
 Vipond, T. E. Newcastle upon Tyne, grocer.  
 Walpole, T. White Lion-street, Goodman's Fields, victualler.  
 Watts, T. Combe Martin, Devonshire, dealer.  
 Wilburn, W. F. North Shields, hardware-man.  
 Wildman, J. Whitechapel-road, plumber.  
 Williams, W. and A. White, New Bond-street, hatters.  
 Wilkinson, J. and W. Blackburn, cotton manufacturers.  
 Wise, J. Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, saddler.  
 Wotton, T. Bristol, leather-factor.  
 Young, J. Bristol, woollen-draper.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 28th February 1821, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Campbell, J. merchant, Glasgow.  
 Cleithon, P. corn-merchant and broker, Dundee.  
 Green, E. merchant, Montrose.  
 Johnston and Wight, merchants, Leith.  
 Kid, D. fish-curer, Leith.  
 McCall, J. and Co. masons and builders in Ayr.  
 McFarlane, D. cattle-dealer, Invercargan.  
 Ross, W. merchant, Inverness.  
 Russell, A. auctioneer and builder, Glasgow.  
 Turner, S. auctioneer and dealer, or merchant, Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Barric, J. plasterer, Edinburgh: a dividend 17th March.

Brown, M. and Co. manufacturers, Glasgow: a final dividend 1st March.  
 Cramond, D. miller and meal-monger, at Letham Mill: a final dividend 15th March.  
 Forrester and Buchanan, wood-merchants, Glasgow: a dividend 6th March.  
 McSymon, J. jun. baker and grain-dealer, Dumbar-ton: a dividend 16th March.  
 Rhind, J. merchant, Leith: a dividend 23d March.  
 Robertson, W. merchant, Inverness: a dividend 1st March.  
 Vallence, H. and Co. timber-merchants, Paisley: a dividend 17th March.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.		Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.
Feb. 1	M. 41½	29.680	M. 49	N.W.	Feb. 15	M. 30	30.178	M. 37	N.W.
	A. 50	.588	A. 48	Hgh.		A. 37	.265	A. 41	Mod.
2	M. 32	.634	M. 43	W.	16	M. 50	.155	M. 39	N.W.
	A. 39	.775	A. 44	Hgh.		A. 39	29.999	A. 42	Mod.
3	M. 55½	.575	M. 46	W.		M. 33	.971	M. 42	N.W.
	A. 46	.426	A. 46	Hgh.	17	A. 40	.858	A. 41	Sharp.
4	M. 31	.561	M. 43	N.		M. 32	.850	M. 39	N.
	A. 38	30.115	A. 40	Mod.	18	A. 34	.996	A. 32	Mod.
5	M. 32	.555	M. 36	S.W.		M. 21	30.168	M. 33	N.
	A. 30	.173	A. 38	Hgh.	19	A. 30	29.869	A. 34	Mod.
6	M. 31	.190	M. 41	W.		M. 21½	.790	M. 38	N.W.
	A. 42	.190	A. 43	Hgh.	20	A. 41	.668	A. 37	Mod.
7	M. 36½	29.999	M. 39	W.		M. 22½	.876	M. 37	N.W.
	A. 45	.107	A. 46	Hgh.	21	A. 36	.950	A. 40	Mod.
8	M. 37½	.996	M. 45	W.		M. 29	.985	M. 40	S.W.
	A. 45	.866	A. 46	Hgh.	22	A. 38	.985	A. 49	Mod.
9	M. 37	.890	M. 46	W.		M. 27½	.989	M. 39	'Cble.
	A. 46	.999	A. 45	Hgh.	23	A. 36	.854	A. 43	Mod.
10	M. 23½	30.205	M. 40	W.		M. 28	.828	M. 41	'Cble.
	A. 35	29.999	A. 39	Sharp.	24	A. 39	.819	A. 41	Mod.
11	M. 26½	.997	M. 40	W.		M. 31	.827	M. 40	N.W.
	A. 36	30.106	A. 40	Mod.	25	A. 38	.858	A. 41	Mod.
12	M. 32	.106	M. 41	'Cble.		M. 26	.836	M. 40	E.
	A. 40	.176	A. 41	Mod.	26	A. 38	.813	A. 37	Mod.
13	M. 31	.176	M. 40	S.E.		M. 17	.550	M. 33	E.
	A. 38	.227	A. 39	Mod.	27	A. 29	.379	A. 36	Mod.
14	M. 28	.102	M. 39	E.		M. 22	.126	M. 34	S.E.
	A. 36	.102	A. 38	Mod.	28	A. 31	.126	A. 33	Mod.

Average of Rain, .539 inches.

## APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet	Lt. Col. Reynett, h. p. 52 F. local Rank of Colonel on the Continent.		Ensign Seward, Lieut.	do.
	25th Jan. 1821		Genl. Cadet Hilton, from R. Mil. Coll.	do.
	Major Dawes, 22 Dr. to be Lieut. Col. in the Army	11	J. S. Doyle, Ensign, vice White, 14 F.	do.
	7 Nov. 1819		Lieut. Boyd, fm. h. p. 78 F. Paym. vice O'Connor, superseded.	8 do.
	Capt. Middleton, 22 Dr. Major in the Army, ditto	14	Ens. Paaley, Lieut. vice Fowler, dead.	10 June 1820
1 Dr. G.	Gen. Cartwright, from 3 Dr. Col. vice Gwyn, dead		— White, from 11 F. Ens. 1 Feb. 1821	
	25 Jan. 1821		Assist. Staff Surg. Davy, Surg. vice Richards, dead,	do.
	Cornet Fergusson, Lieut. by purch. vice Wood, ret.	15	Capt. M'Pherson, from h. p. 21 F. Capt. repaying diff. vice Hamilton, 81 F.	18 Jan.
	11 do.		Lieut. Hawkins, Capt. vice Hobart, dead,	1 July, 1820
3 Dr.	J. Pereceval, Cornet,		Ensign Hendly, Lieut.	do.
	Lt. Gen. Lord Combermere, Col. vice Cartwright, 1 Dr. G.	25 Jan.	J. A. Edwards, Ensign, vice Bingham, dead,	31 Jan. 1821
13	Bt. Maj. Macalister, Major, vice Doherty, dead.	13 June, 1820	Hon. N. H. C. Massey, vice Hendley,	1 Feb.
	Lieut. Sir J. Gordon, Bt. from 22 Dr. Capt.	do.	Lieut. M'Arthur, from 39 F. Capt. by purch. vice Nihil, ret.	8 do.
1 F. G.	Ens. and Lt. Angerstein, from h. p. Ens. and Lt. by purch. vice Bathurst, 80 F.	25 Jan. 1821	Lieut. Fairweather, Capt. vice Cameron, dead,	1 do.
	Capt. Hunter, Capt. and Lt. Col. vice Marsac, ret.	8 Feb.	2d Lieut. Wemyss, 1st Lieut. vice Lindsay, dead,	31 Jan.
	Ens. and Lt. Burrard, Lt. and Capt. do.		— Beresford, 1st Lt. vice Fairweather,	1 Feb.
	Langrishie, from h. p. Ens. and Lt. (paying diff.)	do.	Gent. Cadet, R. Spearman, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. vice Waller, dead,	30 Jan.
4 F.	Capt. Simpson, Adj. vice Hunter.	do.		
9	R. Espinasse, Ens. vice Warre, res. do.			
	Lt. Ruse, Capt. vice Jervoise, dead 1 do.			



- W. T. Young, 2d Lieut. vice Wemyss, 21 do.  
 W. J. Copson, do. vice Beresford, 1 Feb.  
 22 Gent. Cadet, C. Ogle, from R. Mil. Coll. 4 Jan.  
 24 Ens. vice Vivian, prom. 1 Feb.  
 34 Ensign Schoof, Lieut. vice Robertson, 17 Apr. 1820  
 Gent. Cadet, W. H. Adams, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Chambers, pro. 1 Feb. 1821  
 39 Ens. Cameron, Lieut. by purch. vice M'Arthur, 19 F. 8 do.  
 W. Stewart, Ensign, do do.  
 46 C. Carroll, Ensign, vice Cumberland, do. 1 do.  
 53 T. G. Mathison, Ens. by purch. vice Fitz Roy, 3 F. G. 11 Jan.  
 59 Lieut. Cooper, Capt. do. vice Darby, ret. 10 May, 1820  
 Ens. Vincent, Lieut. do. do.  
 M. C. Pitman, Ens. do. 1 Feb. 1821  
 Lieut. Carmichael Adjut. vice Howard, dead, 12 May, 1820  
 67 Ens. Robinson, Lieut. vice Lecky, dead, 24 April  
 A. Pilford, Ensign, vice Jahns, dead, 1 Apr. 1819  
 T. Byrne, do. vice Broom, prom. 4 Nov.  
 P. Hennessy, Ensign, vice Robinson, 24th Apr. 1820  
 Gent. Cadet W. Warrington, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign, vice Gilchrist, 1 Vet. Bn. 8 Feb. 1821  
 78 Staff As. Surg. Dempster, Assist. Surg. vice Knox, cancelled, 25 Jan.  
 21 Capt. Hamilton, from 17 F. Capt. vice Adams, h. p. 21 F. rec. diff. 18 do.  
 85 J. Hayson, Ensign, vice Tyndall, E. I. Comp. Serv. 1 Feb.  
 85 Gent. Cadet Hon. J. Stuart, from R. Mil. Coll. Ensign by purchase, vice Campbell, 46 F. 11 Jan.  
 Lord W. Paulet, Ensign by purch. vice Lord C. Paulet, ret. 1 Feb.  
 89 J. Currie, Ensign, vice Thursby, dead, 1 Oct. 1817  
 1 Vet. Bn. Ensign Gilchrist, from 67 F. vice Fraser, dead, 1 Feb. 1821  
 5 Lieut. Pritchard, from h. p. Corps of Wagg. on Continent, Lt. vice Wood, cancelled, 25 Jan.  
 8 ——— Harrison, from h. p. 22 Dr. Lieut. vice M'Lelland, cancelled, 1 Feb.

#### Ordnance Department.

- R. Art. 1st Lieut. Steele, 2d Capt. 11 Dec. 1820  
 2d Lieut. Cragh, 1st Lieut. do.  
 Capt. Light, from h. p. Capt. do.  
 1st Lt. Smith, from h. p. 1st Lt. do.  
 2d Lt. Luard, from h. p. 2d Lt. do.  
 Gent. Cadet J. Wynne, 2d Lt. 16 do.  
 ——— C. J. Welsh, do. do.  
 ——— D. Warren, do. do.  
 1st Lieut. Lys, from h. p. 1st Lieut. vice Andrew, h. p. 19 do.  
 2d Lieut. Pearce, 1st Lieut. 30 do.  
 1st Blake, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.  
 2d Lieut. Teeddale, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.  
 ——— Gore, from h. p. ditto, vice Curzon, h. p. 3 Jan. 1821  
 ——— Spearman, 1st Lieut. 25 do.  
 1st Lieut. Watkins, from h. p. ditto. do.  
 2d Lieut. Lake, from h. p. 2d Lieut. do.  
 2d As. Surg. Whitelaw, from h. p. 2d As. Surg. vice Donnelly, dead, 26 do.

#### Medical Department.

- As. Surg. Davy, from h. p. As. Surg. to the Forces 25 Dec. 1820  
 Hosp. As. Millar, ditto vice Dempster, 72 f. 25 Jan. 1821  
 ——— J. Millar, ditto vice Burton, dead 8th Feb.  
 J. Wilson, Hosp. As. to the Forces, 14 Dec. 1820  
 R. Dyce, ditto vice J. Millar, 8 Feb. 1821

#### Garrison.

Lt. Gen. Lt. Combermere, Gov. of Sheerness, vice Gwyn, dead, 25 Jan. 1821

#### Exchanges.

- Bt. Major Lane, from 44 F. with Capt. Burney, h. p. — Martelli, from 72 F. with Capt. Fletcher, h. p. 37 F.  
 Capt. Griffiths, from 1st Vet. Bn. with Bt. Maj. Downes, 10 Vet. Bn. — Hodgson, from 4 Dr. with Bat. Maj. Wood, 10 Dr.  
 — Newton, from 35 F. with Bat. Maj. Anton, h. p. 4 W. I. R.  
 — Butler, from 1 F. G. with Capt. Bathurst, 80 F.  
 — Savage, from 17 F. with Capt. Gladwin, 13 Dr.  
 — Cairnes, from 19 F. with Capt. Gordon, 81 F.  
 — Barrallier, from 33 F. with Capt. Slade, h. p. 25 Dr.  
 — Saunderson, from 39 F. with Capt. Dundas, h. p. 81 F.  
 — Hamilton, from 11 F. with Capt. Hay, h. p. 47 F.  
 Lieut. Clark, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Pariby, h. p. 22 Dr.  
 — Wallace, from 13 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Browne, h. p. 25 Dr.  
 — Stewart, from 19 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Dowling, h. p. 4 F.  
 — Bagshaw, from 19 F. with Lieut. Cowell, 89 F.  
 — Darke, from 24 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Harvey, h. p. 2 F. G.  
 — Watts, from 89 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Campbell, h. p. 96 F.  
 — Cornet Walrod, from 18 Dr. rec. diff. with Ensign Allan, h. p. 60 F.  
 Assist. Surg. Morrison, from 7 Vet. Bn. with Assist. Surg. Haygartye, h. p. 83 F.  
 — M'Laine, from 84 F. with Assist. Surg. Wilkinson, h. p. 60 F.

#### Resignations and Retirements.

- Lieut. Colonel Marsac, Gren. Gds.  
 Capt. Nihill, 19 F.  
 Darby, 59 F.  
 Lieut. Wood, 2 Dr. G.  
 Ensign Warre, 4 F.  
 Lord C. Paulet, 85 F.

#### Reinstated.

- Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. J. Spencer.

#### Deaths.

- Major General Anriol, at Exmouth, 27 Jan. 1821  
 Colonel Wade, late of Rifle Brig.  
 — Robertson, late Insp. Field Off.  
 Lieut. Colonel Gleistanes, h. p. 3 W. I. R. at Trinidad, 4 Dec. 20  
 — De Wissel, h. p. late Ger. Leg.  
 Major Harrison, late of 60 F.  
 Capt. Hobart, 17 F.  
 — Roberts Roy, Eng. at Barbadoes, 17 Nov. 20  
 Lieut. Ruffe, 2 Dr. G.  
 — Hon. R. H. S. Cotton, h. p. 25 Dr.  
 — Griffiths, Coldst. Gds.  
 — Chambers, 89 F. Cape of Good Hope, 2 June, 20  
 — Millar, Fort Major at Jersey 3 Feb. 21  
 — Tayler, Indep. Comp. Inval. at Bristol, 5 Dec. 20  
 — Strong, h. p. 16 Dr. 23 Nov. 20  
 — Palmer, h. p. 63 F. at Barbadoes 1 Dec. 20  
 2d Lt. and Ens. Waller, 21 F. at Tobago 4 Nov. 20  
 — Vyvyan, 74 F.  
 — Erskine, h. p. 14 F. 21 Nov. 19  
 — Strange, h. p. 8 W. L. R. at Lam-beth 2 Sept. 20  
 — Richards, h. p. 69 F. at London-derby 12 Jan. 21  
 — Willis, ret. 3 Vet. Bn. 26 Dec. 20  
 Quarter-Master Kelly, h. p. 31 Dr. 9 Feb. 21  
 Staff Assistant Surg. Burton.  
 Hospital Assistant Caverhill, at Barbadoes, 9 Dec. 20

## BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

## BIRTHS.

At Naples, in the beginning of January, the lady of John Cumming, Esq. of a son.

Jan. 11. At Springfield Cottage, Alverstoke, Hants, the lady of Captain Charles Mensies, R. M. Artillery, of a son.

31. At Crook, near Stirling, Mrs Micking of Milton, of a son.

Feb. 1. At Aberdour Manse, Mrs Dr Bryce, of a daughter.

2. At Enniskillen, the lady of Captain Anderson, 91st regiment, of a daughter.

— Mrs Johnstone, No. 1, George Street, of a son.

3. The lady of William Stothert, Esq. of Cargen, of a daughter.

— At her mother's house, North St David's Street, the lady of Captain George Simpson, F. I. S. of a son.

4. At Guernsey, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Kennedy, of a son.

5. At Ilavre, the lady of William Davidson, Esq. of a daughter.

7. At Leith, Mrs Evans, of a son.

— At 25, North Street, Mrs Alexander Brodie, of a son.

8. At Ettrick Bank, the lady of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, of a son.

9. At Dundee, the lady of John Maxwell, Esq. Tay Street, of a son.

10. At Perth, the lady of Anthony Maxtone, Esq. of Coltoquhey, of a daughter.

11. At Greenstead Hall, in Essex, the lady of Major Ord, royal artillery, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir James Dalrymple, Bart. Park Place, of a son and heir.

— Mrs Macintosh of Raignmore, of a daughter.

12. At Mayne, the lady of Colonel Hay of Westerton, of a son.

14. At Edinburgh, the lady of J. G. Lockhart, Esq. of a son.

— Mrs Walter Dickson, Duke Street, of a son.

— In Gloucester Place, London, the lady of John Lawrie, Esq. of a daughter.

15. At Albury Park, Lady Harriet Drummond, of a son.

— The lady of Major G. Cunningham, B. S. of a son.

19. At South Richmond Street, Mrs Begg was safely delivered of a boy and two girls; all of whom, with the mother, are doing well.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of Captain Robertson, 88th regiment, of a daughter.

20. At 8, Matland Street, Mrs Macalister of Balmakill, of a daughter.

— In Crawford Street, London, the Lady of Alexander M'Innes, Esq. of the second regiment of Life Guards, of a daughter.

21. At St John's Street, Mrs Dallas, of a son.

— At Great King Street, Mrs J. S. More, of a daughter.

22. At Lockerby House, the lady of Henry Douglas, Esq. of a son.

23. At Hope Park, Mrs Mensies, of a son.

24. Mrs James Campbell, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

27. At Edinburgh, the lady of Major Mensies, 42d regiment, of a daughter.

March 3. At Hopetoun-house, the Countess of Hopetoun, of a son.

Lastly. At 39, Northumberland Street, Mrs Mackenzie of Stratgarve, of a daughter.

— At the Commercial Road, London, the lady of Captain Alexander Scott, of the Lady Lushington Indianan, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

Jan. 5. At Bonjedward, James Jackson, merchant, Jedburgh, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Caverhill, Esq.

16. At Stormoway, Mr Thomas Thomson, R. N. to Miss Isabella Laing, daughter of the late Mr James Laing, conjunct Depute City Clerk of Edinburgh.

17. At Dudwick, Stewart Leith, Esq. to Jean, only daughter of Captain George Mar.

22. At Bruntisland, Mr John Archibald, merchant, Bruntisland, to Grace, daughter of the late Henry Murray, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

23. At Greenock, the Rev. William Ritchie Thomson, to Frances, eldest daughter of Mr John Rodger.

23. At Belfast, Mr Peter Cumming, merchant, Glasgow, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr James Craig, merchant, Glasgow.

24. Captain John Ross, of the honourable East India Company's service, to Miss Rose, eldest daughter of the Rev. Alexander Rose, one of the ministers of Inverness.

30. In Hill Street, William Moncrieff Taylor, Esq. of the 75th regiment, to Isabella, daughter of the late Thomas Armstrong, Esq. of Glasgow.

31. At Holm, Colonel J. F. Burgoyne, royal engineers, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of Colonel Rose of Holm.

Feb. 2. In London, Lord Viscount Cranborne, son of the Marquis of Salisbury, to Miss Gascoyne.

6. Mr William A. Lawrie, to Harriet Oakley, youngest daughter of the late Robert Beatson of Kilry, Esq.

— At the Manse of Kirkpatrick-Juxta, the Rev. John Bennet, of Ettrick, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Singer.

— At Dover, Captain Robert Deans, of the royal navy, second son of the late Admiral Deans, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Richard Clay, Esq. of Gloucester Place, London.

8. At Edinburgh, John Farrie, Esq. Greenock, to Helen, daughter of the late William M'Cormick, Esq. Dundas Street.

— At Aberdeen, Thomas Lumsden, Esq. of the East India Company's military service, on the Bengal establishment, to Miss Hay Burnett, youngest daughter of John Burnett, Esq. of Elrick.

10. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, William Frederick Chambers, M. D. to Mary, third daughter of the late William Mackinnon Fraser, M. D. of Lower Grosvenor Square, and of Balmain, Inverness-shire.

12. At Langley Park, Alexander Cruickshank, Esq. of Keithock, to Mary, youngest daughter of James Cruickshank, Esq. of Langley Park.

19. At Prestonpans, Mr Robert Hisslop, to Ann, second daughter of F. B. Sydes, Esq. of Ruchlaw.

23. At Edinburgh, Alexander Burnet, A. M. Rector of the united schools of Jedburgh, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the Rev. George Thomson of Melrose.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Steven, merchant, Edinburgh, to Ann, only daughter of the late William Stewart, Esq. of Perth.

24. At Morpeth, William Lawson, Esq. of Langhirst Brooks, county of Northumberland, to John Hester, only daughter of the late Mr Clark of Haddington.

— At Perth, Mr Alexander Thomson, barony officer at Donvorist, Grandtully, to Grace, only daughter of Mr Donald Cameron, merchant in Aberfeldy.

26. At Glasgow, Joseph Ferrie, Esq. Blairtummock, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Cochran, Esq. Chapel, Ferenc.

27. At Edinburgh, Mr James White, surgeon, to Rachel, eldest daughter of the late Major James Douglas, Honourable East India Company's service.

March 2. At Edinburgh, Andrew Fyfe, M. D. to Eliza, eldest daughter of Ambrose Charles, Esq. late wine merchant, London.

Lastly. By the right Rev. Bishop Low, the Rev. James Walker, to Miss Madeline Erskine.

— At Dublin, the Rev. James Carlie, of the Scots Church, Mary's Abbey, to Jane, youngest daughter of William Wron, Kendal.

## DEATHS.

April 17, 1820. On board the honourable Company's ship, Castle Huntly, off the Cape of Good Hope, Lieutenant Alexander Chisholm Robertson, of his Majesty's 24th regiment.

July 11. At Trincomalee, of cholera morbus, much respected and beloved, in his 18th year, Mr Thomas, a midshipman of the Leander, and eldest son of Sir George Thomas, Bart.

Aug. 9. At sea, (during a voyage from Bombay to Calcutta,) Lieutenant Donald Norman M'Donald, 10th Madras native infantry, third son of Colonel Alexander M'Donald of Boisdale.

Oct. 5. At Madras, Mr Robert Hunter Stuart, assistant garrison surgeon, eldest son of the late Mr Archibald Stuart, surgeon, Kelso.

24. At Kingston, Jamaica, Robert Fraser, son of Mr Fraser, teacher, 24, St James's Square, being the second son he has lost on that island in the short space of five months.

Nov. 15, At Berlice, George Gordon, Esq after an illness of a few days. Mr Gordon was president of the Court of Justice in Berlice.

17. At Barbadoes, of the yellow fever, Captain Thomas Roberts, of the royal engineers.

19. At Snowdon, Manchester, Jamaica, Dr Robert B. Wright, of Kenworth, in that island.

Dec. 1. At Demerara, aged 21, Mr Thomas Dickson Goldie, sixth son of Mr James Goldie, Bonnyriggs.

10. At Demerara, Thomas Martin, Esq. merchant.

15. In Jamaica, Jonathan Forbes of Watertown, Master in Chancery, and Colonel of St Catherine's regiment.

20. At Campbelltown, Mrs Catherine McCallum, relict of Talmash Muir Rowat, Esq of Kilkivan.

31. At Kiltin, Perthshire, Patrick Douglas, eldest son of Mr James Campbell, Catherine street, Edinburgh.

Jan. 4, 1891. At Edinburgh, in the 94th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Mary Nimmo, relict of the Rev. John Nimmo, wife one of the ministers of St Catherine's.

6. At Naples, after a long illness, Mrs John Cunningham, eldest daughter of William Magee, Esq. of Belfast.

7. At Limerick, in consequence of her head-dress taking fire from a candle which she held in her hand, the widow of Dr Kelley.

14. At Hamilton, Mrs Huine, wife of Joseph Huine, M. D.

— At Loughorn, George Oswald Sym, eldest son of the Rev. George Sym, minister of New Kalpatrick.

15. At London, Lewis Fraser, Esq. youngest son of the late Simon Fraser, Esq. of Ford, W. S.

16. At Tullymet-house, Dr William Dick of Tullymet.

18. At the Manse of Abcorn, Mrs Meiklejohn, senior.

— At James Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Marjory Amuley, widow of the late Mr Henry Amuley.

22. Hooley-house, Surrey, Thomas Byron, late Lieutenant-colonel in the 8th regiment of guards.

— At Baker Street, Portman Square, London, Donna Maria Brigida de Faria e Leocadia, wife of Sir John Campbell, K. C. T. S. major general in the Portuguese service.

21. At Inverness, William, eldest son of Lockhart Kitchin, Esq. Sheriff-clerk of Inverness-shire.

— At Arbroath, Mr David Kirkland, rector of the grammar school of that place, in the 53d year of his age, and 55th of his incumbency.

23. At Warrington (rescent, James Rose, Esq. Depute Clerk of Session.

26. At Claremont Park, Fife, Colonel the Baron de Hardenbroock, equerry to his Royal Highness Prince Leopold.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Bell, wife of Nicol Milne, Esq. of Faldonside.

— At Merton Manse, Mr Thomas Duncan, aged 18, youngest son of the Rev. Mr Duncan.

27. At Dundee, Mr John Jolly, druggist.

— At Banff, Miss Margaret Cross Young, third daughter of the deceased David Young, Esq. of Craighhead, merchant in Glasgow.

28. At Campbellton, Captain Donald Campbell, paymaster, Argyllshire militia.

— John, the infant son of Mr William Alexander, 59, Castle Street.

29. At No 10, Mantland Street, Miss Jane Myrtle.

— At Cheltenham, Patrick Martland, Esq. late of Calcutta.

— In Morton Street, Leith, Mr John Anderson, shipmaster.

31. At Innervar, Glenlyon, Mr Donald Macgregor, aged 70.

Feb. 1. At Panmure house, Canongate, Mrs Margaret Geddes, wife of Mr John Geddes.

2. At the Manse of Smart, Mrs Mary Macleod, spouse of the minister of that parish.

— At his house, No. 30, Bank Street, Edinburgh, Mr William Lawton, sen. plasterer.

— At Cupar, Fife, Katherine, eldest daughter of Mr William Murray.

3. At his house in Eaton Terrace, Lower Grosvenor Place, London, John Dunmore Napier, Esq. of Balaknran, Strathguthrie.

— At London, Mrs Miller, wife of William Miller, Esq. of Starr, Fifehire.

3. The Rev. James Innes, minister of Yester, East Lothian, in the 88th year of his age, and 61st of his ministry.

4. At Pitcorthie, Fifeshire, Mr William Dods.

5. At Kinell house, Perthshire, the right honourable Lady Ann Place, daughter of the late Earl and Countess of Aberdeen and wife of Edward Place, Esq. of Skelton Grange, Yorkshshire.

— At Leith, Mrs Jane Stewart, wife of Mr Robert Liddell.

— At Logiegreen, Charles Stewart, Esq. W. S.

— At Freetown, Mr Andrew Blair, corn merchant, aged 72.

— At Edinburgh, John Stanhouse, Esq. W. S.

— At Sandygate, near Mid Calder, Adam Turnbull, Esq. M. D.

7. At Strabo Manse, Mr Alexander Ker, preacher of the Gospel, eldest son of the Rev. Alexander Ker, minister of Strabo.

— At Glasgow, Miss Abigail Fowles, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Fowles, Esq. Kilmarlock.

— At her father's house, 23, James Square, Edinburgh, aged 19.

— At Strirling, Mrs Alexander Murray, in her 81st year.

9. In Hans Place, Sloane Street, London, the Rev. Dr Nicol, minister of the Scots Church, Swallow Street.

— At Stewarthaill, Cornelius Elliot, Esq. of Woolhe.

— At Blackford, Miss Jane Elliot of Morton hill.

10. At Musselburgh, Isobel McDonald, wife of James Villanc, millwright there, aged 41 years.

— Major James Cooper, of the royal artillery.

— At Glasgow, Miss Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Kerridge Esq. W. S.

— At Edinburgh, Mary Crickton Kyte, wife of Hugh Watson, W. S.

11. At Richmond, aged 90, Dr Adam Walker, the celebrated Lecturer on Experimental Philosophy.

— At her house, in Charlotte Square, the right honourable Lady Abercromby.

— At Bogend, Robert, son of James Thomson, Esq. of Burnlaw.

12. At York Francis Constable, Esq. of Button Constable and Wythill Hall.

13. At London, Frederick, the youngest son of Sir George Clerk.

14. At Falmouth, John Campbell, Esq. Receiver-General of his Majesty's Customs for Scotland.

— At Aberdeen, George Gordon, Esq. of Spittalzieck, Sutherlandshire.

15. The infant son of Major Cunningham, B. S.

— At Balcarra Mill, Mr Thomas Fowles, aged 82 years.

16. At Balcarry, Mrs Irving, wife of Lieutenant Colonel George Irving.

— At Edinburgh, Lady Dalrymple Hay, younger of Park Place.

17. At Nether Currie, in the parish of Currie, (where he was born, and spent most of his days,) John Dawson, gardener, aged 100 years, all but a few weeks, being born 14th March, 1721. The placid and cheerful disposition of this venerable old man rendered him interesting to all who knew him. He was of religious, sober, and industrious habits, and evinced to the last that tranquility of mind which a well spent life only can shed over the remotest period of old age. This parish has long been remarkable for the longevity of its inhabitants. William Napier, a native of it, died some years ago at the advanced age of 115, and William Ritchie at 105, and there are some old people belonging to it just now above ninety years of age.

18. At his house, in York Street, Portman Square, London, Lieutenant General William Popham, aged 81.

21. At his mother's house, in York place, aged thirteen years and nine months, Robert, eldest son of the late Hugh Barnfather, Esq. W. S.

23. In George Square, Mrs Small, much and justly regretted.

26. At Auchindunny, Mrs Crawford of Overton, the Lady of Captain James Coutts Crawford, R. N.

28. At Carlisle, Mrs Elizabeth Bell, daughter of Mr James Pollock, teacher of dancing, much beloved and deeply regretted by her family and friends.

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